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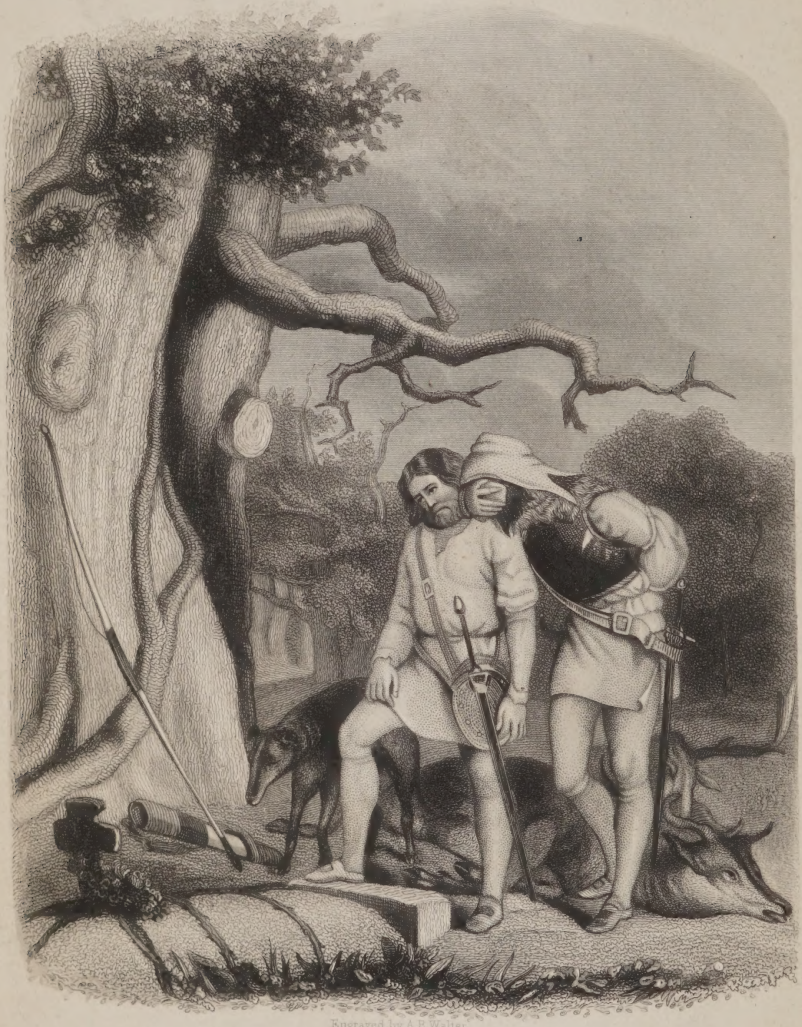

Engraved by A.E Walter

The Grave of Robin Hood.

PERCY'S RELIQUES
of
ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY

Engraved by A.B.Walter

LORD SOULIS.

Philadelphia

Published by

J. Bell.

Reliques

OF

ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY:

CONSISTING OF

Old Heroic Ballads, Songs, and Other Pieces,

OF THE EARLIER POETS,

WITH SOME OF LATER DATE, NOT INCLUDED IN ANY OTHER EDITION,

COLLECTED

BY THOMAS PERCY, D.D.,

BISHOP OF DROMORE.

TO WHICH IS NOW ADDED

A SUPPLEMENT OF

MANY CURIOUS HISTORICAL AND NARRATIVE BALLADS,

REPRINTED FROM RARE COPIES.

WITH

A Copious Glossary and Notes.

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Preface.

The reader is here presented with select remains of our ancient English Bards and Minstrels, an order of men, who were once greatly respected by our ancestors, and contributed to soften the roughness of a martial and unlettered people by their songs and by their music.

The greater part of them are extracted from an ancient folio manuscript, in the Editor's possession, which contains near two hundred Poems, Songs, and Metrical Romances. This MS. was written about the middle of the last century; but contains compositions of all times and dates, from the ages prior to Chaucer, to the conclusion of the reign of Charles I.*

This manuscript was shown to several learned and ingenious friends, who thought the contents too curious to be consigned to oblivion, and importuned the possessor to select some of them and give them to the press. As most of them are of great simplicity, and seem to have been merely written for the people, he was long in doubt, whether, in the present state of improved literature, they could be deemed worthy the attention of the public. At length the importunity of his friends prevailed, and he could refuse nothing to such judges as the Author of the Rambler and the late Mr. Shenstone.

Accordingly such specimens of ancient poetry have been selected, as either show the gradation of our language, exhibit the progress of popular opinions, display the peculiar manners and customs of former ages, or throw light on our earlier classical poets.

They are here distributed into volumes, each of which contains an independent series of poems, arranged chiefly according to the order of time, and showing the gradual improvements of the English language and poetry from the earliest ages down to the present. Each volume, or series, is divided into three books, to afford so many pauses, or resting places to the reader, and to assist him in distinguishing between the productions of the earlier, the middle, and the latter times.

In a polished age, like the present, I am sensible that many of these reliques of antiquity will require great allowances to be made for them. Yet have they, for the most part, a pleasing simplicity, and many artless graces, which in the opinion of no mean critics* have been thought to compensate for the want of higher beauties, and if they do not dazzle the imagination, are frequently found to interest the heart.

To atone for the rudeness of the more obsolete poems, each volume concludes with a few modern attempts in the same kind of writing: and, to take off from the tediousness of the longer narratives, they are everywhere intermingled with little elegant pieces of the lyric kind. Select ballads in the old Scottish dialect, most of them of the first rate merit, are also interspersed among those of our an-

* Chaucer quotes the old Romance of "Libius Disconius," and some others, which are found in this MS. It also contains several Songs relating to the Civil War in the last century, but not one that alludes to the Restoration.

* Mr. Addison, Mr. Dryden, and the witty Lord Dorset, &c. See the Spectator, No. 70. To these might be added many eminent judges now alive.—The learned Selden appears also to have been fond of collecting these old things See below.

cient English Minstrels; and the artless productions of these old rhapsodists are occasionally confronted with specimens of the composition of contemporary poets of a higher class; of those who had all the advantages of learning in the times in which they lived, and who wrote for fame and for posterity. Yet perhaps the palm will be frequently due to the old strolling Minstrels, who composed their rhymes to be sung to their harps, and who looked no further than for present applause, and present subsistence.

The reader will find this class of men occasionally described in the following volumes, and some particulars relating to their history in an Essay subjoined to this preface.

It will be proper here to give a short account of the other collections that were consulted, and to make my acknowledgments to those gentlemen who were so kind as to impart extracts from them; for, while this selection was making, a great number of ingenious friends took a share in the work and explored many large repositories in its favour.

The first of these that deserved notice was the Pepysian library at Magdalen College, Cambridge. Its founder, Sam. Pepys,* Esq., Secretary of the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II., had made a large collection of ancient English ballads, near two thousand in number, which he has left pasted in five volumes in folio; besides Garlands and other smaller miscellanies. This collection, he tells us, was "begun by Mr. Selden; improved by the addition of many pieces elder thereto in time; and the whole continued down to the year 1700; when the form peculiar till then thereto, viz. of the black letter with pictures, seems (for cheapness sake) wholly laid aside for that of the white letter without pictures."

In the Ashmole Library at Oxford is a small collection of Ballads made by Anthony Wood in the year 1676, containing somewhat more than two hundred. Many ancient popular poems are also preserved in the Bodleyan Library.

The archives of the Antiquarian Society at London contain a multitude of curious political poems in large folio volumes, digested under the several reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth, James I., &c.

In the British Museum is preserved a large treasure of ancient English poems in MS., besides one folio volume of printed ballads.

From all these some of the best pieces were selected; and from many private collections, as well printed as manuscript, particularly from one large folio volume which was lent by a lady.

Amid such a fund of materials, the Editor is afraid he has been sometimes led to make too great a parade of his authorities. The desire of being accurate has perhaps seduced him into too minute and trifling an exactness; and in pursuit of information he may have been drawn into many a petty and frivolous research. It was however necessary to give some account of the old copies; though often, for the sake of brevity, one or two of these only are mentioned, where yet assistance was received from several. Where anything was altered that deserved particular notice, the passage is generally distinguished by two inverted 'commas'. And the Editor has endeavoured to be as faithful as the imperfect state of his materials would admit. For these old popular rhymes being many of them copied only from illiterate transcripts, or the imperfect recitation of itinerant ballad-singers, have, as might be expected, been handed down to us with less care than any other writings in the world. And the old copies, whether MS. or printed, were often so defective or corrupted, that a scrupulous adherence to their wretched readings would only have exhibited unintelligible nonsense, or such poor meagre stuff as neither came from the Bard nor was worthy the press; when, by a few slight corrections or additions, a most beautiful or interesting sense hath started forth, and this so naturally and easily, that the Editor could seldom prevail on himself to indulge the vanity of making a formal claim to the improvement; but must plead guilty to the charge of concealing his own share in the amendments under some such general title as a "Modern Copy," or the like. Yet it has been his design to give sufficient intimation where any considerable liberties*

* A Life of our curious collector, Mr. Pepys, may be seen in the "The Continuation of Mr. Collier's Supplement to his Great Dictionary, 1715, at the end of vol. iii. folio. Art. PEP."

* Such liberties have been taken with all those pieces which have three asterisks subjoined, thus *.*

were taken with the old copies, and to have retained either in the text or margin any word or phrase which was antique, obsolete, unusual, or peculiar, so that these might be safely quoted as of genuine and undoubted antiquity. His object was to please both the judicious antiquary and the reader of taste; and he hath endeavoured to gratify both without offending either.

The plan of the work was settled in concert with the late elegant Mr. Shenstone, who was to have borne a joint share in it had not death unhappily prevented him.* Most of the modern pieces were of his selection and arrangement, and the Editor hopes to be pardoned if he has retained some things out of partiality to the judgment of his friend. The old folio MS. above mentioned was a present from Humphrey Pitt, Esq., of Prior's-lee, in Shropshire,† to whom this public acknowledgment is due for that, and many other obliging favours. To Sir David Dalrymple, Bart., of Hales, near Edinburgh, the editor is indebted for most of the beautiful Scottish poems with which this little miscellany is enriched, and for many curious and elegant remarks with which they are illustrated. Some obliging communications of the same kind were received from John Mac Gowan, Esq., of Edinburgh; and many curious explanations of Scottish words in the glossaries from John Davidson, Esq., of Edinburgh, and from the Rev. Mr. Hutchinson of Kimbolton. Mr. Warton, who has twice done so much honour to the Poetry Professor's chair at Oxford, and Mr. Hest of Worcester College, contributed some curious pieces from the Oxford libraries. Two ingenious and learned friends at Cambridge deserve the Editor's warmest acknowledgments: to Mr. Blakeway, late fellow of Magdalen College, he owes all the assistance received from the Pepysian library: and Mr. Farmer, fellow of Emanuel, often exerted, in favour of this little work, that extensive knowledge of ancient English literature for which he is so distinguished.* Many extracts from ancient MSS. in the British Museum, and other repositories, were owing to the kind services of Thomas Astle, Esq., to whom the public is indebted for the curious Preface and Index annexed to the Harleyan Catalogue.† The worthy Librarian of the Society of Antiquarians, Mr. Norris, deserves acknowledgment for the obliging manner in which he gave the Editor access to the volumes under his care. In Mr. Garrick's curious collection of old plays are many scarce pieces of ancient poetry, with the free use of which he indulged the Editor in the politest manner. To the Rev. Dr. Birch he is indebted for the use of several ancient and valuable tracts. To the friendship of Dr. Samuel Johnson he owes many

* That the Editor hath not here underrated the assistance he received from his friend, will appear from Mr. Shenstone's own letter to the Rev. Mr. Graves, dated March 1. 1761. See his works, vol. iii. letter ciii. It is doubtless a great loss to this work, that Mr. Shenstone never saw more than about a third of one of these volumes, as prepared for the press.

† Who informed the Editor that this MS. had been purchased in a library of old books, which was thought to have belonged to Thomas Blount, author of the "Jocular Tenures, 1679," 4to., and of many other publications enumerated in Wood's Athenæ, ii. 73; the earliest of which is "The Art of Making Devises, 1646," 4to., wherein he is described to be "of the Inner Temple." If the collection was made by this lawyer (who also published the "Law Dictionary, 1671," folio), it should seem, from the errors and defects with which the MS. abounds, that he had employed his clerk in writing the transcripts, who was often weary of his task.

* To the same learned and ingenious friend, since Master of Emanuel College, the Editor is obliged for many corrections and improvements in his second and subsequent editions; as also to the Rev. Mr. Bowle, of Idmistone, near Salisbury, Editor of the curious edition of Don Quixote, with Annotations, in Spanish, in six vols. 4to.; to the Rev. Mr. Cole, formerly of Blecheley, near Fenny-Stratford, Bucks; to the Rev. Mr. Lambe, of Noreham, in Northumberland, author of a learned "History of Chess," 1764, 8vo., and Editor of a curious "Poem on the Battle of Flodden Field," with learned Notes, 1774, 8vo.; and to G. Paton, Esq., of Edinburgh. He is particularly indebted to two friends, to whom the public, as well as himself, are under the greatest obligations; to the Honourable Daines Barrington, for his very learned and curious "Observations on the Statutes," 4to.; and to Thomas Tyrwhitt, Esq., whose most correct and elegant edition of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," 5 vols. 8vo., is a standard book, and shows how an ancient English classic should be published. The Editor was also favoured with many valuable remarks and corrections from the Rev. Geo. Ashby, late fellow of St. John's College, in Cambridge, which are not particularly pointed out because they occur so often. He was no less obliged to Thomas Butler, Esq., F.A.S., agent to the Duke of Northumberland, and Clerk of the Peace for the county of Middlesex; whose extensive knowledge of ancient writings, records, and history, has been of great use to the Editor in his attempts to illustrate the literature or manners of our ancestors. Some valuable remarks were procured by Samuel Pegge, Esq., author of that curious work the "Curialia," 4to.; but this impression was too far advanced to profit by them all; which hath also been the case with a series of learned and ingenious annotations inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine for August, 1793, April, June, July, and October, 1794, and which, it is hoped, will be continued.

† Since Keeper of the Records in the Tower.

valuable hints for the conduct of the work. And, if the Glossaries are more exact and curious than might be expected in so slight a publication, it is to be ascribed to the supervisal of a friend, who stands at this time the first in the world for Northern literature, and whose learning is better known and respected in foreign nations than in his own country. It is perhaps needless to name the Rev. Mr. Lye, Editor of Junius's Etymologicum, and of the Gothic Gospels.

The names of so many men of learning and character the Editor hopes will serve as an amulet, to guard him from every unfavourable censure for having bestowed any attention on a parcel of Old Ballads. It was at the request of many of these gentlemen, and of others eminent for their genius and taste, that this little work was undertaken. To prepare it for the press has been the amusement of now and then a vacant hour amid the leisure and retirement of rural life, and hath only served as a relaxation from graver studies. It has been taken up at different times, and often thrown aside for many months, during an interval of four or five years. This has occasioned some inconsistencies and repetitions, which the candid reader will pardon. As great care has been taken to admit nothing immoral and indecent, the Editor hopes he need not be ashamed of having bestowed some of his idle hours on the ancient literature of our own country, or in rescuing from oblivion some pieces (though but the amusements of our ancestors) which tend to place in a striking light their taste, genius, sentiments, or manners.

Except in one paragraph, and in the Notes subjoined, this Preface is given with little variation from the first edition in MDCCLXV.

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AN ESSAY

ON THE

ANCIENT MINSTRELS IN ENGLAND.

1. The Minstrels (A) were an order of men in the middle ages, who subsisted by the arts of poetry and music, and sang to the harp verses composed by themselves or others.* They also appear to have accompanied their songs with mimicry and action; and to have practised such various means of diverting as were much admired in those rude times, and supplied the want of more refined entertainment. (B) These arts rendered them extremely popular and acceptable in this and all the neighbouring countries; where no high scene of festivity was esteemed complete, that was not set off with the exercise of their talents; and where, so long as the spirit of chivalry subsisted, they were protected and caressed, because their songs tended to do honour to the ruling passion of the times, and to encourage and foment a martial spirit.

The Minstrels seem to have been the genuine successors of the ancient Bards, (C) who under different names were admired and revered, from the earliest ages, among the people of Gaul, Britain, Ireland, and the North; and indeed, by almost all the first inhabitants of Europe, whether of Celtic or Gothic race;* but by none more than by our own Teutonic ancestors,† particularly by all the Danish tribes.‡ Among these, they were distinguished by the name of Scalds, a word which denotes "smoothers and polishers of language."§ The origin of their art was attributed to Odin or Woden, the father of their gods; and the professors of it were held in the highest estimation. Their skill was considered as something divine; their persons were deemed sacred; their attendance was solicited by kings; and they were everywhere loaded with honours and rewards. In short, Poets and their art were held among them in that rude admiration which is ever shown by an ignorant people to such as excel them in intellectual accomplishments.

As these honours were paid to Poetry and Song, from the earliest times, in those countries which our Anglo-Saxon ancestors inhabited before their removal into Britain, we may reasonably conclude, that they would not lay aside all their regard for men of this sort immediately on quitting their German forests. At least so long as they retained their ancient manners and opinions, they would still hold them in high estimation. But as the Saxons, soon after their establish-

(A) The larger Notes and Illustrations referred to by the capital letters (A) (B), &c., are thrown together to the end of this Essay.

* Wedded to no hypothesis, the Author hath readily corrected any mistakes which have been *proved* to be in this Essay; and, considering the novelty of the subject, and the time, and place, when and where he first took it up, many such had been excusable. That the term Minstrel was not confined, as some contend, to a mere Musician, in this country, any more than on the Continent, will be considered more fully in the last note (G g) at the end of this Essay.

* Vid. Pelloutier Hist. des Celtes, tom. 1, l. 2, c. 6, 10.

† Tacit. de Mor. Germ. cap. 2.

‡ Vid. Bartholin. de Causis contemptæ a Danis Mortis, lib. 1, cap. 10.—Wormij Literatura Runic. ad finem.—See also "Northern Antiquities, or, a Description of the Manners, Customs, &c., of the ancient Danes, and other Northern Nations: from the French of M. Mallet." London, printed for T. Carnan, 1770, 2 vols. 8vo.

§ Torfæi Præfat. ad Orcad. Hist.—Pref. to "Five Pieces of Runic Poetry," &c.

ment in this island, were converted to Christianity; in proportion as literature prevailed among them, this rude admiration would begin to abate, and poetry would be no longer a peculiar profession. Thus the Poet and the Minstrel early with us became two persons. (D) Poetry was cultivated by men of letters indiscriminately; and many of the most popular rhymes were composed amidst the leisure and retirement of monasteries. But the Minstrels continued a distinct order of men for many ages after the Norman conquest; and got their livelihood by singing verses to the harp at the houses of the great. (E) There they were still hospitably and respectfully received, and retained many of the honours shown to their predecessors, the Bards and Scalds. (F) And though, as their art declined, many of them only recited the compositions of others, some of them still composed songs themselves, and all of them could probably invent a few stanzas on occasion. I have no doubt but most of the old heroic Ballads in this collection were composed by this order of men. For although some of the larger metrical romances might come from the pen of the monks or others, yet the smaller narratives were probably composed by the minstrels who sang them. From the amazing variations which occur in different copies of the old pieces, it is evident they made no scruple to alter each other's productions; and the reciter added or omitted whole stanzas, according to his own fancy or convenience.

In the early ages, as was hinted above, the profession of oral itinerant Poet was held in the utmost reverence among all the Danish tribes; and, therefore, we might have concluded, that it was not unknown or unrespected among their Saxon brethren in Britain, even if history had been altogether silent on this subject. The original country of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors is well known to have lien chiefly in the Cimbric Chersonese, in the tracts of land since distinguished by the name of Jutland, Angelen, and Holstein.* The Jutes and Angles in particular, who composed two-thirds of the conquerors of Britain, were a Danish people, and their country at this day belongs to the crown of Denmark;* so that when the Danes again infested England, three or four hundred years after, they made war on the descendants of their own ancestors.† From this near affinity, we might expect to discover a strong resemblance between both nations in their customs, manners, and even language: and, in fact, we find them to differ no more than would naturally happen between a parent country and its own colonies, that had been severed in a rude uncivilized state, and had dropt all intercourse for three or four centuries: especially if we reflect that the colony here settled had adopted a new religion, extremely opposite in all respects to the ancient Paganism of the mother country; and that even at first, along with the original Angli, had been incorporated a large mixture of Saxons from the neighbouring parts of Germany; and afterwards, among the Danish invaders, had come vast multitudes of adventurers from the more northern parts of Scandinavia. But all these were only different tribes of the same common Teutonic stock, and spoke only different dialects of the same Gothic language.‡

From this sameness of original and similarity of manners, we might justly have wondered, if a character, so dignified and distinguished among the ancient Danes, as the Scald or Bard, had been totally unknown or unregarded in this sister nation. And, indeed, this argument is so strong, and, at the same time, the early annals of the Anglo-Saxons are so scanty and defective, (G) that no objections from their silence could be sufficient to overthrow it. For if these popular Bards were confessedly revered and admired in those very countries which the Anglo-Saxons inhabited before their removal into Britain, and if they were afterwards common and numerous among the other descendants of the same Teutonic ancestors, can we do otherwise than conclude, that men of this order accompanied such tribes as migrated hither; that they afterwards subsisted here, though, perhaps, with less splendour than in the North; and that there never was wanting

* Vid. Chronic. Saxon. à Gibson, p. 12, 13, 4to.—Bed. Hist. Eccles. à Smith, lib. 1, c. 15.—"Ealdsexe [Regio antiq. Saxonum] in crevice Cimbricæ Chersonesi, Holsatiam proprie dictam Dithmarsiam, Stormariam, et Wagriam, complectens." Annot. in Bed. à Smith, p. 52. Et vid. Camdeni Britan.

* "Anglia Vestus. hodie etiam Anglen, sita est inter Saxones et Giotes [Jutos], habens oppidum capitale ... Sleswick." Ethelwerd. lib. 1.

† See Northern Antiquities, &c., vol. i. pag. 7, 8, 185, 250, 260, 261.

‡ Ibid. Preface, p. 26.

a succession of them to hand down the art, though some particular conjunctures may have rendered it more respectable at one time than another? And this was evidently the case. For though much greater honours seem to have been heaped upon the northern Scalds, in whom the characters of historian, genealogist, poet, and musician, were all united, than appear to have been paid to the Minstrels and Harpers (H) of the Anglo-Saxons, whose talents were chiefly calculated to entertain and divert; while the Scalds professed to inform and instruct, and were at once the moralists and theologues of their Pagan countrymen; yet the Anglo-Saxon Minstrels continued to possess no small portion of public favour; and the arts they professed were so extremely acceptable to our ancestors, that the word GLEE, which peculiarly denoted their art, continues still in our own language to be of all others the most expressive of that popular mirth and jollity, that strong sensation of delight, which is felt by unpolished and simple minds. (I)

II. Having premised these general considerations, I shall now proceed to collect from history such particular incidents as occur on this subject; and, whether the facts themselves are true or not, they are related by authors who lived too near the Saxon times, and had before them too many recent monuments of the Anglo-Saxon nation, not to know what was conformable to the genius and manners of that people; and therefore we may presume, that their relations prove at least the existence of the customs and habits they attribute to our forefathers before the conquest, whatever becomes of the particular incidents and events themselves. If this be admitted, we shall not want sufficient proofs to show that Minstrelsy and Song were not extinct among the Anglo-Saxons; and that the professor of them here, if not quite so respectable a personage as the Danish Scald, was yet highly favoured and protected, and continued still to enjoy considerable privileges.

Even so early as the first invasion of Britain by the Saxons, an incident is recorded to have happened, which, if true, shows that the Minstrel or Bard was not unknown among this people; and that their princes themselves could, upon occasion, assume that character. Colgrin, son of that Ella who was elected king or leader of the Saxons in the room of Hengist,* was shut up in York, and closely besieged by Arthur and his Britons. Baldulph, brother of Colgrin, wanted to gain access to him, and to apprise him of a reinforcement which was coming from Germany. He had no other way to accomplish his design, but to assume the character of a Minstrel. He therefore shaved his head and beard, and, dressing himself in the habit of that profession, took his harp in his hand. In this disguise, he walked up and down the trenches without suspicion, playing all the while upon his instrument as a Harper. By little and little he advanced near to the walls of the city, and, making himself known to the sentinels, was in the night drawn up by a rope.

Although the above fact comes only from the suspicious pen of Geoffry of Monmouth, (K) the judicious reader will not too hastily reject it; because, if such a fact really happened, it could only be known to us through the medium of the British writers: for the first Saxons, a martial but unlettered people, had no historians of their own; and Geoffry, with all his fables, is allowed to have recorded many true events, that have escaped other annalists.

We do not, however, want instances of a less fabulous era, and more indubitable authority: for later history affords us two remarkable facts,(L) which I think clearly show that the same arts of poetry and song, which were so much admired among the Danes, were by no means unknown or neglected in this sister nation: and that the privileges and honours which were so lavishly bestowed upon the Northern Scalds, were not wholly withheld from the Anglo-Saxon Minstrels.

Our great King Alfred, who is expressly said to have excelled in music,† being desirous to learn the true situation of the Danish army, which had invaded his realm, assumed the dress and character of a Minstrel;(M) when, taking his harp, and one of the most trusty of his friends disguised as a servant‡ (for in the early times it was not unusual for a minstrel to have a servant to carry his harp), he went with the utmost security into the Danish

* See Rapin's Hist. by Tindal, fol. 1732, vol. i. p. 36, who places the incident here related under the year 495.

† By Bale and Spelman. See note (M). ‡ Ibid.

camp; and, though he could not but be known to be a Saxon by his dialect, the character he had assumed procured him a hospitable reception. He was admitted to entertain the king at table, and stayed among them long enough to contrive that assault which afterwards destroyed them. This was in the year 878.

About sixty years after,* a Danish king made use of the same disguise to explore the camp of our King Athelstan. With his harp in his hand, and dressed like a minstrel, (N) Aulaff,† king of the Danes, went among the Saxon tents; and, taking his stand near the king's pavilion, began to play, and was immediately admitted. There he entertained Athelstan and his lords with his singing and his music, and was at length dismissed with an honourable reward, though his songs must have discovered him to have been a Dane. (O) Athelstan was saved from the consequences of this stratagem by a soldier, who had observed Aulaff bury the money which had been given him, either from some scruple of honour, or motive of superstition. This occasioned a discovery.

Now if the Saxons had not been accustomed to have minstrels of their own, Alfred's assuming so new and unusual a character would have excited suspicions among the Danes. On the other hand, if it had not been customary with the Saxons to show favour and respect to the Danish Scalds, Aulaff would not have ventured himself among them, especially on the eve of a battle. (P) From the uniform procedure then of both these kings, we may fairly conclude that the same mode of entertainment prevailed among both people, and that the minstrel was a privileged character with each.

But, if these facts had never existed, it can be proved from undoubted records, that the minstrel was a regular and stated officer in the court of our Anglo-Saxon kings: for in Doomesday Book, *Joculator Regis*, the King's Minstrel, is expressly mentioned in Gloucestershire; in which county it should seem that he had lands assigned him for his maintenance. (Q)

III. We have now brought the inquiry down to the Norman Conquest; and as the Normans had been a late colony from Norway and Denmark, where the Scalds had arrived to the highest pitch of credit before Rollo's expedition into France, we cannot doubt but this adventurer, like the other northern princes, had many of these men in his train, who settled with him in his new duchy of Normandy, and left behind them successors in their art: so that, when his descendant, William the Bastard, invaded this kingdom in the following century,* that mode of entertainment could not but be still familiar with the Normans. And that this is not mere conjecture will appear from a remarkable fact, which shows that the arts of poetry and song were still as reputable among the Normans in France, as they had been among their ancestors in the North; and that the profession of Minstrel, like that of Scald, was still aspired to by the most gallant soldiers. In William's army was a valiant warrior, named Taillefer, who was distinguished no less for the minstrel arts.(R) than for his courage and intrepidity. This man asked leave of his commander to begin the onset, and obtained it. He accordingly advanced before the army, and with a loud voice animated his countrymen with songs in praise of Charlemagne and Roland, and other heroes of France; then rushing among the thickest of the English, and valiantly fighting, lost his life.

Indeed the Normans were so early distinguished for their minstrel talents, that an eminent French writer (S) makes no scruple to refer to them the origin of all modern poetry, and shows that they were celebrated for their songs near a century before the Troubadours of Provence, who are supposed to have led the way to the poets of Italy, France, and Spain.†

We see then that the Norman conquest was rather likely to favour the establishment of the minstrel profession in this kingdom,

* Anno 938. Vid. Rapin, &c.

† So I think the name should be printed, rather than Anlaff the more usual form (the same traces of the letters express both names in MS.), Aulaff being evidently the genuine modern name Olaff, or Olave, Lat. Olaus. In the old romance of "Horn-Childe" (see vol. iii. p. xxxiii.), the name of the king his father is Allof, which is evidently Ollaf, with the vowels only transposed.

* Rollo was invested in his new duchy of Normandy, A.D. 912. William invaded England, A.D. 1066.

† Vid. "Hist. des Troubadours, 3 tom." passim; et vid. "Fableaux ou Contes du XII. et du XIII. Siecle, traduits, &c., avec des Notes historiques et critiques, &c., par M. Le Grand. Paris, 1781," 5 tom. 12mo.

than to suppress it; and although the favour of the Norman conquerors would be probably confined to such of their own countrymen as excelled in the minstrel arts; and in the first ages after the conquest no other songs would be listened to by the great nobility, but such as were composed in their own Norman French: yet as the great mass of the original inhabitants were not extirpated, these could only understand their own native gleemen or minstrels; who must still be allowed to exist, unless it can be proved that they were all proscribed and massacred, as it is said the Welsh bards were afterwards by the severe policy of King Edward I. But this we know was not the case; and even the cruel attempts of that monarch, as we shall see below, proved ineffectual. (S 2)

The honours shown to the Norman or French minstrels, by our princes and great barons, would naturally have been imitated by their English vassals and tenants, even if no favour or distinction had ever been hown here to the same order of men in the Anglo-Saxon and Danish reigns. So that we cannot doubt but the English harper and songster would, at least in a subordinate degree, enjoy the same kind of honours, and be received with similar respect among the inferior English gentry and populace. I must be allowed therefore to consider them as belonging to the same community, as subordinate members at least of the same college; and therefore, in gleaning the scanty materials for this slight history, I shall collect whatever incidents I can find relating to minstrels and their art, and arrange them, as they occur in our own annals, without distinction; as it will not always be easy to ascertain, from the slight mention of them by our regular historians, whether the artists were Norman or English. For it need not be remarked that subjects of this trivial nature are but incidentally mentioned by our ancient annalists, and were fastidiously rejected by other grave and serious writers; so that, unless they were accidentally connected with such events as became recorded in history, they would pass unnoticed through the lapse of ages, and be as unknown to posterity as other topics relating to the private life and amusements of the greatest nations.

On this account it can hardly be expected that we should be able to produce regular and unbroken annals of the minstrel art and its professors, or have sufficient information whether every minstrel or harper composed himself, or only repeated, the songs he chanted. Some probably did the one, and some the other: and it would have been wonderful indeed if men whose peculiar profession it was, and who devoted their time and talents to entertain their hearers with poetical compositions, were peculiarly deprived of all poetical genius themselves, and had been under a physical incapacity of composing those common popular rhymes which were the usual subjects of their recitation. Whoever examines any considerable quantity of these, finds them in style and colouring as different from the elaborate production of the sedentary composer at his desk or in his cell, as the rambling harper or minstrel was remote in his modes of life and habits of thinking from the retired scholar or the solitary monk. (T)

It is well known that on the Continent, whence our Norman nobles came, the Bard who composed, the Harper who played and sang, and even the Dancer and the Mimic, were all considered as of one community, and were even all included under the common name of Minstrels.* I must therefore be allowed the same application of the term here, without being expected to prove that every singer composed, or every composer chanted, his own song; much less that every one excelled in all the arts which were occasionally exercised by some or other of this fraternity.

IV. After the Norman Conquest, the first occurrence which I have met with relating to this order of men is the founding of a priory and hospital by one of them: scil. the Priory and Hospital of St. Bartholomew, in Smithfield, London, by Royer or Raherus the King's Minstrel, in the third year of King Henry I., A. D. 1102. He was the first prior of his own establishment, and presided over it to the time of his death. (T 2)

In the reign of King Henry II., we have upon record the name of Galfrid or Jeffrey, a harper, who in 1180 received a corrody or annuity from the abbey of Hide near Winchester; and, as in the early times every

* See note (B) and (A a).

harper was expected to sing, we cannot doubt but this reward was given to him for his music and his songs; which, if they were for the solace of the monks there, we may conclude would be in the English language. (U)

Under his romantic son, King Richard I., the Minstrel profession seems to have acquired additional splendour. Richard, who was the great hero of chivalry, was also the distinguished patron of Poets and Minstrels. He was himself of their number, and some of his poems are still extant.* They were no less patronized by his favourites and chief officers. His Chancellor, William Bishop of Ely, is expressly mentioned to have invited Singers and Minstrels from France, whom he loaded with reward; and they in return celebrated him as the most accomplished person in the world. (U 2) This high distinction and regard, although confined perhaps in the first instance to Poets and Songsters of the French nation, must have had a tendency to do honour to poetry and song among all his subjects, and to encourage the cultivation of these arts among the natives; as the indulgent favour shown by the monarch, or his great courtiers, to the Provençal *Troubadour*, or Norman *Rymour*, would naturally be imitated by their inferior vassals to the English Gleeman or Minstrel. At more than a century after the conquest, the national distinctions must have begun to decline, and both the Norman and English languages would be heard in the houses of the great; (U 3) so that probably about this æra, or soon after, we are to date that remarkable intercommunity and exchange of each other's compositions, which we discover to have taken place at some early period between the French and English Minstrels; the same set of phrases, the same species of characters, incidents, and adventures, and often the same identical stories, being found in the old metrical romances of both nations. (V)

The distinguished service which Richard received from one of his own minstrels, in rescuing him from his cruel and tedious captivity, is a remarkable fact, which ought to be recorded for the honour of poets and their art. This fact I shall relate in the following words of an ancient writer:*

"The Englishmen were more than a whole yeare without hearing any tydings of their king, or in what place he was kept prisoner. He had trained up in his court a Rimer or Minstrill,† called Blondell de Nesle: who (so saith the manuscript of old Poesies,‡ and an auncient manuscript French Chronicle) being so long without the sight of his lord, his life seemed wearisome to him, and he became confounded with melancholly. Knowne it was, that he came backe from the Holy Land; but none could tell in what countrey he arrived. Whereupon this Blondel, resolving to make search for him in many countries, but he would heare some newes of him; after expence of divers dayes in travaile, he came to a towne§ (by good hap) neere to the castell where his maister King Richard was kept. Of his host he demanded to whom the castell appertained, and the host told him that it belonged to the Duke of Austria. Then he enquired whether there were any prisoners therein detained or no: for alwayes he made such secret questionings wheresoever he came. And the hoste gave answer, there was one onely prisoner, but he knew not what he was, and yet he had bin detained there more than the space of a yeare. When Blondel heard this, he wrought such meanes, that he

* See a pathetic song of his in Mr. Walpole's Catalogue of Royal Authors, vol. i. p. 5. The reader will find a translation of it into modern French, in Hist. Literaire des Troubadours, 1774, 3 tom. 12mo. See vol. i. p. 58, where some more of Richard's poetry is translated. In Dr. Burney's Hist. of Music, vol. ii. p. 238, is a poetical version of it in English.

* Mons. Favine's Theatre of Honour and Knighthood, translated from the French. Lond. 1623, fol. tom. ii. p. 49. An elegant relation of the same event (from the French of Presid. Fauchet's Recueil, &c.) may be seen in "Miscellanies in prose and verse, by Anna Williams, Lond. 1766," 4to. p. 46.—It will excite the reader's admiration to be informed, that most of the pieces of that collection were composed under the disadvantage of a total deprivation of sight.

† Favine's words are, "Jongleur appellé Blondiaux de Nesle." Paris, 1620, 4to., p. 1106. But Fauchet, who has given the same story, thus expresses it, "Or ce roy ayant nourri un Menestrel appellé Blondel," &c., liv. 2, p. 92. "Des anciens Poëtes François,"—He is however said to have been another *Blondel*, not *Blondel* (or *Blondiaux*) *de Nesle;* but this no way affects the circumstances of the story.

‡ This the Author calls in another place, "An ancient MS. of old Poesies, written about those very times."—From this MS. Favine gives a good account of the taking of Richard by the Duke of Austria, who sold him to the Emperor. As for the MS. chronicle, it is evidently the same that supplied Fauchet with this story. See his "Recueil de l'Origine de la Langue et Poesie Françoise, Ryme, et Romans," &c., Par. 1581.

§ Tribables.—"Retrudi eum præcepit in Triballis: a quo carcere nullus ante dies istos exivit." Lat. Chron. of Otho of Austria: apud Favin.

became acquainted with them of the castell, as Minstrels doe easily win acquaintance any where:* but see the king he could not, neither understand that it was he. One day he sat directly before a window of the castell where King Richard was kept prisoner, and began to sing a song in French, which King Richard and Blondel had some time composed together. When King Richard heard the song, he knew it was Blondel that sung it: and when Blondel paused at halfe of the song, the king 'began the other half and completed it.'† Thus Blondel won knowledge of the king his maister, and returning home into England, made the barons of the countrie acquainted where the king was." This happened about the year 1193.

The following old Provençal lines are given as the very original song;‡ which I shall accompany with an imitation offered by Dr. Burney, ii. 237.

BLONDEL.

Domna vostra beutas	*Your beauty, lady fair,*
Elas bellas faissos	*None views without delight;*
Els bels oils amoros	*But still so cold an air*
Els gens cors ben taillats	*No passion can excite:*
Don sieu empresenats	*Yet this I patient see*
De vostra amo qui mi lia.	*While all are shun'd like me.*

RICHARD.

Si bel trop affansia	*No nymph my heart can wound*
Ja de vos non portrai	*If favour she divide*
Que major honorai	*And smiles on all around*
Sol en votra deman	*Unwilling to decide:*
Que sautra des beisan	*I'd rather hatred bear*
Tot can de vos volria	*Than love with others share.*

The access which Blondel so readily obtained in the privileged character of a minstrel, is not the only instance upon record of the same nature.(V 2) In this very reign of King Richard I. the young heiress of D'Evereux, Earl of Salisbury, had been carried abroad and secreted by her French relations in Normandy. To discover the place of her concealment, a knight of the Talbot family spent two years in exploring that province, at first under the disguise of a pilgrim; till having found where she was confined, in order to gain admittance he assumed the dress and character of a harper, and being a jocose person exceedingly skilled in the "gests of the ancients;"* so they called the romances and stories which were the delight of that age; he was gladly received into the family. Whence he took an opportunity to carry off the young lady, whom he presented to the king; and he bestowed her on his natural brother William Longespee (son of fair Rosamond), who became in her right Earl of Salisbury.(V 3)

The next memorable event which I find in history reflects credit on the English Minstrels: and this was their contributing to the rescue of one of the great Earls of Chester when besieged by the Welsh. This happened in the reign of King John, and is related to this effect.

"Hugh, the first Earl of Chester, in his charter of foundation of St. Werburg's Abbey [illegible] that city, had granted such a privilege to those who should come to Chester fair, that they should not then be apprehended for theft or any other misdemeanour, except the crime were committed during the fair. This special protection occasioning a multitude of loose people to resort to that fair, was afterwards of signal benefit to one of his successors. For Ranulph, the last Earl of Chester, marching into Wales with a slender attendance, was constrained to retire to his castle of Rothelan, (or Rhuydland) to which the Welsh forthwith laid siege. In this distress he sent for help to the Lord de Lacy, constable of Chester: "Who, making use of the Minstrells of all sorts, then met at Chester fair: by the allurement of their musick, got together a vast number of such loose people as, by reason of the before specified priviledge, were then in that city; whom he forthwith sent under the

* "Comme Menestrels s'accointent legerement." Favine. Fauchet expresses it in the same manner.

† I give this passage corrected; as the English translator of Favine's book appeared here to have mistaken the original: Scil. "Et quant Blondel eut dit la moitie de la Chanson, le roy Richard se prist a dire l'autre moitie et l'acheva." Favine, p. 1106. Fauchet has also expressed it in nearly the same words. Recueil, p. 93.

‡ In a little romance or novel, entitled, "La Tour Tenebreuses, et les Jours Lumineux, Contes Angloises, accompagnez d'historiettes, et tirez d'une ancienne chronique composee par Richard, surnomme Coeur de Lion, Roy d'Angleterre," &c. Paris 1705, 12mo.—In the Preface to this romance the Editor has given another song of Blondel de Nesle, as also a copy of the song written by King Richard, and published by Mr. Walpole, mentioned above, yet the two last are not in Provençal like the sonnet printed here; but in the old French, called *Language Roman.*

* The words of the original, viz., "Citharisator homo jocosus in Gestis antiquorum valde peritus," I conceive to give the precise idea of the ancient Minstrel. See note (V 2). That Gesta was appropriated to romantic stories, see note (I) Part IV (1).

† See Dugdale, Bar. i. 42, 101, who places it after 13 John, A. D. 1212. See also Plot's Staffordsh. Camden's Britann. (Cheshire.)

conduct of Dutton (his steward), a gallant youth, who was also his son-in-law. The Welsh, alarmed at the approach of this rabble, supposing them to be a regular body of armed and disciplined veterans, instantly raised the siege and retired."

For this good service, Ranulph is said to have granted to De Lacy, by charter, the patronage and authority over the Minstrels and the loose and inferior people: who, retaining to himself that of the lower artificers, conferred on Dutton the jurisdiction of the Minstrels and Harlots;* and under the descendants of this family the Minstrels enjoyed certain privileges, and protection for many ages. For even so late as the reign of Elizabeth, when this profession had fallen into such discredit that it was considered in law as a nuisance, the Minstrels under the jurisdiction of the family of Dutton, are expressly excepted out of all acts of parliament made for their suppression; and have continued to be so excepted ever since.(W)

The ceremonies attending the exercise of this jurisdiction are thus described by Dugdale,† as handed down to his time, viz.: "That at midsummer fair there, all the Minstrels of that country resorting to Chester do attend the heir of Dutton, from his lodging to St. John's Church (he being then accompanied by many gentlemen of the countrey), one of 'the Minstrels' walking before him in a surcoat of his arms depicted on taffata; the rest of his fellows proceeding (two and two) and playing on their several sorts of musical instruments. And after divine service ndede, give the like attendance on him back to his lodging; where a court being kept by his [Mr. Dutton's] steward, and all the Minstrels formally called, certain orders and laws are usually made for the better government of that society, with penalties on those who transgress."

In the same reign of King John we have a remarkable instance of a Minstrel, who to his other talents superadded the character of soothsayer, and by his skill in drugs and medicated potions was able to rescue a knight from imprisonment. This occurs in Leland's Narrative of the Gestes of Guarine (or Warren) and his sons, which he "excerptid owte of an old Englisch boke yn ryme,"* and is as follows:

Whitington Castle in Shropshire, which together with the coheiress of the original proprietor had been won in a solemn turnament by the ancestor of the Guarines,† had in the reign of King John been seized by the Prince of Wales, and was afterwards possessed by Morice, a retainer of that prince, to whom the king, out of hatred to the true heir Fulco Guarine (with whom he had formerly had a quarrel at chess),‡ not only confirmed the possession, but also made him governor of the marches, of which Fulco himself had the custody in the time of King Richard. The Guarines demanded justice of the king, but obtaining no gracious answer, renounced their allegiance and fled into Bretagne. Returning into England after various conflicts, "Fulco resortid to one John of Raumpayne, a Sothsayer and Jocular and Minstrelle, and made hym his spy to Morice at Whitington." The privileges of this character we have already seen, and John so well availed himself of them, that in consequence of the intelligence which he doubtless procured, "Fulco and his brethrene laide waite for Morice, as he went toward Salesbyri, and Fulco ther woundid hym: and Bracy," a knight who was their friend and assistant, "cut of Morice['s] hedde." This Sir Bracy being in a subsequent rencounter sore wounded, was taken and brought to King John: from whose vengeance he was however rescued by this notable Minstrel; for "John Rampayne founde the meanes to cast them, that kepte Bracy, into a deadely slepe; and so he and Bracy cam to Fulco to Whitington," which on the death of Morice had been restored to him by the Prince of Wales. As no further mention occurs of the Minstrel, I might here conclude this narrative; but I shall just add that Fulco was

* See the ancient record in Blount's Law Dictionary (Art. Minstrel).

Bar. i. p. 101.

* Leland's Collectanea. vol. i. pages 261, 266. 267.

† This old feudal custom of marrying an heiress to the knight who should vanquish all his opponents in solemn contest, &c., appears to be burlesqued in the Turnament of Totenham, as is well observed by the learned author of Remarks, &c., in Gent. Mag. for July, 1794. p. 613.

‡ "John, sun to King Henry, and Fulco felle at variance at Chestes [r. Chesse]: and John brake Fulco ['s] hed with the chest borde; and then Fulco gave him such a blow, that he had almost killid hym." (Lel. Coll. i. p. 264.) A curious picture of courtly manners in that age! Notwithstanding this fray, we read in the next paragraph, that "King Henry dubbid Fulco and 3 of his bretherne Knightes at Winchester." Ibid.

obliged to flee into France, where, assuming the name of Sir Amice, he distinguished himself in justs and tournaments; and, after various romantic adventures by sea and land; having in the true style of chivalry rescued "certayne ladies owt of prison;" he finally obtained the king's pardon, and the quiet possession of Whitington Castle.

In the reign of King Henry III., we have mention of Master Ricard the King's Harper, to whom in his thirty-sixth year (1252) that monarch gave not only forty shillings and a pipe of wine, but also a pipe of wine to Beatrice, his wife.* The title of *Magister*, or Master, given to this Minstrel deserves notice, and shows his respectable situation.

V. The Harper, or Minstrel, was so necessary an attendant on a royal personage, that Prince Edward (afterwards King Edward I.), in his crusade to the Holy Land, in 1271, was not without his Harper: who must have been officially very near his person; as we are told by a contemporary historian,† that, in the attempt to assassinate that heroic prince, when he had wrested the poisoned knife out of the Sarazen's hand, and killed him with his own weapon; the attendants, who had stood apart while he was whispering to their master, hearing the struggle, ran to his assistance, and one of them, to wit his Harper, seizing a tripod or trestle, struck the assassin on the head and beat out his brains.‡ And though the prince blamed him for striking the man after he was dead, yet his near access shows the respectable situation of this officer; and his affectionate zeal should have induced Edward to entreat his brethren the Welsh Bards afterwards with more lenity.

Whatever was the extent of this great monarch's severity towards the professors of music and of song in Wales; whether the executing by martial law such of them as fell into his hands was only during the heat of conflict, or was continued afterwards with more systematic rigour;* yet in his own court the Minstrels appear to have been highly favoured: for when, in 1306, he conferred the order of knighthood on his son and many others of the young nobility, a multitude of Minstrels were introduced to invite and induce the new knights to make some military vow.(X) And

Under the succeeding reign of King Edward II., such extensive privileges were claimed by these men, and by dissolute persons assuming their character, that it became a matter of public grievance, and was obliged to be reformed by an express regulation in A. D. 1315.(Y) Notwithstanding which, an incident is recorded in the ensuing year, which shows that Minstrels still retained the liberty of entering at will into the royal presence, and had something peculiarly splendid in their dress. It is thus related by Stow.(Z)

"In the year 1316, Edward the Second did solemnize his feast of Pentecost at Westminster, in the great hall; where sitting royally at the table with his peers about him, there entered a woman adorned like a Minstrel, sitting on a great horse trapped, as Minstrels then used; who rode round about the table, shewing pastime; and at length came up to the king's table, and laid before him a letter, and forthwith turning her horse saluted every one and departed."——The subject of this letter was a remonstrance to the king on the favours heaped by him on his minions, to the neglect of his knights and faithful servants.

The privileged character of a Minstrel was employed on this occasion, as sure of gaining an easy admittance; and a female the rather deputed to assume it, that, in case of detection, her sex might disarm the king's resentment. This is offered on a supposition that she was not a real minstrel; for there should seem to have been women of this profession (A a), as well as of the other sex; and no

* Burney's Hist. ii. p. 355.—Rot. Pip. An. 36 H. III. "Et in uno dolio vini empto & dato Magistro Ricardo Citharistæ Regis xl. sol. per. br. Reg. Et in uno dolio empto & dato Beatrici uxori ejusdem Ricardi."

† Walter Hemmingford (vixit temp. Edw. I.), in Chronic. cap. 35, inter V. Hist. Ang. Scriptores, vol. ii. Oxon. 1687, fol. pag. 591.

‡ "Accurrentes ad hæc Ministri ejus qui a longe steterunt, invenerunt eum [scil. Nuntium] in terra mortuum, et apprehendit unus eorum tripodem, scilicet *Citharæda suus*. & percussit eum in capite, et effundit cerebrum ejus. Increpavitque eum Edwardus quod hominem mortuum percussisset." Ibid. These Ministri must have been upon a very confidential footing, as it appears above in the same chapter, that they had been made acquainted with the contents of the letters which the assassin had delivered to the prince from his master.

* See Gray's Ode; and the Hist. of the Gwedir Family in "Miscellanies by the Hon. Daines Barrington," 1781, 4to., p. 386; who in the Laws, &c., of this monarch could find no instances of severity against the Welsh. See his observations on the Statutes, 4to. 4th edit. p. 358.

accomplishment is so constantly attributed to females, by our ancient bards, as their singing to, and playing on, the harp.(A a 2)

In the fourth year of King Richard II., John of Gaunt erected at Tutbury in Staffordshire, a court of Minstrels, similar to that annually kept at Chester, and which, like a court-leet or court baron, had a legal jurisdiction, with full power to receive suit and service from the men of this profession within five neighbouring counties, to enact laws, and determine their controversies; and to apprehend and arrest such of them as should refuse to appear at the said court annually held on the 16th of August. For this they had a charter, by which they were empowered to appoint a King of the Minstrels with four officers to preside over them.(B b) These were every year elected with great ceremony; the whole form of which, as observed in 1680, is described by Dr. Plot:* in whose time, however, they appear to have lost their singing talents, and to have confined all their skill to "wind and string music."†

The Minstrels seem to have been in many respects upon the same footing as the heralds: and the King of the Minstrels, like the king at arms, was both here and on the Continent an usual officer in the courts of princes. Thus we have in the reign of King Edward I. mention of a King Robert and others. And in 16 Edward II. is a grant to William de Morlee, "the King's Minstrel, styled *Roy de North*,"‡ of houses which had belonged to another king, John le Boteler.(B b 2) Rymer hath also printed a license granted by King Richard II. in 1387, to John Caumz, the King of his Minstrels, to pass the seas, recommending him to the protection and kind treatment of all his subjects and allies.§

In the subsequent reign of King Henry IV. we meet with no particulars relating to the Minstrels in England, but we find in the Statute Book a severe law passed against their brethren the Welsh Bards; whom our ancestors could not distinguish from their own *Rimours Ministralx;* for by these names they describe them.(B b 3) This act plainly shows, that far from being extirpated by the rigorous policy of King Edward I., this order of men were still able to alarm the English government, which attributed to them "many diseases and mischiefs in Wales," and prohibited their meetings and contributions.

When his heroic son King Henry V. was preparing his great voyage for France, in 1415, an express order was given for his Minstrels, fifteen in number, to attend him;* and eighteen are afterwards mentioned, to each of whom he allowed xii. *d.* a day, when that sum must have been of more than ten times the value it is at present.† Yet when he entered London in triumph after the battle of Agincourt, he, from a principle of humility, slighted the pageants and verses which were prepared to hail his return; and, as we are told by Holingshed,‡ would not suffer "any dities to be made and song by Minstrels, of his glorious victorie; for that he would whollie have the praise and thankes altogether given to God."(B b 4) But this did not proceed from any disregard for the professors of music or of song; for at the feast of Pentecost, which he celebrated in 1416, having the Emperor and the Duke of Holland for his guests, he ordered rich gowns for sixteen of his Minstrels, of which the particulars are preserved by Rymer.§ And having before his death orally granted an annuity of one hundred shillings to each of his Minstrels, the grant was confirmed in the first year of his son King Henry VI., A. D. 1423, and payment ordered out of the Exchequer.‖

* Hist. of Staffordshire, ch. 10, § 69–76, p. 433 et seqq., of which see Extracts in Sir J. Hawkins's Hist. of Music, vol. ii. p. 64; and Dr. Burney's Hist. vol. ii. p. 360 et seqq.

N. B. The barbarous diversion of bull-running was no part of the original institution, &c., as is fully proved by the Rev. Dr. Pegge, in Archæologia, vol. ii. no. xiii. p. 86.

† See the charge given by the Steward, at the time of the election, in Plot's Hist. ubi supra; and in Hawkins, p. 67. Burney, p. 363–4.

‡ So among the Heralds *Norrey* was anciently styled *Roy d'Armes de North.* (Anstis, ii. 300.) And the Kings at Armes in general were originally called *Reges Heraldorum* (Ibid. p. 302), as these were *Reges Minstrallorum.*

§ Rymer's Fœdera, tom. vii. p. 555.

* Rymer, ix. 255. † Ibid. p. 260.

‡ See his Chronicle, sub anno 1415, p. 1170. He also gives this other instance of the king's great modesty, "that he would not suffer his helmet to be carried with him, and shewed to the people, that they might behold the dintes and cuttes whiche appeared in the same, of such blowes and stripes as hee received the daye of the battell." Ibid. Vid. T. de Elmham, c. 29, p. 72.

The prohibition against vain and secular songs would probably not include that inserted in Series the Second Book I. No. V., which would be considered as a hymn. The original notes engraven on a plate at the end of the vol. may be seen reduced and set to score in Mr. Stafford Smith's "Collection of English Songs for three and four Voices," and in Dr. Burney's Hist. of Music, ii. p. 384.

§ Tom. ix. 336.

‖ Rymer, tom. x. 287. They are mentioned by name, being *ten* in number: one of them was named Thomas Chatterton.

The unfortunate reign of King Henry VI. affords no occurrences respecting our subject; but in his 34th year, A. D. 1456, we have in Rymer* a commission for impressing boys or youths, to supply vacancies by death among the King's Minstrels: in which it is expressly directed that they shall be elegant in their limbs, as well as instructed in the Minstrel art, wherever they can be found, for the solace of his majesty.

In the following reign, King Edward IV. (in his 9th year, 1469), upon a complaint that certain rude husbandmen and artificers of various trades had assumed the title and livery of the King's Minstrels, and under that colour and pretence had collected money in diverse parts of the kingdom, and committed other disorders, the king grants to Walter Haliday, Marshal, and to seven others his own Minstrels whom he names, a charter,† by which he creates, or rather restores, a fraternity or perpetual gild (such as, he understands, the brothers and sisters of the fraternity of Minstrels had in times past), to be governed by a Marshall appointed for life, and by two Wardens to be chosen annually; who are empowered to admit brothers and sisters into the said gild, and are authorized to examine the pretensions of all such as affected to exercise the Minstrel profession; and to regulate, govern, and punish them throughout the realm (those of Chester excepted). This seems to have some resemblance to the Earl Marshal's court among the heralds, and is another proof of the great affinity and resemblance which the Minstrels bore to the members of the College of Arms.

It is remarkable that Walter Haliday, whose name occurs as marshal in the foregoing charter, had been retained in the service of the two preceding monarchs, King Henry V.‡ and VI.§ Nor is this the first time he is mentioned as Marshal of the King's Minstrels, for in the third year of this reign 1464, he had a grant from King Edward of 10 marks per annum during life, directed to him with that title.‖

But besides their Marshal, we have also in this reign mention of a Sergeant of the Minstrels, who upon a particular occasion was able to do his royal master a singular service, wherein his confidential situation and ready access to the king at all hours is very apparent: for "as he [King Edward IV.] was in the north contray in the monneth of Septembre, as he lay in his bedde, one namid Alexander Carlile, that was Sariaunt of the Mynstrellis, cam to him in grete hast, and badde hym aryse for he hadde enemyes cummyng for to take him, the which were within vi. or vii. mylis, of the which tydinges the king gretely marveylid," &c.* This happened in the same year, 1469, wherein the king granted or confirmed the charter for the fraternity or gild above mentioned; yet this Alexander Carlile is not one of the eight Minstrels to whom that charter is directed.†

The same charter was renewed by King Henry VIII. in 1520, to John Gilman, his then marshal, and to seven others his Minstrels:‡ and on the death of Gilman, he granted in 1529, this office of Marshal of his Minstrels to Hugh Wodehouse,§ whom I take to have borne the office of his serjeant over them.‖

VI. In all the establishments of royal and noble households, we find an ample provision made for the Minstrels; and their situation to have been both honourable and lucrative. In proof of this it is sufficient to refer to the household book of the Earl of Northumberland, A. D. 1512.(C c) And the rewards they received so frequently recur in ancient writers that it is unnecessary to crowd the page with them here.(C c 2)

The name of Minstrel seems however to

* Tom. xi. 375.

† See it in Rymer, tom. xi. 642, and in Sir J. Hawkins, vol. iv. p. 366. Note. The above Charter is recited in letters patent of King Charles I., 15 July (11 Anno Regni), for a Corporation of Musicians, &c., in Westminster, which may be seen ibid.

‡ Rymer, ix. 255. § Ibid. xi. 375. ‖ Ibid. xi. 512.

* Here unfortunately ends a curious fragment (an. 9 R. IV.), ad calcem Sprotti Chron. Ed. Hearne. Oxon. 1719, 8vo. Vid. T. Warton's Hist. ii. p. 134. Note (c).

† Rymer, xi. 642.

‡ Ibid. xiii. 705.

§ Rymer, tom. xiv. 2, 93.

‖ So I am inclined to understand the term Serviens *noster Hugo Wodehous*, in the original grant. (See Rymer ubi supra.) It is needless to observe that *Serviens* expressed a serjeant as well as a servant. If this interpretation of *Serviens* be allowed, it will account for his placing Wodehouse at the head of his gild, although he had not been one of the eight minstrels who had had the general direction. The Serjeant of his Minstrels, we may presume, was next in dignity to the Marshal, although he had no share in the government of the gild.

have been gradually appropriated to the musician only, especially in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, yet we occasionally meet with applications of the term in its more enlarged meaning, as including the Singer, if not the composer, of heroic or popular rhymes.*

In the time of King Henry VIII., we find it to have been a common entertainment to hear verses recited, or moral speeches learned for that purpose by a set of men who got their livelihood by repeating them, and who intruded without ceremony into all companies; not only in taverns, but in the houses of the nobility themselves. This we learn from Erasmus, whose argument led him only to describe a species of these men who did not sing their compositions; but the others that did, enjoyed, without doubt, the same privileges.(D d)

For even long after, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it was usual "in places of assembly" for the company to be "desirous to heare of old adventures and valiaunces of noble knights in times past, as those of King Arthur, and his knights of the round table, Sir Bevys of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, and others like" in "short and long meetres, and by breaches or divisions, [sc. Fits†] to be more commodiously sung to the harpe," as the reader may be informed by a courtly writer, in 1589.‡ Who himself had "written for pleasure a little briefe romance or historicall ditty . . . . . of the Isle of Great Britaine," in order to contribute to such entertainment. And he subjoins this caution: "Such as have not premonition hereof," (viz. that his poem was written in short metre, &c., to be sung to the harp in such places of assembly,) "and consideration of the causes alledged, would peradventure reprove and disgrace every romance, or short historicall ditty, for that they be not written in long meeters or verses Alexandrins," which constituted the prevailing versification among the poets of that age, and which no one now can endure to read.

And that the recital of such romances sung to the harp was at that time the delight of the common people, we are told by the same writer,§ who mentions that "common rimers" were fond of using rimes at short distances, "in small and popular musickes song by these Cantabanqui" [the said common rimers] "upon benches and barrels heads," &c., "or else by blind Harpers or such like Taverne Minstrels that give a fit of mirth for a groat; and their matter being for the most part stories of old time, as the tale of Sir Topas, the reportes of Bevis of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, Adam Bell, and Clymme of the Clough, and such other old romances, or historicall rimes," &c., "also they be used in carols and rounds, and such light or lascivious poemes, which are commonly more commodiously uttered by these buffons, or vices in playes, then by any other person. Such were the rimes of Skelton (usurping the name of a Poet Laureat), being in deede but a rude railing rimer, and all his doings ridiculous."*

But although we find here that the Minstrels had lost much of their dignity, and were sinking into contempt and neglect, yet that they still sustained a character far superior to anything we can conceive at present of the singers of old ballads, I think, may be inferred from the following representation.

When Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Killingworth Castle by the Earl of Leicester in 1575, among the many devices and pageants which were contrived for her entertainment, one of the personages introduced was to have been that of an ancient Minstrel; whose appearance and dress are so minutely described by a writer there present,† and gives us so distinct an idea of the character, that I shall quote the passage at large.(E e)

"A person very meet seemed he for the purpose, of a xlv years old, apparelled partly as he would himself. His cap off: his head seemly rounded tonsterwise:‡ fair kembed, that with a sponge daintily dipt in a little capon's greace was finely smoothed, to make it shine like a mallard's wing. His beard smugly shaven: and yet his shirt after the new trink, with ruffs fair starched, sleeked

* See below, and note (G g).

† See vol. ii. page 174.

‡ Puttenham in his "Arte of English Poesie," 1589, 4to. p. 33.

§ Puttenham, &c., p. 69.

* Puttenham, &c., p. 69.

† See a very curious "Letter: whearin, part of the entertainment untoo the Queenz Maiesty, at Killingwoorth Castl, in Warwick Sheer, in this soomerz progress 1575, iz signified," &c., bl. l. 4to. vid. p. 46 & seqq. (Printed in Nichols's Collection of Queen Elizabeth's Progresses, &c., in two vols. 4to.) We have not followed above the peculiar and affected orthography of this writer, who was named Ro. Laneham, or rather Langham; see p. 84.

‡ I suppose "tonsure-wise," after the manner of the Monks.

and glistering like a pair of new shoes, marshalled in good order with a setting stick, and strut, that every ruff stood up like a wafer. A side [i. e. long] gown of Kendal green, after the freshness of the year now, gathered at the neck with a narrow gorget, fastened afore with a white clasp and a keeper close up to the chin; but easily, for heat to undo when he list. Seemly begirt in a red caddis girdle: from that a pair of capped Sheffield knives hanging a two sides. Out of his bosom drawn forth a lappet of his napkin* edged with a blue lace, and marked with a true love, a heart, and a D for Damian, for he was but a bachelor yet.

"His gown had side [i. e. long] sleeves down to mid-leg, slit from the shoulder to the hand, and lined with white cotton. His doublet-sleeves of black worsted: upon them a pair of poynets† of tawny chamlet laced along the wrist with blue threaden points, a wealt towards the hand of fustian-a-napes. A pair of red neather stocks. A pair of pumps on his feet, with a cross cut at the toes for corns: not new indeed, yet cleanly blackt with soot, and shining as a shoing horn.

"About his neck a red ribband suitable to his girdle. His harp in good grace dependent before him. His wrest‡ tyed to a green lace and hanging by. Under the gorget of his gown a fair flaggon chain (pewter,§ for) silver, as a Squire Minstrel of Middlesex, that travelled the country this summer season, unto fairs and worshipful mens houses. From his chain hung a scutcheon, with metal and colour, resplendant upon his breast, of the ancient arms of Islington."

This Minstrel is described as belonging to that village. I suppose such as were retained by noble families wore the arms of their patrons hanging down by a silver chain as a kind of badge.‖ From the expression of Squire Minstrel above, we may conclude there were other inferior orders, as Yeomen Minstrels, or the like.

This Minstrel, the author tells us a little below, "after three lowly courtsies, cleared his voice with a hem . . . and . . . wiped his lips with the hollow of his hand for 'filling his napkin, tempered a string or two with his wrest, and after a little warbling on his harp for a prelude, came forth with a solemn song, warranted for story out of King Arthur's acts," &c.—This song the reader will find printed in this work.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century this class of men had lost all credit, and were sunk so low in the public opinion, that in the 39th year of Elizabeth,* a statute was passed by which "Minstrels, wandering abroad," were included among "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars," and were adjudged to be punished as such. This act seems to have put an end to the profession. (E e 2)

VII. I cannot conclude this account of the ancient English Minstrels, without remarking that they are most of them represented to have been of the North of England. There is scarce an old historical song or ballad (F f) wherein a Minstrel or Harper appears, but he is characterized by way of eminence to have been "of the North Countrye:" and indeed the prevalence of the northern dialect in such compositions, shows that this representation is real.† On the other hand the scene of the

* i. e. handkerchief. So in Shakspeare's Othello, passim.

† Perhaps, points.

‡ The key, or screw, with which he tuned his harp.

§ The reader will remember that this was not a real Minstrel, but only one personating that character; his ornaments therefore were only such as outwardly represented those of a real Minstrel.

‖ As the House of Northumberland had anciently three Minstrels attending on them in their castles in Yorkshire, so they still retain three in their service in Northumberland, who wear the badge of the family (a silver crescent on the right arm), and are thus distributed, viz. one for the barony of Prudhoe, and two for the barony of Rothbury. These attend the court leets and fairs held for the lord, and pay their annual suit and service at Alnwick Castle; their instrument being the ancient Northumberland bagpipe (very different in form and execution from that of the Scots; being smaller, and blown, not with the breath, but with a small pair of bellows).

This, with many other venerable customs of the ancient Lord Percys, was revived by their illustrious representatives, the late Duke and Duchess of Northumberland.

* Anno Dom. 1597. Vid. Pult. Stat. p. 1110, 39° Eliz.

† Giraldus Cambrensis, writing in the reign of King Henry II., mentions a very extraordinary habit or propensity, which then prevailed in the North of England, beyond the Humber, for "symphonious harmony" or singing "in two parts, the one murmuring in the base, and the other warbling in the acute or treble." (I use Dr. Burney's Version, vol. ii. p. 108.) This he describes as practised by their very children from the cradle; and he derives it from the Danes [so *Daci* signifies in our old writers] and Norwegians, who long overran, and in effect new-peopled, the Northern parts of England, where alone this manner of singing prevailed. (Vide Cambriæ Descriptio, cap. 13. and in Burney ubi supra.)—Giraldus is probably right as to the origin or derivation of this practice, for the Danish and Icelandic Scalds had carried the arts of Poetry and Singing to great perfection at the time the Danish settlements were made in the North. And it will

finest Scottish ballads is laid in the south of Scotland; which should seem to have been peculiarly the nursery of Scottish Minstrels. In the old song of Maggy Lawder, a piper is asked, by way of distinction, "come ze frae the border?"* The martial spirit constantly kept up and exercised near the frontier of the two kingdoms, as it furnished continual subjects for their songs, so it inspired the inhabitants of the adjacent counties on both sides with the powers of poetry. Besides, as our southern metropolis must have been ever the scene of novelty and refinement, the northern countries, as being most distant, would preserve their ancient manners longest, and of course the old poetry, in which those manners are peculiarly described.

The reader will observe in the more ancient ballads of this collection, a cast of style and measure very different from that of contemporary poets of a higher class; many phrases and idioms, which the Minstrels seem to have appropriated to themselves, and a very remarkable license of varying the accent of words at pleasure, in order to humour the flow of the verse, particularly in the rhymes; as

Countrìe harpèr battèl mornìng
Ladie singèr damsèl lovìng,

instead of *coùntry, làdy, hàrper, sìnger*, &c.—This liberty is but sparingly assumed by the classical poets of the same age; or even by the latter composers of heroical ballads; I mean, by such as professedly wrote for the press. For it is to be observed, that so long as the Minstrels subsisted, they seem never to have designed their rhymes for literary publication, and probably never committed them to writing themselves: what copies are preserved of them were doubtless taken down from their mouths. But as the old Minstrels gradually wore out, a new race of ballad-writers succeeded, an inferior sort of minor poets, who wrote narrative songs merely for the press. Instances of both may be found in the reign of Elizabeth. The two latest pieces in the genuine strain of the old minstrelsy that I can discover, are No. III. and IV. of Book III., Series the First. Lower than these I cannot trace the old mode of writing.

The old Minstrel ballads are in the northern dialect, abound with antique words and phrases, are extremely incorrect, and run into the utmost license of metre; they have also a romantic wildness, and are in the true spirit of chivalry. The other sort are written in exacter measure, have a low or subordinate correctness, sometimes bordering on the insipid, yet often well adapted to the pathetic: these are generally in the southern dialect, exhibit a more modern phraseology, and are commonly descriptive of more modern manners.—To be sensible of the difference between them, let the reader compare in Series the First, No. III. of Book III., with No. XI. of Book II.

Towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign (as is mentioned above), the genuine old minstrelsy seems to have been extinct, and thenceforth the ballads that were produced were wholly of the latter kind, and these came forth in such abundance, that in the reign of James I. they began to be collected into little miscellanies, under the name of garlands, and at length to be written purposely for such collections. (F f 2)

P.S.—*By way of Postscript, should follow here the discussion of the question whether the term Minstrels was applied in English to Singers, and Composers of Songs, &c., or confined to Musicians only. But it is reserved for the concluding note.* (G g)

also help to account for the superior skill and fame of our northern Minstrels and Harpers afterwards, who had preserved and transmitted the arts of their Scaldic ancestors. See Northern Antiquities, vol. i. c. 13, p. 386, and Five Pieces of Runic Poetry, 1763, 8vo.—Compare the original passage in Giraldus, as given by Sir John Hawkins, i. 408, and by Dr. Burney, ii. 108, who are both at a loss to account for this peculiarity, and therefore doubt the fact. The credit of Giraldus, which hath been attacked by some partial and bigoted antiquaries, the reader will find defended in that learned and curious work, "Antiquities of Ireland, by Edward Ledwich, LL.D., &c., Dublin, 1790," 4to., p. 207 & seqq.

* This line being quoted from memory, and given as old Scottish Poetry is now usually printed, would have been readily corrected by the copy published in "Scottish Songs, 1794," 2 vols., 12mo. i. p. 267, thus (though apparently corrupted from the Scottish Idiom),

"Live you upo' the Border?"

had not all confidence been destroyed by its being altered in the "Historical Essay" prefixed to that publication (p. cx.) to

"Ye live upo' the Border."

the better to favour a position, that many of the pipers "might live upon the border, for the conveniency of attending fairs, &c., in both kingdoms." But whoever is acquainted with that part of England, knows that on the English frontier, rude mountains and barren wastes reach almost across the island, scarcely inhabited by any but solitary shepherds; many of whom durst not venture into the opposite border on account of the ancient feuds and subsequent disputes concerning the Debateable Lands, which separated the boundaries of the two kingdoms, as well as the estates of the two great families of Percy and Douglas, till these disputes were settled not many years since by arbitration between the *present* Lord Douglas and the *late* Duke and Duchess of Northumberland.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

REFERRED TO IN THE

FOREGOING ESSAY.

(A) The MINSTRELS, &c. The word *Minstrel* does not appear to have been in use here before the Norman Conquest; whereas, it had long before that time been adopted in France.*—MENESTREL, so early as the eighth century, was a title given to the *Maestro di Capella* of King Pepin, the father of Charlemagne; and afterwards to the Coryphæus, or leader of any band of musicians. [Vid. Burney's Hist. of Music, ii. 268.] This term *menestrel, menestrier*, was thus expressed in Latin, *ministellus, ministrellus, ministrallus, menesterellus*, &c. [Vid. Gloss. Du Cange et Supplem.]

Menage derives the French words above mentioned from *ministerialis*, or *ministeriarius*, barbarous Latin terms, used in the middle ages to express a workman or artificer (still called in Languedoc *ministral*), as if these men were styled ARTIFICERS or PERFORMERS by way of excellence. [Vid. Diction. Etym.] But the origin of the name is given, perhaps more truly, by Du Cange: "MINISTELLI .... quos vulgo *menestreux* vel *menestriers* appellamus, quod minoribus aulæ *ministris* accenserentur." [Gloss. iv. p. 769.] Accordingly, we are told, the word "*minister*" is sometimes used "pro *ministellus*" [Ibid.] and an instance is produced which I shall insert at large in the next paragraph.

Minstrels sometimes assisted at divine service, as appears from the record of the 9th of Edw. IV., quoted above in p. xix., by which Haliday and others are erected into a perpetual gild, &c. See the original in Rymer, xi. 642. By part of this record it is recited to be their duty, "to pray (*exorare:* which it is presumed they did by assisting in the chant, and musical accompaniment, &c.) in the king's chapel, and particularly for the departed souls of the king and queen when they shall die, &c."—The same also appears from the passage in the Supplem. to Du Cange, alluded to above. "Minister .... pro *ministellus* joculator.*—Vetus Ceremoniale MS. B.M. deauratæ Tolos. Item, etiam congregabuntur piscatores, qui debent interesse isto die in processione cum ministris seu joculatoribus: quia ipsi piscatores tenentur habere isto die *joculatores*, seu *mimos* ob honorem Crucis—et vadunt primi ante processionem cum *ministris* seu joculatoribus semper pulsantibus usque ad ecclesium S. Stephani." [Gloss. 773.]—This may, perhaps, account for the clerical appearance of the minstrels, who seem to have been distinguished by the tonsure, which was one of the inferior marks of the clerical character.† Thus Jeffrey of

* The Anglo-Saxon and primary English name for this character was Gleman [see below, note (I) sect. 1]. so that, wherever the term Minstrel is in these pages applied to it before the Conquest, it must be understood to be only by anticipation. Another early name for this profession in English was Jogeler, or Jocular. Lat. *Joculator*. [See p. 15, as also note (V 2) and note (Q).] To prevent confusion, we have chiefly used the more general word Minstrel: which (as the author of the Observ. on the Statutes hath suggested to the Editor) might have been originally derived from a diminutive of the Lat. *Minister*, scil. *Ministerellus, Ministrellus*.

* Ministers seems to be used for Minstrels in the Account of the Inthronization of Abp. Neville. (An. 6 Edw. IV.) "Then all the Chaplyns must say grace, and the Ministers do sing." Vid. Lelandi Collectanea, by Hearne, vol. vi. p. 13.

† It has however been suggested to the Editor by the learned and ingenious author of "Irish Antiquities," 4to., that the ancient *Mimi* among the Romans had their heads and beards shaven, as is shown by Salmasius *in Notis ad Hist. August. Scriptores VI. Paris*, 1620, *fol. p.* 385. So that this peculiarity had a classical origin, though it afterwards might make the Minstrels sometimes pass for Ecclesiastics, as appears from the instance given below. Dr. Burney tells us that *Histriones*, and *Mimi*, abounded in France in

Monmouth, speaking of one who acted the part of a minstrel, says, "Rasit capillos suos et barbam" (see note K). Again, a writer in the reign of Elizabeth, describing the habit of an ancient minstrel, speaks of his head as "rounded Tonster-wise" (which I venture to read tonsure-wise), "his beard smugly shaven." See above, p. xx.

It must, however, be observed, that notwithstanding such clerical appearance of the minstrels, and though they might be sometimes countenanced by such of the clergy as were of more relaxed morals, their sportive talents rendered them generally obnoxious to the more rigid ecclesiastics, and to such of the religious orders as were of more severe discipline; whose writings commonly abound with heavy complaints of the great encouragement shown to those men by the princes and nobles, and who can seldom afford them a better name than that of *scurræ*, *famelici*, *nebulones*, &c., of which innumerable instances may be seen in Du Cange. It was even an established order in some of the monasteries, that no minstrel should ever be suffered to enter the gates.*

We have, however, innumerable particulars of the good cheer and great rewards given to the Minstrels in many of the Convents, which are collected by T. Worton (i. 91, &c.), and others. But one instance, quoted from Wood's Hist. Antiq. Univ. Ox. i. 67 (sub an. 1224), deserves particular mention. Two itinerant priests, on a supposition of their being *Mimi* or *Minstrels*, gained admittance. But the cellarer, sacrist, and others of the brethren, who had hoped to have been entertained with their diverting arts, &c., when they found them to be only two indigent Ecclesiastics, who could only administer spiritual consolation, and were consequently disappointed of their mirth, beat them, and turned them out of the monastery. (Ibid. p. 92.) This passage furnishes an additional proof that a Minstrel might by his dress or appearance be mistaken for an Ecclesiastic.

(B) ["The Minstrels use mimicry and action, and other means of diverting, &c."] It is observable that our old monkish historians do not use the words *Cantator*, *Citharœdus*, *Musicus*, or the like, to express a Minstrel in Latin, so frequently as *Mimus*, *Histrio*, *Joculator*, or some other word that implies gesture. Hence it might be inferred, that the Minstrels set off their songs with all the arts of gesticulation, &c., or, according to the ingenious hypothesis of Dr. Brown, united the powers of melody, poem, and dance. [See his History of the Rise of Poetry, &c.]

But indeed all the old writers describe them as exercising various arts of this kind. Joinville, in his Life of St. Lewis, speaks of some Armenian Minstrels, who were very dextrous Tumblers and Posture-masters. "Avec le Prince vinrent trois Menestriers de la Grande Hyermenie (Armenia) . . . . et avoient trois cors——Quand ils encommenceoient a corner, vous dissiez que ce sont les voix de cygnes, . . . et fesoient les plus douces melodies.——Ils fesoient trois marveilleus *saus*, car on leur metoit une touaille desous les piez, et tournoient tout debout . . . . Les deux tournoient les testes arieres," &c. [See the extract at large, in the Hon. D. Barrington's Observations on the Anc. Statutes, 4to., 2d Edit. p. 273, omitted in the last impression.]

This may also account for that remarkable clause in the press warrant of Henry VI. "De Ministrallis propter solatium Regis providendis," by which it is required, that the boys, to be provided "in arte Ministrallatûs instructos," should also be "membris naturalibus elegantes." See above page xix. (Observ. on the Anc. Stat. 4th Edit. p. 337.)

Although by Minstrel was properly understood, in English, one who sung to the harp, or some other instrument of music, verses composed by himself or others; yet the term was also applied by our old writers to such as professed either music or singing separately, and perhaps to such as practised any of the sportive arts connected with these.* Music, however, being the leading idea, was at length peculiarly called Minstrelsy, and

the time of Charlemagne (ii. 221), so that their profession was handed down in regular succession from the time of the Romans, and therewith some leading distinctions of their habit or appearance; yet with a change in their arts of pleasing, which latterly were most confined to singing and music.

* Yet, in St. Mary's church at Beverley, one of the columns hath this inscription: "Thys Pillar made the Mynstrylls;" having its capital decorated with figures of five men in short coats; one of whom holds an instrument resembling a lute. See Sir J. Hawkins, Hist. ii. 298.

* Vid. infra, Not. (A a).

the name of Minstrel at last confined to the Musician only.

In the French language all these Arts were included under the general name of *Menestraudie, Menestraudise, Jonglerie*, &c. [Med. Lat. *Menestellorum Ars, Ars Joculatoria*, &c.] —"On peut comprendre sous le nom de Jonglerie tout ce qui appartient aux anciens chansonniers Provençaux, Normands, Picards, &c. Le corps de la Jonglerie etoit formé des *Trouveres*, ou *Troubadours*, qui composient les chansons, et parmi lesquels il y avoit des *Improvisateurs*, comme on en trouve en *Italie;* des *Chanteurs* ou *Chanteres* qui executoient ou chantoient ces compositions; des *Conteurs* qui faisoient en vers ou en prose les contes, les recits, les histoires; des *Jongleurs* ou *Menestrels* qui accompagnoient de leurs instruments.——L'art de ces Chantres ou Chansonniers, etoit nommé la Science Gaie, *Gay Saber.*" (Pref. Anthologie Franç. 1765, 8vo. p. 17.)——See also the curious Fauchet (*De l' Orig. de la Lang. Fr. p.* 72, &c.) "Bien tost apres la division de ce grand empire François en tant de petits royaumes, duchez, et comtez, au lieu des Poetes commencerent a se faire cognoistre les *Troverres*, et *Chanterres, Contëours*, et *Juglëours:* qui sont Trouveurs, Chantres, Conteurs, Jongleurs, ou Jugleurs, c'est à dire, Menestriers chantans avec la viole."

We see then that *Jongleur, Jugleur* (Lat. *Joculator, Jugulator*), was a peculiar name appropriated to the Minstrels. "Les *Jongleurs* ne fasoient que chanter les poesies sur leurs instrumens. On les appelloit aussi Menestrels:" says Fontenelle, in his Hist. du Theat. Franc. prefixed to his Life of Corneille.

(C) "Successors of the ancient Bards." That the Minstrels in many respects bore a strong resemblance both to the British Bards and to the Danish Scalds, appears from this, that the old Monkish writers express them all without distinction by the same names in Latin. Thus Geoffrey of Monmouth, himself a Welshman, speaking of an old pagan British king, who excelled in singing and music so far as to be esteemed by his countrymen the Patron Deity of the Bards, uses the phrase *Deus* Joculatorum; which is the peculiar name given to the English and French Minstrels.* In like manner, William Malmsbury, speaking of a Danish king's assuming the profession of a Scald, expresses it by *Professus* Mimum; which was another name given to the Minstrels in Middle Latinity.* Indeed Du Cange, in his Glossary, quotes a writer, who positively asserts that the Minstrels of the middle ages were the same with the ancient Bards. I shall give a large extract from this learned glossographer, as he relates many curious particulars concerning the profession and arts of the Minstrels; whom, after the Monks, he stigmatizes by the name of *Scurræ;* though he acknowledges their songs often tended to inspire virtue.

"Ministelli, dicti præsertim *Scurræ*, Mimi, Joculatores." . . . . "Ejusmodi *Scurrarum* munus erat principes non suis duntaxat ludicris oblectare, sed et eorum aures variis, avorum, adeoque ipsorum principum laudibus, non sine Assentatione, cum cantilenis et musicis instrumentis demulcere . . . .

"Interdum etiam virorum insignium et heroum gesta, aut explicata et jocunda narratione commemorabant, aut suavi vocis inflexione, fidibusque decantabant, quo sic dominorum, cæturorumque qui his intererant ludicris, nobilium animos ad virtutem capessendam, et summorum virorum imitationem accenderent: quod fuit olim apud Callos Bardorum ministerium, ut auctor est Tacitus. Neque enim alios à *Ministellis*, veterum Gallorum *Bardos* fuisse pluribus probat Henricus Valesius ad 15 Ammiani . . . . Chronicon Bertrandi Guesclini.

"Qui veut avoir renom des bons et des vaillans
Il doit aler souvent a la pluie et au champs
Et estre en la bataille, ainsy que fu Rollans,
Les Quatre Fils Haimon, et Charlon li plus grans,
Li dus Lions de Bourges, et Guions de Connans,
Perceval li Galois, Lancelot, et Tristans,
Alixandres, Artus, Godfroi li Sachans,
De quoy cils Menestriers font les nobles Romans."

"Nicolaus de Braia describens solenne convivium, quo post inaugurationem suam proceres excepit Lud. VIII. rex Francorum, ait inter ipsius convivii apparatum, in medium prodiisse Mimum, qui regis laudes ad cytharum decantavit."—

* Vid. note (B) (K) (Q).

* Vid. note (N).

Our author then gives the lines at length, which begin thus,

"Dumque fovent genium geniali munere Bacchi,
Nectare commixto curas removente Lyæo
Principis a facie, citharæ celeberrimus arte
Assurgit Mimus, ars musica quem decoravit,
Hic ergo chorda resonante subintulit ista:
Inclyte rex regum, probitatis stemmate vernans,
Quem vigor et virtus extollit in æthera famæ," &c.

The rest may be seen in Du Cange, who thus proceeds, "Mitto reliqua similia, ex quibus omnino patet ejusmodi Mimorum et Ministellorum cantilenas ad virtutem principes excitasse. . . . . Id præsertim in pugnæ præcinctu, dominis suis occinebant, ut martium ardorem in eorem animis concitarent; cujusmodi cantum *Cantilenam Rollandi* appellat Will. Malmesb. lib. 3.——Aimoinus, lib. 4. de Mirac. S. Bened. c. 37. 'Tanta vero illis securitas . . . . . ut Scurram se precedere facerent, qui musico instrumento res fortiter gestas et priorum bella præcineret, quatenus his acrius incitarentur,'" &c. As the writer was a monk, we shall not wonder at his calling the Minstrel, *Scurram*.

This word *Scurra*, or some one similar, is represented in the Glossaries as the proper meaning of *Leccator* (Fr. *Leccour*) the ancient term by which the *Minstrel* appears to be expressed in the Grant to Dutton, quoted above in page xxxvii. On this head I shall produce a very curious passage, which is twice quoted in Du Cange's Glossary, (sc. ad verb. Menestellus et ad verb. Lecator.)——"Phillippus Mouskes in Philip. Aug. fingit Carolum M. Provincie comitatum Scurris et Mimis suis olim donasse, indeque postea tantum in hac regione poetarum numerum excrevisse.

"Quar quant li buens Rois Karlemaigne,
Ot toute mise a son demaine
Provence, qui mult iert plentive
De vins, de bois, d'aigue, de rive,
As Leccours as Menestreus
Qui sont auques luxurieus
Le donna toute et departi."

(D) "The Poet and the Minstrel early with us became two persons."] The word Scald comprehended both characters among the Danes, nor do I know that they had any peculiar name for either of them separate. But it was not so with the Anglo-Saxons. They called a poet Sceop, and Leoðpýhta; the last of these comes from Leoð, a song; and the former answers to our old word Maker (Gr. Ποιητης) being derived from Scippan or Sceopan, *formare, facere, fingere, creare* (Ang. to shape). As for the Minstrel, they distinguished him by the peculiar appellation of Lligman, and perhaps by the more simple title of Heappepe, Harper: [See below Notes (H), (I).] This last title, at least, is often given to a Minstrel by our most ancient English rhymists. See in this work series i. p. 89, &c., series iii. p.

(E) "Minstrels . . . . . at the houses of the great," &c.] Du Cange affirms, that in the middle ages the courts of princes swarmed so much with this kind of men, and such large sums were expended in maintaining and rewarding them, that they often drained the royal treasuries: especially, he adds, of such as were delighted with their flatteries ("præsertim qui ejusmodi Ministellorum assentationibus delectabantur.") He then confirms his assertion by several passages out of monastic writers, who sharply inveigh against this extravagance. Of these I shall here select only one or two, which show what kind of rewards were bestowed on these old Songsters.

"Rigordus de Gestis Philippi Aug. an. 1185. Cum in curiis regum seu aliorum principum, frequens turba Histrionum convenire soleat, ut ab eis Aurum, Argentum, Equos, seu vestes,* quos persæpe mutare consueverunt principes, ab eis extorqueant, verba joculatoria variis adulationibus plena proferre nituntur. Et ut magis placeant, quicquid de ipsis principibus probabiliter fingi potest, videlicit omnes delitias et lepores, et visu dig-

* The Minstrels in France were received with great magnificence in the fourteenth century. Froissart, describing a Christmas entertainment given by the Comte de Foix, tells us, that "there many Mynstrels, as well of hys own as of straungers, and eche of them dyd their devoyre in their faculties. The same day the Earle of Foix gave to Hauralds and Minstrelles the som of fyve hundred frankes: and gave to the Duke of Tonrayns Mynstreles gownes of clothe of gold furred with ermyne valued at two hundred frankes." B. iii. c. 31. Eng. Trans. Lond. 1525. (Mr. C.)

nas urbanitates et cæteras ineptias, trutinantibus buccis in medium eructare non erubescunt. Vidimus quondam quosdam principes, qui vestes diu excogitatas, et variis florum picturationibus artificiosé elaboratas, pro quibus forsan 20 vel. 30 marcas argenti consumpserant, vix revolutis septem diebus, Histrionibus, ministris diaboli, ad primam vocem dedisse, &c."

The curious reader may find a similar, though at the same time a more candid account, in that most excellent writer, Presid. Fauchet: (Recueil de la Lang. Fr. p. 73), who says that, like the ancient Greek Ἀοιδοι, "Nos Trouverres, ainsi que ceux la, prenans leur subject sur les faits des vaillans (qu'ils appelloyent Geste, venant de *Gesta* Latin) alloyent . . . par les cours rejouir les Princes . . . . . Remportans des grandes recompences des seigneurs, qui bien souvent leur donnoyent jusques aux robes qu'ils avoyent vestues: et lesquelles ces Jugleours ne failloyent de porter aux autres cours, à fin d'inviter les seigneurs a pareille liberalité. Ce qui a duré si longuement, qu'il me souvient avoir veu Marten Baraton (ja viel Menestrier d'Orleans) lequel aux festes et nopees batoit un tabourin d'argent, semé des plaques aussi d'argent, gravees des armoiries de ceux a qui il avoit appris a danser."—Here we see that a Minstrel sometimes performed the function of a dancing-master.

Fontenelle even gives us to understand, that these men were often rewarded with favours of a still higher kind. "Les princesses et les plus grandes dames y joignoient souvent leurs faveurs. Elles etoient fort foibles contre les beaux esprits." (Hist. du Théat.) We are not to wonder then that this profession should be followed by men of the first quality, particularly the younger sons and brothers of great houses. "Tel qui par les partages de fa famille n'avoit que la moitié ou le quart d'une vieux chateaux bien seigneurial, alloit quelque temps courir le monde en rimant, et revenoit acquerir le reste de Chateau." (Fontenelle Hist. du Théat.) We see, then, that there was no improbable fiction in those ancient songs and romances, which are founded on the story of Minstrels being beloved by kings' daughters, &c., and discovering themselves to be the sons of some foreign prince, &c.

(F) The honours and rewards lavished upon the Minstrels were not confined to the continent. Our own countryman Johannes Sarisburiensis (in the time of Henry II.) declaims no less than the Monks abroad, against the extravagant favour shown to those men. "Non enim more nugatorum ejus seculi in Histriones et Mimos, et hujusmodi monstra hominum, ob famæ redemptionem et dilatationem nominis effunditis opes vestras," &c. [Epist. 247.*]

The Monks seem to grudge every act of munificence that was not applied to the benefit of themselves and their convents. They therefore bestow great applauses upon the Emperor Henry, who at his marriage with Agnes of Poictou, in 1044, disappointed the poor Minstrels, and sent them away empty. "Infinitam Histrionem et Joculatorum multitudinem sine cibo et muneribus vacuam et mœrentem abire permisit." (Chronic Virtziburg.) For which I doubt not but he was sufficiently stigmatized in the Songs and Ballads of those times. Vid. Du Cange, Gloss. tom. iv. p. 771, &c.

(G) "The annals of the Anglo-Saxons are scanty and defective."] Of the few histories now remaining that were written before the Norman Conquest, almost all are such short and naked sketches and abridgments, giving only a concise and general relation of the more remarkable events, that scarce any of the minute circumstantial particulars are to be found in them: nor do they hardly ever descend to a description of the customs, manners, or domestic economy of their countrymen. The Saxon Chronicle, for instance, which is the best of them, and upon some accounts extremely valuable, is almost such an epitome as Lucius Florus and Eutropius have left us of the Roman history. As for Ethelward, his book is judged to be an imperfect translation of the Saxon Chronicle;† and the *Pseudo-Asser*, or Chronicle of St. Neot, is a poor defective performance. How absurd would it be then to argue against the existence of customs or facts, from the silence of such scanty records as these! Whoever would carry his researches deep into that period of history, might safely plead the excuse of a learned writer, who had particularly stu-

* Et vid. Policraticon, cap. 8, &c.

† Vid. Nicolson's Eng. Hist. Lib. &c.

died the Ante-Norman historians. "Conjecturis (licet nusquam verisimili fundamento), aliquoties indulgemus . . . utpote ab Historicis jejune nimis et indiligenter res nostras tractantibus coacti . . . Nostri . . . nudâ factorum commemoratione plerumque contenti, reliqua omnia, sive ob ipsarum rerum, sive meliorum literarum, sive Historicorum officii ignorantiam, fere intacta prætereunt." Vide plura in Præfat. ad Ælfr. Vitam à Spelman. Ox. 1678, fol.

(H) "Minstrels and Harpers."] That the Harp (*Cithara*) was the common musical instrument of the Anglo-Saxons, might be inferred from the very word itself, which is not derived from the British, or any other Celtic language, but of genuine Gothic original, and current among every branch of that people: viz. Ang. Sax. Hearpe, Hearpa. Iceland. *Harpa*, *Haurpa*. Dan. and Belg. *Harpe*. Germ. *Harpffe*, *Harpffa*. Gal. *Harpe*. Span. *Harpa*. Ital. *Arpa* [Vid. Jun. Etym.—Monage Etym. &c.] As also from this, that the word Hearpe is constantly used in the Anglo-Saxon versions, to express the Latin words *Cithara*, *Lyra*, and even *Cymbalum*: the word *Psalmus* itself being sometimes translated Hearp ſanẏ, harp song. [Gloss. Jun. R. apud Lye Anglo-Sax. Lexic.]

But the fact itself is positively proved by the express testimony of Bede, who tells us that it was usual at festival meetings for this instrument to be handed round, and each of the company to sing to it in his turn. See his Hist. Eccles. Anglor. Lib 4, c. 24, where speaking of their sacred poet Cædmon, who lived in the times of the Heptarchy (ob. circ. 680), he says:—

"Nihil unquam frivoli et supervacui poematis facere potuit; sed ea tantummodo, quæ ad religionem pertinent, religiosam ejus linguam decebant. Siquidem in habitu sæculari, usque ad tempore provectioris ætatis constitutus, nil Carminum aliquando didicerat. Unde nonnunquam in convivio, cùm esset lætitiæ causa decretum ut omnes per ordinem cantare deberent, ille ubi appropinquare sibi citharam cernebat, surgebat à mediâ cœnâ, et egressus, ad suam domum repedabat."

I shall now subjoin King Alfred's own Anglo-Saxon translation of this passage, with a literal interlineary English version.

"He . . næfre noht leaſunga. ne
"*He . . . . . never no leasings, nor*
ıdeleſ leoðeſ ſyngean ne mihte. ac
idle songs compose ne might; but
efne ða an ða ðe to æfeſtnefre
lo! only those things which to religion [*piety*]
belumpon. ⁊ hiſ ða æfeſtan tungan
belong, and his then pious tongue
ȝeðaſenode ſingan: Wæſ he ſe
became to sing: He was the [*a*]
man in peoſold haðe ȝeſeted oð ða
man in worldly [*secular*] *state set to the*
tide ðe he þæſ of ȝelẏfeðre ẏldo.
time in which he was of an advanced age;
⁊ he nefre æniȝ leoþ ȝeleornode.
and he never any song learned.
⁊ he ſoſþon oft in ȝebeorſcipe
And he therefore oft in an entertainment
ðonne ðæſ fæſ bliſſe intinga
when there was for merriment-sake adjudged
ȝeðemed þ hi ealle ſceoldan ðurh
[*or decreed*] *that they all should through*
endebyrdnefre be hearpan ſingan.
their turns by [*to the*] *harp sing;*
ðonne he ȝeſeah ða hearpan him
when he saw the harp him
nealæcean. ðonne aſaſ he foſ ſceome
approach, then arose he for shame
ſfam ðam ſymle. ⁊ ham eode to
from the supper, and home yode [*went*] *to*
hiſ huſe.
his house.—Bed. Hist. Eccl. a Smith. Cantab. 1722, fol. p. 597.

In this version of Alfred's it is observable, (1) that he has expressed the Latin word *cantare*, by the Anglo-Saxon words "be hearpan ſingan," sing to the harp; as if they were synonymous, or as if his countrymen had no idea of singing unaccompanied with the Harp: (2) That when Bede simply says, *surgebat a mediâ cœnâ;* he assigns a motive, "aſaſ foſ ſceome," *arose for shame:* that is, either from an austerity of manners, or from his being deficient in an accomplishment which so generally prevailed among his countrymen.

(1) "The word Glee, which peculiarly denoted their art," &c. This word Glee is derived from the Anglo-Saxon Lhȝȝ, [Gligg] *Musica, Music, Minstrelsy* (Somn). This is the common radix, whence arises such a variety of terms and phrases relating to the

Minstrel Art, as affords the strongest internal proof, that this profession was extremely common and popular here before the Norman Conquest. Thus we have

I.

(1). Gliw, [Gliw] *Mimus* a Minstrel.

Gligman, gligmon, gliman [Gleeman,*] *Histrio Mimus, Pantomimus;* all common names in middle Latinity for a Minstrel: and Somner accordingly renders the original by a *Minstrel; a Player on a Timbrel or Taber.* He adds, a *Fidler;* but although the *Fythell* or Fiddle was an ancient instrument, by which the *Jogelar* or Minstrel sometimes accompanied his song (see Warton, i. 17), it is probable that Somner annexes here only a modern sense to the word, not having at all investigated the subject.

Glimen, gligmen. [Glee-men]. *Histriones* Minstrels. Hence

Gligmanna ỳppe. *Orchestra* vel *Pulpitus.* The place where the Minstrels exhibited their performances.

(2). But their most proper and expressive name was

Gliphleoþpiend. *Musicus*, a *Minstrel;* and

Gliphleoþpiendlica. *Musicus*, Musical. These two words include the full idea of the Minstrel character, expressing at once their music and singing, being compounded of Glip, *Musicus, Mimus*, a Musician, Minstrel, and Leoð, *Carmen*, a Song.

(3). From the above word Gligg, the profession itself was called

Gligcræft. [Glig or Glee-craft.] *Musica, Histrionia, Mimica, Gesticulatio:* which Somner rightly gives in English, *Minstrelsy, Mimical Gesticulation, Mummery.* He also adds, *Stage-playing;* but here again I think he substitutes an idea too modern, induced by the word *Histrionia*, which in Middle Latinity only signifies the Minstrel Art.

However, it should seem that both mimical gesticulation and a kind of rude exhibition of characters were sometimes attempted by the old Minstrels. But

(4). As Musical Performances was the leading idea, so

Ghopian, *Cantus musicos edere;* and

Gligbeam, glipbeam. [Glig- or Glee-beam.] *Tympanum;* a *Timbrel* or *Taber.* (So Somn.) Hence

Glỳpan. *Tympanum pulsare;* and

Glip-meden; Glỳpiende-maden [Glee-Maiden.] *Tympanistria:* which Somner renders a *She-Minstrel;* for it should seem that they had Females of this profession; one one name for which was also Glỳpþỳdeneorna.

(5). Of congenial derivation to the foregoing, is

Glỳpe. [Glywe.] *Tibia*, a Pipe or Flute.

Both this and the common radix Gligg, are with great appearance of truth derived by Junius from the Icelandic *Gliggur, Flatus:* as supposing the first attempts at music among our Gothic ancestors were from wind-instruments. Vid. Jun. Etym. Ang. V. Glee.

II.

But the Minstrels, as is hinted above, did not confine themselves to the mere exercise of their primary arts of Music and Song, but occasionally used many other modes of diverting. Hence, from the above root was derived, in a secondary sense,

(1). Gleo, and pinrum glip. *Facetiæ.*

Gleopian, *jocari; to jest or be merry* (Somn.); and

Gleopiend, *jocans; jesting, speaking merrily* (Somn.).

Gligman also signified *Jocista*, a Jester. Glig-gamen [Glee-games], *joci.* Which Somner renders *Merriments*, or *merry Jests*, or *trick*, or *Sports: Gamboles.*

(2). Hence, again, by a common metonymy of the cause for the effect,

Glee, *gaudium, alacritas, lætitia, facetiæ;*

---

* Gleman continued to be the name given to a Minstrel both in England and Scotland almost as long as this order of men continued.

In De Brunne's metrical version of Bishop Grosthead's *Manuel de Peche*, A. D. 1303 (see Warton, i. 61), we have this,

"——— Gode men, ye shall lere
When ye any Gleman here."

Fabyan (in his Chronicle, 1533, f. 32), translating the passage from Geoffrey of Moumouth, quoted below in page 28, Note (K), renders *Deus* Joculatorum, by God of Glemen. (Warton's Hist. Eng. Poet. Diss. I.) Fabyan died in 1592.

Dunbar, who lived in the same century, describing, in one of his poems, intituled "The Daunce," what passed in the infernal regions "amaugis the Feyndis," says,

"Na Menstralls playit to thame, but dowt,
For Gle-men thaire wer haldin, out,
Be day and eke by nicht."

See Poems from Bannatyne's MS. Edinb. 1770. 12mo. page 130. Maitland's MS. at Cambridge reads here, Glewe men.

Joy, Mirth, Gladness, Cheerfulness, Glee. [Somner.] Which last application of the word still continues, though rather in a low, debasing sense.

III.

But however agreeable and delightful the various arts of the Minstrels might be to the Anglo-Saxon laity, there is reason to believe that, before the Norman Conquest at least, they were not much favoured by the clergy; particularly by those of monastic profession. For, not to mention that the sportive talents of these men would be considered by those austere ecclesiastics as tending to levity and licentiousness, the Pagan origin of their art would excite in the Monks an insuperable prejudice against it. The Anglo-Saxon Harpers and Gleemen were the immediate successors and imitators of the Scandinavian Scalds; who were the great promoters of Pagan superstition, and fomented that spirit of cruelty and outrage in their countrymen, the Danes, which fell with such peculiar severity on the religious and their convents.—Hence arose a third application of words derived from Glīgg, Minstrelsy, in a very unfavourable sense, and this chiefly prevails in books of religion and ecclesiastic discipline. Thus,

(1). Glīg is *Ludibrium*, laughing to scorn.* So in S. Basil. Regul. 11, Hi hæþðon him to gligge halpende minegunge. *Ludribrio habebant salutarem ejus admonitionem.* (10).——This sense of the word was perhaps not ill founded; for as the sport of rude uncultivated minds often arises from ridicule, it is not improbable but the old Minstrels often indulged a vein of this sort, and that of no very delicate kind. So again,

Glīg-man was also used to signify *Scurra*, a "Saucy Jester." (Somn.)

Glīg-geoрn. *Dicax, Scurriles jocos supra quàm par est amans.* Officium Episcopale, 3.

Glīpian. *Scurrilibus oblectamentis indulgere; Scurram agere.* Canon. Edgar, 58.

(2). Again, as the various attempts to please, practised by an order of men who owed their support to the public favour, might be considered by those grave censors as mean and debasing: Hence came from the same root,

Glīpeр. *Parasitus, Assentator;* "A Fawner, a Togger, a Parasite, a Flatterer.* (Somn.)

IV.

To return to the Anglo-Saxon word Glīgg; notwithstanding the various secondary senses in which this word (as we have seen above) was so early applied; yet

The derivative Glee (though now chiefly used to express Merriment and Joy) long retained its first simple meaning, and is even applied by Chaucer to signify Music and Minstrelsy. (Vid. Jun. Etym.) E. g.

"For though that the best harper upon live
Would on the beste sounid jolly harpe
That evir was, with all his fingers five
Touch aie o string, or aie o warble harpe,
Were his nailes poincted nevir so sharpe
It shoulde makin every wight to dull
To heare is glee, and of his strokes ful."
Troyl. lib. ii. 1030.

Junius interprets Glees by *Musica Instrumenta*, in the following passages of Chaucer's Third Boke of Fame:

'. . Stoden . . the castell all aboutin
Of all maner of Mynstrales
And Jestours that tellen tales
Both of wepyng and of game,
And of all that longeth unto fame;
There herde I play on a harpe
That sowned both well and sharpe
Hym Orpheus full craftily;
And on this syde fast by
Sate the harper Orion;
And Eacides Chirion;
And other harpers many one,
And the Briton Glaskyrion.

After mentioning these, the great masters of the art, he proceeds:

* To gleek, is used in Shakspeare, for "to make sport, to jest," &c.

* The preceding list of Anglo-Saxon works, so full and copious beyond anything that ever yet appeared in print on this subject, was extracted from Mr. Lye's curious Anglo-Saxon Lexicon, in MS., but the arrangement here is the Editor's own. It had however received the sanction of Mr. Lye's approbation, and would doubtless have been received into his printed copy had he lived to publish it himself.

It should also be observed, for the sake of future researches, that without the assistance of the old English Interpretations given by Somner, in his Anglo-Saxon Dictionary, the Editor of this book never could have discovered that Glee signified "Minstrelsy," or Gligman a "Minstrel."

"And small Harpers with her Glees
Sat under them in divers sees."
* * * *

Again, a little below, the poet, having enumerated the performers on all the different sorts of instruments, adds:

"There sawe I syt in other sees
Playing upon other sundry Glees,
Which that I cannot neven*
More than starres ben in heven, &c.

Upon the above lines I shall only make a few observations:

(1). That by Jestours, I suppose we are to understand Gestours; scil. the relaters of Gests (Lat. *Gesta*), or stories of adventures both comic and tragical; whether true or feigned; I am inclined to add, whether in prose or verse. (Compare the record below, in marginal note subjoined to (V) 2.) Of the stories in prose, I conceive we have specimens in that singular book the *Gesta Romanorum*, and this will account for its seemingly improper title. These were evidently what the French called *Conteours*, or Story-tellers, and to them we are probably indebted for the first Prose Romances of chivalry: which may be considered as specimens of their manner.

(2). That the "Briton Glaskeryon," whoever he was, is apparently the same person with our famous Harper Glasgerion, of whom the reader will find a tragical ballad, at page 206.——In that song may be seen an instance of what was advanced above in note (E), of the dignity of the minstrel profession, or at least of the artifice with which the Minstrels endeavoured to set off its importance.

Thus, "a king's son is represented as appearing in the character of a Harper or Minstrel in the court of another king. He wears a collar (or gold chain) as a person of illustrious rank; rides on horseback, and is admitted to the embraces of a king's daughter."

The Minstrels lost no opportunity of doing honour to their art.

(3). As for the word Glees, it is to this day used in a musical sense, and applied to a peculiar piece of composition. Who has not seen the advertisements proposing a reward to him who should produce the best Catch, Canon, or Glee?

(K) "Comes from the pen of Geoffrey of Monmouth."] Geoffrey's own words are, "Cum ergo alterius modi aditum [Boldolphus] non haberet, rasit capillos suos et barbam,* cultumque Joculatoris cum Cythara fecit. Deinde intra castra deambulans, modulis quos in Lyra componebat, sese Cytharistam exhibebat." Galf. Monum. Hist., 4to., 1508, lib. vii. c. 1.—That *Joculator* signifies precisely a Minstrel appears not only from this passage, where it is used as a word of like import to *Citharista* or Harper (which was the old English word for Minstrel), but also from another passage of the same author, where it is applied as equivalent to *Cantor*. See lib. i. cap. 22, where, speaking of an ancient (perhaps fabulous) British king, he says, "Hic omnes Cantores quos præcedens ætas habuerat et in modulis et in omnibus musicis instrumentis excedebat: ita ut Deus Joculatorum videretur."——Whatever credit is due to Geoffrey as a relater of Facts, he is certainly as good authority as any for the signification of Words.

(L) "Two remarkable facts."] Both of these facts are recorded by William of Malmesbury; and the first of them, relating to Alfred, by Ingulphus also. Now Ingulphus (afterwards Abbot of Croyland) was near forty years of age at the time of the Conquest,† and consequently was as proper judge of the Saxon manners, as if he had

* Neven, i. e. name.

* Geoffrey of Monmouth is probably here describing the appearance of the *Joculatores* or Minstrels, as it was in his own time. For they apparently derived this part of their dress, &c., from the *Mimi* of the ancient Romans, who had their heads and beards shaven: (see above, p. xx. note ‡,) as they likewise did the mimicry, and other arts of diverting, which they superadded to the composing and singing to the harp heroic songs, &c., which they inherited from their own progenitors the bards and scalds of the ancient Celtic and Gothic nations. The Longobardi had, like other northern people, brought these with them into Italy. For in the year 774, when Charlemagne entered Italy and found his passage impeded, he was met by a Minstrel of Lombardy, whose song promised him success and victory. "Contigit Joculatorem ex *Longobardorum* gente ad Carolum venire, et Cantiunculam a se compositam, rotando in conspectu suorum cantare." Tom. ii. p. 2, Chron. Monast. Noval. lib. iii. cap. x. p. 717. (T. Warton's Hist. vol. ii. Emend. of vol. i. p. 113.)

† Natus 1030, scripsit 1091, obiit 1109. Tanner.

actually written his history before that event; he is therefore to be considered as an Ante-Norman writer: so that whether the fact concerning Alfred be true or not, we are assured from his testimony, that the *Joculator* or Minstrel was a common character among the Anglo-Saxons. The same also may be inferred from the relation of William of Malmesbury, who outlived Ingulphus but thirty-three years.* Both these writers had doubtless recourse to innumerable records and authentic memorials of the Anglo-Saxon times which never descended down to us; their testimony therefore is too positive and full to be overturned by the mere silence of the two or three slight Anglo-Saxon epitomes that are now remaining. Vid. note (G).

As for Asser Menevensis, who has given a somewhat more particular detail of Alfred's actions, and yet takes no notice of the following story, it will not be difficult to account for his silence, if we consider that he was a rigid Monk, and that the Minstrels, however acceptable to the laity, were never much respected by men of the more strict monastic profession, especially before the Norman Conquest, when they would be considered as brethren of the Pagan Scalds.† Asser therefore might not regard Alfred's skill in Minstrelsy in a very favourable light; and might be induced to drop the circumstance related below, as reflecting, in his opinion, no great honour on his patron.

The learned editor of Alfred's Life, in Latin, after having examined the scene of action in person, and weighed all the circumstances of the event, determines, from the whole collective evidence, that Alfred could never have gained the victory he did if he had not with his own eyes previously seen the disposition of the enemy by such a stratagem as is here described. Vid. Annot. in Ælfr. Mag. Vitam, p. 33, Oxon. 1678, fol.

(M) "Alfred . . . . assumed the dress and character of a 'Minstrel.'"] "Fingens se JOCULATOREM, assumpta cithara," &c. Ingulpi Hist. p. 869.—"Sub specie MIMI . . . ut JOCUTATORIÆ professor artis." Gul. Malmesb. l. ii. c. 4, p. 43. That both *Joculator* and *Mimus* signify literally, a Minstrel, see proved in notes (B), (K), (N), (Q), &c. See also note (G g).

Malmesbury adds, "Unius tantum fidelissimi fruebatur conscientiâ." As this confidant does not appear to have assumed the disguise of a Minstrel himself, I conclude that he only appeared as the Minstrel's attendant. Now that the Minstrel had sometimes his servant or attendant to carry his harp, and even to sing to his music, we have many instances in the old Metrical Romances, and even some in this present collection: See Series the First, Song vi.; Series the Third, Song vii., &c. Among the French and Provençal Bards, the *Trouverre*, or Inventor, was generally attended with his singer, who sometimes also played on the harp, or other musical instrument. "Quelque fois durant le repas d'un prince on voyoit arriver un Trouverre inconnu avec ses Menestrels ou Jongleours, et il leur faisoit chanter sur leurs harpes ou vielles les vers qu'il avoit composés. Ceux qui faisoient les Sons aussi bien que les Mots étoient les plus estimés." Fontenelle Hist. du Theatr.

That Alfred excelled in Music is positively asserted by Bale, who doubtless had it from some ancient MS., many of which subsisted in his time that are now lost: as also by Sir J. Spelman, who, we may conclude, had good authority for this anecdote, as he is known to have compiled his life of Alfred from authentic materials collected by his learned father: this writer informs us that Alfred "provided himself of musitians, not common, or such as knew but the practick part, but men skilful in the art itself, whose skill and service he yet further improved with his own instruction:" p. 199. This proves Alfred at least to have understood the theory of music; and how could this have been acquired without practising on some instrument? which we have seen above, note (H), was so extremely common with the Anglo-Saxons, even in much ruder times, that Alfred himself plainly tells us, it was shameful to be ignorant of it. And this commonness might be one reason why Asser did not think it of consequence enough to be particularly mentioned in his short life of that great monarch. This rigid Monk may also have esteemed it a slight and frivolous accomplishment, savouring only of

* Obiit anno 1142. Tanner.

† (See above, p. xxx.) Both Ingulph. and Will. of Malmesb. had been very conversant among the Normans, who appear not to have had such prejudices against the Minstrels as the Anglo-Saxons had.

worldly vanity. He has however particularly recorded Alfred's fondness for the oral Anglo-Saxon poems and songs. [Saxonica poemata die nocteque . . . . audiens . . . . memorita retinebat:" p. 16. "Carmina Saxonica memoriter discere," &c.: p. 43, et ib.] Now the poems learnt by rote, among all ancient unpolished nations, are ever songs chanted by the reciter, and accompanied with instrumental melody.*

(N) "With his harp in his hand, and dressed like a Minstrel."] "Assumptâ manu citharâ . . . . professus Mimum, qui hujusmodi arte stipem quotidianam mercaretur . . . Jussus abire pretium Cantus accepit:" Malmesb. l. ii. c. 6. We see here that which was rewarded was (not any mimicry or tricks, but) his singing (*Cantus*); this proves, beyond dispute, what was the nature of the entertainment Aulaff afforded them. Perhaps it is needless by this time to prove to the reader, that *Mimus* in Middle Latinity signifies a Minstrel, and *Mimia*, Minstrelsy, or the Minstrel-art. Should he doubt it, let him cast his eye over the two following extracts from Du Cange:

"Mimus: Musicus, qui instrumentis musicis canit. Leges Palatinæ Jacobi II. Reg. Majoric. In domibus principum, ut tradit antiquitas, Mimi seu Joculatores licitè possunt esse. Nam illorum officium tribuit lætitiam . . . . Quapropter volumus et ordinamus, quod in nostra curia Mimi debeant esse quinque, quorum duo sint tubicinatores, et tertius sit tabelerius [i. e. a player on the tabor].† Lit. remiss. ann. 1374. Ad Mimos cornicitantes, seu bucinantes accesserunt."

Mimia, Ludus Mimicus, Instrumentum. [potius, Ars Joculatoria.] Ann. 1482 . . . . "mimia et cantu victum acquiro."

Du Cange, Gloss. tom. iv. 1762. Supp. c. 1225.

(O) "To have been a Dane."] The northern historians produce such instances of the great respect shown to the Danish Scalds in the courts of our Anglo-Saxon kings, on account of their musical and poetic talents (notwithstanding they were of so hateful a nation), that if a similar order of men had not existed here before, we cannot doubt but the profession would have been taken up by such of the natives as had a genius for poetry and music.

"Extant Rhythmi hoc ipso [Islandico] idiomate Angliæ, Hyberniæque Regibus oblati et liberaliter compensati, &c. Itaque hinc colligi potest linguam Danicam in aulis vicinorum regum, principumque familiarem fuisse, non secus ac hodie in aulus principum peregrina idiomata in deliciis haberi cernimus. Imprimis Vita Egilli Skallagrimii id invicto argumento adstruit. Quippe qui interrogatus ab Adalsteino, Angliæ rege, quomodo manus Eirici Blodoxii, Northumbriæ regis, postquam in ejus potestatem venerat, evasisset, cujus filium propinquosque occiderat . . . . rei statim ordinem metro, nunc satis obscuro, exposuit nequaquam ita narraturus non intelligenti." [Vid. plura apud Torfæii Præfat. ad Orcad. Hist. fol.]

This same Egill was no less distinguished for his valour and skill as a soldier, than for his poetic and singing talents as a Scald; and he was such a favourite with our king Athelstan, that he at one time presented him with "duobus annulis et scriniis, duobus bene magnis argento repletis . . . . Quinetiam hoc addidit, ut Egillus quidvis præterea a se petens, obtineret; bona mobilia, sive immobilia, præbendam vel præfecturas. Egillus porro regiam munificentiam gratus excipiens, Carmen Encomiasticon, à se linguâ Norvegicâ (quæ tum his regnis communis) compositum, regi dicat; ac pro eo, duas marcas auri puri (pondus marcæ . . . 8 uncias æqua-

* Thus Leoþ, the Saxon word for a Poem, is properly a song, and its derivative *Lied* signifies a ballad to this day in the German tongue: and *Cantare*, we have seen above, is by Alfred himself rendered Be hearpan ringan.

† The Tabour or Tabourin was a common instrument with the French Minstrels, as it had also been with the Anglo-Saxon (vid. p. lxix.): thus in an ancient French MS. in the Harl. collection (2253, 75), a Minstrel is described as riding on horseback and bearing his Tabour.

"Entour son col porta son Tabour,
Depeynt de Or, e riche Açour."

See also a passage in Menage's Diction. Etym. [v. Menestriers], where *Tabours* is used as synonymous to *Menestriers*.

Another frequent instrument with them was the Viele. This, I am told, is the name of an instrument at this day, which differs from a guitar, in that the player turns round a handle at the top of the instrument, and with his other hand plays on some keys that touch the chords and produce the sound.

See Dr. Burney's account of the Vielle, vol. ii. p. 263, who thinks it the same with the *Rote*, or wheel. See page 270 in the note.

"Il ot un Jougleor a sens,
Qui navoit pas sovent robe entiere;
Sovent estoit sans sa Viele."

Fabliaux et Cont. ii. 184, 5.

bat) honorarii loco retulit." [Arngr. Jon. Rer. Islandic. lib. ii. p. 129.]

See more of Egill, in the "Five Pieces of Runic Poetry," p. 45, whose poem, there translated, is the most ancient piece all in rhyme, that is, I conceive, now to be found in any European language, except Latin. See Egill's Islandic original, printed at the end of the English Version in the said Five Pieces, &c.

(P) "If the Saxons had not been accustomed to have Minstrels of their own . . . . and to show favour and respect to the Danish Scalds"]; if this had not been the case, we may be assured, at least, that the stories given in the text could never have been recorded by writers who lived so near the Anglo-Saxon times as Malmesbury and Ingulphus, who, though they might be deceived as to particular facts, could not be so as to the general manners and customs which prevailed so near their own times among their ancestors.

(Q) "In Doomesday Book," &c.] Extract ex Libro Domesday: Et vid. Anstis Ord. Gart. ii. 304.

Glowecestesceire.

Fol. 162. Col. 1. *Berdic Joculator Regis habet* iii. *villas. et ibi* v. *car. nil redd.*

That *Joculator* is properly a Minstrel, might be inferred from the two foregoing passages of Geoffrey of Monmouth (v. note K), where the word is used as equivalent to *Citharista* in one place, and to *Cantor* in the other: this union forms the precise idea of the character.

But more positive proofs have already offered, vid. supra, p. xxv., xxxii., xxxiii., note. See also Du Cange's Gloss. vol. iii. c. 1543. "Jogulator pro *Joculator*.—Consilium Masil. an. 1381. Nullus Ministreys, Jogulator, audeat pinsare vel sonare instrumentum cujuscumque generis," &c., &c.

As the Minstrel was termed in French *Jongleur* and *Jugleur;* so he was called in Spanish *Jutglar* and *Juglar*. "Tenemos canciones y versos para recitar muy antiguos y memorias ciertas de los Juglares, que assistian en los banquetes, como los que pinta Homero." Prolog. a las Comed. de Cervantes, 1749, 4to.

"El anno 1328, en las siestas de la Coronacion del Rey, Don Alonso el IV. de Aragon . . . . * el Juglar Ramaset cantò una Villanesca de la Composicion del . . . . infante [Don Pedro] y otro Juglar, llamado Novellet, recitò y representò en voz y sin cantar mas de 600 versos, que hizo el Infante en el metro que llamaban Rima Vulgar." Ibid.

"Los Trobadores inventaron la Gaya Ciencia . . . . estos Trobadores eran casi todos de la primera Nobleza.——Es verdad, que ya entonces se havian entrometida entre las diversiones Cortesanos, los *Contadores*, los *Cantores*, los Juglares, los *Truanez*, y los *Bufones*." Ibid.

In England the King's Juglar continued to have an establishment in the royal household down to the reign of Henry VIII. [vid. Note (C c)]. But in what sense the title was there applied does not appear. In Barklay's Egloges, written circ. 1514, Juglers and Pipers are mentioned together. Egl. iv. (vid. T. Warton's Hist. ii. 254).

(R) "A valiant warrior, named Taillefer," &c.] See Du Cange, who produces this as an instance, "Quod Ministellorum munus interdum præstabant milites probatissimi. Le Roman De Vacce, MS.

"Quant il virent Normanz venir
Mout veissiez Engleiz fremir . . . .
Taillefer qui mout bien chantoit,
Sur un cheval, qui tost alloit,
Devant euls aloit chantant
De Kallemaigne et de Roullant,
Et d'Olivier de Vassaux,
Qui moururent en Rainschevaux.

"Qui quidem Taillefer a Gulielmo obtinuit ut primus in hostes irrueret, inter quos fortiter dimicando occubuit." Gloss. tom. iv. 769, 770, 771.

"Les anciennes chroniques nous apprennent, qu'en premier rang de l'Armée Normande, un écuyer nommé *Taillefer*, monté sur un cheval armé, chanta la *Chanson de Roland*, qui fut si long tems dans les bouches des François, sans qu'il soit resté le moindre fragment. Le *Taillefer* après avoir entonné la chanson que les soldats répétoient, se jetta le premier parmi les Anglois, et fut tué." [Voltaire Add. Hist. Univ. p. 69.]

The reader will see an attempt to restore the *Chanson de Roland*, with musical notes, in Dr. Burney's Hist. ii. p. 276.—See more concerning the Song of Roland, Series the Third, p. 189. Note (m).

* "Romanset Jutglar canta alt veux . . . . devant lo senyor Rey." Chron. d'Aragon, apud Du Cange, iv. 771.

(S) "An eminent French writer," &c.] "M. l'Evêque de la Ravaliere, qui avoit fait beaucoup de recherches sur nos anciennes Chansons, prétend que c'est à la Normandie que nous devons nos premiers Chansonniers, non à la Provence, et qu'il y avoit parmi nous des Chansons en langue vulgaire avant celles de Provençaus, mais postérieurement au Regne Phillippe I., ou à l'an 1100." [v. Révolutions de la Langue Françoise, à la suite des Poesies du Roi de Navarre.] "Ce seroit une antériorité de plus d'une demi siecle à l'époque des premiers Troubadours, que leur historien Jean de Nostre-dame fixe à l'an 1162," &c. Pref. à l'Anthologie Franç. 8vo. 1765.

This subject hath since been taken up and prosecuted at length in the Prefaces, &c., to M. Le Grand's "Fabliaux ou Contes du XIIe et du XIIIe Siecle, Paris, 1788," 5 tom. 12mo., who seems pretty clearly to have established the priority and superior excellence of the old *Rimeurs* of the North of France over the *Troubadours* of Provence, &c.

(S 2) "Their own native Gleemen or Minstrels must be allowed to exist."] Of this we have proof positive in the old metrical Romance of Horn-Child (Series the Third, No. 1, p. 192), which although from the mention of Sarazens, &c., it must have been written at least after the first crusade in 1096, yet, from its Anglo-Saxon language or idiom, can scarce be dated later than within a century after the Conquest. This, as appears from its very exordium, was intended to be sung to a popular audience, whether it was composed by, or for a Gleeman or Minstrel. But it carries all the internal marks of being the production of such a composer. It appears of genuine English growth; for, after a careful examination, I cannot discover any allusion to French or Norman customs, manners, composition, or phraseology: no quotation, "As the Romance sayth:" not a name or local reference, which was likely to occur to a French Rimeur. The proper names are all of northern extraction: Child *Horn* is the son of *Alloff* (i. e, Olaf or Olave), king of *Sudenne* (I suppose Sweden), by his Queen *Godylde* or *Godylt*. *Athulf* and *Fykenyld* are the names of subjects. *Eylmer* or *Aylmere* is king of *Westnesse* (a part of Ireland), *Rymenyld* is his daughter; as *Erminyld* is of another king *Thurstan;* whose sons are *Athyld* and *Beryld*. *Athelbrus* is steward of king Aylmer, &c., &c. All these savour only of a Northern origin, and the whole piece is exactly such a performance as one would expect from a Gleeman or Minstrel of the North of England, who had derived his art and his ideas from his Scaldic predecessors there. So that this probably is the original from which was translated the old French fragment of *Dan Horn*, in the Harleyan MS. 527, mentioned by Tyrwhitt (Chaucer iv. 68), and by T. Warton (Hist. i. 38), whose extract from Horn-Child is extremely incorrect.

Compare the style of Child-Horn with the Anglo-Saxon specimens in short verses and rhyme, which are assigned to the century succeeding the Conquest, in Hickes's Thesaurus, tom. i. cap. 24, p. 224 and 231.

(T) "The different production of the sedentary composer and the rambling Minstrel."] Among the old metrical romances, a very few are addressed to readers, or mention reading: these appear to have been composed by writers at their desk, and exhibit marks of more elaborate structure and invention. Such is *Eglamour of Artas* (Series the Third, No. 20, p. 194), of which I find in a MS. copy in the Cotton Library, A 2, folio 3, the II Fitte thus concludes:

". . . . thus ferr have I red."

Such is *Ipomydon* (Series the Third, No. 23, p. 195), of which one of the divisions (Sign. E. ii. b. in pr. copy) ends thus,

"Let hym go, God hym spede,
Tyll efte-soone we of him reed" [i. e. *read*].

So in *Amys and Amylion** (Series the Third, No. 31, p. 195), in sta. 3d we have,

"In Geste as we rede;"

* It ought to have been observed in its proper place in Series the Third, No. 31, p. 195, that *Amys* and *Amylion* were no otherwise "Brothers," than as being fast friends: as was suggested by the learned Dr. Samuel Pegge, who was so obliging as to favour the Essayist formerly with a curious transcript of this poem accompanied with valuable illustrations, &c.; and that it was his opinion that both the fragment of the "Lady Bellesnt," mentioned in the same No. 31, and also the mutilated Tale, No. 37 (p. 37), were only imperfect copies of the above romance of "Amys and Amylion," which contains the two lines quoted in No. 37.

and similar phrases occur in stanzas 34, 125, 140, 196, &c.

These are all studied compositions, in which the story is invented with more skill and ingenuity, and the style and colouring are of superior cast to such as can with sufficient probability be attributed to the minstrels themselves.

Of this class, I conceive the romance of *Horn-Child* (mentioned in the last note (S 2) and in Series the Third, No. 192, p. 2), which, from the naked unadorned simplicity of the story, I would attribute to such an origin.

But more evidently is such the *Squire of Low Degree* (Series the Third, No. 24, p.), in which is no reference to any French original, nothing like the phrase, which so frequently occurs in others, "As the romance sayth,"* or the like. And it is just such a rambling performance as one would expect from an itinerant Bard. And

Such also is *A lytell Geste of Robyn Hode*, &c., in 8 Fyttes, of which are extant two editions, 4to., in black-letter, described more fully in page 80 of this work. This is not only of undoubted English growth, but, from the constant satire aimed at abbots and their convents, &c., could not possibly have been composed by any monk in his cell.

Other instances might be produced; but especially of the former kind is *Syr Launfal* (Series the Third, No. 2, p. 315), the 121st of which has

"In romances as we rede."

This is one of the best invented stories of that kind, and I believe the only one in which is inserted the name of the author.

* Wherever the word romance occurs in these metrical narratives, it hath been thought to afford decisive proof of a translation from the romance or French language. Accordingly it is so urged by T. Warton (i. 146, note) from two passages in the pr. copy of "Sir Eglamour," viz., Sign. E. i.

In romaunce as we rede.

Again in fol. ult.

In romaunce this cronycle is.

But in the Cotton MS. of the original the first passage is

As I herde a Clerke rede.

And the other thus,

In Rome this Gest cronycled ys.

So that I believe references to "the Romaunce," or the like, were often mere expletive phrases inserted by the oral reciters; one of whom I conceive had altered or corrupted the old "Syr Eglamour," in the manner that the copy was printed.

(T 2) "Royer or Raherus the King's Minstrel."] He is recorded by Leland under both these names, in his Collectanea, scil. vol. 1, p. 61.

"*Hospitale S. Bartholomœi in West Smithfelde in London.*

"Royer Mimus Regis fundator."

"*Hosp. Sti. Barthol. Londini.*

"Raherus Mimus Regis H. 1, primus fundator, an. 1102, 3 H. 1, qui fundavit etiam Priorat. Sti. Barthol." Ibid. page 99.

That *Mimus* is properly a Minstrel in the sense affixed to the word in this essay, one extract from the accounts [Lat. *Computis*] of the Priory of Maxtock, near Coventry, in 1441, will sufficiently show.—Scil. "Dat. Sex. Mimus Dni. Clynton cantantibus, citharisantibus, ludentibus," &c., iiiis. (T. Warton, ii. 106, note q.) The same year, the prior gave to a *doctor prædicans*, for a sermon preached to them, only 6d.

In the Monasticon, tom. ii. p. 166, 167, is a curious history of the founder of this priory, and the cause of its erection; which seems exactly such a composition as one of those which were manufactured by Dr. Stone, the famous legend-maker, in 1380 (see T. Warton's curious account of him, in vol. ii. p. 190, note); who required no materials to assist him in composing his Narratives, &c., for in this legend are no particulars given of the founder, but a recital of miraculous visions exciting him to this pious work, of its having been before revealed to King Edward the Confessor, and predicted by three Grecians, &c. Even his minstrel profession is not mentioned, whether from ignorance or design, as the profession was, perhaps, falling into discredit when this legend was written. There is only a general indistinct account that he frequented royal and noble houses, where he ingratiated himself *suavitate jocularí*. (This last is the only word that seems to have any appropriated meaning.) This will account for the indistinct incoherent account given by Stow. "Rahere, a pleasant-witted gentleman, and therefore, in his time, called the King's Minstrel."—Survey of Lond. Ed. 1598, p. 308.

(U) "In the early times, every harper was expected to sing."] See on this subject King Alfred's version of Cædmon, above in note (H), page xxviii.

So in Horn-Child, King Allof orders his steward Athelbrus to

"—— teche him of harpe and of song."

In the Squire of Lowe Degree, the king offers to his daughter,

"Ye shall have harpe, sautry,* and song."

And Chaucer, in his description of the Limitour or Mendicant Friar, speaks of harping as inseparable from singing (i. p. 11, ver. 268).

"—— in his harping, whan that he hadde songe."

(U 2) "As the most accomplished," &c.] See Hoveden, p. 103, in the following passage, which had erroneously been applied to King Richard himself, till Mr. Tyrwhitt (Chaucer, iv. p. 62) showed it to belong to his Chancellor. "Hic ad augmentum et famam sui nominis, emendicata carmina, et rhythmos adulatorios comparabat; et de regno Francorum Cantores et Joculatores muneribus allexerat, ut de illo canerent in plateis et jam dicebatur ubique, quod non erat talis in orbe." For other particulars relating to this Chancellor, see T. Warton's Hist. vol. ii. Addit. to p. 113 of vol. i.

(U 3) "Both the Norman and English languages would be heard at the houses of the great."] A remarkable proof of this is, that the most diligent inquirers after ancient English rhymes find the earliest they can discover in the mouths of the Norman nobles. Such as that of Robert, Earl of Leicester, and his Flemings in 1173, temp. Hen. II. (little more than a century after the Conquest) recorded by Lambarde in his Dictionary of England, p. 36.

"Hoppe Wyliken, hoppe Wyliken
Ingland is thine and myne, &c.

And that noted boast of Hugh Bigot, Earl of Norfolk, in the same reign of King Henry II., vid Camdeni Britannia (art. Suffolk), 1607, folio.

"Were I in my castle of Bungey
Vpon the riuer of Waueney
I would ne care for the king of Cockeney.

Indeed, many of our old metrical romances, whether originally English, or translated from the French to be sung to an English audience, are addressed to persons of high rank, as appears from their beginning thus—"Listen, lordings," and the like.——These were prior to the time of Chaucer, as appears from vol. iii. p. 190, et seqq. And yet to his time our Norman nobles are supposed to have adhered to their French language.

(V) "That intercommunity, &c., between the French and English minstrels," &c.] This might perhaps, in a great measure, be referred even to the Norman Conquest, when the victors brought with them all their original opinions and fables; which could not fail to be adopted by the English Minstrels and others who solicited their favour. This interchange, &c., between the Minstrels of the two nations would be afterwards promoted by the great intercourse produced among all the nations of Christendom in the general crusades, and by that spirit of chivalry which led knights, and their attendants, the heralds, and minstrels, &c., to ramble about continually from one court to another, in order to be present at solemn tournaments, and other feats of arms.

(V 2) "Is not the only instance," &c.] The constant admission granted to minstrels was so established a privilege, that it became s , ready expedient to writers of fiction. Thus , in the old romance of Horn-Child, the Prin - cess Rymenyld being confined in an inacce: - sible castle, the prince, her lover, and som e assistant knights, with concealed arms, a s- sume the minstrel character, and approachir g the castle with their "Gleyinge" or Mi n- strelsy, are heard by the lord of it, who beir g informed they were "harpeirs, jogelers, an d fythelers,"* has them admitted, when

* The Harp (Lat. *Cithara*) differed from the Sautry, or Psaltry (Lat. *Psalterium*) in that the former was a stringed instrument, and the latter was mounted with wire: there was also some difference in the construction of the bellies, &c. See "Bartholomæus de proprietatibus rerum," as Englished by Trevisa and Eatman, ed. 1584, in Sir J. Hawkins' Hist. ii. p. 285.

* Jogeler (Lat. *Joculator*) was a very ancient name for a Minstrel. Of what nature the performance of the *Jo cu-*

Horn sette him abenche [i. e. on a bench.]
Is [i. e. his] harpe he gan clenche
He made Rymenild a lay.

This sets the princess a weeping, and leads to the catastrophe; for he immediately advances to "the borde," or table, kills the ravisher, and releases the lady.

(V 3) . . "assumed the dress and character of a harper, &c."] We have this curious *historiette* in the records of Lacock Nunnery, in Wiltshire, which had been founded by this Countess of Salisbury. See Vincent's Discovery of Errors in Brooke's Catalogue of Nobility, &c., folio, page 445-6, &c. Take the following extract (and see Dugdale's Baron, i. p. 175).

"Ela uxor Gullielmi Longespee primi, nata fuit apud Ambresbiriam, patre et matre Normannis.

"Pater itaque ejus defectus senio migravit ad Christum, A. D. 1196. Mater ejus ante biennium obiit. . . . . Interea Domina charissima clam per cognatos adducta fuit in Normanniam, et ibidem sub tutâ et arctâ custodiâ nutrita. Eodem tempore in Anglia fuit quidam miles nomine Gulielmus Talbot, qui induit se habitum Peregrini [Anglice, *a pilgrim*] in Normanniam transfretavit et moratus per duos annos, huc atque illuc vagans, ad explorandam dominam Elam Sarum. Et illâ inventâ exuit habitum Peregrini, et induit se quasi Cytharisator et curiam ubi morabatur intravit. Et ut erat homo Jocosus, in Gestis Antiquorum valde peritus, ibidem gratanter fuit acceptus quasi familiaris. Et quando tempus aptum invenit, in Angliam repatriavit, habens secum istam venerabilem dominam Elam et hæredam comitatus Sarum; et eam Regi Richardo præsentavit. Ac ille lætissime eam suscepit, et Fratri suo Guilellmo Longespee maritavit. . . . .

"A. D. 1226, Dominus Guill. Longespee primus nonas Martii obiit. Ela vero uxor ejus 7 annis supervixit. . . . . Una die duo monasteria lundavit primo mane xvi Kal. Maii, A. D. 1232, apud Lacock, in quo sanctæ degunt Canonissæ. . . . . Et Henton post nonam, anno vero ætatis suæ xlv., &c."

(W) For the preceding account, Dugdale refers to Monast. Angl. i. [r. ii.] p. 185, but gives it as enlarged by D. Powel, in his Hist. of Cambria, p. 196, who is known to have followed ancient Welsh MSS. The words in the Monasticon are—"Qui accersitis Sutoribus Cestriæ et Histrionibus, festinanter cum exercitu suo venit domino suo facere succursum. Walenses vero videntes multitudinem magnam venientem, relictâ obsidione fugerunt . . . Et propter hoc dedit comes antedictus . . . Constabulario dominationem Sutorum et Histrionum. Constabularius vero retinuit sibi et hæredibus suis dominationem Sutorum: et histrionum dedit vero Seneschallo." (So the passage should apparently be pointed; but either *et* or *vero* seems redundant.)

We shall see below in note (Z) the proper import of the word *Histriones:* but it is very remarkable that this is not the word used in the grant of the Constable De Lacy to Dutton, but "Magisterium omnium Leccatorum et Meretricium totius Cestreshire, sicut liberius illum [sic] Magisterium teneo de Comite." (Vid. Blount's Ancient Tenures, p. 156.) Now, as under this grant the heirs of Dutton confessedly held for many ages a *magisterial* jurisdiction over all the Minstrels and Musicians of that County, and as it could not be conveyed by the word *Meretricis*, the natural inference is that the Minstrels were expressed by the term *Leccatores*. It is true, Du Cange, compiling his Glossary, could only find in the writers he consulted this word used in the abusive sense, often applied to every synonyme of the sportive and dissolute Minstrel, viz. *Scurra, vaniloquus, parasitus, epulo*, &c. (This I conceive to be the proper arrangement of these explanations, which only express the character given to the Minstrel elsewhere: see Du Cange *passim* and notes (C), (E), (F), (I). But he quotes an ancient MS. in French metre, wherein the Leccour (Lat. *Leccator*) and the Minstrel are joined together, as receiving from Charlemagne a grant of territory of Provence, and

lator was, we may learn from the Register of St. Swithin's Priory at Winchester (T. Warton, i. 69). "Et cantabat JOCULATOR quidam nomine Herebertus Canticum *Colbrondi*, necnon *Gestum Emme* regine a judicio ignis liberate, in aula Prioris." His instrument was sometimes the Fythele, or Fiddle, Lat. *Fidicula:* which occurs in the Anglo-Saxon Lexicon. On this subject we have a curious passage from a MS. of the Lives of the Saints in metre, supposed to be earlier than the year 1200 (T. Warton's Hist. i. p. 17), viz.,

Christofre him served longe
The kynge loved melodye much of fithele and of songe:
So that his Jogeler on a day beforen him gon to pleye faste,
And in a tyme he nemped in his song the devil at laste.

from whom the Provençal Troubadours were derived, &c. See the passage above in note (C) page xxvi.

The exception in favour of the family of Dutton is thus expressed in the Statute Anno 39 Eliz. chap. iv., entitled, "An Act for punishment of Rogues, Vagabonds, and Sturdy Beggars."

"§ II. . . . . All Fencers, Bearwards, Common Players of Enterludes, and Minstrels, wandering abroad, (other than Players of Enterludes belonging to any Baron of this Realm, or any other honourable Personage of greater degree, to be authorised to play under the hand and seal of arms of such Baron or Personage:) all Juglers, Tinkers, Pedlers, &c. . . . shall be adjudged and deemed Rogues, Vagabonds, and Sturdy Beggars, &c.

"§ X. Provided always that this Act, or anything herein contained, or any authority thereby given, shall not in any wise extend to disinherit, prejudice, or hinder John Dutton of Dutton, in the County of Chester, Esquire, his heirs or assigns, for, touching or concerning any liberty, preheminence, authority, jurisdiction, or inheritance, which the said John Dutton now lawfully useth, or hath, or lawfully may or aught to use within the County-Palatine of Chester, and the County of the City of Chester, or either of them, by reason of any ancient Charters of any Kings of this Land, or by reason of any prescription, usage, or title whatsoever."

The same clauses are renewed in the last Act on this subject, passed in the present Reign of Geo. III.

(X) "Edward I. . . . . at the knighting of his son," &c.] See Nic. Triveti Annales, Oxon. 1719, 8vo. p. 342.

"In festo Pentecostes Rex filium suum armis militaribus cinxit, et cum eo Comites Warenniæ et Arundeliæ, aliosque, quorum numerus ducentos et quadraginti dicitur excessisse. Eodem die cum sedisset Rex in mensa, novis militibus circumdatus, ingressa Ministrellorum Multitudo, portantium multiplici ornatu amictum, ut milites præcipue novos invitarent, et inducerent, ad vovendum factum armorum aliquod coram signo."

(Y) "By an express regulation, &c."] See in Hearne's Append. ad Lelandi Collectan. vol. vi. p. 36. "A Dietarie, Writtes published after the Ordinance of Earles and Barons, Anno Dom. 1315."

"Edward by the grace of God, &c., to Sheriffes, &c., greetying. Forasmuch as . . . . . many idle persons, under colour of Mynstrelsie, and going in messages, and other faigned busines, have ben and yet be receaved in other mens houses to meate and drynke, and be not therwith contented yf they be not largely consydered with gyftes of the Lordes of the houses: &c. . . We wyllyng to restrayne suche outrageous enterprises and idleness, &c. have ordeyned . . . . . that to the houses of Prelates, Earles, and Barons, none resort to meate and drynke, unlesse he be a Mynstrel, and of these Minstrels that there come none except it be three or four Minstrels of honour at the most in one day, unlesse he be desired of the Lorde of the House. And to the houses of meaner men that none come unlesse he be desired, and that such as shall come so, holde themselves contented with meate and drynke and with such curtesie as the Maister of the House wyl shewe unto them of his owne good wyll, without their askyng of anythyng. And yf any one do agaynst this Ordinaunce, at the firste time he to lose his Minstrelsie, and at the second tyme to forsweare his craft, and never to be receaved for a Minstrel in any house. . . . . Yeven at Langley the vi. day of August in the ix. yere of our reigne."

These abuses arose again to as great a height as ever in little more than a century after, in consequence, I suppose, of the licentiousness that crept in during the civil wars of York and Lancaster. This appears from the Charter 9 E. IV., referred to in p. xliii. "Ex querulosâ insinuatione. . . Ministrallorum nostrorum accepimus qualiter nonnulli rudes agricolæ et artifices diversarum misterarum regni nostri Angliæ, finxerunt se fore Ministrallos, quorum aliqui Liberatam nostram eis minime datam portarent, seipsos etiam fingentes esse Minstrallos nostros proprios, cujus quidem Liberatæ ac dictæ artis sive occupationis Ministrallorum colore, in diversis partibus regni nostri prædicti grandes pecuniarum exactiones de ligeis nostris deceptive colligunt, &c."

Abuses of this kind prevailed much later in Wales, as appears from the famous Commission issued out in 9 Eliz. (1567), for bestowing the Silver Harp on the best *Minstrel, Rythmer*, or *Bard*, in the principality of

North Wales; of which a fuller account will be given below in note (B b 3).

(Z) "It is thus related by Stow."] See his Survey of London, &c., fol. 1633, p. 521. [Acc. of Westm. Hall.] Stow had this passage from Walsingham's Hist. Ang. . . "Intravit quædam mulier ornata Histrionali habitu, equum bonum insidens Histrionaliter phaleratum, quæ mensas more Histrionum circuivit; et tandem ad Regis mensam per gradus ascendit, et quandam literam coram rege posuit, et retracto fræno (salutatis ubique discumbentibus) prout venerat ita recessit," &c. Anglic. Norm. Script. &c., Franc. 1603, fol. p. 109.

It may be observed here that Minstrels and others often rode on horseback up to the royal table, when the Kings were feasting in their great halls. See in this work, page 73.

The answer of the Porters (when they were afterwards blamed for admitting her) also deserves attention. "Non esse moris domus regiæ Histriones ab ingressu quomodolibet prohibere," &c. Walsingh.

That Stow rightly translated the Latin word *Histrio* here by *Minstrel*, meaning a musician that sung, whose subjects were stories of chivalry, admits of easy proof; for in the Gesta Romanorum, chap. cxi., Mercury is represented as coming to Argus in the character of a Minstrel; when he *incipit, more* Histrionico, fabulas dicere, et plerumque cantare." (T. Warton, iii. p. li.) And Muratori cites a passage in an old Italian chronicle, wherein mention is made of a stage erected at Milan——"Super quo Histriones cantabant, sicut modo cantatur de Rolando et Oliverio." Antich. Ital. li. p. 6. (Observ. on the Statutes, 4th edit. p. 362.)

See also (E) pag. xxvi. &c. (F) p. xxvii. &c.

(A a) "There should seem to have been women of this profession."] This may be inferred from the variety of names appropriated to them in the middle ages, viz.: Anglo-Sax. Ƚhþmeƀen, [Glee-maiden] &c. Ƚlýþienƀe-maƀen, Ƚlýþbýƀeneꝛꞇna. (Vid. supra p. xxvii.) Fr. *Jengleresse*, Med. Lat. *Joculatrix, Ministrallissa, Fœmina Ministerialis*, &c. (Vid. Du Cange Gloss. and Suppl.)

See what is said in page xix. concerning the "sisters of the fraternity of Minstrels;" see also a passage quoted by Dr. Burney (ii. 315), from Muratori, of the Chorus of Women singing through the streets accompanied with musical instruments in 1268.

Had the female described by Walsingham been a *Tombestere*, or dancing-woman (see Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, iv. 307, and v. Gloss.), that historian would probably have used the word *Saltatrix*. (See T. Warton, i. 240, note *m*.)

These *Saltatrices* were prohibited from exhibiting in churches and church-yards along with *Joculatores, Histriones*, with whom they were sometimes classed, especially by the rigid ecclesiastics, who censured, in the severest terms, all these sportive characters. (Vid. T. Warton, in loco citato, et vide supra not. (E) (F) &c.)

And here I would observe, that although Fauchet and other subsequent writers affect to arrange the several members of the minstrel profession, under the different classes of *Troverres* (or *Troubadours*) *Chanterres, Conteours*, and *Jugleurs*, &c. (vid. page xlviii.), as if they were distinct and separate orders of men, clearly distinguished from each other by these appropiate terms, we find no sufficient grounds for this in the oldest writers; but the general names in Latin, *Histrio, Mimus, Joculator, Ministrallus*, &c.; in French, *Menestrier, Menestrel, Jongleur, Jugleur*, &c.; and in English, *Jogeleur, Jugler, Minstrel*, and the like, seem to be given them indiscriminately. And one or other of these names seems to have been sometimes applied to every species of men whose business it was to entertain or divert (*joculari*) whether with poesy, singing, music, or gesticulation, singly, or with a mixture of all these. Yet as all men of this sort were considered as belonging to one class, order, or community (many of the above arts being sometimes exercised by the same person), they had all of them doubtless the same privileges, and it equally throws light upon the general history of the profession, to show what favour or encouragement was given, at any particular period of time, to any one branch of it. I have not therefore thought it needful to inquire, whether, in the various passages quoted in these pages, the word *Minstrel*, &c., is always to be understood in its exact and proper meaning of a singer to the harp, &c.

That men of very different arts and talents were included under the common name of

Minstrels, &c. appears from a variety of authorities. Thus we have *Menestrels de Trompes*, and *Menestrels de Bouche*, in the Suppl. to Du Cange, c. 1227, and it appears still more evident from an old French Rhymer, whom I shall quote at large.

"Le Quens* manda les Menestrels; *Le [Compte.
Et si a fet† crier entre els, † fait.
Qui la meillor truffe ‡ sauroit ‡ *Sornette*,
Dire, ne faire, qu'il auroit [a gibe, a jest,
Sa robe d'escarlate neuve. [or flouting.]
L'uns Menestrels à l'autre reuve
Fere son mestier, tel qu'il sot,
Li uns fet l'yvre, l'autre sot;
Li uns chante, li autre note;
Et li autres dit la riote;
Et li autres la jenglerie;§ § *Janglerie, ba-*
Cil qui sevent de jonglerie [*billage, rail-*
Vielent par devant le Conte; [*lerie.*
Acuns ja qui fabliaus conte
Il i ot dit mainte risée," &c.

Fabliaux et Contes, 12mo. tom. ii. p. 161.

And what species of entertainment was afforded by the ancient *Juggleurs*, we learn from the following citation from an old romance, written in 1230.

"Quand les tables ostees furent
C'il *juggleurs* in pies esturent
S'ont vielles, et harpes prisees
Chansons, sons, vers, et reprisas
Et *gestes*, chanté nos ont."

Sir J. Hawkins, ii. 44, from Andr. Du Chene. See also Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, iv. p. 299.

All the before-mentioned sports went by the general name of *Ministralcia, Ministellorum Ludicra*, &c.—"Charta an. 1377, apud Rymer, vii. p. 160. 'Peracto autem prandio, ascendebat D. Rex in cameram suam cum Prælatis, Magnatibus, et Proceribus prædictis: et deinceps Magnates Milites, et Domini, aliique Generosi diem illum, usque ad tempus cœnæ, in Tripediis coreis et solempnibus Ministralciis, præ gaudio solempnitatis illius continuarunt.'" (Du Cange, Gloss. 773.) [This was at the Coronation of King Richard II.]

It was common for the minstrels to dance, as well as to harp and sing (see above, note (E), p. xxvi.) Thus, in the old romance of Tirante el Blanco; Val. 1511, the 14th cap. lib. ii. begins thus, "Despues que las mesas fueron alçadas vinieron los ministriles; y delante del Rey, y de la Reyna dançaron un rato: y despues truxeron colacion."

They also probably, among their other feats, played tricks of sleight of hand, hence the word Jugler came to signify a performer of legerdemain: and it was sometimes used in this sense (to which it is now appropriated) even so early as the time of Chaucer, who in his Squire's Tale (ii. 108) speaks of the horse of brass, as

——— like
An apparence ymade by som magike,
As Jogelours plaien at thise festes grete.

See also the Frere's Tale, p. 279, v. 7049.

(A a 2) "Females playing on the Harp."] Thus in the old Romance of "Syr Degore (or Degree," Series the third, No. 22, p. 194), we have [Sign. D. i.]

The lady, that was so faire and bright,
Upon her bed she sate down ryght;
She harped notes swete and fine.
[Her mayds filled a piece of wine.]
And Syr Degore sate him downe,
For to hear the harpes sowne.

The 4th line being omitted in the pr. copy is supplied from the folio MS.

In the "Squyr of lowe Degree" (Series the Third, No. 24, p. 195), the king says to his daughter [Sign. D. i.]

Ye were wont to harpe and syng,
And be the meryest in chamber comyng.

In the "Carle of Carlisle," (Series the Third, No. 193, p. 29.) we have the following passage. [Folio MS. p. 451, v. 217.]

Downe came a lady faire and free,
And sett her on the Carles knee:
Onewhiles shee harped another whiles song,
Both of paramours and louinge amonge.

And in the Romance of "Eger and Grime" (Series the Third, No 12, p. 194), we have [Ibid. p. 127, col. 2] in Part, I. v. 263.

The ladye fayre of hew and hyde
Shee sate downe by the bed side

Shee laid a souter [psaltry] vpon her knee
Theron shee plaid full lovesomelye.
. . . And her 2 maydens sweetlye sange.

A similar passage occurs in Part IV. v. 129, (page 136.)—But these instances are sufficient.

(B b) "A charter . . . . to appoint a king of the Minstrels."] Entitled *Carta le Roy de Ministraulx* (in Latin *Histriones*, vid. Plott, p. 437). A copy of this charter is printed in Monast. Anglic. i. 355, and in Blount's Law Diction. 1717. (art. King.)

That this was a most respectable officer, both here and on the Continent, will appear from the passages quoted below, and therefore it could only have been in modern times, when the proper meaning of the original terms *Ministraulz*, and *Histriones*, was forgot, that he was called King of the Fidlers; on which subject see below, Note (E e 2).

Concerning the King of the Minstrels we have the following curious passages collected by Du Cange, Gloss. iv. 773.

"Rex Ministellorum; supremus inter *Ministellos:* de cujus munere, potestate in cæteros *Ministellos* agit Charta Henrici IV. Regis Angliæ in Monast. Anglicano, tom. i. pag. 355.———Charta originalis an. 1338. Je Robert Caveron Roy des Menestreuls du Royaume de France. Aliæ ann. 1357 et 1362. Copin de Brequin Roy des Menestres du Royaume de France. Computum de auxiliis pro redemptione Regis Johannis, ann. 1367. Pour une Couronne d'argent qu'il donna le jour de la Tiphiane au Roy des Menestrels.

"Regestum Magnorum Dierum Trecensium an. 1296. Super quod Joannes dictus Charmillons Juglator, cui Dominus Rex per suas literas tanquam Regem Juglatorum in civitate Trecensi Magisterium Juglatorum, quemadmodum suæ placeret voluntati, concesserat." Gloss. c. 1587.

There is a very curious passage in Pasquier's "Recherches de la France," Paris, 1633, folio, liv. 7, ch. 5, p. 611, wherein he appears to be at a loss how to account for the title of Le Roy assumed by the old composers of metrical Romances; in one of which the author expressly declares himself to have been a Minstrel. The solution of the difficulty, that he had been *Le Roy des Menestrels*, will be esteemed more probable than what Pasquier here advances; for I have never seen the title of *Prince* given to a Minstrel, &c., scil.—"A nos vieux Poetes . . . comme . . fust qu'ils eussent certain jeux de prix en leurs Poesies, ils . . . . honoroient du nome, tantot de Roy, tantot de Prince, celuy qui avoit le mieux faict comme nous voyons entre les Archers, Arbalestiers, et Harquebusiers estre fait le semblable. Ainsi l'Autheur du Roman d'Oger le Danois s'appelle Roy.

"Icy endroict est cil Livre finez
Qui des enfans Oger est appellez
Or vueille Diex qu'il soit parachevez
En tel maniere kestre n'en puist blamez
Le Roy Adams [r. Adenes] ki il' est rimez.
"Et en celuy de Cleomades,
"Ce Livre de Cleomades
Rimé je le Roy Adenes
Menestre au bon Duc Henry.

"Mot de Roy, qui seroit très-mal approprié à un Menestrier, si d'ailleurs on ne le rapportoit à un jeu du priz: Et de faict il semble que de nostre temps, il y en eust encores quelque remarques, en ce que le mot de Jouingleur s'estant par succession de temps tourné en batelage, nous avons veu en nostre jeunesse les Jouing leurs se trouver á certain jour tous les ans en la ville de Chauny en Picardie, pour faire monstre de leur mestrier devant le monde, à qui mieux. Et ce que j'en dis icy n'est pas pour vilipender ces anciens Rimeurs, ainsi pour monstrer qu'il n'y a chose si belle qui ne s'anéantisse avec le temps."

We see here that in the time of Pasquier the poor Minstrel was sunk into as low estimation in France, as he was then or afterwards in England: but by his apology for comparing the Jouingleurs, who assembled to exercise their faculty, in his youth, to the ancient *Rimeurs*, it is plain they exerted their skill in rhyme.

As for King *Adenes*, or *Adenez* (whose name in the first passage above is corruptly printed *Adams*), he is recorded in the "Bibliothèques des Romans, Amst. 1735," 12mo. vol. i. p. 232, to have composed the two Romances in verse above mentioned, and a third, entitled *Le Roman de Bertin:* all three being preserved in a MS. written about 1270. His *Bon Duc Henry* I conceive to have been Henry Duke of Brabant.

(B b 2) "King of the Minstrels," &c.] See Antis's Register of the Order of the Gar-

ter, ii. p. 303, who tells us "The President or Governour of the *Minstrels* had the like denomination of *Roy* in France and Burgundy: and in England, John of Gaunt constituted such an officer by a patent; and long before his time payments were made by the crown to [a] King of the Minstrels by Edw. I. Regi Roberto Ministrallo scutifero ad arma commoranti ad vadia Regis anno 5to. [Bibl. Cotton. Vespas. c. 16, f. 3]; as likewise [Libro Garderob. 25 E. I.] Ministrallis in die nuptiarum Comitissæ Holland filiæ Regis, Regi Pago, Johanni Vidulatori, &c. Morello Regi, &c. Druetto Monthant, et Jacketto de Scot. Regibus, cuilibet eorum xl. s. Regi Pagio de Hollandia, &c. Under Ed. II. we likewise find other entries, Regi Roberto et aliis Ministrallis facientibus Menistrallias [Ministralcias qu.] suas coram Rege. [Bibl. Cotton. Nero. c. 8, p. 84, b. Comp. Garderob.] That king granted Willielmo de Morlee dicto Roy de North, Ministrallo Regis, domos quæ fuerunt Johannis le Botoler dicti Roy Brunhaud. [Pat. de terr. forisfact. 16 E. III.]" He adds below (p. 304) a similar instance of a *Rex Juglatorum*, and that the "King of the Minstrels," at length was styled in France *Roy de Violins*, (Furetiere Diction. Univers.) as with us "King of the Fidlers;" on which subject see below, note (E e 2).

(B b 3) The Statute 4 Hen. IV. (1402), c. 27, runs in these terms, "Item, pur eschuir plusieurs diseases et mischiefs qont advenuz devaunt ces heures en la terre de Gales par plusieurs Westours, Rymours, Minstralx et autres Vacabondes, ordeignez est et establiz qe nul Westour, Rymour, Minstral ne Vacabond soit aucunement sustenuz en la terre de Gales pur faire kymorthas ou coillage sur la commune poeple illoeques." This is among the severe laws against the Welsh, passed during the resentment occasioned by the outrages committed under Owen Glendour; and as the Welsh Bards had excited their countrymen to rebellion against the English Government, it is not to be wondered, that the Act is conceived in terms of the utmost indignation and contempt against this class of men, who are described as *Rymours, Ministralx*, which are apparently here used as only synonymous terms to express the Welsh Bards with the usual exuberance of our Acts of Parliament: for if their *Ministralx* had been mere musicians, they would not have required the vigilance of the English legislature to suppress them. It was their songs exciting their countrymen to insurrection which produced "les diseases et mischiefs en la Terre de Gales."

It is also submitted to the reader, whether the same application of the terms does not still more clearly appear in the Commission issued in 1567, and printed in Evan Evans's Specimens of Welsh Poetry, 1764, 4to. p. v., for bestowing the Silver Harp on "the chief of that faculty." For after setting forth "that vagrant and idle persons, naming themselves *Minstrels*, *Rythmers*, and *Bards*, had lately grown into such intolerable multitude within the Principality in North Wales, that not only gentlemen and others by their shameless disorders are oftentimes disquieted in their habitations, but also expert *Minstrels* and *Musicians in tonge and cunynge* thereby much discouraged, &c." and "hindred [of] livings and preferment," &c. it appoints a time and place, wherein all "persons that intend to maintain their living by name or colour of *Minstrels, Rythmers*, or *Bards*," within five shires of North Wales, "shall appear to show their learnings accordingly," &c. And the Commissioners are required to admit such as shall be found worthy, into and under the degrees heretofore in use, so that they may "use, exercise, and follow the sciences and faculties of their professions in such decent order as shall appertain to each of their degrees." And the rest are to return to some honest labour, &c., upon pain to be taken as sturdy and idle vagabonds, &c.

(B b 4) Holingshed translated this passage from Tho. de Elmham's "Vita et Gesta Henrici V.," scil. "Soli Omnipotenti Deo se velle victoriam imputari . . . . in tantum, quod cantus de suo triumpho fieri, seu per Citharistas vel alios quoscunque cantari penitus prohibebat." [Edit. Hearnii, 1727, p. 72.] As in his version Holingshed attributes the making as well as singing ditties to Minstrels, it is plain he knew that men of this profession had been accustomed to do both.

(C c) "The Household Book," &c.] See Section V.

"Of the Nombre of all my lords Servaunts."

" Item, Mynstrals in Houshold iii. viz. A Taberet, a Luyte, and a Rebecc." [The Rebeck was a kind of Fiddle with three strings.]

Sect. XLIV. 3.

"Rewardes to his lordship's Servaunts, &c."

" Item, My lord usith ande accustomith to gyf yerly, when his lordschipp is at home, to his Minstrallis that be daily in his household, as his Tabret, Lute, and Rebeke, upon New Yeresday in the mornynge when they do play at my lordis chamber dour for his Lordschip and my Lady, xx. s. Viz. xiii. s. iiii d. for my Lord; and vi. s. viii. d. for my Lady, if sche be at my lords fyndynge, and not at hir owen; and for playing at my lordis Sone and Heir's chamber doure, the lord Percy, ii. s. And for playinge at the chamber doures of my lords Yonger Sonnes, my yonge masters, after ziii. d. the pece for every of them.——xxiii. iiii. d."

Sect XLIV. 2.

"Rewards to be geven to strangers, as Players, Mynstralls, or any other, &c.

" Furst, my lorde usith and accustomyth to gif to the Kings Jugler; . . . . when they custome to come unto him yerly, vi. s. viii. d.

" Item, my lorde usith and accustomyth to gif yerely to the kings or queenes Bearwarde, if they have one, when they custom to come unto him yerly,—vi. s. viii. d.

" Item, my lorde usith and accustomyth to gyfe yerly to every Erles Mynstrellis, when they custome to come to hym yerely, iii. s. iiii. d. And if they come to my lorde seldome, ones in ii or iii yeres, than vi. s. viii. d.

" Item, my lorde usith and accustomedeth to gife yerely to an Erls Mynstralls, if he be his speciall lorde, friende, or kynsman, if they come yerely to his lordschip . . . . And, if they come to my 'lord' seldome, ones in ii or iii years . . .'

* * * * * *

" Item, my lorde usith and accustomyth to gyf yerely a Dookes or Erlis Trumpetts, if they come vi together to his lordschipp, viz. if they come yerly, vi. s. viii. d. And, if they come but in ii or iii yeres, than x. s.

" Item, my lorde usith and accustometh to gife yerly, when his lordschip is at home, to gyf to the Kyngs Shawmes, when they com to my lorde yerely, x. s."

* * * * *

I cannot conclude this note without observing, that in this enumeration the family Minstrels seem to have been Musicians only, and yet both the Earl's Trumpets and the King's Shawmes are evidently distinguished from the Earl's Minstrels, and the King's Jugler: Now we find *Jugglers* still coupled with *Pipers* in Barklay's Egloges, circ. 1514. (Warton, ii. 254.)

(C c 2) The honours and rewards conferred on Minstrels, &c., in the middle ages were excessive, as will be seen by many instances in these volumes; v. notes (E), (F), &c. But more particularly with regard to English Minstrels, &c., see T. Warton's Hist. of Eng. Poetry, i. p. 89—92, 116, &c., ii. 105, 106, 254, &c. Dr. Burney's Hist of Music, ii. p. 316—319, 397—399, 427, 428.

On this head, it may be sufficient to add the following passage from the Fleta, lib. ii. c. 23. " Officium Elemosinarij est. . Equos relictos, Robas, Pecuniam, et alia ad Elemosinam largiter recipere et fideliter distribuere; debet etiam Regem super Elemosinæ largitione crebris summonitionibus stimulare et præcipue diebus Sanctorum, et rogare ne Robas suas quæ magni sunt precij Histrionibus, Blanditoribus, Adulatoribus, Accusatoribus, vel Menestrallis, sed ad Elemosinæ suæ incremuntum jubeat largiri." Et in c. 72. " Ministralli, vel Adulatoris."

(D d) " A species of men who did not sing," &c.] It appears from the passage of Erasmus here referred to, that there still existed in England of that species of *Jongleurs* or Minstrels, whom the French called by the peculiar name of *Conteours*, or Reciters in prose. It is in his *Ecclesiastes*, where he is speaking of suchpreachers as imitated the tone of Beggars or Mountebanks:—" Apud Anglos est similegenus hominum, quales apud Italos sunt Circulatores [Mountebanks] de quibus modo dictum est; qui irrumpunt in convivia Magnatum, aut in Cauponas Vinarias; et argumentum aliquod, quod edidicerunt, recitant; puta mortem omnibus dominari, aut laudem matrimonii. Sed quoniam ea lingua monosyllabis fere constat, quemadmodum Germanica; atque illi [sc. this peculiar species of Reciters] studio vitant cantum, nobis (sc. Erasmus, who did not understand a word of English) latrare videntur verius quam loqui." Opera, tom. v. c. 958. (Jortin, vol. ii. p. 193.)

As Erasmus was correcting the vice of preachers, it was more to his point to bring an instance from the Moral Reciters of Prose than from Chanters of Rhyme; though the latter would probably be more popular, and therefore more common.

(E e) This character is supposed to have been suggested by descriptions of Minstrels in the romance of "Morte Arthur;" but none, it seems, have been found, which come nearer to it than the following, which I shall produce, not only that the reader may judge of the resemblance, but to show how nearly the idea of the Minstrel character given in this Essay corresponds with that of our old writers.

Sir Lancelot, having been affronted by a threatening abusive letter, which Mark King of Cornwal had sent to Queen Guenever, wherein he "spake shame by her, and Sir Lancelot," is comforted by a knight named Sir Dinadan, who tells him "I will make a Lay for him, and when it is made, I shall make an Harper to sing it before him. So anon he went and made it, and taught it an Harper, that hyght Elyot; and when hee could it, hee taught it to many harpers. And so.... the Harpers went straight unto Wales and Cornwaile to sing the Lay.... which was the worst Lay that ever Harper sung with harpe, or with any other instrument. And [at a] great feast that King Marke made for joy of [a] victorie which hee had,..... came Eliot the Harper; .. and because he was a curious Harper, men heard him sing the same Lay that Sir Dinadan had made, the which spake the most vilanie by King Marke of his treason, that ever man heard. When the Harper had sung his song to the end, King Marke was wonderous wroth with him, and said, Thou Harper, how durst thou be so bold to sing this song before me? Sir, said Eliot, wit you well I am a Minstrell, and I must doe as I am commanded of these Lords that *I bear the armes of.* And, Sir King, wit you well that Sir Dinadan a knight of the Round Table made this song, and he made me to sing it before you. Thou saiest well, said King Marke, I charge thee that thou hie thee fast out of my sight. So the Harper departed, &c." [Part II. c. 113, ed. 1634. See also Part III. c. 5.]

(E e 2) "This Act seems to have put an end to the profession," &c.] Although I conceive that the character ceased to exist, yet the appellation might be continued, and applied to Fidlers, or other common Musicians; which will account for the mistakes of Sir Peter Leicester, or other modern writers. (See his Historical Antiquities of Cheshire, 1673, p. 141.)

In this sense it is used in an Ordinance in the times of Cromwell, (1656,) wherein it is enacted, that if any of the "persons commonly called Fidlers or Minstrels shall at any time be taken playing, fidling, and making music in any Inn, Ale-house, or Tavern, or shall be taken proffering themselves, or desiring, or intreating any. . . . to hear them play or make music in any of the places aforesaid;" they are to be "adjudged and declared to be rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars."

This will also account why John of Gaunt's "King of the Minstrels" at length came to be called, like *Le Roy des Violons* in France, v. note (B b 2), "King of the Fidlers." See the common ballad entitled "The Pedigree, Education, and Marriage of Robinhood with Clorinda, Queen of Tutbury Feast:" which, though prefixed to the modern collection on that subject,* seems of much later date than most of the others; for the writer appears to be totally ignorant of all the old traditions concerning this celebrated outlaw, and has given him a very elegant bride instead of his old noted Lemman "Maid Marian;" who together with his chaplain "Frier Tuck" were his favourite companions, and probably on that account figured in the old Morice Dance, as may be seen by the engraving in Mr. Steevens's and Mr. Malone's Editions of Shakspeare: by whom she is mentioned, 1 Hen. IV., act iii. sc. 3. (See also Warton, i. 245, ii. 237.) Whereas, from this ballad's concluding with an exhortation to "pray for the King," and "that he may get children,"&c.,

* Of the twenty-four songs in what is now called "Robin Hood's Garland," many are so modern as not to be found in Pepys' collection completed only in 1700. In the folio MS. (described in p. iii.), are ancient fragments of the following, viz., Robin Hood and the Beggar.—Robin Hood and the Butcher.—Robin Hood and Fryer Tucke.—Robin Hood and the Pindar.—Robin Hood and Queen Catharine, in two parts.—Little John and the four Beggars, and "Robine Hoode his death." This last, which is very curious, has no resemblance to any that have been published; and the others are extremely different from the printed copies; but they unfortunately are in the beginning of the MS., where half of every leaf hath been torn away.

it is evidently posterior to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and can scarce be older than the reign of King Charles I.; for King James I. had no issue after his accession to the throne of England. It may even have been written since the Restoration, and only express the wishes of the nation for issue on the marriage of their favourite King Charles II., on his marriage with the Infanta of Portugal. I think it is not found in the Pepys collection.

(F f) "Historical Song, or Ballad."] The English word Ballad is evidently from the French *Balade*, as the latter is from the Italian *Ballata*; which the Crusca Dictionary defines, *Canzone, che si canta Ballando*, "A Song, which is sung during a Dance." So Dr. Burney [ii. 342], who refers to a collection of *Ballette* published by Gastaldi and printed at Antwerp in 1596. [iii. 226.]

But the word appears to have had an earlier origin: for in the decline of the Roman Empire these trivial songs were called *Ballistea* and *Saltatiunculæ*. *Ballisteum*, Salmasius says, is properly *Ballistium*. Gr. Βαλλισεῖον "ἀπὸ τῦ Βαλλίζω. . . . Βαλλισία *Saltatio*. . . . Ballistium igitur est quod vulgo vocamus *Ballet;* nam inde deducta vox nostra." Salmas. Not. in Hist. Ang. Scriptores VI. p. 349.

In the life of the Emperor Aurelian by Fl. Vopiscus may be seen two of these *Ballistea*, as sung by the boys skipping and dancing, on account of a great slaughter made by the Emperor with his own hand in the Sarmatic War. The first is,

"Mille, mille, mille decollavimus,
Unus homo mille decollavimus,
Mille vivat, qui mille occidit.
Tantum vini habet nemo
Quantum fudit sanguinis."

The other was

"Mille Sarmatas, mille Francos
Semel et semel occidimus.
Mille Persas quærimus."

Salmasius (in loc.) shows that the trivial Poets of that time were wont to form their metre of Trochaic Tetrametre Catalectics, divided into Distichs. [Ibid. p. 350.] This becoming the metre of the hymns in the Church Service, to which the Monks at length superadded rhyming terminations, was the origin of the common Trochaic Metre in the modern languages. This observation I owe to the learned author of Irish Antiquities, 4to.

(F f 2) "Little Miscellanies named Garlands," &c.] In the Pepysian and other libraries are presented a great number of these in black letter, 12mo., under the following quaint and affected titles, viz.:

1. A Crowne Garland of Goulden Roses, gathered out of England's Royal Garden, &c., by Richard Johnson, 1612. [In the Bodleian Library.] 2. The Golden Garland of Princely Delight. 3. The Garland of Good-will, by T. D., 1631. 4. The Royal Garland of Love and Delight, by T. D. 5. The Garland of Delight, &c., by Tho. Delone. 6. The Garland of Love and Mirth, by Thomas Lanfier. 7. Cupid's Garland set round with Guilded Roses. 8. The Garland of Withered Roses, by Martin Parker, 1656. 9. The Shepherd's Garland of Love, Loyalty, &c. 10. The Country Garland. 11. The Golden Garland of Mirth and Merriment. 12. The Lover's Garland. 13. Neptune's fair Garland. 14. England's fair Garland. 15. Robin Hood's Garland. 16. The Maiden's Garland. 17. A Loyal Garland of Mirth and Pastime. 18. A Royal Garland of New Songs. 19. The Jovial Garland, 8th ed., 1691, &c., &c., &c.

This sort of petty publications had anciently the name of "Penny-Merriments:" as little religious tracts of the same size were called "Penny Godlinesses." In the Pepysian Library are multitudes of both kinds.

(G g) "The term Minstrel was not confined to a mere Musician in this country any more than on the Continent."] The discussion of the question, Whether the term Minstrel was applied in England to Singers and Composers of Songs, &c., or confined to the performers on musical instruments, was properly reserved for this place, because much light hath already been thrown upon the subject in the preceding Notes, to which it will be sufficient to refer the reader.

That on the Continent the Minstrel was understood not to be a mere Musician, but a Singer of Verses, hath been shown in Notes (B), (C), (R), (A a), &c.* And that he was

* That the French Minstrel was a singer and composer, &c., appears from many passages translated by M. Le Grand,

also a maker of them is evident from the passage in (C), p. xxv., where the most noted Romances are said to be of the composition of these men. And in (B b), p. xlii., we have the titles of some of which a Minstrel was the author, who has himself left his name upon record.

The old English names for one of this profession were Gleeman,* Jogeler,† and latterly Minstrel; not to mention Harper, &c. In French he was called *Jongleur* or *Jugleur*, *Menestrel* or *Menestrier*.‡ The writers of the middle ages expressed the character in Latin by the words *Joculator*, *Mimus*, *Histrio*, *Ministrellas*, &c. These terms, however modern critics may endeavour to distinguish, and apply them to different classes, and although they may be sometimes mentioned as if they were distinct, I cannot find, after a very strict research, to have had any settled appropriate difference, but they appear to have been used indiscriminately by the oldest writers, especially in England; where the most general and comprehensive name was latterly Minstrel, Lat. *Ministrellas*, &c.

Thus *Joculator* (Eng. Jogeler or Juglar) is used as synonymous to *Citharista*, Note (K), p. xxxi., and to *Cantor* (p. xxxi.), and to Minstrel (vid. infra p. xl.). We have also positive proof that the subjects of his songs were Gestes and Romantic Tales. (V 2) note.

So *Mimus* is used as anonymous to *Joculator*, (M), p. xxxii. He was rewarded for his singing, (N), p. xxxiii., and he both sang, harped, and dealt in that sport (T 2) which is elsewhere called *Ars Joculatoria*, (M) ubi supra.

Again, *Histrio* is also proved to have been a singer, (Z) p. xl., and to have gained rewards by his *Verba Joculatoria*, (E) p. xxvi. And *Histriones* is the term by which the French word *Ministraulx* is most frequently rendered into Latin, (W) p. xxxviii., (B b) p. xlii., &c.

The fact therefore is sufficiently established that this order of men were in England, as well as on the Continent, Singers; so that it only becomes a dispute about words, whether here, under the more general name of Minstrels, they are described as having sung.

But in proof of this we have only to turn to so common a book as T. Warton's History of English Poetry; where we shall find extracted from Records the following instances:

Ex Registr. Priorat. S. Swithin Winton. (sub anno 1374). "In festo Alwyni Epi . . . Et durante pietancia in Aula Conventus sex Ministralli, cum quatuor Citharisatoribus, faciebant Ministralcias suas. Et post cenam, in magna camera arcuata Dom. Prioris cantabant idem *Gestem* in qua Camera suspendebatur, ut moris est, magnum dorsale Prioris habens picturas trium Regum Colein. Veniebant autem dicti Joculatores a Castello Domini Regis et ex familia Epi." (Vol. ii. p. 174.) Here the Minstrels and Harpers are expressly called *Joculatores;* and as the Harpers had Musical Instruments, the Singing must have been by the Minstrels, or by both conjointly.

For that Minstrels sang we have undeniable proof in the following entry in the Accompt Roll of the Priory of Bicester, in Oxfordshire (under the year 1432). "Dat Sex Ministrallis de Bokyngham *cantantibus* in refectorio Martyrium Septem Dormientium in Fasto Epiphanie, iv. s." (Vol. ii. p. 175.)

In like manner our old English writers abound with passages wherein the Minstrel is represented as singing. To mention only a few:

In the old Romance of *Emaré* (Series the Third, No. 15, p. 194), which from the obsoleteness of the style, the nakedness of the story, the barrenness of incidents, and some other particulars, I should judge to be next in point of time to *Horn-Child*, we have

"I have herd Menstrelles syng yn sawe."
Stanza 27.

In a poem of Adam Davie (who flourished about 1312) we have this Distich,

"Merry it is in halle to here the harpe,
The Minstrelles synge, the Jogelours carpe."
T. Warton, i. p. 225.

So William of Nassyngton (circ. 1480) as quoted by Mr. Tyrwhitt (Chaucer, iv. 319).

in "Fabliaux ou Contes," &c., see tom. i. p. 37, 47.—ii. 306, 313 et seqq.—iii. 266, &c. Yet this writer, like other French, critics, endeavours to reduce to distinct and separate classes the men of this profession, under the precise names of *Fablier*, *Conteur*, *Menetrier*, *Menestrel*, and *Jongleur* (tom. i. pref. p. xcviii.), whereas his own Tales confute all these nice distinctions, or prove at least that the title of *Menetrier* or Minstrel was applied to them all.

* See page xxix. † See page xxxvii.

‡ See page xxxvii. Note.

— "I will make no vain carpinge
Of dedes of armys ne of amours
As dus Minstrelles and Jestours [Gestours]
That makys carpinge in many a place
Of Octaviane and Isembrase,
And of many other Jestes [Gestes]
And namely whan they come to festes.*

See also the Description of the Minstrel in note (E e) from *Morte Arthur*, which appears to have been compiled about the time of this last writer. (See T. Warton, ii. 235.)

By proving that Minstrels were Singers of the old Romantic Songs and Gestes, &c., we have in effect proved them to have been the makers at least of some of them. For the names of their Authors being not preserved, to whom can we so probably ascribe the composition of many of these old popular rhymes, as to the men who devoted all their time and talents to the recitation of them, especially as in the rhymes themselves Minstrels are often represented as the makers or composers?

Thus, in the oldest of all, *Horn-Child*, having assumed the character of a Harper or Jogeler, is in consequence said (fo. 92) to have

"made Rymenild [his mistress] a lay."

In the old Romance of *Emaré*, we have this exhortation to Minstrels, as composers, otherwise they could not have been at liberty to choose their subjects. (st. 2.)

"Menstrelles that walken fer and wyde
Her and ther in every a syde
In mony a dyverse londe
Sholde ut her bygynnyng
Speke of that rightwes kyng
That made both see and londe," &c.

And in the old Song or Geste of Guy and Colbronde (Series the Third, No. 4, p. 193), the Minstrel thus speaks of himself in the first person:

"When meate and drinke is great plentye
Then lords and ladyes still wil be
And sitt and solace lythe
Then itt is time for mee to speake
Of keene knights and kempes great
Such carping for to kythe."

We have seen already that the Welsh *Bards*, who were undoubtedly composers of the songs they chanted to the Harp, could not be distinguished by our legislators from our own *Rimers, Minstrels*. (Vid. (B b 3) p. xliii.)

And that the Provençal *Troubadour* of our King Richard, who is called by M. Favine *Jongleur*, and by M. Fauchet *Menestrel*, is by the old English translator termed a Rimer or Minstrel when he is mentioning the fact of his composing some verses. (p. xxxii.)

And lastly, that Holinshed, translating the prohibition of King Henry V., forbidding any songs to be composed on his victory, or to be sung by Harpers or others, roundly gives it, he would not permit "any ditties to be made and sung by Minstrels on his glorious Victory," &c. Vid. p. xviii. and note (B b 4).

Now that this order of men, at first called Gleemen, then Juglers, and afterwards more generally Minstrels, existed here from the Conquest, who entertained their hearers with chanting to the harp or other instruments, songs and tales of chivalry, or as they were called Gests* and Romances in verse in the English language, is proved by the existence of the very compositions they so chanted, which are still preserved in great abundance; and exhibit a regular series from the time our language was almost Saxon, till after its improvements in the age of Chaucer, who enumerates many of them. And as the Norman French was in the time of this Bard still the courtly language, it shows that the English was not thereby excluded from affording entertainment to our nobility, who are so often addressed therein by the title of *Lordings:* and sometimes more positively "Lords and Ladies."

And though many of these were translated from the French, others are evidently of English origin,† which appear in their turns

* The fondness of the English (even the most illiterate) to hear tales and rhymes, is much dwelt on by Rob. de Brunne, in 1330. (Warton, i. p. 59, 65, 75.) All rhymes were then sung to the harp: even Troilus and Cresseide, though almost as long as the Æneid, was to be "redde . . . . or else songe." l. ult. (Warton, i. 388.)

* Gests at length came to signify adventures or incidents in general. So in a narrative of the journey into Scotland, of Queen Margaret and her attendants, on her marriage with King James IV. in 1503 [in Appendix to Leland. Collect. iv. p. 265], we are promised an account "of their Gestys and manners during the said voyage."

† The romance of "Richard Cœur de Lion," (No. 25), I should judge to be of English origin from the names *Wardrewe* and *Eldrede*, &c., vol. iii. p. 194, 195. As is also *Eger* and *Grime* (No. 12), wherein a knight is named *Sir Gray*

to have afforded versions into that language; a sufficient proof of that intercommunity between the French and English Minstrels, which hath been mentioned in a preceding page. Even the abundance of such translations into English, being all adapted for popular recitation, sufficiently establishes the fact, that the English Minstrels had a great demand for such compositions, which they were glad to supply, whether from their own native stores, or from other languages.

We have seen above that the *Joculator*, *Mimus*, *Histrio*, whether these characters were the same, or had any real difference, were all called Minstrels; as was also the Harper,* when the term implied a singer, if not a composer, of songs, &c. By degrees the name of Minstrel was extended to vocal and instrumental musicians of every kind: and as in the establishment of royal and noble houses, the latter would necessarily be most numerous, so we are not to wonder that the band of music (entered under the general name of Minstrels) should consist of instrumental performers chiefly, if not altogether: for, as the composer or singer of heroic tales to the harp would necessarily be a solitary performer, we must not expect to find him in the band along with the trumpeters, fluters, &c.

However, as we sometimes find mention of "Minstrels of Music;"† so at other times we hear of "expert Minstrels and Musicians of Tongue and Cunning," (B b 3) p. xliii.,‡ meaning doubtless by the former, singers, and probably by the latter phrase, composers, of songs. Even "Minstrels Music" seems to be applied to the species of verse used by Minstrels in the passage quoted below.*

But although, from the predominancy of instrumental music, Minstrelsy was at length chiefly to be understood in this sense, yet it was still applied to the Poetry of Minstrels so late as the time of Queen Elizabeth, as appears in the following extract from Puttenham's "Arte of English Poesie," p. 9, who, speaking of the first composers of Latin verses in rhyme, says, "all that they wrote to the favor or prayse of Princes, they did it in such manner of Minstralsie; and thought themselves no small fooles, when they could make their verses go all in ryme."

I shall conclude this subject with the following description of Minstrelsy given by John Lidgate at the beginning of the 15th century, as it shows what a variety of entertainments were then comprehended under this term, together with every kind of instrumental music then in use:

—"Al maner Mynstralcye,
That any man kan specifye.
Ffor there were Rotys of Almayne
And eke of Arragon, and Spayne:
Songes, Stampes, and eke Daunces;
Divers plente of plesaunces:
And many unkouth notys new
Of swiche folke as lovid treue.†
And instrumentys that did excelle,
Many moo than I kan telle.
Harpys, Fythales, and eke Rotys
Well according to her [i. e. their] notys,
Lutys, Ribibles, and Geternes,
More for estatys, than tavernes:
Orgay[n]s, Cytolis, Monacordys.—
There were Trumpes, and Trumpettes,
Lowde Shall[m]ys, and Doucettes."
T. Warton, ii. 225, note (*).

Steel, and a lady who excels in surgery is called *Loospaine* or *Lose-pain*: these surely are not derived from France.

* See the romance of "Sir Isenbras" (vol. iii. No. 14, p 194), sign. a.

Harpers loved him in Hall
With other Minstrels all.

† T. Warton, ii. 258, note (a) from Leland's Collect. (vol. iv. Append. edit. 1774, p. 267.)

‡ The curious author of the "Tour in Wales, 1773," 4to. p. 435, I find to have read these words "in toune and contrey;" which I can scarce imagine to have been applicable to Wales at that time. Nor can I agree with him in the representation he has given (p. 367), concerning the *Cymmorth* or meeting, wherein the Bards exerted their powers to excite their countrymen to war; as if it were by a deduction of the particulars he enumerates, and as it should seem in the way of harangue, &c. After which, "the band of Minstrels..... struck up; the harp, the *crwth*, and the pipe filled the measures of enthusiasm, which the others had begun to inspire." Whereas it is well known, that the Bard chanted his enthusiastic effusions to the harp; and as for the term Minstrel, it was not, I conceive, at all used by the Welsh; and in English it comprehended both the bard and the musician.

* "Your ordinarie rimers use very much their measures in the odde, as nine and eleven, and the sharpe accent upon the last sillable, which therefore makes him go ill favouredly and like a Minstrels musicke." (Puttenham's Arte of Eng. Poesie, 1589, p. 59.) This must mean his vocal music, otherwise it appears not applicable to the subject.

† By this phrase I understand, New Tales or Narrative Rhymes composed by the Minstrels on the subject of true and faithful Lovers, &c.

THE END OF THE ESSAY.

*** The foregoing Essay on the Ancient Minstrels has been very much enlarged and improved since the first edition, with respect to the Anglo-Saxon Minstrels, in consequence of some objections proposed by the reverend and learned Mr. Pegge, which the reader may find in the second volume of the Archæologia, printed by the Antiquarian Society; but which that gentleman has since retracted in the most liberal and candid manner in the third volume of the Archæologia, No. xxxiv. p. 310.

And in consequence of similar objections respecting the English Minstrels after the Conquest, the subsequent part hath been much enlarged, and additional light thrown upon the subject; which, to prevent cavil, hath been extended to Minstrelsy in all its branches, as it was established in England, whether by natives or foreigners.

Reliques

OF

ANCIENT POETRY, ETC.

"I never heard the old song of Percie and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung but by some blinde crowder, with no rougher voice, than rude style: which beeing so evill apparelled in the dust cobweb of that uncivill age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindare!"

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY'S DEFENCE OF POETRY.

SERIES THE FIRST.

BOOK I.

I.

The Ancient Ballad of Chevy-Chase.

THE fine heroic song of Chevy-Chase has ever been admired by competent judges. Those genuine strokes of nature and artless passion, which have endeared it to the most simple readers, have recommended it to the most refined; and it has equally been the amusement of our childhood, and the favourite of our riper years.

Mr. Addison has given an excellent critique* on this very popular ballad, but is mistaken with regard to the antiquity of the common-received copy; for this, if one may judge from the style, cannot be older than the time of Elizabeth, and was probably written after the eulogium of Sir Philip Sydney: perhaps in consequence of it. I flatter myself, I have here recovered the genuine antique poem; the true original song, which appeared rude even in the time of Sir Philip, and caused him to lament that it was so evil apparelled in the rugged garb of antiquity.

This curiosity is printed, from an old manuscript, at the end of Hearne's preface to Gul. Newbrigiensis Hist. 1719, 8vo. vol. i. To the MS. copy is subjoined the name of the author, Rychard Sheale;* whom Hearne had so little judgment as to suppose to be the same with a R. Sheale, who was living in 1588. But whoever examines the gradation of language and idiom in the following volumes, will be convinced that this is the production of an earlier poet. It is indeed expressly mentioned among some very ancient songs in an old book entitled, The Complaint of Scotland,† (fol. 42), under the title of the Huntis of Chevet, where the two following lines are also quoted:

The Perssee and the Mongumrye mette,‡
That day, that day, that gentil day:§

which, though not quite the same as they stand in the ballad, yet differ not more than might be owing to the author's quoting from

* Spectator, No. 70, 74.

* Subscribed, after the usual manner of our old poets, EXPLICETH [explicit] QUOTH RYCHARD SHEALE.

† One of the earliest productions of the Scottish press, now to be found. The title page was wanting in the copy here quoted; but it is supposed to have been printed in 1540. See Ames.

‡ See Pt. 2, v. 23. § See Pt. 1, v. 104.

memory. Indeed, whoever considers the style and orthography of this old poem will not be inclined to place it lower than the time of Henry VI.: as on the other hand the mention of JAMES THE SCOTTISH KING,* with one or two anachronisms, forbids us to assign it an earlier date. King James I. who was prisoner in this kingdom at the death of his father,† did not wear the crown of Scotland till the second year of our Henry VI.,‡ but before the end of that long reign a third James had mounted the throne.§ A succession of two or three Jameses, and the long detention of one of them in England, would render the name familiar to the English, and dispose a poet in those rude times to give it to any Scottish king he happened to mention.

So much for the date of this old ballad: with regard to its subject, although it has no countenance from history, there is room to think it had originally some foundation in fact. It was one of the Laws of the Marches frequently renewed between the two nations, that neither party should hunt in the other's borders, without leave from the proprietors or their deputies.‖ There had long been a rivalship between the two martial families of Percy and Douglas, which, heightened by the national quarrel, must have produced frequent challenges and struggles for superiority, petty invasions of their respective domains, and sharp contests for the point of honour; which would not always be recorded in history. Something of this kind, we may suppose, gave rise to the ancient ballad of the Hunting a' the Chevait.¶ Percy Earl of Northumberland had vowed to hunt for three days in the Scottish border, without condescending to ask leave from Earl Douglas, who was either lord of the soil, or lord warden of the marches. Douglas would not fail to resent the insult, and endeavour to repel the intruders by force: this would naturally produce a sharp conflict between the two parties; something of which, it is probable, did really happen, though not attended with the tragical circumstances recorded in the ballad: for these are evidently borrowed from the Battle of Otterbourn,* a very different event, but which aftertimes would easily confound with it. That battle might be owing to some such previous affront as this of Chevy-Chase, though it has escaped the notice of historians. Our poet has evidently jumbled the two subjects together: if indeed the lines,† in which this mistake is made, are not rather spurious, and the after-insertion of some person, who did not distinguish between the two stories.

Hearne has printed this ballad without any division of stanzas, in long lines, as he found it in the old written copy: but it is usual to find the distinction of stanzas neglected in ancient MSS; where, to save room, two or three verses are frequently given in one line undivided. See flagrant instances in the Harleian Catalog. No. 2253, s. 29, 34, 61, 70, *et passim*.

THE FIRST FIT.‡

THE Persè owt of Northombarlande,
And a vowe to God mayd he,
That he wolde hunte in the mountayns
Off Chyviat within dayes thre,
In the mauger of doughtè Dogles,
And all that ever with him be.

The fattiste hartes in all Cheviat
He sayd he wold kill, and cary them away:
Be my feth, sayd the dougheti Doglas agayn,
I wyll let that hontyng yf that I may.

Then the Persè owt of Banborowe cam,
With him a myghtye meany;
With fifteen hondrith archares bold;
The wear chosen out of shyars thre.§

‖ Item.... Concordatum est, quod.... *nullus* unius partis vel alterius ingrediatur terras, boschas, forrestas, warrenas, loca, dominia quæcunque alicujus partis alterius subditi, causa venandi, piscandi, aucupandi, disportum aut solatium in eisdem, aliave quæcunque de causa, *absque licentia* ejus.... ad quem.... loca.... pertinent, aut de deputatis suis prius capt. & obtent. Vid. Bp. Nicolson's Leges Marchiarum, 1705, 8vo., pp. 27, 51.

¶ This was the original title. See the ballad, Pt. 1, v. 105, Pt. 2, v. 165.

V. 5, magger in Hearne's P. C. [Printed Copy]. V. 11, The the Perse, P. C. V. 13, archardes bolde off blood and bone, P. C.

* See the next ballad.

† Vid. Pt. 2, v. 167.

‡ Fit, see ver. 100.

§ By these "*shyars thre*" is probably meant three districts in Northumberland, which still go by the name of *shires*, and are all in the neighbourhood of *Cheviot*. These are *Islandshire*, being the district so named from Holy-Island: *Norehamshire*, so called from the town and castle of Noreham (or Norham): and *Bamboroughshire*, the ward or hundred belonging to Bamborough-castle and town.

This begane on a Monday at morn
In Cheviat the hillys so he;
The chyld may rue that ys un-born,
It was the mor pittè.

The dryvars thorowe the woodes went
For to reas the dear;
Bomen bickarte uppone the bent
With their browd aras cleare.

Then the wyld thorowe the woodes went
On every syde shear:
Grea-hondes thorowe the greves glent
For to kyll thear dear.

The begane in Chyviat the hyls above
Yerly on a monnyn day;
Be that it drewe to the oware off none
A hondrith fat hartes ded ther lay.

The blewe a mort uppone the bent,
The semblyd on sydis shear;
To the quyrry then the Persè went
To se the bryttlynge of the deare.

He sayd, It was the Duglas promys
This day to meet me hear;
But I wyste he wold faylle verament:
A gret oth the Persè swear.

At the laste a squyar of Northombelonde
Lokyde at his hand full ny,
He was war ath the doughetie Doglas comynge:
With him a mightè meany.

Both with spear, 'byll,' and brande:
Yt was a myghti sight to se,
Hardyar men both off hart nar hande
Were not in Christiantè.

The wear twenty hondrith spear-men good
Withouten any fayle;
The wear borne a-long be the watter a Twyde,
Yth bowndes of Tividale.

Leave off the brytlyng of the dear, he sayde,
And to your bowys look ye tayk good heed;
For never sithe ye wear on your mothars borne
Had ye never so mickle need.

The dougheti Dogglas on a stede
He rode att his men beforne;

V. 19, throrowe, P. C. V. 31, blwe a mot, P. C. V. 42, myghtte, P. C., passim. V. 43, brylly, P. C. V. 48, withowte .... feale, P. C. V. 52, boys, P. C. V. 54, ned, P. C.

His armor glytteryde as dyd a glede;
A bolder barne was never born.

Tell me 'what' men ye ar, he says,
Or whos men that ye be:
Who gave youe leave to hunte in this
Chyviat chays in the spyt of me?

The first mane that ever him an answear mayd,
Yt was the good lord Persé:
We wyll not tell the 'what' men we ar, he says,
Nor whos men that we be;
But we wyll hount hear in this chays
In the spyte of thyne, and of the.

The fattiste hartes in all Chyviat
We have kyld, and cast to carry them a-way.
Be my troth, sayd the doughtè Dogglas agayn,
Ther-for the ton of us shall de this day.

Then sayd the doughtè Doglas
Unto the lord Persè:
To kyll all thes giltless men,
A-las! it wear great pittè.

But, Persè, thowe art a lord of lande,
I am a yerle callyd within my contre;
Let all our men uppone a parti stande;
And do the battell off the and of me.

Now Cristes cors on his crowne, sayd the lord Persè,
Who-soever ther-to says nay.
Be my troth, doughtè Doglas, he says,
Thow shalt never se that day;

Nethar in Ynglonde, Skottlonde, nar France,
Nor for no man of a woman born,
But and fortune be my chance,
I dar met him on man for on.

Then bespayke a squyar off Northombarlonde,
Ric. Wytharynton* was him nam;
It shall never be told in Sothe-Ynglonde, he says,
To kyng Herry the fourth for sham.

V. 59, whos, P. C. V. 65, whoys, P. C. V. 71, agay, P. C. V. 81, sayd the the. P. C. V. 88, on, i. e. one.

* This is probably corrupted in the MS. for *Rog Widdrington*, who was at the head of the family in the reign of K. Edw. III. There were several successively of the names of Roger and Ralph, but none of the name of Richard, as appears from the genealogies in the Herald's office.

I wat youe byn great lordes twaw,
I am a poor squyar of lande;
I will never se my captayne fyght on a fylde,
And stande my-selffe, and looke on,
But whyll I may my weppone welde,
I wyll not 'fayl' both harte and hande.

That day, that day, that dredfull day:
The first fit * here I fynde.
And youe wyll here any more athe hountyng athe Chyviat,
Yet ys ther mor behynde.

THE SECOND FIT.

THE Yngglishe men hade ther bowys yebent,
Ther hartes were good yenoughe;
The first of arros that the shote off,
Seven skore spear-men the sloughe.

Yet bydys the yerle Doglas uppon the bent,
A captayne good yenoughe,
And that was sene verament,
For he wrought hom both woo and wouche.

The Dogglas pertyd his ost in thre,
Lyk a cheffe cheften off pryde,
With suar speares off myghttè tre
The cum in on every syde.

Thrughe our Yngglishe archery
Gave many a wounde full wyde;
Many a doughete the garde to dy,
Which ganyde them no pryde.

The Yngglyshe men let thear bowys be,
And pulde owt brandees that wer bright;
It was a hevy syght to se
Bryght swordes on basnites lyght.

Thorowe ryche male, and myne-ye-ple
Many sterne the stroke downe streight:
Many a freyke, that was full free,
That undar foot dyd lyght.

At last the Duglas and the Persè met,
Lyk to captayns of myght and mayne;
The swapte together tyll the both swat
With swordes, that wear of fyn myllàn.

Thes worthè freckys for to fyght
Ther-to the wear full fayne,
Tyll the bloode owte off their basnetes sprente,
As ever dyd heal or rayne.

Holde the, Persè, sayd the Doglas,
And i' feth I shall the brynge
Wher thowe shalte have a yerls wagis
Of Jamy our Scottish kynge.

Thoue shalte have thy ransom fre,
I hight the hear this thinge,
For the manfullyste man yet art thowe,
That ever I conqueryd in filde fightyng.

Nay 'then' sayd the lord Persè,
I tolde it the beforne,
That I wolde never yeldyde be
To no man of a woman born.

With that ther cam an arrowe hastely
Forthe off a mightie wane,*
Hit hathe strekene the yerle Duglas
In at the brest bane.

Thoroue lyvar and longs bathe
The sharp arrowe ys gane,
That never after in all his lyffe days,
He spayke mo wordes but ane,
That was,† Fyghte ye, my merry men, whyllys ye may,
For my lyff days ben gan.

The Persè leanyde on his brande,
And sawe the Duglas de;
He tooke the dede man be the hande,
And sayd, Wo ys me for the!

To have sayved thy lyffe I wold have pertyd with
My landes for years thre,
For a better man of hart, nare of hande
Was not in all the north countrè.

Off all that se a Skottishe knyght,
Was callyd Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry,
He sawe the Duglas to the deth was dyght;
He spendyd a spear a trusti tre:

V. 3. first, i. e. flight. V. 5, byddys, P. C. V. 17, boys, P. C. V. 18, briggt, P. C. V. 21, thorowe, P. C. V. 22, done, P. C. V. 26, to, i. e. two. Ibid, and of P. C.

* Fit, vid. Gloss.

V. 32, ran, P. C. V. 33, helde, P. C. V. 49, thorowe, P. C.

* Wane, i. e. ane, one, sc. man, an arrow came from a mighty one; from a mighty man.

† This seems to have been a Gloss. added.

He rod uppon a corsiare
Throughe a hondrith archery:
He never styntyde, nar never blane,
Tyll he cam to the good lord Persè.

He set uppone the lord Persè
A dynte that was full soare;
With a suar spear of a myghtè tre
Clean thorow the body he the Persè bore,

Athe tothar syde, that a man myght se,
A large cloth yard and mare:
Towe bettar captayns wear nat in Christiantè,
Then that day slain wear ther.

An archar off Northomberlonde
Say slean was the lord Persè,
He bar a bende-bow in his hande,
Was made off trusti tre:

An arow, that a cloth yarde was lang,
To th' hard stele haylde he;
A dynt, that was both sad and sore,
He sat on Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry.

The dynt yt was both sad and sar,
That he of Mongon-byrry sete;
The swane-fethars, that his arrowe bar,
With his hart blood the wear wete.*

Ther was never a freake wone foot wolde fle,
But still in stour dyd stand,
Heawying on yche othar, whyll the myght dre,
With many a bal-ful brande.

This battell begane in Chyviat
An owar befor the none,
And when even song bell was rang
The battell was nat half done.

The tooke 'on' on ethar hand
Be the lyght off the mone;
Many hade no strenght for to stande,
In Chyviat the hyllys aboun.

Of fifteen hondrith archars of Ynglonde
Went away but fifti and thre;
Of twenty hondrith spear-men of Skotlonde,
But even five and fifti:

But all wear slayne Cheviat within;
The hade no strengthe to stand on hie;
The chylde may rue that ys un-borne,
It was the mor pittè.

Thear was slayne with the lord Persè
Sir John of Agerstone,
Sir Roge the hinde Hartly,
Sir Wyllyam the bolde Hearone.

Sir Jorg the worthè Lovele
A knyght of great renowen,
Sir Raff the rych Rughè
With dyntes wear beaten dowene.

For Wetharryngton my harte was wo,
That ever he slayne shulde be;
For when both his leggis wear hewyne in to,
Yet he knyled and fought on hys kne.

Ther was slayne with the dougheti Douglas
Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry,
Sir Davye Lwdale, that worthè was,
His sistars son was he:

Sir Charles a Murrè, in that place,
That never a foot wolde fle;
Sir Hewe Maxwell, a lorde he was,
With the Duglas dyd he dey.

So on the morrowe the mayde them byears
Off byrch, and hasell so 'gray';
Many wedous with wepyng tears*
Cam to fach ther makys a-way.

Tivydale may carpe off care,
Northombarlond may mayk grat mone,
For towe such captayns, as slayne wear thear,
On the march perti shall never be none.

Word ys commen to Edden burrowe,
To Jamy the Skottishe kyng,
That dougheti Duglas, lyff-tenant of the Merches,
He lay slean Chyviot with-in.

V. 74, ber, P. C. V. 80, Say, i. e. Sawe. V. 84, haylde, P. C. V. 87, sar, P. C. V. 102, abou, P. C.

* This incident is taken from the battle of Otterbourn; in which Sir Hugh Montgomery, knt. (son of John Lord Montgomory) was slain with an arrow. Vid. Crawford's Peerage.

V. 108, strenge.... by, P. C. V. 115, Ioule, P. C. V. 121, in to, i. e. in two. V. 122, kny, P. C. V. 132, gay, P. C. V. 136, mon, P. C. V. 138, non, P. C.

For the names in this page, see the Remarks at the end of the next Ballad.

* A common pleonasm, see the next poem, Fit 2d, v. 166. So Harding, in his Chronicle, chap. 140, fol. 148, describing the death of Richard I. says,

He shrove him then unto Abbots thre
With great sobbyng.... and wepyng teares.

So likewise Cavendish in his Life of Cardinal Wolsey, chap. 12, p. 31, 4to. "When the duke heard this, he replied with weeping teares," &c.

His handdes did he weal and wryng,
He sayd, Alas, and woe ys me!
Such another captayn Skotland within,
He sayd, y-feth shud never be.

Worde ys commyn to lovly Londone
Till the fourth Harry our kyng,
That lord Persè, leyff-tennante of the Merchis,
He lay slayne Chyviat within.

God have merci on his soll, sayd kyng Harry,
Good lord, yf thy will it be!
I have a hondrith captayns in Ynglonde, he sayd,
As good as ever was hee:
But Persè, and I brook my lyffe,
Thy deth well quyte shall be.

As our noble kyng made his a-vowe,
Lyke a noble prince of renowen,
For the deth of the lord Persè,
He dyd the battel of Hombyll-down:

Wher syx and thritte Skottish knyghtes
On a day wear beaten down:
Glendale glytteryde on ther armor bryght,
Over castill, towar, and town.

This was the hontynge off the Cheviat;
That tear begane this spurn:
Old men that knowen the grownde well yenoughe,
Call it the Battell of Otterburn.

At Otterburn began this spurne
Uppon a monnyn day:
Ther was the dougghtè Doglas slean,
The Persè never went away.

Ther was never a tym on the march partes
Sen the Doglas and the Persè met,
But yt was marvele, and the redde blude ronne not,
As the reane doys in the stret.

Jhesue Christ our balys bete,
And to the blys us brynge!
Thus was the hountynge of the Chevyat:
God send us all good ending!

*** The style of this and the following ballad is uncommonly rugged and uncouth, owing to their being writ in the very coarsest and broadest northern dialect.

The battle of Hombyll-down or Humbledon, was fought Sept. 14, 1402 (anno 3 Hen. IV.), wherein the English, under the command of the Earl of Northumberland, and his son Hotspur, gained a complete victory over the Scots. The village of Humbledon is one mile north-west from Wooler, in Northumberland. The battle was fought in the field below the village, near the present turnpike road, in a spot called ever since *Red-Riggs*. —Humbleton is in Glendale Ward, a district so named in this county, and mentioned above in ver. 163.

II.

The Battle of Otterbourne.

The only battle, wherein an Earl of Douglas was slain fighting with a Percy, was that of Otterbourn, which is the subject of this ballad. It is here related with the allowable partiality of an English poet, and much in the same manner as it is recorded in the English Chronicles. The Scottish writers have, with a partiality at least as excusable, related it no less in their own favour. Luckily we have a very circumstantial narrative of the whole affair from Froissart, a French historian, who appears to be unbiassed. Froissart's relation is prolix; I shall therefore give it with a few corrections, as abridged by Carte, who has however had recourse to other authorities, and differs from Froissart in some things, which I shall note in the margin.

In the twelfth year of Richard II., 1388, "The Scots taking advantage of the confusions of this nation, and falling with a party into the Westmarches, ravaged the country about Carlisle, and carried off three hundred prisoners. It was with a much greater force, headed by some of the principal nobility,

V. 146, ye seth, P. C. V. 149, cheyff tennante, P. C.

that, in the beginning of August,* they invaded Northumberland; and, having wasted part of the county of Durham,† advanced to the gates of Newcastle; where, in a skirmish, they took a 'penon' or colours‡ belonging to Henry Lord Percy, surnamed Hotspur, son to the Earl of Northumberland. In their retreat home, they attacked a castle near Otterbourn; and, in the evening of Aug. 9 (as the English writers say; or rather, according to Froissart, Aug. 15), after an unsuccessful assault, were surprised in their camp, which was very strong, by Henry, who at the first onset put them into a good deal of confusion. But James, Earl of Douglas, rallying his men, there ensued one of the best-fought actions that happened in that age; both armies showing the utmost bravery;§ the Earl Douglas himself being slain on the spot;‖ the Earl of Murrey mortally wounded; and Hotspur,¶ with his brother Ralph Percy, taken prisoners. These disasters on both sides have given occasion to the event of the engagement's being disputed; Froissart (who derives his relation from a Scotch knight, two gentlemen of the same country, and as many of Foix)** affirming that the Scots remained masters of the field: and the English writers insinuating the contrary. These last maintain that the English had the better of the day: but night coming on, some of the northern lords, coming with the Bishop of Durham to their assistance, killed many of them by mistake, supposing them to be Scots; and the Earl of Dunbar, at the same time falling on another side upon Hotspur, took him and his brother prisoners, and carried them off while both parties were fighting. It is at least certain, that immediately after this battle the Scots engaged in it made the best of their way home: and the same party was taken by the other corps about Carlisle."

Such is the account collected by Carte, in which he seems not to be free from partiality: for prejudice must own that Froissart's circumstantial account carries a great appearance of truth, and he gives the victory to the Scots. He however does justice to the courage of both parties; and represents their mutual generosity in such a light, that the present age might edify by the example. "The Englysshmen on the one partye, and the Scottes on the other partye, are good men of warre, for whan they mete, there is a hard fighte without sparynge. There is no hoo* betwene them as long as speares, swordes, axes, or dager wyll endure; but lay on eche upon other: and whan they be well beaten, and that the one party hath obtayned the victory, they than glorifye so in their dedes of armes, and are so joyfull, that suche as be taken, they shall be ransomed or they go out of the felde;† so that shortely *eche of them is so contente with other, that at their departynge curtoysly they will saye, God thanke you.* But in fyghtynge one with another there is no playe, nor sparynge." Froissart's Cronycle (as translated by Sir Johan Bourchier Lord Berners), cap. cxlij.

The following Ballad is (in this present edition) printed from an old MS. in the Cotton Library‡ (Cleopatra, c. iv.) and contains many stanzas more than were in the former copy, which was transcribed from a MS. in the Harleian Collection [No. 293, fol. 52.] In the Cotton MS. this poem has no title, but in the Harleian copy it is thus inscribed, "A songe made in R. 2 his tyme of the battele of Otterburne, betweene Lord Henry Percye, Earle of Northomberlande, and the Earle Douglas of Scotlande, Anno 1388."

* Froissart speaks of both parties (consisting in all of more than 40,000 men) as entering England at the same time; but the greater part by way of Carlisle.

† And, according to the ballad, that part of Northumberland called Bamboroughshire; a large tract of land so named from the town and castle of Bamborough, formerly the residence of the Northumberland Kings.

‡ This circumstance is omitted in the ballad. Hotspur and Douglas were two young warriors much of the same age.

§ Froissart says the English exceeded the Scots in number three to one, but that these had the advantage of the ground, and were also fresh from sleep, while the English were greatly fatigued with their previous march.

‖ By Henry L. Percy, according to this ballad, and our old English historians, as Stow, Speed, &c. but borne down by numbers, if we may believe Froissart.

¶ Hotspur (after a very sharp conflict) was taken prisoner by John Lord Montgomery, whose eldest son, Sir Hugh, was slain in the same action with an arrow, according to Crawford's Peerage (and seems also to be alluded to in the foregoing ballad but taken prisoner and exchanged for Hotspur, according to this ballad.

** Froissart (according to the Eng. Translation) says he had his account from two squires of England, and from a knight and squire of Scotland, soon after the battle.

* So in Langham's letter concerning Q. Elizabeth's entertainment at Killingworth castle, 1575, 12mo. p. 61 "Heer was no ho in devout drynkyng."

† i. e. They scorn to take the advantage, or to keep them lingering in long captivity.

‡ The notice of this MS. I must acknowledge with many other obligations, owing to the friendship of Thomas Tyrwhitt, Esq., late Clerk of the House of Commons.

——But this title is erroneous, and added by some ignorant transcriber of after-times; for, 1. The battle was not fought by the Earl of Northumberland, who was absent, but by his son Sir Henry Percy, Knt. surnamed Hotspur, (in those times they did not usually give the title of lord to an earl's eldest son.) 2. Although the battle was fought in Richard II.'s time, the song is evidently of later date, as appears from the poet's quoting the chronicles in Pt. II. ver. 26; and speaking of Percy in the last stanza as dead. It was however written in all likelihood as early as the foregoing song, if not earlier. This perhaps may be inferred from the minute circumstances with which the story is related, many of which are recorded in no chronicle, and were probably preserved in the memory of old people. It will be observed that the authors of these two poems have some lines in common; but which of them was the original proprietor must depend upon their priority; and this the sagacity of the reader must determine.

Yt felle abowght the Lamasse tyde,
When husbonds wynn ther haye,
The dowhtye Dowglass bowynd hym to ryde,
In Ynglond to take a praye;

The yerlle of Fyffe,* withowghten stryffe,
He bowynd hym over Sulway:†
The grete wold ever together ryde;
That race they may rue for aye.

Over 'Ottercap' hyll they‡ came in,
And so dowyn by Rodelyffecragge,
Upon Grene 'Leyton' they lighted dowyn,
Styrande many a stagge;

And boldely brent Northomberlonde,
And haryed many a towyn;
They dyd owr Ynglyssh men grete wrange,
To battell that were not bowyn.

Than spake a berne upon the bent,
Of comforte that was not colde,
And sayd, We have brente Northomberlond,
We have all welth in holde.

Now we have haryed all Bamboroweshyre,
All the welth in the worlde have wee;
I rede we ryde to Newe Castell,
So styll and stalwurthlye.

Uppon the morowe, when it was daye,
The standards schone fulle bryght;
To the Newe Castelle the toke the waye,
And thether they cam fulle ryght.

Sir Henry Percy laye at the Newe Castelle,
I telle yow withowtten drede;
He had byn a march-man* all hys dayes,
And kepte Barwyke upon Twede.

To the Newe Castell when they cam,
The Skottes they cryde on hyght,
Syr Harye Percy, and thow byste within,
Com to the fylde, and fyght:

For we have brente Northomberlonde,
Thy eritage good and ryght;
And syne my logeyng I have take,
With my brande dubbyd many a knyght.

Sir Harry Percy cam to the walles,
The Skottyssh oste for to se;
"And thow hast brente Northomberlond,
Full sore it rewyth me.

Yf thou hast haryed all Bambarowe shyre,
Thow hast done me grete envye;
For the trespasse thow hast me done,
The tone of us schall dye."

V. 2, winn their heaye, Harl. MS. This is the Northumberland phrase to this day: by which they always express "getting in their hay."

* Robert Stewart, second son of King Robert II.

† i. e. "over Solway frith." This evidently refers to the other division of the Scottish army, which came in by way of Carlisle. —— *Bowynd*, or *Bounde* him: i. e. hied him. Vid. Gloss.

‡ They: sc. the Earl of Douglas and his party.——The several stations here mentioned are well-known places in Northumberland. Ottercap-hill is in the parish of Kirk-Whelpington, in Tynedale-ward. Rodeliffe- (or, as it is more usually pronounced, Rodeley-) Cragge is a noted cliff near Rodeley, a small village in the parish of Hartburn, in Morpeth-ward: it lies south-east of Ottercap, and has, within these few years, been distinguished by a small tower erected by Sir Walter Blacket, Bart., which, in Armstrong's map of Northumberland, is pompously called Rodeley-castle. Green Leyton is another small village in the same parish of Hartburn, and is south-east of Rodeley.——Both the original MSS. read here corruptly, Hoppertop and Lynton.

V. 12, This line is corrupt in both the MSS. viz., "Many a styrande stage."—Stags have been killed within the present century on some of the large wastes in Northumberland. V. 39, *syne* seems here to mean *since*.

* Marche-man, i. e. a scowrer of the marches.

Where schall I byde the? sayd the Dowglas,
Or where wylte thow come to me?
"At Otterborne in the hygh way,*
Ther maist thow well logeed be.

The roo full rekeles ther sche rinnes,
To make the game and glee:
The fawkon and the fesaunt both,
Amonge on the holtes on 'hee.'

Ther maist thow have thy welth at wyll,
Well looged ther maist be.
Yt schall not be long, or I com the tyll,"
Sayd Syr Harry Percye.

Ther schall I byde the, sayd the Dowglas,
By the fayth of my bodye.
Thether schall I com, sayd Syr Harry Percy;
My trowth I plyght to the.

A pype of wyne he gave them over the walles,
For soth, as I yow saye:
Ther he mayd the Douglas drynke,
And all hys oste that daye.

The Dowglas turnyd hym homewarde agayne,
For soth withowghten naye,
He tooke his logeyng at Oterborne
Uppon a Wedyns-day:

And there he pyght hys standerd dowyn,
Hys gettyng more and lesse,
And syne he warned hys men to goo
To chose ther geldyngs gresse.

A Skottysshe knyght hoved upon the bent,
A wache I dare well saye:
So was he ware on the noble Percy
In the dawnynge of the daye.

He prycked to his pavyleon dore,
As faste as he myght ronne,
Awaken, Dowglas, cryed the knyght,
For hys love, that syttes yn trone.

Awaken, Dowglas, cryed the knyght,
For thow maiste waken wyth wynne;
Yender have I spyed the prowde Percy,
And seven standardes wyth hym.

Nay by my trowth, the Douglas sayed,
It ys but a fayned taylle:
He durste not loke on my bred banner,
For all Ynglonde so haylle.

Was I not yester daye at the Newe Castell,
That stonds so fayre on Tyne?
For all the men the Percy hade,
He cowde not garre me ones to dyne.

He stepped owt at hys pavelyon dore,
To loke and it were lesse;
Araye yow, lordyngs, one and all,
For here bygynnes no peysse

The yerle of Mentayne,* thow art my eme,
The forwarde I gyve to the:
The yerlle of Huntlay cawte and kene,
He schall wyth the be.

The lorde of Bowghan† in armure bryght
On the other hand he schall be;
Lord Jhonstone and Lorde Maxwell,
They to schall be wyth me.

Swynton fayre fylde upon your pryde
To batell make yow bowen:
Syr Davy Scotte, Syr Walter Stewarde,
Syr Jhon of Agurstane.

A FYTTE.

The Perssy came byfore hys oste,
Wych was ever a gentyll knyght,
Upon the Dowglas lowde can he crye,
I wyll holde that I have hyght:

For thow haste brente Northumberlonde,
And done me grete envye;
For thys trespasse thou hast me done,
The tone of us schall dye.

The Dowglas answerde hym agayne
With grete wurds up on 'hee,'
And sayd, I have twenty agaynst 'thy' one‡
Byholde and thow maiste see.

Wyth that the Percye was grevyd sore,
For sothe as I yow saye:

V. 53, Roe-bucks were to be found upon the wastes not far from Hexham, in the reign of Geo. I. —— Whitfield, Esq., of Whitfield, is said to have destroyed the last of them. V. 56, hye, MSS. V. 77, upon the best bent, MS.

* Otterbourn is near the old Waiting-street road, in the parish of Elsdon. The Scots were encamped in a grassy plain near the river Read. The place where the Scots and English fought is still called Battle Rigs.

V. 1, 13, Pearcy, al. MS. V. 4, I will hold to what I have promised. V. 10, hye, MSS. V. 11, the one, MS.

* The Earl of Menteith. † The Lord Buchan.
‡ He probably magnifies his strength to induce him to surrender.

[* He lyghted dowyn upon his fote,
And schoote his horsse clene away.

Every man sawe that he dyd soo,
That ryall was ever in rowght;
Every man schoote hys horsse him froo,
And lyght hym rowynde abowght.

Thus Syr Hary Percye toke the fylde,
For soth, as I yow saye:
Jesu Cryste in hevyn on hyght
Dyd helpe hym well that daye.

But nyne thowzand, ther was no moo;
The cronykle wyll not layne:
Forty thowsande Skottes and fowre
That day fowght them agayne.

But when the batell byganne to joyne,
In hast ther came a knyght,
'Then' letters fayre furth hath he tayne,
And thus he sayd full ryght:

My lorde, your father he gretes yow well,
Wyth many a noble knyght;
He desyres yow to byde
That he may see thys fyght.

The Baron of Grastoke ys com owt of the west,
With him a noble companye;
All they loge at your fathers thys nyght,
And the battell fayne wold they see.

For Jesu's love, sayd Syr Harye Percy,
That dyed for yow and me,
Wende to my lorde my father agayne,
And saye thou saw me not with yee:

My trowth ys plight to yonne Skottysh knyght,
It nedes me not to layne,
That I schulde byde hym upon thys bent,
And I have hys trowth agayne:

And if that I wende off thys grownde
For soth unfoughten awaye,
He wolde me call but a kowarde knyght
In hys londe another daye.

Yet had I lever to be rynde and rente,
By Mary that mykel maye;
Then ever my manhood schulde be reprovyd
Wyth a Skotte another daye.

Wherefore schote, archars, for my sake,
And let scharpe arowes flee:
Mynstrells, play up for your waryson,
And well quyt it schall be.

Every man thynke on hys trewe love,
And marke hym to the Trenite:
For to God I make myne avowe
Thys day wyll I not fle.

The blodye harte in the Dowglas armes,
Hys standerde stode on hye;
That every man myght full well knowe:
By syde stode Starres thre:

The whyte Lyon on the Ynglysh parte,
Forsoth as I yow sayne;
The Lucetts and the Cressawnts both:
The Skotts faught them agayne.*]

Uppon sent Andrewe lowde cane they crye,
And thrysse they schowte on hyght,
And syne marked them one owr Ynglysshe men,
As I have told yow ryght.

Sent George the bryght owr ladies knyght,
To name they† were full fayne,
Owr Ynglysshe men they cryde on hyght,
And thrysse the schowtte agayne.

Wyth that scharpe arowes bygan to flee,
I tell yow in sertayne;
Men of armes byganne to joyne;
Many a dowghty man was ther slayne.

The Percy and the Dowglas mette,
That ether of other was fayne:
They schapped together, whyll that the swette,
With swords of fyne Collayne;

Tyll the bloode from ther bassonnetts ranne,
As the roke doth in the rayne.
Yelde the to me, sayd the Dowglàs,
Or els thow schalt be slayne:

* All that follows, included in brackets, was not in the first edition.

* The ancient Arms of Douglas are pretty accurately emblazoned in the former stanza, and if the readings were, *The crowned harte*, and *Above stode starres thre*, it would be minutely exact at this day.—As for the Percy family, one of their ancient Badges or Cognizances was a *white Lyon* Statant, and the *Silver Crescent* continues to be used by them to this day: they also give *three Luces Argent* for one of their quarters.

† i. e. The English.

For I see, by thy bryght bassonet,
Thow art sum man of myght,
And so I do by thy burnysshed brande,
Thow art an yerle, or ells a knyght.*

By my good faythe, sayd the noble Percy,
Now haste thou rede full ryght,
Yet wyll I never yelde me to the,
Whyll I may stonde and fyght.

They swapped together, whyll that they swette,
Wyth swordes scharpe and long;
Ych on other so faste they beette,
Tyll ther helmes cam in peyses dowyn.

The Percy was a man of strenghth,
I tell yow in thys stounde,
He smote the Dowglas at the swordes length,
That he felle to the growynde.

The sworde was scharpe and sore can byte,
I tell yow in sertayne;
To the harte, he cowde hym smyte,
Thus was the Dowglas slayne.

The stonderds stode styll on eke syde,
With many a grevous grone;
Ther the fowght the day, and all the nyght,
And many a dowghty man was 'slone'.

Ther was no freke, that ther wolde flye,
But styffly in stowre can stond,
Ychone hewyng on other whyll they myght drye,
Wyth many a bayllefull bronde.

Ther was slayne upon the Skottes syde,
For soth and sertenly,
Syr James a Dowglas ther was slayne,
That daye that he cowde dye.

The yerle Mentaye of he was slayne,
Grysely groned uppon the growynd;
Syr Davy Scotte, Syr Walter Steward,
Syr 'John' of Agurstonne.†

Syr Charlles Morrey in that place,
That never a fote wold flye;
Sir Hughe Maxwelle, a lord he was,
With the Dowglas dyd he dye.

Ther was slayne upon the Skottes syde,
For soth as I yow saye,
Of fowre and forty thowsande Scotts
Went but eyghtene awaye.

Ther was slayne upon the Ynglysshe syde,
For soth and sertenlye,
A gentell knyght, Sir John Fitz-hughe,
Yt was the more petye.

Syr James Harebotell ther was slayne,
For hym ther hartes were sore,
The gentyll 'Lovelle' ther was slayne,
That the Perceyes standerd bore.

Ther was slayne uppon the Ynglyssh perte,
For soth as I yow saye:
Of nyne thowsand Ynglyssh men
Fyve hondert cam awaye:

The other were slayne in the fylde,
Cryste kepe their sowles from wo,
Seying ther was so few fryndes
Agaynst so many a foo.

Then one the morne they mayd them beeres
Of byrch, and haysell graye;
Many a wydowe with wepyng teyres
Ther makes they fette awaye.

Thys fraye bygan at Otterborne,
Bytwene the nyghte and the day:
Ther the Dowglas lost hys lyfe,
And the Percy was lede awaye.*

Then was ther a Scottyshe prisoner tayne,
Syr Hughe Mongomery was hys name,
For soth as I yow saye,
He borowed the Percy home agayne.†

V. 116, slayne, MSS. V. 124, i. e. He died that day.

* Being all in armour he could not know him.

† Our old minstrel repeats these names, as Homer and Virgil do those of their heroes:

"— fortemque Gyam, fortemque Cloanthum, &c., &c.

Both the MSS. read here, "*Sir James*," but see above, pt. I. ver. 112.

V. 143, Covelle, MS.—For the names in this page see the Remarks at the end of this ballad. V. 153, one, i. e. on.

* sc. Captive.

† In the Cotton MS. is the following note on ver. 164, in an ancient hand:

"Syr Hewe Mongomery takyn prizonar, was delyvered for the restorynge of Perssy."

Now let us all for the Percy praye
To Jesu most of myght,
To bryng his sowle to the blysse of heven,
For he was a gentyll knight.

*** Most of the names in the two preceding ballads, are found to have belonged to families of distinction in the North, as may be made appear from authentic records. Thus in

THE ANCIENT BALLAD OF CHEVY CHASE.

Ver. 112, Agerstone.] The family of HAGGERSTON of Haggerston, near Berwick, has been seated there for many centuries, and still remains. Thomas Haggerston was among the commissioners returned for Northumberland in 12 Hen. VI., 1433. (Fuller's Worthies, p. 310.) The head of this family at present is Sir Thomas Haggerston, Bart. of Haggerston above mentioned.

N. B. The name is spelt Agerstone, as in the text, in Leland's Itinerary, vol. vii. p. 54.

Ver. 113, Hartly.] Hartley is a village near the sea in the barony of Tinemouth, about 7 miles from North Shields. It probably gave name to a family of note at that time.

Ver. 114, Hearone.] This family, one of the most ancient, was long of great consideration, in Northumberland. Haddeston, the *Caput Baroniæ* of Heron, was their ancient residence. It descended, 25 Edw. I., to the heir general Emiline Heron, afterwards Baroness Darcy.—Ford, &c. and Bockenfield (*in. com. eodum*) went at the same time to Roger Heron, the heir male; whose descendants were summoned to Parliament: Sir William Heron, of Ford Castle, being summoned 44 Edw. III. Ford Castle hath descended by heirs general to the family of Delaval (mentioned in the next article.)—Robert Heron, Esq., who died at Newark, in 1753 (father of the Right Hon. Sir Richard Heron, Bart.), was heir male of the Herons of Bockenfield, a younger branch of this family.—Sir Thomas Heron Middleton, Bart., is heir male of the Herons of Chip-chase, another branch of the Herons of Ford Castle.

Ver. 115, Lovele.] Joh. de Lavale, miles, was sheriff of Northumberland, 34 Hen. VII. Joh. de Lavale, mil., in the 1 Edw. VI. and afterwards. (Fuller, 313.) In Nicholson this name is spelt Da Lovel, p. 305. This seems to be the ancient family of Delavel, of Seaton Delavel, in Northumberland, whose ancestor was one of the twenty-five barons appointed to be guardians of Magna Charta.

Ver. 117, Rugbè.] The ancient family of Rokeby, in Yorkshire, seems to be here intended. In Thoresby's Ducat. I eod. p. 253. fol. is a genealogy of this house, by which it appears that the head of the family, about the time when this ballad was written, was Sir Ralph Rokeby, Knt. Ralph being a common name of the Rokebys.

Ver. 119, Wetharrington.] Rog. de Widrington was sheriff of Northumberland in 36 of Edw. III. (Fuller, p. 311.) Joh. de Widrington in 11 of Hen. IV., and many others of the same name afterwards. See also Nicholson, p. 331. Of this family was the late Lord Witherington.

Ver. 124, Mongon-byrry.] Sir Hugh Montgomery was son of John Lord Montgomery, the lineal ancestor of the present Earl of Eglinton.

Ver. 125, Lwdale.] The ancient family of the Liddels were originally from Scotland, where they were Lords of Liddell Castle, and of the barony of Buff. (Vid. Collins's Peerage.) The head of this family is the present Lord Ravensworth, of Ravensworth Castle, in the county of Durham.

IN THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

Ver. 101, Mentaye.] At the time of this battle, the Earldom of Menteith was possessed by Robert Stewart, Earl of Fife, third son of King Robert II., who, according to Buchanan, commanded the Scots that entered by Carlisle. But our minstrel had probably an eye to the family of Graham, who had this earldom when the ballad was written. See Douglas's Peerage of Scotland, 1764, fol.

Ver. 103, Huntleye.] This shows this ballad was not composed before 1449; for in that year Alexander Lord of Gordon and Huntley was created Earl of Huntley by King James II.

Ver. 105, Bowghan.] The Earl of Buchan at that time was Alexander Stewart, fourth son of King Robert II.

Ver. 107. Jhonstone—Maxwell.] These

V. 165, Percyes, Harl. MS.

two families of Johnstone, Lord of Johnston, and Maxwell, Lord of Maxwell, were always very powerful on the borders. Of the former family was Johnston Marquis of Annandale; of the latter was Maxwell Earl of Nithsdale. I cannot find that any chief of this family was named Sir Hugh; but Sir Herbert Maxwell was about this time much distinguished. (See Doug.) This might have been originally written Sir H. Maxwell, and by transcribers converted into Sir Hugh. So above, in No I. v. 90, Richard is contracted into Ric.

Ver. 109, Swynton,] i. e. The Laird of Swintone; a small village within the Scottish border, 3 miles from Norham. This family still subsists, and is very ancient.

Ver. 111, Scotte.] The illustrious family of Scot, ancestors of the Duke of Buccleugh, always made a great figure on the borders. Sir Walter Scot was at the head of this family when the battle was fought; but his great-grandson, Sir David Scot, was the hero of that house when the ballad was written.

Ibid. Stewarde.] The person here designed was probably Sir Walter Stewart, Lord of Dalswinton and Gairlies, who was eminent at that time. (See Doug.) From him is descended the present Earl of Galloway.

Ver. 112, Agurstone.] The seat of this family was sometimes subject to the Kings of Scotland. Thus Richardus Hagerstoun, miles, is one of the Scottish knights who signed a treaty with the English in 1249, temp. Hen. III. (Nicholson, p. 2, note.) It was the fate of many parts of Northumberland often to change their masters, according as the Scottish or English arms prevailed.

Ver. 129, Morrey.] The person here meant was probably Sir Charles Murray of Cockpoole, who flourished at that time, and was ancestor of the Murrays some time Earls of Annandale. See Doug. Peerage.

Ver. 139, Fitz-hughe.] Dugdale (in his Baron, vol. i. p. 403) informs us that John, son of Henry Lord Fitzhugh, was killed at the battle of Otterbourne. This was a Northumberland family. Vid. Dugd. p. 403, col. 1, and Nicholson, pp. 33, 60.

Ver. 141, Harebotell.] Harbottle is a village upon the river Coquet, about 10 miles west of Rothbury. The family of Harbottle was once considerable in Northumberland. (See Fuller, pp. 312, 313.) A daughter of Guischard Harbottle, Esq., married Sir Thomas Percy, knt., son of Henry, the fifth, and father of Thomas, the seventh, Earls of Northumberland.

III.

The Jew's Daughter,

A SCOTTISH BALLAD,

—— Is founded upon the supposed practice of the Jews in crucifying or otherwise murthering Christian children, out of hatred to the religion of their parents; a practice which hath been always alleged in excuse for the cruelties exercised upon that wretched people, but which probably never happened in a single instance. For, if we consider, on the one hand, the ignorance and superstition of the times when such stories took their rise, the virulent prejudices of the monks who record them, and the eagerness with which they would be catched up by the barbarous populace as a pretence for plunder; on the other hand, the great danger incurred by the perpetrators, and the inadequate motives they could have to excite them to a crime of so much horror; we may reasonably conclude the whole charge to be groundless and malicious.

The following ballad is probably built upon some Italian Legend, and bears a great resemblance to the Prioresse's Tale in Chaucer: the poet seems also to have had an eye to the known story of Hugh of Lincoln, a child said to have been there murthered by the Jews in the reign of Henry III. The conclusion of this ballad appears to be wanting: what it probably contained may be seen in Chaucer. As for Mirryland Toun, it is pro-

bably a corruption of Milan (called by the Dutch Meylandt) Town: the Pa is evidently the river Po, although the Adige, not the Po, runs through Milan.

Printed from a MS. copy sent from Scotland.

THE rain rins doun through Mirry-land toune,
Sae dois it doune the Pa:
Sae dois the lads of Mirry-land toune,
Quhan they play at the ba'.

Than out and cam the Jewis dochtèr,
Said, Will ye cum in and dine?
"I winnae cum in, I cannae cum in,
Without my play-feres nine."

Scho powd an apple reid and white
To intice the zong thing in:
Scho powd an apple white and reid,
And that the sweit bairne did win.

And scho has taine out a little pen-knife,
And low down by her gair,
Scho has twin'd the zong thing and his life;
A word he nevir spak mair.

And out and cam the thick thick bluid,
And out and cam the thin;
And out and cam the bonny herts bluid:
Thair was nae life left in.

Scho laid him on a dressing borde,
And drest him like a swine,
And laughing said, Gae nou and pley
With zour sweit play-feres nine.

Scho rowd him in a cake of lead,
Bade him lie stil and sleip.
Scho cast him in a deip draw-well,
Was fifty fadom deip.

Quhan bells wer rung, and mass was sung,
And every lady went hame:
Than ilka lady had her zong sonne,
Bot Lady Helen had nane.

Scho rowd hir mantil hir about,
And sair sair gan she weip:
And she ran into the Jewis castèl,
Quhan they wer all asleip.

My bonny Sir Hew, my pretty Sir Hew,
I pray thee to me speik.
"O lady, rinn to the deip draw-well,
Gin ze zour sonne wad seik."

Lady Helen ran to the deip draw-well,
And knelt upon her kne:
My bonny Sir Hew, and ze be here,
I pray thee speik to me.

"The lead is wondrous heavy, mither,
The well is wondrous deip,
A keen pen-knife sticks in my hert,
A word I dounae spiek.

Gae hame, gae hame, my mither deir,
Fetch me my windling sheet,
And at the back o' Mirry-land toun
Its thair we twa sall meet."

IV.

Sir Cauline.

THIS old romantic tale was preserved in the Editor's folio MS., but in so very defective and mutilated a condition (not from any chasm in the MS., but from great omission in the transcript, probably copied from the faulty recitation of some illiterate minstrel), and the whole appeared so far short of the perfection it seemed to deserve, that the Editor was tempted to add several stanzas in the first part, and still more in the second, to connect and complete the story in the manner which appeared to him most interesting and affecting.

There is something peculiar in the metre of this old ballad: it is not unusual to meet with redundant stanzas of six lines; but the

occasional insertion of a double third or fourth line, as ver. 31, &c., is an irregularity I do not remember to have seen elsewhere.

It may be proper to inform the reader before he comes to Pt. 2, v. 110, 111, that the Round Table was not peculiar to the reign of King Arthur, but was common in all the ages of Chivalry. The proclaiming a great tournament (probably with some peculiar solemnities) was called "holding a Round Table." Dugdale tells us that the great baron Roger de Mortimer "having procured the honour of knighthood to be conferred 'on his thre sons' by K. Edw. I., he, at his own costs, caused a tourneament to be held at Kenilworth; where he sumptuously entertained an hundred knights, and as many ladies, for three days; the like whereof was never before in England; and there began the Round Table (so called by reason that the place wherein they practised those feats was environed with a strong wall made in a round form:) And upon the fourth day, the golden lion, in sign of triumph, being yielded to him; he carried it (with all the company) to Warwick."—It may further be added, that Matthew Paris frequently calls justs and tournaments *Hastiludia Mensæ Rotundæ*.

As to what will be observed in this ballad of the art of healing being practised by a young princess; it is no more than what is usual in all the old romances, and was conformable to real manners: it being a practice derived from the earliest times among all the Gothic and Celtic nations, for women even of the highest rank, to exercise the art of surgery. In the Northern Chronicles we always find the young damsels stanching the wounds of their lovers, and the wives those of their husbands.* And even so late as the time of Queen Elizabeth, it is mentioned among the accomplishments of the ladies of her court, that the "eldest of them are skilful in surgery." See Harrison's Description of England, prefixed to Hollingshed's Chronicle, &c.

THE FIRST PART.

In Ireland, ferr over the sea,
There dwelleth a bonnye kinge;
And with him a yong and comlye knighte,
Men call him Syr Caulìne.

The kinge had a ladye to his daughter,
In fashyon she hath no peere;
And princely wightes that ladye wooed
To be theyr wedded feere.

Syr Cauline loveth her best of all,
But nothing durst he saye;
Ne descreeve his counsayl to no man,
But deerlye he lovde this may.

Till on a daye it so beffell,
Great dill to him was dight;
The maydens love removde his mynd,
To care-bed went the knighte.

One while he spred his armes him fro,
One while he spred them nye:
And aye! but I winne that ladyes love,
For dole now I mun die.

And whan our parish-masse was done,
Our kinge was bowne to dyne:
He sayes, Where is Syr Cauline,
That is wont to serve the wyne?

Then aunswerde him a courteous knighte,
And fast his handes gan wringe:
Sir Cauline is sicke, and like to dye
Without a good leechìnge.

Fetche me downe my daughter deere,
She is a leeche fulle fine:
Goe take him doughe, and the baken bread,
And serve him with the wyne soe red;
Lothe I were him to tine.

Fair Christabelle to his chaumber goes,
Her maydens followyng nye:
O well, she sayth, how doth my lord?
O sicke, thou fayr ladyè.

Nowe ryse up wightlye, man for shame,
Never lye soe cowardlee;
For it is told in my fathers halle,
You dye for love of mee.

Fayre ladye, it is for your love
That all this dill I drye:
For if you wold comfort me with a kisse,
Then were I brought from bale to blisse,
No lenger wold I lye.

Sir knighte, my father is a kinge,
I am his onlye heire;

* See Northern Antiquities, &c., vol. i. p. 318, vol. ii. p. 100, Mémoires de la Chevalerie, tom. i. p. 44.

Alas! and well you knowe, syr knighte,
I never can be youre fere.

O ladye, thou art a kinges daughtèr,
And I am not thy peere,
But let me doe some deedes of armes
To be your bacheleere.

Some deedes of armes if thou wilt doe,
My bacheleere to bee,
But ever and aye my heart wold rue,
Giff harm shold happe to thee,

Upon Elridge hill there groweth a thorne,
Upon the mores brodìnge;
And dare ye, syr knighte, wake there all nighte
Untill the fayre mornìnge?

For the Eldridge knighte, so mickle of mighte,
Will examine you beforne:
And never man bare life awaye,
But he did him scath and scorne.

That knighte he is a fond paynim,
And large of limb and bone;
And but if heaven may be thy speede,
Thy life it is but gone.

Nowe on the Eldridge hilles Ile walke,*
For thy sake, faire ladìe;
And Ile either bring you a ready tokèn,
Or Ile never more you see.

The lady is gone to her own chambère,
Her maydens following bright:
Syr Cauline lope from care-bed soone,
And to the Eldridge hills is gone,
For to wake there all night.

Unto midnight, that the moone did rise,
He walked up and downe:
Then a lightsome bugle heard he blowe
Over the bents soe browne;
Quoth hee, If cryance come till my heart,
I am ffar from any good towne.

And soone he spyde on the mores so broad,
A furyous wight and fell;
A ladye bright his brydle led,
Clad in a fayre kyrtèll;

And soe fast he called on Syr Caulìne,
O man, I rede thee flye,
For 'but' if cryance comes till my heart,
I weene but thou mun dye.

He sayth, 'No' cryance comes till my heart,
Nor in fayth, I wyll not flee;
For, cause thou minged not Christ before,
The less me dreadeth thee.

The Elridge knighte, he pricked his steed;
Syr Cauline bold abode:
Then either shooke his trustye speare,
And the timber those two children* bare
Soe soone in sunder slode.

Then tooke they out theyr two good swordes,
And layden on full faste,
Till helme and hawberke, mail and sheelde,
They all were well-nye brast.

The Eldridge knight was mickle of might,
And stiffe in stower did stande,
But Syr Cauline with a 'backward' stroke
He smote off his right hand;
That soone he with paine and lacke of bloud
Fell downe on that lay-land.

Then up Syr Cauline lift his brande
All over his head so hye:
And here I sweare by the holy roode,
Nowe caytiffe, thou shalt dye.

Then up and came that ladye brighte,
Fast wringing of her hande:
For the maydens love, that most you love,
Withold that deadlye brande:

For the maydens love, that most you love,
Now smyte no more I praye;
And aye whatever thou wilt, my lord,
He shall thy hests obaye.

Now sweare to mee, thou Eldridge knighte,
And here on this lay-land,
That thou wilt believe on Christ his laye,
And thereto plight thy hand:

And that thou never on Eldridge come
To sporte, gamon, or playe:
And that thou here give up thy armes
Until thy dying daye.

* Perhaps wake, as in ver. 61.

* i. e. Knights. See the Preface to Child Waters.
V. 109, aukeward, MS.

The Eldridge knighte gave up his armes
With many a sorrowfulle sighe;
And sware to obey Syr Caulines hest,
Till the tyme that he shold dye.

And he then up and the Eldridge knighte
Sett him in his saddle anone,
And the Eldridge knighte and his ladye
To theyr castle are they gone.

Then he tooke up the bloudy hand,
That was so large of bone,
And on it he founde five ringes of gold
Of knightes that had be slone.

Then he tooke up the Eldridge sworde,
As hard as any flint:
And he tooke off those ringès five,
As bright as fyre and brent.

Home then pricked Syr Cauline
As light as leafe on tree:
I-wys he neither stint ne blanne,
Till he his lady see.

Then downe he knelt upon his knee
Before that lady gay:
O ladye, I have bin on the Eldridge hills:
These tokens I bring away.

Now welcome, welcome, Syr Cauline,
Thrice welcome unto mee,
For now I perceive thou art a true knighte,
Of valour bolde and free.

O ladye, I am thy own true knighte,
Thy hests for to obaye:
And mought I hope to winne thy love!—
Ne more his tonge colde say.

The ladye blushed scarlette redde,
And fette a gentill sighe:
Alas! syr knighte, how may this bee,
For my degree's soe highe?

But sith thou hast hight, thou comely youth,
To be my batchilere,
Ile promise if thee I may not wedde
I will have none other fere.

Then shee held forthe her lilly-white hand
Towards that knighte so free;
He gave to it one gentill kisse,
His heart was brought from bale to blisse,
The teares sterte from his ee.

But keep my counsayl, Syr Caulìne,
Ne let no man it knowe;
For and ever my father sholde it ken,
I wot we wolde us sloe.

From that day forthe that ladye fayre
Lovde Syr Caulìne, the knighte:
From that day forthe he only joyde
Whan shee was in his sight.

Yea, and oftentimes they mette
Within a fayre arbòure,
Where they in love and sweet daliaunce
Past manye a pleasaunt houre.

†‡† In this conclusion of the First Part, and at the beginning of the Second, the reader will observe a resemblance to the story of Sigismunda and Guiscard, as told by Boccace and Dryden: see the latter's description of the lovers meeting in the cave; and those beautiful lines, which contain a reflection so like this of our poet, "Every white," &c. viz.

"But as extremes are short of ill and good,
And tides at highest mark regorge their flood;
So fate, that could no more improve their joy,
Took a malicious pleasure to destroy."
Tancred, who fondly loved, &c."

PART THE SECOND.

Everye white will have its blacke,
And everye sweete its sowre:
This founde the Ladye Christabelle
In an untimely howre.

For so it befelle, as Syr Caulìne
Was with that ladye faire,
The kinge, her father, walked forthe
To take the evenyng aire:

And into the arboure as he went
To rest his wearye feet,
He found his daughter and Syr Caulìne
There sette in daliaunce sweet.

The kinge hee sterted forthe, i-wys,
And an angrye man was hee:
Nowe, traytoure, thou shalt hange or drawe,
And rewe shall thy ladìe.

Then forthe Syr Caulìne he was ledde,
And throwne in dungeon deepe:

And the ladye into a towre so hye
There left to wayle and weepe.

The queene she was Syr Caulines friend,
And to the kinge sayd shee:
I praye you save Syr Caulines life,
And let him banisht bee.

Now, dame, that traitor shall be sent
Across the salt sea fome:
But here I will make thee a band,
If ever he come within this land,
A foule deathe is his doome.

All woe-begone was that gentil knight
To parte from his ladyè;
And many a time he sighed sore,
And cast a wistfulle eye:
Faire Christabelle, from thee to parte,
Farre lever had I dye.

Faire Christabelle, that ladye bright,
Was had forthe of the towre;
But ever shee droopeth in her minde,
As nipt by an ungentle winde
Doth some faire lillye flowre.

And ever shee doth lament and weepe
To tint her lover soe:
Syr Cauline, thou little think'st on mee,
But I will still be true.

Many a kinge, and manye a duke,
And lorde of high degree,
Did sue to that fayre ladye of love;
But never shee wolde them nee.

When manye a daye was past and gone,
Ne comforte she colde finde,
The kynge proclaimed a tourneament,
To cheere his daughters mind:

And there came lords, and there came knights,
Fro manye a farre countryè,
To break a spere for theyr ladyes love
Before that faire ladyè.

And many a ladye there was sette
In purple and in palle:
But faire Christabelle soe woe-begone
Was the fayrest of them all.

Then manye a knight was mickle of might
Before his ladye gaye:
But a stranger wight, whom no man knewe,
He wan the prize eche daye.

His acton it was all of blacke,
His hewberke, and his sheelde,
Ne noe man wist whence he did come,
Ne noe man knewe where he did gone,
When they came from the feelde.

And now three days were prestlye past
In feates of chivalrye,
When lo upon the fourthe mornìnge
A sorrowfulle sight they see.

A hugye giaunt stiffe and starke,
All foule of limbe and lere;
Two goggling eyen like fire farden,
A mouthe from eare to eare.

Before him came a dwarffe full lowe,
That waited on his knee,
And at his backe five heads he bare,
All wan and pale of blee.

Sir, quoth the dwarffe, and louted lowe,
Behold that hend Soldàin!
Behold these heads I beare with me!
They are kings which he hath slain.

The Eldridge knìght is his own cousìne,
Whom a knight of thine hath shent:
And hee is come to avenge his wrong,
And to thee, all thy knightes among,
Defiance here hath sent.

But yette he will appease his wrath
Thy daughters love to winne:
And but thou yeelde him that fayre mayd,
Thy halls and towers must brenne.

Thy head, syr king, must goe with mee;
Or else thy daughter deere;
Or else within these lists soe broad
Thou must finde him a peere.

The king he turned him round aboute,
And in his heart was woe:
Is there never a knighte of my round tablè,
This matter will undergoe?

Is there never a knighte amongst yee all
Will fight for my daughter and mee?
Whoever will fight yon grimme soldàn,
Right fair his meede shall bee.

For hee shall have my broad lay-lands,
And of my crowne be heyre;
And he shall winne fayre Christabelle
To be his wedded fere.

But every knighte of his round tablè
Did stand both still and pale:
For whenever they lookt on the grim soldàn,
It made their hearts to quail.

All woe-begone was that fayre ladyè,
When she sawe no helpe was nye:
She cast her thought on her owne true-love,
And the teares gusht from her eye.

Up then sterte the stranger knighte,
Sayd, ladye, be not affrayd:
Ile fight for thee with his grimme soldàn,
Thoughe he be unmacklye made.

And if thou wilt lend me the Eldridge sworde,
That lyeth within thy bowre,
I trust in Christe for to slay this fiende
Thoughe he be stiffe in stowre.

Goe fetch him downe the Eldridge sworde,
The king he cryde, with speede:
Nowe heaven assist thee, courteous knighte;
My daughter is thy meede.

The gyaunt he stepped into the lists,
And sayd, Awaye, awaye:
I sweare, as I am the hend soldàn,
Thou lettest me here all daye.

Then forthe the stranger knight he came
In his blacke armoure dight;
The ladye sighed a gentle sighe,
"That this were my true knighte!"

And nowe the gyaunt and knighte be mett
Within the lists soe broad;
And now with swordes soe sharpe of steele,
They gan to lay on load.

The soldan strucke the knighte a stroke,
That made him reele asyde;
Then woe-begone was that fayre ladyè
And thrice shee deeply sighde.

The soldan strucke a second stroke,
And made the bloude to flowe:
All pale and wan was that ladye fayre,
And thrice she wept for woe.

The soldan strucke a third fell stroke,
Which brought the knighte on his knee:
Sad sorrow pierced that ladyes heart,
And she shriekt loud shriekings three.

The knighte he leapt upon his feete,
All recklesse of the pain:
Quoth hee, But heaven be now my speede,
Or else I shall be slaine.

He grasped his sworde with mayne and mighte,
And spying a secrette part,
He drave it into the soldan's syde,
And pierced him to the heart.

Then all the people gave a shoute,
When they sawe the soldan falle:
The ladye wept, and thanked Christ,
That had reskewed her from thrall.

And nowe the kinge with all his barons
Rose uppe from offe his seate,
And downe he stepped intò the listes,
That curteous knighte to greete.

But he for payne and lack of bloude
Was fallen intò a swounde,
And there all walteringe in his gore,
Lay lifelessse on the grounde.

Come downe, come downe, my daughter deare,
Thou art a leeche of skille;
Farre lever had I lose halfe my landes,
Than this good knighte sholde spille.

Downe then steppeth that fayre ladyè
To helpe him if she maye;
But when she did his beavere raise,
It is my life, my lord, she sayes,
And shriekte and swound awaye.

Sir Cauline juste lifte up his eyes
When he heard his ladye crye,
O ladye, I am thine owne true love;
For thee I wisht to dye.

Then giving her one partinge looke,
He closed his eyes in death,
Ere Christabelle, that ladye milde,
Began to drawe her breathe.

But when she found her comelye knighte
Indeed was dead and gone,
She layde her pale cold cheeke to his,
And thus she made her moane:

O staye, my deare and onlye lord,
For mee thy faithfulle feere;
'Tis meet that I shold followe thee,
Who hast bought my love soe deare.

Then fayntinge in a deadlye swoune,
And with a deepe-fette sighe,
That burst her gentle hearte in twayne
Fayre Christabelle did dye. ***

V.

Edward, Edward,

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

From a MS. copy transmitted from Scotland.

Quhy dois zour brand sae drop wi' bluid,
Edward, Edward?
Quhy dois zour brand sae drop wi' bluid?
And quhy sae sad gang zee, O?
O, I hae killed my hauke sae guid,
Mither, mither:
O, I hae killed my hauke sae guid:
And I had nae mair bot hee, O.

Zour haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,
Edward, Edward.
Zour haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,
My deir son I tell the, O.
O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
Mither, mither:
O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
That erst was sae fair and free, O.

Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,
Edward, Edward:
Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,
Sum other dule ze drie, O.
O, I hae killed my fadir deir,
Mither, mither:
O, I hae killed my fadir deir,
Alas! and wae is mee, O!

And quhatten penance wul ze drie for that,
Edward, Edward?
And quhattan penance will ze drie for that?
My deir son, now tell me, O.
Ile set my feit in zonder boat,
Mither, mither:
Ile set my feit in zonder boat,
And Ile fare ovir the sea, O.

And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour ha',
Edward, Edward?
And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour ha',
That ware sae fair to see, O?
Ile let thame stand til they doun fa',
Mither, mither:
Ile let thame stand til they doun fa',
For here nevir mair maun I bee, O.

And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour wife,
Edward, Edward!
And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour wife,
Quhan ze gang ovir the sea, O?
The warldis room, let thame beg throw life,
Mither, mither:
The warldis room, let thame beg throw life,
For thame nevir mair wul I see, O.

And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir,
Edward, Edward?
And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir?
My deir son, now tell me, O.
The curse of hell frae me sall ze beir,
Mither, mither:
The curse of hell frae me sall ze beir,
Sic counseils ze gave to me, O.

This curious Song was transmitted to the Editor by Sir David Dalrymple, Bart., late Lord Hailes.

VI.

King Estmere.

This old Romantic Legend (which is given from two copies, one of them in the Editor's folio MS., but which contained very great variations) bears marks of considerable antiquity, and perhaps ought to have taken place of any in this volume. It should seem to have been written while part of Spain was in the hands of the Saracens or Moors; whose empire there was not fully extinguished before the year 1491. The Mahometans are spoken of in ver. 49, &c., just in the same terms as in all other old Romances. The author of the ancient Legend of Sir Bevis represents his hero, upon all occasions, breathing out defiance against

"Mahound and Termagaunte;"*

and so full of zeal for his religion, as to return the following polite message to a Paynim king's fair daughter, who had fallen in love with him, and sent two Saracen knights to invite him to her bower:

"I wyll not ones stirre off this grounde,
To speake with an heathen hounde.
Unchristen houndes, I rede you fle,
Or I your harte bloud shall se."†

Indeed they return the compliment by calling him elsewhere "A Christen hounde."‡

This was conformable to the real manners of the barbarous ages: perhaps the same excuse will hardly serve our bard; for that the Adland should be found lolling or leaning at his gate (ver. 35) may be thought perchance a little out of character. And yet the great painter of manners, Homer, did not think it inconsistent with decorum to represent a king of the Taphians leaning at the gate of Ulysses to inquire for that monarch, when he touched at Ithaca as he was taking a voyage with a ship's cargo of iron to dispose in traffic.§ So little ought we to judge of ancient manners by our own.

Before I conclude this article, I cannot help observing that the reader will see, in this ballad, the character of the old Minstrels (those successors of the bards) placed in a very respectable light;* here he will see one of them represented mounted on a fine horse, accompanied with an attendant to bear his harp after him, and to sing the poems of his composing. Here he will see him mixing in the company of kings without ceremony: no mean proof of the great antiquity of this poem. The further we carry our inquiries back, the greater respect we find paid to the professors of poetry and music among all the Celtic and Gothic nations. Their character was deemed so sacred, that under its sanction our famous King Alfred (as we have already seen†) made no scruple to enter the Danish camp, and was at once admitted to the king's head-quarters.‡ Our poet has suggested the same expedient to the heroes of this ballad. All the histories of the North are full of the great reverence paid to this order of men. Harold Harfagre, a celebrated king of Norway, was wont to seat them at his table above all the officers of his court: and we find another Norwegian king placing five of them by his side in a day of battle, that they might be eye-witnesses of the great exploits they were to celebrate.§ As to Estmere's riding into the hall while the kings were at table, this was usual in the ages of chivalry; and even to this day we see a relic of this custom still kept up, in the champion's riding into Westminster-hall during the coronation dinner.‖

Some liberties have been taken with this tale by the Editor, but none without notice to the reader, in that part which relates to the subject of the Harper and his attendant.

* See a short Memoir at the end of this Ballad, Note †‡†.
† Sign. C. ii. b.
‡ Sign. C. i. b.
§ Odyss. A. 105.

* See Note subjoined to 1st Pt. of Beggar of Bednal, &c.
† See the Essay on the ancient Minstrels prefixed to this work.
‡ Even so late as the time of Froissart, we find Minstrels and Heralds mentioned together, as those who might securely go into an enemy's country. Cap. cxl.
§ Bartholini Antiq. Dan. p. 173.——Northern Antiquities, &c., vol. i. pp. 386, 389, &c.
‖ See also the account of Edward II., in the Essay on the Minstrels, and Note (X.)

Hearken to me, gentlemen,
Come and you shall heare;
Ile tell you of two of the boldest brethren
That ever borne y-were.

The tone of them was Adler younge,
The tother was Kyng Estmere;
The were as bolde men in their deeds,
As any were farr and neare.

As they were drinking ale and wine
Within Kyng Estmeres halle:
When will ye marry a wyfe, brother,
A wyfe to glad us all?

Then bespake him Kyng Estmere,
And answered him hastilee:
I know not that ladye in any land
That's able* to marrye with mee.

Kyng Adland hath a daughter, brother,
Men call her bright and sheene;
If I were kyng here in your stead,
That ladye shold be my queene.

Saies, Reade me, reade me, deare brother,
Throughout merry Engländ,
Where we might find a messenger
Betwixt us towe to sende.

Saies, You shal ryde yourselfe, brother,
Ile beare you companye;
Many throughe fals messengers are deceived,
And I feare lest soe shold wee.

Thus the renisht them to ryde
Of twoe good renisht steeds,
And when the came to King Adlands halle,
Of redd gold shone their weeds.

And when the came to Kyng Adlands hall
Before the goodlye gate,
There they found good Kyng Adländ
Rearing himselfe theratt.

Now Christ thee save, good Kyng Adländ;
Now Christ you save and see,
Sayd, You be welcome, King Estmere,
Right hartilye to mee.

You have a daughter, said Adler younge,
Men call her bright and sheene,
My brother wold marrye her to his wiffe,
Of Englande to be queene.

Yesterday was att my deere daughtèr
Syr Bremor the Kyng of Spayne;
And then she nicked him of naye,
And I doubt sheele do you the same.

The Kyng of Spayne is a foule paynìm,
And 'leeveth on Mahound;
And pitye it were that fayre ladyè
Shold marrye a heathen hound.

But grant to me, sayes Kyng Estmere,
For my love I you praye;
That I may see your daughter deere
Before I goe hence awaye.

Although itt is seven yeers and more
Since my daughter was in halle,
She shall come once downe for your sake
To glad my guestès alle.

Downe then came that mayden fayre,
With ladyes laced in pall,
And halfe a hundred of bold knightes,
To bring her from bowre to hall;
And as many gentle squiers,
To tend upon them all.

The talents of golde were on her head sette,
Hanged low downe to her knee;
And everye ring on her small fingèr
Shone of the chrystall free.

Saies, God you save, my deere madàm;
Saies, God you save and see.
Said, You be welcome, Kyng Estmere,
Right welcome unto mee.

And if you love me, as you saye,
Soe well and hartilèe,
All that ever you are comen about
Soone sped now itt shal bee.

Then bespake her father deare;
My daughter, I saye naye;
Remember well the Kyng of Spayne;
What he sayd yesterdaye.

He wold pull downe my halles and castles,
And reave me of my lyfe,

V. 3, brether, fol. MS. V. 10, his brother's hall, fol. MS. V. 14, hartilye, fol. MS.—V. 27, Many a man ... is, fol. MS.

* He means fit, suitable.

V. 46, The king his sonne of Spayn, fol. MS

I cannot blame him if he doe,
If I reave him of his wyfe.

Your castle and your towres, father,
Are stronglye built aboute;
And therefore of the King of Spaine
Wee neede not stande in doubt.

Plight me your troth, nowe, Kyng Estmere,
By heaven and your righte hand,
That you will marrye me to your wyfe,
And make me queene of your land.

Then King Estmere he plight his troth
By heaven and his righte hand,
That he wolde marrye her to his wyfe,
And make her queene of his land.

And he tooke leave of that ladye fayre,
To goe to his owne countree,
To fetche him dukes and lordes and knightes,
That marryed the might bee.

They had not ridden scant a myle,
A myle forthe of the towne,
But in did come the Kyng of Spayne,
With kempès many one.

But in did come the Kyng of Spayne,
With manye a bold barône,
Tone day to marrye Kyng Adlands daughter,
Tother daye to carrye her home.

Shee sent one after Kyng Estmère
In all the spede might bee,
That he must either turne againe and fighte,
Or goe home and loose his ladyè.

One whyle then the page he went,
Another while he ranne;
Till he had oretaken King Estmere,
I wis, he never blanne.

Tydings, tydings, Kyng Estmere!
What tydinges nowe, my boye?
O tydinges I can tell to you,
That will you sore annoye.

You had not ridden scant a mile,
A mile out of the towne,
But in did come the Kyng of Spayne
With kempès many a one:

But in did come the Kyng of Spayne
With manye a bold barône,
Tone daye to marrye King Adlands daughter,
Tother daye to carry her home.

My ladye fayre she greetes you well,
And ever-more well by mee:
You must either turne againe and fighte,
Or goe home and loose your ladyè.

Saies, Reade me, reade me, deere brothèr,
My reade shall ryde* at thee,
Whether it is better to turne and fighte,
Or goe home and loose my ladye.

Now hearken to me sayes Adler yonge,
And your reade must rise† at me,
I quicklye will devise a waye
To sette thy ladye free.

My mother was a westerne woman,
And learned in gramaryè,‡
And when I learned at the schole,
Something shee taught itt mee.

There growes an hearbe within this field,
And iff it were but knowne,
His color, which is whyte and redd,
It will make blacke and browne:

His color, which is browne and blacke,
Itt will make redd and whyte;
That sworde is not in all Englande,
Upon his coate will byte.

And you shal be a harper, brother,
Out of the north countrye;
And Ile be your boy, soe faine of fighte,
And beare your harpe by your knee.

And you shal be the best harpèr,
That ever tooke harpe in hand;
And I wil be the best singèr,
That ever sung in this lande.

Itt shal be written in our forheads
All and in grammaryè,
That we towe are the boldest men
That are in all Christentyè.

And thus they renisht them to ryde,
On tow good renish steedes;

v. 89, of the king his sonne of Spaine, fol. MS.

* Sic MS. It should probably be *ryse*, i. e. my course shall arise from thee. See ver. 140.

† Sic MS. ‡ See at the end of this ballad, note ***.

And when they came to King Adlands hall,
Of redd gold shone their weedes.

And whan the came to Kyng Adlands hall,
Untill the fayre hall yate,
There they found a proud portèr
Rearing himselfe thereatt.

Sayes, Christ thee save, thou proud portèr;
Sayes, Christ thee save and see.
Nowe you be welcome, sayd the portèr,
Of what land soever ye bee.

Wee beene harpers, sayd Adler younge,
Come out of the northe countrye;
Wee beene come hither untill this place,
This proud weddinge for to see.

Sayd, And your color were weite and redd,
As it is blacke and browne,
I wold saye King Estmere and his brother
Were comen untill this towne.

Then they pulled out a ryng of gold,
Layd itt on the porters arme:
And ever we will thee, proud portèr,
Thow wilt saye us no harme.

Sore he looked on Kyng Estmère;
And sore he handled the ryng,
Then opened to them the fayre hall yates,
He lett for no kynd of thyng.

Kyng Estmere he stabled his steede
Soe fayre att the hall bord;
The froth, that came from his brydle bitte,
Light in King Bremors beard.

Saies, Stable thy steed, thy proud harpèr,
Saies, stable him in the stalle:
It doth not beseeme a proud harpèr
To stable 'him' in a kyngs halle.

My ladde he is so lither, he said,
He will doe nought that's meete;
And is there any man in this hall
Were able him to beate?

Thou speakest proud words, sayes the King of Spaine,
Thou harper, here to mee;
There is a man within this halle
Will beate thy ladd and thee.

V. 202, To stable his steede, fol. MS.

O let that man come downe, he said,
A sight of him wold I see;
And when hee hath beaten well my ladd,
Then he shall beate of mee.

Downe then came the kemperye man
And looked him in the eare;
For all the gold, that was under heaven,
He durst not neigh him neare.

And how nowe, kempe, said the Kyng of Spaine,
And how what aileth thee?
He saies, It is writt in his forhead
All and in gramaryè,
That for all the gold that is under heaven
I dare not neigh him nye.

Then Kyng Estmere pulld forth his harpe,
And plaid a pretty thinge:
The ladye upstart from the borde,
And wold have gone from the king.

Stay thy harpe, thou proud harpèr,
For Gods love I pray thee,
For and thou playes as thou beginns,
Thou'lt till* my bryde from mee.

He stroake upon his harpe againe,
And playd a pretty thinge;
The ladye lough a loud laughter,
As shee sate by the king.

Saies, Sell me thy harpe, thou proud harper,
And thy stringès all,
For as many gold nobles 'thou shalt have'
As heere bee ringes in the hall.

What wold ye doe with my harpe, 'he sayd,'
If I did sell it yee?
"To playe my wiffe and me a Fitt,†
When abed together wee bee."

Now sell me, quoth hee, thy bryde soe gay,
As shee sitts by thy knee,
And as many gold nobles I will give,
As leaves been on a tree.

And what wold ye doe with my bryde soe gay,
Iff I did sell her thee?
More seemelye it is for her fayre bodye
To lye by mee then thee.

* i. e. entice. Vid. Gloss.
† i. e. a tune, or strain of music. See Gloss.

Hee played agayne both loud and shrille,
And Adler he did syng,
"O ladye, this is thy owne true love;
Noe harper, but a kyng.

"O ladye, this is thy owne true love,
As playnlye thou mayest see;
And Ile rid thee of that foule paynìm,
Who partes thy love and thee."

The ladye looked, the ladye blushte,
And blushte and lookt agayne,
While Adler he hath drawne his brande,
And hath the Sowdan slayne.

Up then rose the kemperye men,
And loud they gan to crye:
Ah! traytors, yee have slayne our kyng,
And therefore yee shall dye.

Kyng Estmere threwe the harpe asyde,
And swith he drew his brand;
And Estmere he, and Adler yonge
Right stiffe in stour can stand.

And aye their swordes soe sore can byte,
Throughe help of Gramaryè,
That soone they have slayne the kempery men,
Or forst them forth to flee.

Kyng Estmere tooke that fayre ladyè,
And marryed her to his wiffe,
And brought her home to merry Englànd
With her to leade his life.

*** The word *Gramarye*, which occurs several times in the foregoing poem, is probably a corruption of the French word *Grimoire*, which signifies a conjuring book in the old French romances, if not the art of necromancy itself.

†‡† Termagaunt (mentioned above), is the name given in the old romances to the god of the Saracens: in which he is constantly linked with Mahound, or Mahomet. Thus in the legend of Syr Guy, the Soudan (Sultan) swears,

"So helpe me Mahowne of might,
And Termagaunt my God so bright."
Sign. p. iij. b.

This word is derived by the very learned editor of Junius, from the Anglo-Saxon Tyn very, and wagan mighty.—As this word had so sublime a derivation, and was so applicable to the true God, how shall we account for its being so degraded? Perhaps Tyn-magan or *Termagant* had been a name originally given to some Saxon idol, before our ancestors were converted to Christianity; or had been the peculiar attribute of one of their false deities; and therefore the first Christian missionaries rejected it as profane and improper to be applied to the true God. Afterwards, when the irruptions of the Saracens into Europe, and the Crusades into the East, had brought them acquainted with a new species of unbelievers, our ignorant ancestors, who thought all that did not receive the Christian law were necessarily pagans and idolaters, supposed the Mahometan creed was, in all respects, the same with that of their pagan forefathers, and therefore made no scruple to give the ancient name of Termagant to the God of the Saracens: just in the same manner as they afterwards used the name of *Sarazen* to express any kind of pagan or idolater. In the ancient romance of *Merline* (in the Editor's folio MS.) the Saxons themselves that came over with Hengist, because they were not Christians, are constantly called Sarazens.

However that be, it is certain that, after the times of the Crusades, both Mahound and Termagaunt made their frequent appearance in the pageants and religious interludes of the barbarous ages; in which they were exhibited with gestures so furious and frantic, as to become proverbial. Thus Skelton speaks of Wolsey:

"Like Mahound in a play,
No man dare him withsay."
Ed. 1736, p. 158.

In like manner Bale, describing the threats used by some papist magistrates to his wife, speaks of them as "grennyng upon her lyke Termagauntes in a playe."—[Actes of Engl. Votaryes, pt. 2, fo. 83, ed. 1550, 12mo.]

Accordingly, in a letter of Edward Alleyn, the founder of Dulwich College, to his wife or sister,* who, it seems, with all her fellows (the players), had been "by my Lorde Maiors officer [s] mad to rid in a cart," he expresses his concern that she should "fall into the

Ver. 253, Some liberties have been taken in the following stanzas; but wherever this Edition differs from the preceding, it hath been brought nearer to the folio MS.

* See Lysons's "Environs of London, 4to. vol. i.

hands of such Tarmagants." [So the orig. dated May 2, 1593, preserved by the care of the Rev. Thomas Jenyns Smith, Fellow of Dulw. Coll.]—Hence we may conceive the force of Hamlet's expression in Shakspeare, where, condemning a ranting player, he says, "I could have such a fellow whipt for oredoing Termagant: it out-herods Herod." A. iii. sc. 3.—By degrees, the word came to be applied to an outrageous turbulent person, and especially to a violent brawling woman; to whom alone it is now confined, and this the rather as, I suppose, the character of Termagant was anciently represented on the stage after the eastern mode, with long robes or petticoats.

Another frequent character in the old pageants or interludes of our ancestors, was the *sowdan*, or *soldan*, representing a grim eastern tyrant: this appears from a curious passage in Stow's Annals [p. 458]. In a stage-play, "the people know right well, that he that plaieth the sowdain is percase a sowter [shoemaker]; yet if one should cal him by his owne name, while he standeth in his majestie, one of his tormentors might hap to break his head." The *sowdain* or *soldan*, was a name given to the Sarazen king (being only a more rude pronunciation of the word *sultan*), as the soldan of Egypt, the soudan of Persia, the sowdan of Babylon, &c., who were generally represented as accompanied with grim Sarazens, whose business it was to punish and torment Christians. I cannot conclude this short memoir, without observing that the French romancers, who had borrowed the word termagant from us, and applied it as we in their old romances, corrupted it into Tervagaunte: and from them La Fontaine took it up, and has used it more than once in his tales.—This may be added to the other proofs adduced in this volume, of the great intercourse that formerly subsisted between the old minstrels and legendary writers of both nations, and that they mutually borrowed each others' romances.

VII.

Sir Patrick Spence,

A SCOTTISH BALLAD,

——is given from two MS. copies, transmitted from Scotland. In what age the hero of this ballad lived, or when this fatal expedition happened that proved so destructive to the Scots nobles, I have not been able to discover; yet am of opinion, that their catastrophe is not altogether without foundation in history, though it has escaped my own researches. In the infancy of navigation, such as used the northern seas were very liable to shipwreck in the wintry months: hence a law was enacted in the reign of James III. (a law which was frequently repeated afterwards), "That there be na schip frauched out of the realm, with any staple gudes, fra the feast of Simons-day and Jude, unto the feast of the purification of our lady called Candelmess." Jam. III. Parlt. 2, ch. 15.

In some modern copies, instead of Patrick Spence hath been substituted the name of Sir Andrew Wood, a famous Scottish admiral who flourished in the time of our Edw. IV., but whose story hath nothing in common with this of the ballad. As Wood was the most noted warrior of Scotland, it is probable that, like the Theban Hercules, he hath engrossed the renown of other heroes.

The king sits in Dumferling toune,
Drinking the blude-reid wine:
O quhar will I get guid sailòr,
To sail this schip of mine?

Up and spak an eldern knicht,
Sat at the kings richt kne:
Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailòr,
That sails upon the se.

The king has written a braid letter,*
And signd it wi' his hand;

* A braid letter, i. e. open, or patent; in opposition to close Rolls.

And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch lauched he:
The next line that Sir Patrick red,
The teir blinded his ee.

O quha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me;
To send me out this time o' the zeir,
To sail upon the se?

Mak hast, mak haste, my mirry men all,
Our guid schip sails the morne.
O say na sae, my master deir,
For I feir a deadlie storme.

Late late yestreen I saw the new moone
Wi' the auld moone in hir arme;
And I feir, I feir, my deir mastèr,
That we will com to harme.

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
To weet their cork-heild schoone;
Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,
Thair hats they swam aboone.

O lang, lang, may thair ladies sit
Wi' thair fans into their hand,
Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence
Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang, may the ladies stand
Wi' thair gold kems in their hair,
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
For they'll se thame na mair.

Have owre, have owre to Aberdour,*
It's fiftie fadom deip:
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feit.†

VIII.

Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne.

We have here a ballad of Robin Hood (from the Editor's folio MS.) which was never before printed, and carries marks of much greater antiquity than any of the common popular songs on this subject.

The severity of those tyrannical forest-laws, that were introduced by our Norman kings, and the great temptation of breaking them by such as lived near the royal forests, at a time when the yeomanry of this kingdom were every where trained up to the long-bow, and excelled all other nations in the art of shooting, must constantly have occasioned great numbers of outlaws, and especially of such as were the best marksmen. These naturally fled to the woods for shelter; and forming into troops, endeavoured by their numbers to protect themselves from the dreadful penalties of their delinquency. The ancient punishment for killing the king's deer was loss of eyes and castration, a punishment far worse than death. This will easily account for the troops of banditti which formerly lurked in the royal forests, and, from their superior skill in archery and knowledge of all the recesses of those unfrequented solitudes, found it no difficult matter to resist or elude the civil power.

Among all those, none was ever more famous than the hero of this ballad, whose chief residence was in Shirewood forest, in Nottinghamshire; and the heads of whose story, as collected by Stow, are briefly these.

"In this time [about the year 1190, in the reign of Richard I.] were many robbers and outlawes, among the which Robin Hood, and Little John, renowned theeves, continued in woods, despoyling and robbing the goods of the rich. They killed none but such as would invade them, or by resistance for their own defence.

"The saide Robert entertained an hundred tall men and good archers with such spoiles and thefts as he got, upon whom four hundred (were they ever so strong) durst not give

* A village lying upon the river Forth, the entrance to which is sometimes denominated *De mortuo mari*.

† An ingenious friend thinks the Author of Hardyknute has borrowed several expressions and sentiments from the foregoing, and other old Scottish songs in this collection.

the onset. He suffered no woman to be oppressed, violated, or otherwise molested; poore mens goods he spared, abundantlie relieving them with that which by theft he got from abbeys and the houses of rich carles: whom Maior (the historian) blameth for his rapine and theft, but of all theeves he affirmeth him to be the prince, and the most gentle theefe." Annals, p. 159.

The personal courage of this celebrated outlaw, his skill in archery, his humanity, and especially his levelling principle of taking from the rich and giving to the poor, have in all ages rendered him the favourite of the common people, who, not content to celebrate his memory by innumerable songs and stories, have erected him into the dignity of an earl. Indeed, it is not impossible, but our hero, to gain the more respect from his followers, or they to derive the more credit to their profession, may have given rise to such a report themselves: for we find it recorded in an epitaph, which, if genuine, must have been inscribed on his tombstone near the nunnery of Kirklees in Yorkshire; where (as the story goes) he was bled to death by a treacherous nun to whom he applied for phlebotomy:

*Hear underneath dis laitl stean
laiz robert earl of huntingtun
nea arcir ber az hie sae geud
an pipl kauld im Robin Heud
sick utlawz as hi an is men
bil England nibir si agen.
obiit 24 kal. dekembris, 1247.

This Epitaph appears to me suspicious: however, a late Antiquary has given a pedigree of Robin Hood, which, if genuine, shows that he had real pretensions to the Earldom of Huntington, and that his true name was Robert Fitz-ooth.† Yet the most ancient poems on Robin Hood make no mention of this Earldom. He is expressly asserted to have been a yeoman‡ in a very old legend in verse preserved in the archives of the public library at Cambridge,§ in eight *fyttes* or parts, printed in black letter, quarto, thus inscribed: "℄ Here begynneth a lytell geste of Robyn hode and his meyne, and of the proude sheryfe of Notyngham." The first lines are,

"Lythe and lysten, gentylmen,
That be of free-bore blode:
I shall you tell of a good yeman,
His name was Robyn hode.

"Robyn was a proude out-lawe,
Whiles he walked on grounde;
So curteyse an outlawe as he was one,
Was never none yfounde." &c.

The printer's colophon is, "℄ Explicit Kinge Edwarde and Robin Hode and Lyttel Johan. Enprinted at London in Fletestrete at the sygne of the sone by Wynkin de Worde."——In Mr. Garrick's Collection* is a different edition of the same poem "℄ Imprinted at London upon the thre Crane wharfe by Wyllyam Copland," containing at the end a little dramatic piece on the subject of Robin Hood and the Friar, not found in the former copy, called, "A newe playe for to be played in Maye games very plesaunte and full of pastyme. ℄ (.˙.) ℘."

I shall conclude these preliminary remarks with observing, that the hero of this ballad was the favourite subject of popular songs so early as the time of K. Edward III. In the Visions of Pierce Plowman, written in that reign, a monk says,

I can rimes of Roben Hod and Randal of Chester,
But of our Lorde and our Lady, I lerne nothygn at all. Fol. 26, Ed. 1550.

See also in Bp. Latimer's Sermons† a very curious and characteristical story, which shows what respect was shown to the memory of our archer in the time of that prelate.

The curious reader will find many other particulars relating to this celebrated Outlaw, in Sir John Hawkins's Hist. of Music, vol. iii. p. 410, 4to.

For the catastrophe of Little John, who, it seems, was executed for a robbery on Arborhill, Dublin (with some curious particulars relating to his skill in archery,) see Mr. J. C. Walker's ingenious "Memoir on the Armour and Weapons of the Irish," p. 129, annexed to his "Historical Essay on the Dress of the Ancient and Modern Irish." Dublin, 1788, 4to.

Some liberties were, by the Editor, taken

* See Thoresby's Ducat. Leod. p. 576, Biog. Brit. vi. 3933.
† Stukeley, in his Palæographia Britannica, No. II. 1746.
‡ See also the following ballad, v. 147. § Num. D. 5, 2.

* Old Plays, 4to. K. vol. x.
† Ser. 6th before K. Ed. Apr. 12, fol. 75, Gilpin's Life of Lat. p. 122.

with this ballad; which, in this Edition, hath been brought nearer to the folio MS.

When shaws beene sheene, and shradds full fayre,
And leaves both large and longe,
Itt is merrye walking in the fayre forrèst
To heare the small birdes songe.

The woodweele sang, and wold not cease,
Sitting upon the spraye,
Soe lowde, he awakened Robin Hood,
In the greenwood where he lay.

Now by my faye, sayd jollye Robìn,
A sweaven I had this night;
I dreamt me of two wighty yemen,
That fast with me can fight.

Methought they did mee beate and binde,
And toke my bow mee froe;
If I be Robin alive in this lande
Ile be wroken on them towe.

Sweavens are swift, master, quoth John
As the wind that blowes ore a hill;
For if itt be never so loude this night,
To-morrow it may be still.

Buske yee, bowne yee, my merry men all,
And John shall goe with mee,
For Ile goe seeke yon wight yoemen,
In greenwood where the bee.

Then the cast on their gownes of grene,
And tooke theyr bowes each one;
And they away to the greene forrèst
A shooting forth are gone.

Untill they come to the merry greenwood,
Where they had gladdest bee,
There were the ware of a wight yeomàn,
His body leaned to a tree.

A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,
Of manye a man the bane;
And he was clad in his capull hyde
Topp and tayll and mayne.

Stand you still, master, quoth Little John,
Under this tree so grene;
And I will go to yond wight yeoman
To know what he doth meane.

Ah! John, by me thou settest noe store,
And that I farley finde;
How offt send I my men beffore,
And tarry my selfe behinde?

It is no cunning a knave to ken,
And a man but heare him speake;
And itt were not for bursting of my bowe,
John, I thy head wold breake.

As often wordes they breeden bale,
So they parted Robin and John;
And John is gone to Barnesdale:
The gates* he knoweth eche one.

But when he came to Barnesdale,
Great heaviness there hee hadd,
For he found tow of his owne fellowès
Were slaine both in a slade.

And Scarlette he was flyinge a-foote
Fast over stocke and stone,
For the sheriffe with seven score men
Fast after him is gone.

One shoote now I will shoote, quoth John,
With Christ his might and mayne;
Ile make yond fellow that flyes soe fast,
To stopp he shall be fayne.

Then John bent up his long bende-bow,
And fetteled him to shoote:
The bow was made of a tender boughe,
And fell downe to his foote.

Woe worth, woe worth thee, wicked wood,
That ere thou grew on a tree;
For now this day thou art my bale,
My boote when thou shold bee.

His shoote it was but loosely shott,
Yet flewe not the arrowe in vaine;
For itt mett one of the sherriffes men,
Good William a Trent was slaine.

It had bene better of William a Trent
To have bene abed with sorrowe,
Than to be that day in the green wood slade
To meet with Little John's arrowe.

But as it is said, when men be mett
Fyve can doe more than three,
The sheriffe hath taken Little John,
And bound him fast to a tree.

Ver. 1, For *Shaws* the MS. has *shales:* and *shradds* should perhaps be *swards:* i. e. the surface of the ground: viz. "when the fields were in their beauty:" or perhaps shades.

* i. e. ways, passes, paths, ridings. *Gate* is a common word in the North for *way*.

Thou shalt be drawen by dale and downe,
And hanged hye on a hill.
But thou mayst fayle of thy purpose, quoth John,
If itt be Christ his will.

Let us leave talking of Litle John,
And thinke of Robin Hood,
How he is gone to the wight yeomàn,
Where under the leaves he stood.

Good morrowe, good fellowe, said Robin so fayre,
"Good morrowe, good fellowe," quoth he:
Methinkes by this bowe thou beares in thy hande
A good archere thou sholdst bee.

I am wilfull of my waye, quo' the yeman,
And of my morning tyde.
Ile lead thee through the wood, sayd Robin;
Good fellow, Ile be thy guide.

I seeke an outlàwe, the straunger sayd,
Men call him Robin Hood;
Rather Ild meet with that proud outlàwe
Than forty pound soe good.

Now come with me thou wighty yeman,
And Robin thou soone shalt see:
But first let us some pastime find
Under the greenwood tree.

First let us some masterye make
Among the woods so even,
Wee may chance to meet with Robin Hood
Here att some unsett steven.

They cutt them downe two summer shroggs,
That grew both under a breere,
And sett them threescore rood in twaine
To shoot the prickes y-fere.

Leade on, good fellowe, quoth Robin Hood,
Leade on, I doe bidd thee.
Nay by my faith, good fellowe, hee sayd,
My leader thou shalt bee.

The first time Robin shot at the pricke,
He mist but an inch it froe:
The yeoman he was an archer good,
But he cold never shoote soe.

The second shoote had the wightye yeman,
He shote within the garlànde:
But Robin he shott far better than hee,
For he clave the good pricke wande.

A blessing upon thy heart, he sayd;
Good fellowe, thy shooting is goode;
For an thy hart be as good as thy hand,
Thou wert better than Robin Hoode.

Now tell me thy name, good fellowe, sayd he,
Under the leaves of lyne.
Nay by my faith, quoth bolde Robìn,
Till thou have told me thine.

I dwell by dale and downe, quoth hee,
And Robin to take Ime sworne;
And when I am called by my right name
I am Guye of good Gisbòrne.

My dwelling is in this wood, sayes Robin,
By thee I set right nought:
I am Robin Hood of Barnèsdale,
Whom thou so long hast sought.

He that had neither beene kithe nor kin.
Might have seene a full fayre sight,
To see how together these yeomen went
With blades both browne* and bright.

To see how these yeomen together they fought
Two howres of a summers day:
Yett neither Robin Hood nor Sir Guy
Them fettled to flye away.

Robin was reachles on a roote,
And stumbled at that tyde;
And Guy was quicke and nimble with-all,
And hitt him ore the left side.

Ah, deare lady, sayd Robin Hood, 'thou
That art both mother and may,'
I think it was never mans destinye
To dye before his day.

* The common epithet for a sword or other offensive weapon, in the old metrical romances, is *brown*. As "brown brand," or "brown sword, brown bill," &c.; and sometimes even "bright brown sword." Chaucer applies the word rustie in the same sense; thus he describes the reve:—

"And by his side he bare a rusty blade."
Prol. ver. 620.

And even thus the god Mars:—

"And in his hand he had a rousty sword."
Test of Cressid. 188.

Spenser has sometimes used the same epithet. See Warton's Observ. vol. ii. p. 62. It should seem, from this particularity, that our ancestors did not pique themselves upon keeping their weapons bright: perhaps they deemed it more honourable to carry them stained with the blood of their enemies.

Robin thought on our ladye deere,
And soone leapt up againe,
And strait he came with a 'backward' stroke,
And he Sir Guy hath slayne.

He took Sir Guy's head by the hayre,
And sticked itt on his bowes end:
Though hast beene a traytor all thy liffe,
Which thing must have an ende.

Robin pulled forth an Irish kniffe,
And nicked Sir Guy in the face,
That he was never on woman born,
Cold tell whose head it was.

Saies, Lye there, lye there, now Sir Guye,
And with me be not wrothe;
If thou have had the worse strokes at my hand,
Thou shalt have the better clothe.

Robin did off his gowne of greene,
And on Sir Guy did it throwe,
And hee put on that capull hyde,
That cladd him topp to toe.

The bowe, the arrowes, and litle horne,
Now with me I will beare;
For I will away to Barnèsdale,
To see how my men doe fare.

Robin Hood sett Guyes horne to his mouth,
And a loud blast in it did blow.
That beheard the sheriffe of Nottingham,
As he leaned under a lowe.

Hearken, hearken, sayd the sheriffe,
I heare nowe tydings good,
For yonder I heare Sir Guye's horne blowe,
And he hath slaine Robin Hoode.

Yonder I heare Sir Guye's horne blowe,
Itt blowes soe well in tyde,
And yonder comes that wightye yeoman,
Cladd in his capull hyde.

Come hyther, come hyther, thou good Sir Guy,
Aske what thou wilt of mee.
O, I will none of thy gold, sayd Robin,
Nor I will none of thy fee:

But now I've slaine the master, he sayes,
Let me go strike the knave;
This is all the rewarde I aske;
Nor noe other will I have.

Thou art a madman, said the sheriffe,
Thou sholdest have had a knight's fee:
But seeing thy asking hath beene soe bad,
Well granted it shale be.

When Litle John heard his master speake,
Well knewe he it was his steven:
Now shall I be looset, quoth Litle John,
With Christ his might in heaven.

Fast Robin hee hyed him to Little John,
He thought to loose him belive;
The sheriffe and all his companye
Fast after him did drive.

Stand abacke, stand abacke, sayd Robin;
Why draw you mee soe neere?
Itt was never the use in our countryè,
One's shrift another shold heere.

But Robin pulled forth an Irysh kniffe,
And loosed John hand and foote,
And gave him Sir Guyes bow into his hand
And bad it be his boote.

Then John he took Guye's bow in his hand,
His boltes and arrowes eche one:
When the sheriffe saw Little John bend his bow,
He fettled him to be gone.

Towards his house in Nottingham towne
He fled full fast away;
And soe did all his companye:
Not one behind wold stay.

But he cold neither runne soe fast,
Nor away soe fast cold ryde,
Bat Litle John with an arrowe so broad
He shott him into the 'backe'-syde.

*** The title of Sir was not formerly peculiar to Knights, it was given to Priests, and sometimes to very inferior personages.

Dr. Johnson thinks this title was applied to such as had taken the degree of A. B. in the universities, who are still styled *Domini*, "Sirs," to distinguish them from Undergraduates, who have no prefix, and from Masters of Arts, who are styled *Magistri*, "Masters."

Ver. 163, awkwarde, MS.

IX.

An Elegy on Henry Fourth Earl of Northumberland.

The subject of this poem which was written by Skelton, is the death of Henry Percy, fourth Earl of Northumberland, who fell a victim to the avarice of Henry VII. In 1489 the parliament had granted the king a subsidy for carrying on the war in Bretagne. This tax was found so heavy in the North that the whole country was in a flame. The E. of Northumberland, then lord lieutenant for Yorkshire, wrote to inform the king of the discontent, and praying an abatement. But nothing is so unrelenting as avarice: the king wrote back that not a penny should be abated. This message being delivered by the earl with too little caution, the populace rose, and, supposing him to be the promoter of their calamity, broke into his house, and murdered him, with several of his attendants, who yet are charged by Skelton with being backward in their duty on this occasion. This melancholy event happened at the earl's seat at Cocklodge, near Thirske, in Yorkshire, April 28, 1489. See Lord Bacon, &c.

If the reader does not find much poetical merit in this old poem (which yet is one of Skelton's best), he will see a striking picture of the state and magnificence kept up by our ancient nobility during the feudal times. This great earl is described here as having, among his menial servants, knights, squires, and even barons: see ver. 32, 183, &c., which, however different from modern manners, was formerly not unusual with our greater Barons, whose castles had all the splendour and offices of a royal court, before the laws against retainers abridged and limited the number of their attendants.

John Skelton, who commonly styled himself Poet Laureat, died June 21, 1529. The following poem, which appears to have been written soon after the event, is printed from an ancient MS. copy preserved in the British Museum, being much more correct than that printed among Skelton's Poems, in bl. let. 12mo. 1568. It is addressed to Henry Percy, fifth Earl of Northumberland, and is prefaced, &c., in the following manner:

Poeta Skelton Laureatus libellum suum metrice alloquitur.

Ad dominum properato meum mea pagina Percy,
Qui Northumbrorum jura paterna gerit,
Ad nutum celebris tu prona repone leonis,
Quæque suo patri tristia justa cano.
Ast ubi perlegit, dubiam sub mente volutet
Fortunam, cuncta quæ male fida rotat.
Qui leo sit felix, et Nestoris occupet annos;
Ad libitum cujus ipse paratus ero.

SKELTON LAUREAT UPON THE DOLOUROUS DETHE AND MUCH LAMENTABLE CHAUNCE OF THE MOOST HONORABLE ERLE OF NORTHUMBERLANDE.

I WAYLE, I wepe, I sobbe, I sigh ful sore
The dedely fate, the dolefulle destenny
Of him that is gone, alas! withoute restore,
Of the blode* royall descendinge nobelly;
Whos lordshepe doubtles was slayne lamentably
Thorow tresun ageyn hym compassyd and wrought;
Trew to his prince, in word, in dede, and thought.

Of hevenly poems, O Clyo calde by name
In the college of musis goddess hystoriall,
Adres the to me, whiche am both halt and lame
In elect uteraunce to make memoryall:
To the for soccour, to the for helpe I call
Myne homely rudnes and drighnes to expelle
With the freshe waters of Elyconys welle.

* The mother of Henry, first Earl of Northumberland, was Mary daughter to Henry Earl of Lancaster, whose father Edmond was second son of King Henry III.—The mother and wife of the second Earl of Northumberland were both lineal descendants of King Edward III.—The Percys also were lineally descended from the Emperor Charlemagne and the ancient Kings of France, by his ancestor Josceline du Lovain (son of Godfrey Duke of Brabant), who took the name of Percy on marrying the heiress of that house in the reign of Hen. II., Vid. Camden Britan. Edmondson, &c.

Of noble actes auncyently enrolde,
Of famous princis and lordes of astate,
By thy report ar wonte to extold,
Regestringe trewly every formare date:
Of thy bountie after the usuall rate,
Kyndle in me suche plenty of thy noblès,
Thes sorrowfulle dities that I may shew expres.

In sesons past who hathe harde or sene
Of formar writinge by any presidente
That vilane hastarddis in ther furious tene,
Fulfyld with malice of froward entente,
Confeterd togeder of commoun concente,
Falsly to slo ther moste singular goode lorde?
It may be registerde of shamefull recorde.

So noble a man, so valiaunt lorde and knight,
Fulfilled with honor, as all the worlde dothe ken;
At his commaundement, whiche had both day and night
Knyghtis and squyers, at every season when
He calde upon them, as menyall houshold men
Were no thes commones uncurteis karlis of kynde
To slo their owne lorde? God was not in their minde.

And were not they to blame, I say also,
That were aboute hym, his owne servants of trust,
To suffre hym slayn of his mortall fo?
Fled away from hym, let hym ly in the dust:
They bode not till the rekening were discust.
What shuld I flatter? what shulde I glose or paynt?
Fy, fy for shame, their harts wer to faint.

In Englande and Fraunce, which gretly was redouted;
Of whom both Flaunders and Scotland stode in drede;
To whome grete astates obeyde and lowttede:
A mayny of rude villayns made him for to blede:
Unkindly they slew him, that holp them oft at nede
He was their bulwark, their paves, and their wall,
Yet shamfully they slew hym; that shame mot them befal.

I say, ye commoners, why wer ye so stark mad?
What frantyk frensy fyll in youre brayne?
Where was your wit and reson, ye shuld have had?
What willfull foly made yow to ryse agayne
Your naturall lord? alas! I can not fayne.
Ye armed you with will, and left your wit behynd;
Well may you be called comones most unkynd.

He was your chyfteyne, your shelde, your chef defence,
Redy to assyst you in every tyme of nede;
Your worship depended of his excellence:
Alas! ye mad men, to far ye did excede:
Your hap was unhappy, to ill was your spede:
What movyd you agayn hym to war or to fight?
What aylde you to sle your lord agyn all right?

The grounde of his quarel was for his sovereyn lord,
The welle concernyng of all the hole lande,
Demaundyng soche dutyes as nedis most acord
To the right of his prince which shold not be withstand;
For whos cause ye slew hym with your awne hande:
But had his nobill men done wel that day,
Ye had not been hable to have saide him nay.

But ther was fals packinge, or els I am begylde;
How-be-it the matter was evident and playne,
For yf they had occupied ther spere and ther shelde,
This noble man doutles had not be slayne.
Bot men say they wer lynked with a double chayn,
And held with the commouns under a cloke,
Whiche kindeled the wyld fyre that made all this smoke.

The commouns renyed ther taxes to pay
Of them demaunded and asked by the kinge;
With one voice importune, they playnly said nay:
They buskt them on a bushment themself in baile to bringe:
Agayne the king's plesure to wrastle or to wringe,

Bluntly as bestis withe boste and with cry
They saide, they forsede not, nor carede not to dy.

The noblenes of the northe this valiant lorde and knyght,
As man that was innocent of trechery or trayne,
Presed forthe boldly to witstand the myght,
And lyke marciall Hector, he fauht them agayne,
Vigorously upon them with myght and with mayne,
Trustinge in noble men that wer with hym there:
Bot all they fled from hym for falshode or fere.

Barons, knights, squyers, one and alle,
Togeder with servaunts of his famuly,
Turnd their backis, and let ther master fall,
Of whos [life] they counted not a flye;
Take up whos wolde for them, they let hym ly
Alas! his golde, his fee, his annuall rente
Upon suche a sort was ille bestowde and spent.

He was envyronde aboute on every syde
Withe his enemys, that were stark mad and wode;
Yet whils he stode he gave woundes wyde
Alas for routhe! what thouche his mynde were goode,
His corage manly, yet ther he shed his bloode!
All left alone, alas! he fawte in vayne!
For cruelly amonge them ther he was slayne.

Alas for pite! that Percy thus was spylt,
The famous erle of Northumberlande:
Of knightly prowès the sworde pomel and hylt,
The mighty lyoun* doutted by se and lande!
O dolorous chaunce of fortuns fruward hande!
What man remembring how shamfully he was slayne,
From bitter weepinge himself kan restrayne!

O cruell Mars, thou dedly god of war!
O dolorous Teusday, dedicate to thy name,
When thou shoke thy sworde so noble a man to mar!
O grounde ungracious, unhappy be thy fame,
Whiche wert endyed with rede blode of the same!
Moste noble erle! O fowle mysuryd grounde
Whereon he gat his fynal dedely wounde!

O Atropos, of the fatall systers thre,
Goddes mooste cruell unto the lyf of man,
All merciles, in the ys no pitè!
O homycide, whiche sleest all that thou kan,
So forcibly upon this erle thow ran,
That with thy sworde enharpid of mortall drede,
Thou kit asonder his perfight vitall threde!

My wordis unpullysht be nakide and playne,
Of aureat poems they want ellumynynge;
Bot by them to knoulege ye may attayne
Of this lordis dethe and of his murdrynge.
Which whils he lyvyd had fuyson of every thing,
Of knights, of squyers, chef lord of toure and toune,
Tyl fykkill fortune began on hym to frowne.

Paregall to dukis, with kings he myght compare,
Surmountinge in honor all erls he did excede,
To all cuntreis aboute hym reporte me I dare.
Lyke to Eneas benygne in worde and dede,
Valiaunt as Hector in every marciall nede,
Provydent, discrete, circumspect, and wyse,
Tyll the chaunce ran agayne him of fortune's duble dyse.

What nedethe me for to extoll his fame
With my rude pen enkankerd all with rust?
Whos noble actis shew worsheply his name,
Transcendyng far myne homely muse, that must
Yet sumwhat wright supprisid with hartly lust,
Truly reportinge his right noble astate,
Immortally whiche is immaculate.

His noble blode never disteynyd was,
Trew to his prince for to defende his right,
Doublenes hatinge, fals maters to compas,
Treytory and treson he bannesht out of syght,
With trowth to medle was all his hole delyght,

* Alluding to his crest and supporters. Doutted is contracted for redoubted.

As all his kuntrey kan testefy the same:
To slo such a lord, alas, it was grete shame.

If the hole quere of the musis nyne
In me all onely wer sett and comprisyde,
Enbrethed with the blast of influence dyvyne,
As perfightly as could be thought or devysyd;
To me also allthouche it were promysyde
Of laureat Phebus holy the eloquence,
All were too litill for his magnyficence.

O yonge lyon, bot tender yet of age,
Grow and encrese, remembre thyn astate,
God the assyst unto thyn herytage,
And geve the grace to be more fortunate,
Agayne rebellyouns arme to make debate.
And, as the lyoune, whiche is of bestis kinge,
Unto thy subjectis be kurteis and benyngne.

I pray God sende the prosperous lyf and long,
Stabille thy mynde constant to be and fast,
Right to mayntein, and to resist all wronge:
All flattringe faytors abhor and from the cast,
Of foule detraction God kepe the from the blast:
Let double delinge in the have no place,
And be not light of credence in no case.

Wythe hevy chere, with dolorous hart and mynd,
Eche man may sorow in his inward thought,
Thys lords death, whose pere is hard to fynd
Allgyf Englond and Fraunce were thorow saught.
Al kings, all princes, all dukes, well they ought
Bothe temporall and spirituall for to complayne
This noble man, that crewelly was slayne.

More specially barons, and those knyghtes bold,
And all other gentilmen with hym enterteynd
In fee, as menyall men of his housold,
Whom he as lord worsheply manteynd:
To sorowfull weping they ought to be constreynd,
As oft as thei call to ther remembraunce,
Of ther good lord the fate and dedely chaunce.

O perlese prince of hevyn emperyalle,
That with one worde formed al thing of noughte;
Hevyn, hell, and erth obey unto thi kall;
Which to thy resemblance wondersly hast wrought
All mankynd, whom thou full dere hast boght,
With thy blode precious our finaunce thou dyd pay,
And us redemed, from the fendys pray:

To the pray we, as prince incomperable,
As thou art of mercy and pite the well,
Thou bringe unto thy joy etermynable
The sowle of this lorde from all daunger of hell,
In endles blis with the to byde and dwell
In thy palace above the orient,
Where thou art lorde, and God omnipotent.

O queene of mercy, O lady full of grace,
Maiden moste pure, and goddis moder dere,
To sorowfull harts chef comfort and solace,
Of all women O floure withouten pere,
Pray to thy son above the starris clere,
He to vouchesaf by thy mediatioun
To pardon thy servant, and bringe to salvacion.

In joy tryumphant the hevenly yerarchy,
With all the hole sorte of that glorious place,
His soule mot recyve into ther company
Thorowe bounte of hym that formed all solace:
Well of pite, of mercy, and of grace,
The father, the son, and the holy goste
In Trinitate one God of myghts moste.

†‡† I have placed the foregoing poem of Skelton's before the following extract from Hawes, not only because it was written first, but because I think Skelton is in general to be considered as the earlier poet; many of his poems being written long before Hawes's *Graunde Amour*.

X.

The Tower of Doctrine.

The reader has here a specimen of the descriptive powers of Stephen Hawes, a celebrated poet in the reign of Henry VII., though now little known. It is extracted from an allegorical poem of his (written in 1505), entitled, "The Hist. of Graunde Amoure & La Belle Pucel, called the Palace of Pleasure, &c." 4to, 1555. See more of Hawes in Ath. Ox. v. 1, p. 6, and Warton's Observ. v. 2, p. 105. He was also author of a book, entitled, "The Temple of Glass. Wrote by Stephen Hawes, gentleman of the bedchamber to K. Henry VII." Pr. for Caxton, 4to., no date.

The following Stanzas are taken from Chap. III. and IV. of the Hist. above mentioned. "How fame departed from Graunde Amour and left him with Governaunce and Grace, and howe he went to the Tower of Doctrine, &c." As we are able to give no small lyric piece of Hawes's, the reader will excuse the insertion of this extract.

I loked about and saw a craggy roche,
Farre in the west neare to the element,
And as I dyd then unto it approche,
Upon the toppe I sawe refulgent
The royal tower of Morall Document,
Made of fine copper with turrettes fayre and hye,
Which against Phebus shone soe marveylously.

That for the very perfect bryghtnes
What of the tower, and of the cleare sunne
I could nothyng behold the goodlines
Of that palaice, whereas Doctrine did wonne:
Tyll at the last, with mysty wyndes donne,
The radiant brightnes of golden Phebus
Auster gan cover with clowde tenebrus.

Then to the tower I drewe nere and nere,
And often mused of the great hyghnes
Of the craggy rocke which quadrant did appeare:
But the fayre tower, (so much of ryches
Was all about,) sexangled doubtles;
Gargeyld with grayhoundes, and with many lyons,
Made of fyne golde; with divers sundry dragons.*

The little turrets with ymages of golde
About was set, whiche with the wynd aye moved
With propre vices, that I did well beholde
About the tower, in sundry wyse they hoved
With goodly pypes, in their mouthes ituned,
That with the wynd they piped a daunce
Iclipped *Amour de la hault plesaunce.*

The toure was great of marveylous wydnes,
To whyche ther was no way to passe but one,
Into the toure for to have an intres:
A grece there was ychesyld all of stone
Out of the rocke, on whyche men dyd gone
Up to the toure, and in lykewyse dyd I
With bothe the Grayhoundes in my company:†

Tyll that I came unto a ryall gate,
Where I sawe stondynge the goodly portres,
Whyche axed me, from whence I came a-late;
To whome I gan in every thynge expresse
All myne adventure, chaunce, and busynesse,
And eke my name; I told her every dell:
Whan she herde this she lyked me right well.

Her name, she sayd, was called Countenaunce;
Into the 'base' courte she dyd me then lede,
Where was a fountayne depured of plesance,
A noble sprynge, a ryall conduyte-hede,
Made of fyne golde enameled with reed;
And on the toppe four dragons blewe and stoute
Thys dulcet water in four partes dyd spoute.

V. 25, towers, P. C. V. 44, besy courte, P. C. V. 49, partyes, P. C.

* Greyhounds, Lions, Dragons, were at that time the royal supporters.

† This alludes to a former part of the Poem.

Of whyche there flowed foure ryvers ryght clere,
Sweter than Nylus* or Ganges was ther odoure:
Tygrys or Eufrates unto them no pere:
I dyd than taste the aromatyke lycoure,
Fragraunt of fume, and swete as any floure;
And in my mouth it had a marveylous scent
Of divers spyces, I knewe not what it ment.

And after thys further forth me brought
Dame Countenaunce into a goodly Hall,
Of jasper stones it was wonderly wrought:
Thy wyndowes cleare depured all of crystall,
And in the roufe on hye over all
Of golde was made a ryght crafty vyne;
Instede of grapes the rubies there did shyne.

The flore was paved with berall clarified,
With pillers made of stones precious,
Like a place of pleasure so gayely glorified,
It myght be called a palaice glorious,
So muche delectable and solacious;
The hall was hanged hye and circuler
With cloth of arras in the rychest maner,

That treated well of a ful noble story,
Of the doubty waye to the Tower Perillous;*
Howe a noble knyght should wynne the victory
Of many a serpente foule and odious.

* * * * * *

XI.

The Child of Elle,

———is given from a fragment in the Editor's folio MS.: which though extremely defective and mutilated, appeared to have so much merit, that it excited a strong desire to attempt the completion of the story. The reader will easily discover the supplemental stanzas by their inferiority, and at the same time be inclined to pardon it, when he considers how difficult it must be to imitate the affecting simplicity and artless beauties of the original.

Child was a title sometimes given to a knight. See Gloss.

On yonder hill a castle standes
With walles and towres bedight,
And yonder lives the Child of Elle,
A younge and comely knighte.

The Child of Elle to his garden went,
And stood at his garden pale,
Whan, lo! he beheld fair Emmelines page
Come trippinge downe the dale.

The Child of Elle he hyed him thence,
Y-wis he stoode not stille,
And soone he mette fair Emmelines page
Come climbing up the hille.

Nowe Christe thee save, thou little foot-page,
Now Christe thee save and see!
Oh tell me how does thy ladye gaye,
And what may thy tydinges bee?

My lady she is all woe-begone,
And the teares they falle from her eyne;
And aye she laments the deadlye feude
Betweene her house and thine.

And here shee sends thee a silken scarfe
Bedewde with many a teare,
And biddes thee sometimes thinke on her,
Who loved thee so deare.

And here she sends thee a ring of golde
The last boone thou mayst have,
And biddes thee weare it for her sake,
When she is layde in grave.

For, ah! her gentle heart is broke,
And in grave soone must shee bee,
Sith her father hath chose her a new new love,
And forbidde her to think of thee.

† Nysus, P. C.

* The story of the poem.

Her father hath brought her a carlish knight,
Sir John of the north countràye,
And within three dayes shee must him wedde,
Or he vowes he will her slaye.

Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,
And greet thy ladye from mee,
And tell her that I her owne true love
Will dye, or sette her free.

Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,
And let thy fair ladye know
This knight will I bee at her bowre windòwe,
Betide me weale or woe.

The boye he tripped, the boye he ranne,
He neither stint ne stayd
Untill he came to fair Emmelines bowre
Whan kneeling downe he sayd,

O ladye, I've been with thy own true love,
And he greets thee well by mee;
This night will he be at thy bowre-windòwe,
And dye or sette thee free.

Nowe daye was gone and night was come,
And all were fast asleepe,
All save the ladye Emmeline,
Who sate in her bowre to weepe:

And soone she heard her true loves voice
Lowe whispering at the walle,
Awake, awake, my deare ladyè,
Tis I thy true love call.

Awake, awake, my ladye deare,
Come, mount this faire palfràye;
This ladder of ropes will lette thee downe,
Ile carrye thee hence awaye.

Nowe nay, nowe nay, thou gentle knight,
Nowe nay, this may not bee;
For aye shold I tint my maiden fame,
If alone I should wend with thee.

O ladye, thou with a knighte so true
Mayst safely wend alone,
To my ladye mother I will thee bringe,
Where marriage shall make us one.

"My father he is a baron bolde,
Of lynage proude and hye;
And what would he saye if his daughtèr
Awaye with a knight should fly?

Ah! well I wot, he never would rest,
Nor his meate should doe him no goode,
Until he had slayne thee, Child of Elle,
And seene thy deare hearts bloode."

O ladye wert thou in thy saddle sette,
And a little space him fro,
I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,
Nor the worst that he could doe.

O ladye, wert thou in thy saddle sette,
And once without this walle,
I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,
Nor the worst that might befalle.

Faire Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe:
At length he seized her lilly-white hand,
And downe the ladder he drewe:

And thrice he clasped her to his breste,
And kist her tenderlìe:
The teares that fell from her fair eyes
Ranne like the fountayne free.

Hee mounted himselfe on his steede so talle,
And her on a fair palfràye,
And slung his bugle about his necke,
And roundlye they rode awaye.

All this beheard her owne damsèlle,
In her bed whereas shee ley,
Quoth shee, My lord shall knowe of this,
Soe I shall have golde and fee.

Awake, awake, thou baron bolde!
Awake, my noble dame!
Your daughter is fledde with the Child of Elle
To doe the deede of shame.

The baron he woke, the baron he rose,
And called his merrye men all:
"And come thou forth, Sir John the knighte,
Thy ladye is carried to thrall."

Faire Emmeline scant had ridden a mile,
A mile forth of the towne,
When she was aware of her fathers men
Come galloping over the downe:

And formost came the carlish knight,
Sir John of the north countráye:
"Nowe stop, nowe stop, thou false traitòure,
Nor carry that ladye awaye.

For she is come of hye linèage,
And was of a ladye borne,
And ill it beseems thee a false churl's sonne
To carrye her hence to scorne."

Nowe loud thou lyest, Sir John the knight,
Nowe thou doest lye of mee;
A knight mee gott, and a ladye me bore,
Soe never did none by thee.

But light nowe downe, my ladye faire,
Light downe, and hold my steed,
While I and this discourteous knighte
Doe trye this arduous deede.

But light nowe downe, my deare ladyè,
Light downe, and hold my horse;
While I and this discourteous knight
Doe trye our valour's force.

Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe,
While twixt her love and the carlish knight
Past many a baleful blowe.

The Child of Elle hee fought soe well,
As his weapon he waved amaine,
That soone he had slaine the carlish knight,
And layd him upon the plaine.

And nowe the baron and all his men
Full fast approached nye:
Ah! what may ladye Emmeline doe
Twere nowe no boote to flye.

Her lover he put his horne to his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill,
And soone he saw his owne merry men
Come ryding over the hill.

"Nowe hold thy hand, thou bold barón,
I pray thee hold thy hand,
Nor ruthless rend two gentle hearts
Fast knit in true love's band.

Thy daughter I have dearly loved
Full long and many a day;
But with such love as holy kirke
Hath freelye said wee may.

O give consent, shee may be mine,
And bless a faithfull paire:
My lands and livings are not small,
My house and lineage faire:

My mother she was an earl's daughtèr,
And a noble knyght my sire ——
The baron he frowned and turn'd away
With mickle dole and ire.

Fair Emmeline sighed, faire Emmeline wept,
And did all tremblinge stand:
At lengthe she sprang upon her knee,
And held his lifted hand.

Pardon, my lorde and father deare,
This faire yong knyght and mee:
Trust me, but for the carlish knyght,
I never had fled from thee.

Oft have you called your Emmeline
Your darling and your joye;
O let not then your harsh resolves
Your Emmeline destroye.

The baron he stroakt his dark-brown cheeke,
And turned his heade asyde
To whipe awaye the starting teare
He proudly strave to hyde.

In deepe revolving thought he stoode,
And mused a little space:
Then raised faire Emmeline from the grounde,
With many a fond embrace.

Here take her, Child of Elle, he sayd,
And gave her lillye white hand;
Here take my deare and only child,
And with her half my land:

Thy father once mine honour wrongde
In dayes of youthful pride;
Do thou the injurye repayre
In fondnesse for thy bride.

And as thou love her, and hold her deare,
Heaven prosper thee and thine:
And nowe my blessing wend wi' thee,
My lovelye Emmeline.

***

†‡† From the word *kirke* in ver. 129, this hath been thought to be a Scottish Ballad, but it must be acknowledged that the line referred to is among the additions supplied by the Editor: besides, in the Northern counties of England, *kirk* is used in the common dialect for *church*, as well as beyond the Tweed.

XII.

Edom O' Gordon,

A SCOTTISH BALLAD,

—— was printed at Glasgow, by Robert and Andrew Foulis, mdcclv. 8vo., 12 pages, — We are indebted for its publication (with many other valuable things in these volumes) to Sir David Dalrymple, Bart., who gave it as it was preserved in the memory of a lady, that is now dead.

The reader will here find it improved, and enlarged with several fine stanzas, recovered from a fragment of the same ballad, in the Editor's folio MS. It is remarkable that the latter is entitled Captain Adam Carre, and is in the English idiom. But whether the author was English or Scotch, the difference originally was not great. The English Ballads are generally of the North of England, the Scottish are of the South of Scotland, and of consequence the country of Ballad-singers was sometimes subject to one crown, and sometimes to the other, and most frequently to neither. Most of the finest old Scotch songs have the scene laid within twenty miles of England, which is indeed all poetic ground, green hills, remains of woods, clear brooks. The pastoral scenes remain: of the rude chivalry of former ages happily nothing remains but the ruins of the castles, where the more daring and successful robbers resided. The House or Castle of the Rodes stood about a measured mile south from Duns, in Berwickshire: some of the ruins of it may be seen to this day. The Gordons were anciently seated in the same county: the two villages of East and West Gordon lie about ten miles from the castle of the Rodes.* The fact, however, on which the ballad is founded, happened in the North of Scotland, (see below), yet it is but too faithful a specimen of the violences practised in the feudal times in every part of this Island, and indeed all over Europe.

From the different titles of this Ballad, it should seem that the old strolling bards or Minstrels (who gained a livelihood by reciting these poems) made no scruple of changing the names of the personages they introduced, to humour their hearers. For instance, if a Gordon's conduct was blame-worthy in the opinion of that age, the obsequious minstrel would, when among Gordons, change the name to Car, whose clan or sept lay further West, and vice versâ.—The foregoing observation, which I owed to Sir David Dalrymple, will appear the more perfectly well founded, if, as I have since been informed (from Crawford's Memoirs), the principal Commander of the expedition was a Gordon, and the immediate Agent a Car, or Ker; for then the reciter might, upon good grounds, impute the barbarity here deplored, either to a Gordon or a Car, as best suited his purpose. In the third volume the reader will find a similar instance. See the song of Gil Morris, wherein the principal character introduced had different names given him, perhaps from the same cause.

It may be proper to mention, that in the folio MS. instead of the "Castle of the Rodes," it is the "Castle of Britton's-borrow," and also "Diactors" or "Draitours-borrow," (for it is very obscurely written,) and "Capt. Adam Carre" is called the "Lord of Westerton-town." Uniformity required that the Additional stanzas supplied from that copy should be clothed in the Scottish orthography and idiom: this has therefore been attempted, though perhaps imperfectly.

It fell about the Martinmas,
  Quhen the wind blew shril and cauld,
Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,
  We maun draw till a hauld.

An quhat a hauld sall we draw till,
  My mirry men and me?
We wul gae to the house o' the Rodes,
  To see that fair ladie.

* This Ballad is well known in that neighbourhood, where it is entitled Adam o'Gordon. It may be observed, that the famous freebooter, whom Edward I. fought with hand to hand, near Farnham, was named Adam Gordon.

The lady stude on hir castle wa'
Beheld baith dale and down:
There she was ware of a host of men
Cum ryding towards the toun.

O see ze nat, my mirry men a'?
O see ze nat quhat I see?
Methinks I see a host of men:
I marveil quha they be.

She weend it had been hir luvely lord,
As he cam ryding hame;
It was the traitor Edom o' Gordon,
Quha reckt nae sin nor shame.

She had nae sooner buskit hirsel,
And putten on hir goun,
But Edom o' Gordon and his men
Were round about the toun.

They had nae sooner supper sett,
Nae sooner said the grace,
But Edom o' Gorden and his men
Were light about the place.

The lady ran up to hir towir head,
Sa fast as she could hie,
To see if by hir faire speechès
She could wi' him agree.

But quhan he see this lady saif,
And hir yates all locked fast,
He fell into a rage of wrath,
And his look was all aghast.

Cum doun to me, ze lady gay,
Cum doun, cum doun to me:
This night sall ye lig within mine armes,
To-morrow my bridè sall be.

I winnae cum doun, ze fals Gordon,
I winnae cum doun to thee;
I winnae forsake my ain dear lord,
That is sae far frae me.

Give owre zour house, ze lady fair,
Give oure zour house to me,
Or I sall brenn yoursel therein,
Bot and zour babies three.

I winnae give owre, ze false Gordòn,
To nae sik traitor as zee:
And if ze brenn my ain dear babes,
My lord shall make ze drie.

But reach my pistoll, Glaud, my man,*
And charge ze weil my gun:*
For, but an I pierce that bluidy butcher,
My babes we been undone.

She stude upon hir castle wa',
And let twa bullets flee:*
She mist that bluidy butchers hart,
And only raz'd his knee.

Set fire to the house, quo' fals Gordòn,
All wood wi' dule and ire:
Fals lady, ze sall rue this déid,
As ze bren in the fire.

Wae worth, wae worth ze, Jock my man,
I paid ze weil zour fee;
Quhy pu' ze out the ground-wa' stane,
Lets in the reek to me?

And ein wae worth ze, Jock my man,
I paid ze well zour hire;
Quhy pu' ze out the ground-wa' stane,
To me lets in the fire?

Ze paid me weil my hire, lady;
Ze paid me weil my fee:
But now I'm Edom o'Gordons man,
Maun either doe or die.

O then bespaik hir little son,
Sate on the nurses knee;
Sayes, Mither deare, gi' owre this house,
For the reek it smithers me.

I wad gie a' my gowd, my childe,
Sae wald I a' my fee,
For ane blast o' the western wind,
To blaw the reek frae thee.

O then bespaik hir dochter dear,
She was bath jimp and sma:
O row me in a pair of sheits,
And tow me owre the wa.

They rowd hir in a pair o' sheits,
And towd hir owre the wa:
But on the point of Gordon's spear
She gat a deadly fa.

O bonnie bonnie was hir mouth,
And cherry were hir cheiks,

* These three lines are restored from Foulis's edition, and the fol. MS., which last reads "the bullets," in v. 58.

And clear clear was hir zellow hair,
Whereon the reid bluid dreips.

Then wi' his spear he turnd hir owre,
O gin hir face was wan!
He sayd, Ze are the first that eir
I wisht alive again.

He turnd hir owre and owre againe,
O gin hir skin was whyte!
I might ha spared that bonnie face,
To hae been sum mans delyte.

Busk and boun, my merry men a',
For ill dooms I doe guess:
I cannae luik in that bonnie face,
As it lyes on the grass.

Thame, luiks to freits, my master deir,
Then freits wil follow thame:
Let it neir be said brave Edom o' Gordon
Was daunted by a dame.

But quhen the lady see the fire
Cum flaming owre hir head,
She wept and kist her children twain,
Sayd, Bairns, we been but dead.

The Gordon then his bougill blew,
And said, 'Awa', 'awa';
This house o' the Rhodes is a' in flame,
I hauld it time to ga'.

O then bespyed hir ain dear lord,
As hee cam owr the lee;
He sied his castle all in blaze
So far as he could see.

Then sair, O sair, his mind misgave,
And all his hart was wae;
Put, on, put on, my wighty men,
So fast as ze can gae.

Put on, put on, my wighty men,
So fast as ze can drie;

For he that is hindmost of the thrang
Sall neir get guid o' me.

Than sum they rade, and some they rin,
Fou fast out-owr the bent;
But eir the foremost could get up,
Baith lady and babes were brent.

He wrang his hands, he rent his hair,
And wept in teenefu' muid:
O traitors, for this cruel deid
Ze sall weep teirs o' bluid.

And after the Gordon he is gane,
Sa fast as he might drie;
And soon i' the Gordon's foul hartis bluid
He's wroken his dear ladie.

***

†‡† Since the foregoing ballad was first printed, the subject of it has been found recorded in Abp. Spotswood's History of the Church of Scotland, p. 259; who informs us, that

"Anno 1571. In the north parts of Scotland, Adam Gordon (who was deputy for his brother the Earl of Huntley) did keep a great stir; and, under colour of the queen's authority, committed divers oppressions, especially upon the Forbes. . . . . Having killed Arthur Forbes, brother to the Lord Forbes. . . . Not long after he sent to summon the house of Tavoy, pertaining to Alexander Forbes. The lady refusing to yield without direction from her husband, he put fire unto it, and burnt her therein, with children and servants, being twenty-seven persons in all.

"This inhuman and barbarous cruelty made his name odious, and stained all his former doings; otherwise he was held very active and fortunate in his enterprizes."

This fact, which had escaped the Editor's notice, was in the most obliging manner pointed out to him by an ingenious writer who signs his name H. H. (Newcastle, May 9,) in the Gentleman's Magazine for May, 1775, p. 219.

V. 98, 102, O Gin, &c., a Scottish idiom to express, great admiration. V. 109, 110, Thame, &c., i. e. Them that look after omens of ill luck, ill luck will follow.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

SERIES THE FIRST.

BOOK II.

I.

Ballads that Illustrate Shakspeare.

Our great dramatic poet having occasionally quoted many ancient ballads, and even taken the plot of one, if not more, of his plays from among them, it was judged proper to preserve as many of these as could be recovered, and, that they might be the more easily found, to exhibit them in one collective view. This second book is therefore set apart for the reception of such ballads as are quoted by Skakspeare, or contribute in any degree to illustrate his writings: this being the principal point in view, the candid reader will pardon the admission of some pieces that have no other kind of merit.

The design of this book being of a dramatic tendency, it may not be improperly introduced with a few observations on the origin of the English Stage, and on the conduct of our first Dramatic Poets; a subject which, though not unsuccessfully handled by several good writers already,* will yet perhaps admit of some further illustration.

ON THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH STAGE, ETC.

It is well known that dramatic poetry in this and most other nations of Europe owes its origin, or at least its revival, to those religious shows, which in the dark ages were usually exhibited on the more solemn festivals. At those times they were wont to represent in the churches the lives and miracles of the saints, or some of the more important stories of Scripture. And as the most mysterious subjects were frequently chosen, such as the Incarnation, Passion, and Resurrection of Christ, &c., these exhibitions acquired the general name of Mysteries. At first they were probably a kind of dumb shows, intermingled, it may be, with a few short speeches; at length they grew into a regular series of connected dialogues, formally divided into acts and scenes. Specimens of these in their most improved state (being at best but poor artless compositions) may be seen among Dodsley's Old Plays and in Osborne's Harleyan Miscel. How they were exhibited in their most simple form, we may learn from an ancient novel, often quoted by our old dramatic Poets,* entitled "a Merye Jest of a man that was called Howleglas,"† &c., being a translation from the Dutch language, in which he is named *Ulenspiegle*. Howleglass, whose waggish tricks are the subject of this book, after many adventures comes to live with a priest, who makes him his parish-clerk. This priest is described as keeping a Leman or concubine, who had but one eye, to whom Howleglass owed a grudge for revealing his rogueries to his master. The story thus proceeds: "And than in the meane season, while Howleglas, was parysh clarke, at Easter they should play the Ressurrection of our Lorde: and for because than the men wer not learned, nor could not read, the priest toke his leman, and put her in the grave for an Aungell: and this seing Howleglas, toke to him iij of the symplest persons that were in the towne, that played the iij Maries; and the Person [i. e. Parson or Rector] played Christe, with a baner in his hand. Than saide Howleglas to the symple persons, When the Aungell asketh you, whome you seke, you may saye, The parsons leman with one iye. Than it fortuned that the tyme was come that they

* Bp. Warburton's Shakespeare, vol. v. p. 338.—Pref. to Dodsley's Old Plays.—Riccoboni's Acct. of Theat. of Europe, &c. &c. These were all the author had seen when he first drew up this Essay.

* See Ben Johnson's Poetaster, act iii. sec. 4, and his Masque of The Fortunate Isles. Whalley's edit. vol. ii. p. 49, vol. vi. p. 190.

† Howleglass is said in the preface to have died in MCCCCL. At the end of the book, in MCCCL.

must playe, and the Aungel asked them whom they sought, and than sayd they, as Howleglas had shewed and lerned them afore, and than answered they, We seke the priests leman with one iye. And than the prieste might heare that he was mocked. And whan the priestes leman herd that, she arose out of the grave, and would have smyten with her fist Howleglas upon the cheke, but she missed him and smote one of the simple persons that played one of the thre Maries; and he gave her another; and than toke she him by the heare [hair]; and that seing his wyfe, came running hastely to smite the priestes leman; and than the priest seeing this, caste down hys baner and went to helpe his woman, so that the one gave the other sore strokes, and made great noyse in the churche. And than Howleglas seyng them lyinge together by the eares in the bodi of the churche, went his way out of the village, and came no more there."*

As the old Mysteries frequently required the representation of some allegorical personage, such as Death, Sin, Charity, Faith, and the like, by degrees the rude poets of those unlettered ages began to form complete dramatic pieces consisting entirely of such personifications. These they entitled Moral Plays or Moralities. The Mysteries were very inartificial, representing the Scripture stories simply according to the letter. But the Moralities are not devoid of invention; they exhibit outlines of the dramatic art: they contain something of a fable or plot, and even attempt to delineate characters and manners. I have now before me two that were printed early in the reign of Henry VIII.; in which I think one may plainly discover the seeds of Tragedy and Comedy: for which reason I shall give a short analysis of them both.

One of them is entitled "Every Man."† The subject of this piece is the summoning of Man out of the world by Death; and its moral that nothing will then avail him but a well-spent life and the comforts of religion. This subject and moral are opened in a monologue spoken by the Messenger (for that was the name generally given by our ancestors to the Prologue on their rude stage): then God* is represented; who, after some general complaints on the degeneracy of mankind, calls for Death, and orders him to bring before his tribunal Every-man, for so is called the personage who represents the Human Race. Every-man appears, and receives the summons with all the marks of confusion and terror. When Death is withdrawn, Every-Man applies for relief in this distress to Fellowship, Kindred, Goods, or Riches, but they successively renounce and forsake him. In this disconsolate state he betakes himself to Good Dedes, who after upbraiding him with his long neglect of her,† introduces him to her sister Knowledge, and she leads him to the "holy man Confession," who appoints him penance: this he inflicts upon himself on the stage, and then withdraws to receive the sacraments of the priest. On his return he begins to wax faint, and, after Strength, Beauty, Discretion, and Five Wits (*g*) have taken their final leave of him, gradually expires on the stage; Good Dedes still accompanying him to the last. Then an Aungell descends to sing his *Requiem;* and the Epilogue is spoken by a person, called Doctour, who recapitulates the whole, and delivers the moral:

"¶. This memoriall men may have in mynde,
Ye herers, take it of worth old and yonge,
And forsake Pryde, for he deceyveth you in thende,
And remembre Beautè, Five Witts, Strength and Discretion,
They all at last do Every Man forsake;
Save his Good Dedes there dothe he take;
But beware, for and they be small,
Before God he hath no helpe at all," &c.

From this short analysis it may be observed, that "Every Man" is a grave solemn piece, not without some rude attempts to excite terror and pity, and therefore may not improperly be referred to the class of Tragedy. It is remarkable that in this old simple drama the fable is conducted upon the strictest model of the Greek tragedy. The action is simply

* ¶. Imprynted . . by Wyllyam Copland: without date, 4to. bl. let. among Mr. Garrick's Old Plays, K. vol. X.

† This play has been reprinted by Mr. Hawkins in his 3 vols. of Old Plays, entitled, "The Origin of the English Drama," 12mo. Oxford, 1773. See vol. i. p. 27.

* The second person of the Trinity seems to be meant,

† The before-mentioned are male characters.

‡ *i. e.* The Five Senses. These are frequently exhibited as five distinct personages upon the Spanish stage (see Riccoboni, p. 98); but our moralist has represented them all by one character.

one, the time of action is that of the performance, the scene is never changed, nor the stage ever empty. Every-Man, the hero of the piece, after his first appearance never withdraws, except when he goes out to receive the sacraments, which could not well be exhibited in public; and during his absence Knowledge descants on the excellence and power of the priesthood, somewhat after the manner of the Greek chorus. And indeed, except in the circumstance of Every-Man's expiring on the stage, the Sampson Agonistes of Milton is hardly formed on a severer plan.*

The other play is entitled "Hick-Scorner,"† and bears no distant resemblance to Comedy: its chief aim seems to be to exhibit characters and manners, its plot being much less regular than the foregoing. The Prologue is spoken by Pity, represented under the character of an aged pilgrim; he is joined by Contemplacyon and Perseverance, two holy men, who, after lamenting the degeneracy of the age, declare their resolution of stemming the torrent. Pity then is left upon the stage, and presently found by Frewyll, representing a lewd debauchee, who, with his dissolute companion Imaginacion, relate their manner of life, and not without humour describe the stews and other places of base resort. They are presently joined by Hick-Scorner, who is drawn as a libertine returned from travel, and agreeably to his name, scoffs at religion. These three are described as extremely viscious, who glory in every act of wickedness: at length two of them quarrel, and Pity endeavours to part the fray; on this they fall upon him, put him in the stocks and there leave him. Pity, thus imprisoned, descants, in a kind of lyric measure, on the profligacy of the age, and in this situation is found by Perseverance and Contemplacion, who set him at liberty and advise him to go in search of the delinquents. As soon as he is gone, Frewill appears again; and, after relating in a very comic manner some of his rogueries and escapes from justice, is rebuked by the two holy men, who, after a long altercation, at length convert him and his libertine companion Imaginacioun from their vicious course of life: and then the play ends with a few verses from Perseverance by way of epilogue. This and every morality I have seen conclude with a solemn prayer. They are all of them in rhyme; in a kind of loose stanza, intermixed with distichs.

It would be needless to point out the absurdities in the plan and conduct of the foregoing play: they are evidently great. It is sufficient to observe, that, bating the moral and religious reflection of Pity, &c., the piece is of a comic cast, and contains a humorous display of some of the vices of the age. Indeed the author has generally been so little attentive to the allegory, that we need only substitute other names to his personages, and we have real characters and living manners.

We see then that the writers of these moralities were upon the very threshold of real tragedy and comedy; and therefore we are not to wonder that tragedies and comedies in form soon after took place, especially as the revival of learning about this time brought them acquainted with the Roman and Grecian models.

II. At what period of time the moralities had their rise here, it is difficult to discover. But plays of miracles appear to have been exhibited in England soon after the Conquest. Matthew Paris tells us that Geoffrey, afterwards Abbot of St. Albans, a Norman, who had been sent for over by Abbot Richard to take upon him the direction of the School of that monastery, coming too late, went to Dunstaple and taught in the abbey there; where he caused to be acted (probably by his scholars) a miracle play of St. Catherine, composed by himself.* This was long before the year 1119, and probably within the 11th century. The above play of St. Catherine was, for aught that appears, the first spectacle of this sort that was exhibited in these kingdoms: and an eminent French writer thinks it was even the first attempt towards the re-

* See more of every man, in Series the Second, Pref. to B. ii., note.

† "Imprynted by me Wynkyn de Worde," no date; in 4to. bl. let. This play has also been reprinted by Mr. Hawkins in his "Origin of the English Drama," vol. i. p. 69.

* *Apud Dunestapliam .... quendum ludum de sancta Katerina (quem miracula vulgariter appellamus) fecit. Ad quæ decoranda, petiit a sacrista sancti Albani, ut sibi Capæ Chorales accommodarentur, et obtinuit. Et fuit ludus ille de sancta Katerina.* Vitæ Abbat. ad fin. Hist. Mat. Paris, fol. 1639, p. 56.—We see here that Plays of Miracles were become common enough in the time of Mat. Paris, who flourished about 1240. But that indeed appears from the more early writings of Fitz-Stephens: quoted below.

vival of Dramatic Entertainments in all Europe; being long before the Representations of Mysteries in France; for these did not begin till the year 1398.*

But whether they derived their origin from the above exhibition or not, it is certain that Holy Plays, representing the miracles and sufferings of the Saints, were become common in the reign of Henry II.; and a lighter sort of Interludes appear not to have been then unknown.† In the subsequent age of Chaucer, "Plays of Miracles" in Lent were the common resort of idle gossips.‡

They do not appear to have been so prevalent on the continent, for the learned historian of the council of Constance§ ascribes to the English the introduction of plays into Germany. He tells us that the Emperor, having been absent from the council for some time, was at his return received with great rejoicings, and that the English fathers in particular did, upon that occasion; cause a sacred comedy to be acted before him on Sunday, Jan. 31, 1417; the subjects of which were:—The Nativity of our Saviour; the arrival of the Eastern Magi; and the Massacre by Herod. Thence it appears, says this writer, that the Germans are obliged to the English for the invention of this sort of spectacles, unknown to them before that period.

The fondness of our ancestors for dramatic exhibitions of this kind, and some curious particulars relating to this subject, will appear from the Houshold Book of the fifth Earl of Northumberland, A. D. 1512:‖— whence I shall select a few extracts, which show that the exhibiting scripture dramas on the great festivals entered into the regular establishment, and formed part of the domestic regulations of our ancient nobility; and, what is more remarkable, that it was as much the business of the chaplain in those days to compose Plays for the family, as it is now for him to make sermons.

"My Lordes Chapleyns in Household vj. viz. The Almonar, and if he be a maker of Interludys, than he to have a servaunt to the intent for writynge of the Parts; and ells to have non. The maister of gramer, &c." Sect. V. p. 44.

"Item, my lorde usith and accustomyth to gyf yerely if is lordshlp kepe a chapell and be at home, them of his lordschipes chapell, if they doo play the play of the Nativite uppon cristynmes day in the mornnynge in my lords chapell befor his lordship—xxs." Sect. XLIV. p. 343.

"Item, . . . to them of his lordship chappell and other his lordshipis servaunts that doith play the play befor his lordship uppon Shrof-Tewsday at night yerely in reward —xs." Ibid. p. 345.

"Item, ... to them . . . . that playth the play of Resurrection upon estur day in the mornnynge in my lordis 'chapell' befor his lordshipe—xxs." Ibid.

"Item, My lorde useth and accustomyth yerly to gyf hym which is ordynede to be the Master of the Revells yerly in my lordis hous in cristmas for the overseyinge and orderinge of his lordschips playes, interludes and dresinge that is plaid befor his lordship in his hous in the xijth dayes of Cristenmas and they to have in rewarde for that caus yerly—xxs." Ibid. p. 346.

"Item, My lorde useth and accustomyth to gyf every of the iiij. Parsones that his lordschip admyted as his Players to com to his lordship yerly at Cristynmes ande at all other such tymes as his lordship shall comande them for playing of playe and interludes affor his lordship in his lordshipis hous for every of their fees for an hole yere" . . . Ibid. p. 351.

"Item, to be payd . . . for rewards to Players for playes playd at Cristynmas by strane-

* Vid. Abregé Chron. de l'Hist. de France, par M. Henault, à l'ann. 1179.

† See Fitz-Stephens's Description of London, preserved by Stow (and reprinted with notes, &c., by the Rev. Mr. Pegge, in 1774, 4to.), *Londonia pro spectaculis theatralibus, pro ludis scenicis, ludos habet sanctiores, representationes miraculorum*, &c. He is thought to have written in the reign of Hen. II., and to have died in that of Richard I. It is true, at the end of this book we find mentioned *Henricum regem tertium;* but this is doubtless Henry the Second's son, who was crowned during the life of his father, in 1170, and is generally distinguished as *Rex juvenis, Rex filius*, and sometimes they were jointly named *Reges Angliæ*. From a passage in his Chap. *De Religione*, it should seem that the body of St. Thomas Becket was just then a new acquisition to the Church of Canterbury.

‡ See Prologue to Wife of Bath's Tale, v. 6137. Tyrwhitt's Ed.

§ M. L'Enfant. Vid. Hist. du Conc. de Constance, vol. ii. p. 440.

‖ "The regulations and establishments of the houshold of Hen. Alg. Percy, fifth Earl of Northumb. Lon. 1770," 8vo. Whereof a small impression was printed by order of the late Duke and Duchess of Northumberland to bestow in presents to their friends.—Although begun in 1512, some of the Regulations were composed so late as 1525.

geres in my house after xxd.* every play, by estimacion somme—xxxiijs, iiij."† Sect. 1, p. 22.

"Item, My Lorde usith, and accustometh to gif yerely when his lordshipp is at home, to every erlis Players that comes to his lordshipe betwixt Cristynmas ande Candelmas, if he be his special lorde & frende & Kynsman—xxs." Sect. XLIIII. p. 340.

"Item, My lorde usith and accustomyth to gyf yerely, when his lordship is at home to every lordis Players, that comyth to his lordshipe betwixt Crystynmas and Candilmas—xs." Ibid.

The reader will observe the great difference in the rewards here given to such Players as were retainers of noble personages, and such as are styled Strangers, or, as we may suppose, only strollers.

The profession of a common player was about this time held by some in low estimation. In an old satire, entitled "Cock Lorreles Bote,"‡ the author enumerating the most common trades or callings, as "carpenters, coopers, joyners," &c., mentions

"Players, purse-cutters, money batterers,
Golde-washers, tomblers, jogelers,
Pardoners, &c." Sign. B. vj.

III. It hath been observed already, that plays of Miracles, or Mysteries, as they were called, led to the introduction of Moral Plays or Moralities, which prevailed so early, and became so common, that towards the latter end of King Henry VIIth's reign, John Rastel, brother-in-law to Sir Thomas More, conceived a design of making them the vehicle of science and natural philosophy. With this view he published "A new Interlude and a Mery of the Nature of the Four Elements declarynge many proper points of Philosophy Naturall, and of Dyvers Straunge Landys,§ &c. It is observable that the poet speaks of the discovery of America as then recent:

——"Within this xx yere
Westwarde be founde new landes
That we never harde tell of before this," &c.

The West Indies were discovered by Columbus in 1492, which fixes the writing of this play to about 1510 (two years before the date of the above Houshold Book.) The play of "Hick Scorner" was probably somewhat more ancient, as he still more imperfectly alludes to the American discoveries, under the name of "the Newe founde Ilonde." (Sign. A. vij.)

It is observable that in the olden moralities, as in that last mentioned, Every-man, &c., is printed no kind of stage direction for the exits and entrances of the personages, no division of acts and scenes. But in the moral interlude of "Lusty Juventus,"* written under Edward VI., the exits and entrances began to be noted in the margin:† at length in Queen Elizabeth's reign moralities appeared formally divided into acts and scenes, with a regular prologue, &c. One of these is reprinted by Dodsley.

Before we quit this subject of the very early printed plays, it may just be observed, that, although so few are now extant, it should seem many were printed before the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as at the beginning of her reign, her Injunctions in 1559 are particularly directed to the suppressing of "many pamphlets, playes, and ballads; that no manner of person shall enterprize to print any such, &c." but under certain restrictions. Vid. Sect. V.

In the time of Hen. VIII., one or two dramatic pieces had been published under the

* This was not so small a sum then as it may now appear; for in another part of this MS. the price ordered to be given for a fat ox is but 13*s.* 4*d.*, and for a lean one 8*s.*

† At this rate the number of plays acted must have been twenty.

‡ Pr. at the Sun in Fleet St. by W. de Worde, no date, b. l. 4to.

§ Mr. Garrick has an imperfect copy, (Old Plays, i. vol. iii.) The dramatis personæ are, "¶. The Messenger [or Prologue]. Nature naturate; Humanytè; Studyous Desire; Sensuall Appetyte; The Taverner; Experyence; Ygnoraunce. (Also yf ye lyste ye may brynge in a dysgysynge.") Afterwards follows a table of the matters handled in the interlude; among which are, "¶. Of certeyn conclusions prouvynge the yerthe must nedes be rounde, and that yt is in circumference above xxi M. myle."——"¶. Of certeyne points of cosmographye—and of dyvers straunge regyons—and of the new founde landys, and the maner of the people." This part is extremely curious, as it shows what notions were entertained of the new American discoveries by our own countrymen.

* Described in Series the Second, preface to book ii. The Dramatis Personæ of this piece are "¶. Messenger, Lusty Juventus, Good Counsail, Knowledge, Sathan the devyll, Hypocrisie, Fellowship, Abominable-lyving, an harlot], God's merciful promises."

† I have also discovered some few *Exeats* and *Intrats* in the very old interlude of the "Four Elements."

classical names of comedy and tragedy,* but they appear not to have been intended for popular use: it was not till the religious ferments had subsided that the public had leisure to attend to dramatic poetry. In the reign of Elizabeth, tragedies and comedies began to appear in form, and, could the poets have persevered, the first models were good. "Corboduc," a regular tragedy, was acted in 1561;† and Gascoigne, in 1566, exhibited "Jocasta," a translation from Euripides, as also "The Supposes," a regular comedy, from Ariosto: near thirty years before any of Shakspeare's were printed.

The people however still retained a relish for their old mysteries and moralities,‡ and the popular dramatic poets seem to have made them their models. From the graver sort of moralities our modern Tragedy appears to have derived its origin; as our Comedy evidently took its rise from the lighter interludes of that kind. And as most of these pieces contain an absurd mixture of religion and buffoonery, an eminent critic § has well deduced from thence the origin of our unnatural Tragi-comedies. Even after the people had been accustomed to tragedies and comedies, moralities still kept their ground: one of them entitled "The New Custom"‖ was printed so late as 1573: at length they assumed the name of masques,¶ and, with some classical improvements, became in the two following reigns the favourite entertainments of the court.

IV. The old mysteries, which ceased to be acted after the reformation, appear to have given birth to a third species of stage exhibition, which, though now confounded with tragedy and comedy, were by our first dramatic writers considered as quite distinct from them both: these were historical plays, or histories, a species of dramatic writing which resembled the old mysteries in representing a series of historical events simply in the order of time in which they happened, without any regard to the three great unities. These pieces seem to differ from tragedies, just as much as historical poems do from epic: as the Pharsalia does from the Æneid.

What might contribute to make dramatic poetry take this form was, that soon after the mysteries ceased to be exhibited, was published a large collection of poetical narratives, called "The Mirrour for Magistrates,"* wherein a great number of the most eminent characters in English history are drawn relating their own misfortunes. This book was popular, and of a dramatic cast; and therefore, as an elegant writer† has well observed, might have its influence in producing historical plays. These narratives probably furnished the subjects, and the ancient mysteries suggested the plan.

There appears indeed to have been one instance of an attempt at an historical play itself, which was perhaps as early as any mystery on a religious subject; for such, I think, we may pronounce the representation of a memorable event in English history, that was expressed in actions and rhymes. This was the old Coventry play of "Hock Tuesday,"‡ founded on the story of the massacre of the Danes, as it happened on St. Brice's night, November 13, 1002.§ The play in question was performed by certain men of Coventry, among the other shows and entertainments at Kenilworth Castle, in July, 1575, prepared for Queen Elizabeth, and this the rather "because the matter mentioneth

* Bishop Bale had applied the name of Tragedy to his Mystery of "God's Promises," in 1538. In 1540 John Palsgrave, B. D., had republished a Latin comedy, called "Acolastus," with an English version. Holingshed tells us (vol. iii. p. 850), that so early as 1520 the king had "a good comedie of Plautus plaied" before him at Greenwich; but this was in Latin, as Mr. Farmer informs us in his curious "Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare," 8vo. p. 31.

† See Ames, p. 316.——This play appears to have been first printed under the name of "Gorboduc;" then under that of "Ferrer and Porrer," in 1569; and again under "Gorboduc," 1590.——Ames calls the first edition quarto, Langbaine, octavo, and Tanner 12mo.

‡ The general reception the old Moralities had upon the stage, will account for the fondness of all our first poets for allegory. Subjects of this kind were familiar with every one.

§ Bp. Warburt. Shakesp. vol. v.

‖ Reprinted among Dodsley's Old Plays, vol. i.

¶ In some of these appeared characters full as extraordinary as in any of the old Moralities. In Ben Jonson's Masque of Christmas, 1616, one of the personages is Minced Pye.

* The first part of which was printed in 1559.

† Catal. of Royal and Noble Authors, vol. p. 1667.

‡ This must not be confounded with the mysteries acted on Corpus Christie day by the Franciscans at Coventry, which were also called Coventry Plays, and of which an account is given from T. Warton's Hist. of Eng. Poetry, &c., in Malone's Shaks. vol. ii. part ii. pag. 13, 14.

§ Not 1012, as printed in Laneham's Letter, mentioned below.

how valiantly our English women, for the love of their country, behaved themselves."

The writer, whose words are here quoted,* hath given a short description of the performance; which seems on that occasion to have been without recitation or rhymes, and reduced to mere dumb show; consisting of violent skirmishes and encounters, first between Danish and English "lance-knights on horseback," armed with spear and shield; and afterwards between "hosts" of footmen; which at length ended in the Danes being "beaten down, overcome, and many led captive by our English women."†

This play, it seems, which was wont to be exhibited in their city yearly, and which had been of great antiquity and long continuance there,‡ had of late been suppressed, at the instance of some well meaning but precise preachers, of whose "sourness" herein the townsmen complain; urging that their play was "without example of ill manners, papistry, or any superstition;"§ which shows it to have been entirely distinct from a religious mystery. But having been discontinued, and, as appears from the narrative, taken up of a sudden after the sports were begun, the players apparently had not been able to recover the old rhymes, or to procure new ones, to accompany the action; which if it originally represented "the outrage and importable insolency of the Danes, the grievous complaint of Huna, king Ethelred's chieftain in wars;"‖ his counselling and contriving the plot to despatch them; concluding with the conflicts above mentioned, and their final suppression—"expressed in actions and rhymes after their manner,"* one can hardly conceive a more regular model of a complete drama; and, if taken up soon after the event, it must have been the earliest of the kind in Europe.†

Whatever this old play, or "storial show,"‡ was at the time it was exhibited to Queen Elizabeth, it had probably our young Shakspeare for a spectator, who was then in his twelfth year, and doubtless attended with all the inhabitants of the surrounding country, at these "princely pleasures of Kenilworth,"§ whence Stratford is only a few miles distant. And as the Queen was much diverted with the Coventry play, "whereat her majesty laught well," and rewarded the performers with two bucks and five marks in money: who, "what rejoicing upon their ample reward, and what triumphing upon the good acceptance, vaunted their play was never so dignified, nor ever any players before so beatified:" but especially if our young bard afterwards gained admittance into the castle to see a play, which the same evening, after supper, was there "presented of a very good theme, but to set forth by the actors' well handling, that pleasure and mirth made it seem very short, though it lasted two good hours and more,"‖ we may imagine what an impression was made on his infant mind. Indeed the dramatic cast of many parts of that superb entertainment, which continued nineteen days, and was the most splendid of the kind ever attempted in this kingdom; the addresses to the Queen in the personated characters of Sybille, a savage man, and Sylvanus, as she approached or departed from the castle; and, on the water, by Arion, a Triton, or the Lady of the Lake, must have had a very great effect on a young imagination, whose dramatic powers were hereafter to astonish the world.

But that the historical play was considered by our old writers, and by Shakspeare himself, as distinct from tragedy and comedy, will sufficiently appear from various passages

* Ro. Laneham, whose Letter, containing a full description of the Shows, &c., is reprinted at large in Nicholls's Progresses of Q. Elizabeth, &c., vol. i. 4to., 1788.—That writer's orthography, being peculiar and affected, is not here followed.

Laneham describes this play of Hock Tuesday, which was "presented in an historical cue by certain good-hearted men of Coventry" (p. 32), and which was "wont to be play'd in their citie yearly" (p. 33), as if it were peculiar to them, terming it "their old storial show" (p. 32).—And so it might be as represented and expressed by them "after their manner" (p. 33): although we are also told by Bevil Higgons, that St. Brice's Eve was still celebrated by the Northern English in commemoration of this massacre of the Danes, the women beating brass instruments, and singing old rhymes, in praise of their cruel ancestors. See his Short View of Eng. History, 8vo., p. 17. (The Preface is dated 1734.)

† Laneham, p. 37.

‡ Ibid. p. 33.

§ Ibid.

‖ Ibid. p. 32.

* Laneham, p. 33.

† The Rhymes, &c., prove this play to have been in English, whereas Mr. Thos. Warton thinks the Mysteries composed before 1328 were in Latin. Malone's Shaksp. vol. ii. pt. ii. p. 9.

‡ Laneham, p. 32.

§ See Nichols's Progresses, vol. i. p. 57.

‖ Laneham, p. 38, 39. This was on Sunday evening, July 9.

in their works. "Of late days," says Stow, "in place of those stage plays* hath been used comedies, tragedies, enterludes and histories both true and fayned."†—Beaumont and Fletcher, in the prologue to "The Captain," say,

"This is nor Comedy, nor Tragedy,
Nor History."——

Polonius in "Hamlet" commends the actors, as the best in the world, "either for tragedie, comedie, historie, pastorall," &c. And Shakspeare's friends, Heminge and Condell, in the first folio edition of his plays, in 1623,‡ have not only entitled their book "Mr. William Shakspeare's comedies, histories, and tragedies:" but in their table of contents have arranged them under those three several heads; placing in the class of histories, "K. John, Richard II., Henry IV., 2 pts. Henry V., Henry VI., 3 pts. Rich. III., and Henry VIII.;" to which they might have added such of his other plays as have their subjects taken from the old Chronicles, or Plutarch's lives.

Although Shakspeare is found not to have been the first who invented this species of drama,§ yet he cultivated it with such superior success, and threw upon this simple inartificial tissue of scenes such a blaze of genius that his histories maintain their ground in defiance of Aristotle and all the critics of the classic school, and will ever continue to interest and instruct an English audience.

Before Shakspeare wrote, historical plays do not appear to have attained this distinction, being not mentioned in Q. Elizabeth's license in 1574‖ to James Burbage and others, who are only impowered "to use, exercyse, and occupie, the arte and facultye of playenge comedies, tragedies, enterludes, stage-playes, and such other like."—But when Shakspeare's histories had become the ornaments of the stage, they were considered by the public, and by himself, as a formal and necessary species, and are thenceforth so distinguished in public instruments. They are particularly inserted in the license granted by K. James I., in 1603,* to W. Shakspeare himself, and the players his fellows; who are authorized "to use and exercise the arte and faculty of playing comedies, tragedies, histories, interludes, morals, pastorals, stageplaies, and such like."

The same merited distinction they continued to maintain after his death, till the theatre itself was extinguished; for they are expressly mentioned in a warrant in 1622, for licensing certain "late comedians of Q. Anne deceased, to bring up children in the qualitie and exercise of playing comedies, histories, interludes, morals, pastorals, stageplaies, and such like."† The same appears in an admonition issued in 1637‡ by Philip Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, then Lord Chamberlain, to the master and wardens of the company of printers and stationers; wherein is set forth the complaint of his Majesty's servants the players, that "diverse of their books of comedyes and tragedyes, chronicle-historyes, and the like," had been printed and published to their prejudice, &c.

This distinction we see, prevailed for near half a century; but after the Restoration, when the stage revived for the entertainment of a new race of auditors, many of whom had been exiled in France, and formed their taste from the French theatre, Shakspeare's histories appear to have been no longer relished; at least the distinction respecting them is dropped in the patents that were immediately granted after the king's return.

This appears not only from the allowance to Mr. William Beeston in June 1660,§ to use the house in Salisbury-court "for a playhouse, wherein comedies, tragedies, tragicomedies, pastoralls, and interludes, may be acted," but also from the fuller grant (dated August 21, 1760)‖ to Thomas Killegrew, Esq., and Sir William Davenant, knt., by which

* The Creation of the World, acted at Skinners Well in 1409.

† See Stow's Survey of London, 1603, 4to., p. 94, (said in the title page to be "written in the year 1598.") See also Warton's Observations on Spenser, vol. ii. p. 109.

‡ The same distinction is continued in the 2d and 3d folios, &c.

§ See Malone's Shaksp. vol. i. part ii. p. 31.

‖ See Malone's Shaksp. vol. i. pt. ii. p. 37.

* See Malone's Shaksp. vol. i. pt. ii. p. 40.

† Ibid. p. 49. Here Histories, or Historical Plays, are found totally to have excluded the mention of Tragedies; a proof of their superior popularity. In an Order for the King's Comedians to attend K. Charles I. in his summer's progress, 1636 (Ibid. p. 144), Histories are not particularly mentioned: but so neither are tragedies: they being briefly directed to "act playes, comedyes, and interludes, without any lett," &c.

‡ Ibid, p. 139.

§ This is believed to be the date by Mr. Malone, vol. ii. pt. ii. p. 239.

‖ Ibid. p. 244.

they have authority to erect two companies of players, and to fit up two theatres "for the representation of tragydies, comedyes, playes, operas, and all other entertainments of that nature."

But while Shakspeare was the favourite dramatic poet, his histories had such superior merit, that he might well claim to be the chief, if not the only historic dramatist that kept possession of the English stage; which gives a strong support to the tradition mentioned by Gildon,* that, in a conversation with Ben Jonson, our bard vindicated his historical plays, by urging, that, as he had found "the nation in general very ignorant of history, he wrote them in order to instruct the people in this particular." This is assigning not only a good motive, but a very probable reason for his preference of this species of composition; since we cannot doubt but his illiterate countrymen would not only want such instruction when he first began to write, notwithstanding the obscure dramatic chroniclers who preceded him; but also that they would highly profit by his admirable lectures on English history so long as he continued to deliver them to his audience. And, as it implies no claim to his being the *first* who introduced our chronicles on the stage, I see not why the tradition should be rejected.

Upon the whole, we have had abundant proof that both Shakspeare and his contemporaries considered his histories, or historical plays, as of a legitimate distinct species, sufficiently separate from tragedy and comedy; a distinction which deserves the particular attention of his critics and commentators; who, by not adverting to it, deprive him of his proper defence and best vindication for his neglect of the Unities, and departure from the classical dramatic forms. For, if it be the first canon of sound criticism to examine and work by whatever rule the author prescribed for his own observance, then we ought not to try Shakspeare's Histories by the general laws of tragedy or comedy. Whether the rule itself be vicious or not, is another inquiry; but certainly we ought to examine a work only by those principles according to which it was composed. This would save a deal of impertinent criticism.

* See Malone's Shaksp. vol. vi. p. 427. This ingenious writer will, with his known liberality, excuse the difference of opinion here entertained concerning the above tradition.

V. We have now brought the inquiry as low as was intended, but cannot quit it, without entering into a short description of what may be called the Œconomy of the ancient English stage.

Such was the fondness of our forefathers for dramatic entertainments, that not fewer than nineteen play-houses had been opened before the year 1633, when Prynne published his Histriomastix.* From this writer it should seem that "tobacco, wine and beer,"† were in those days the usual accommodations in the theatre, as within our memory at Sadler's Wells.

With regard to the players themselves, the several companies were (as hath been already shown)‡ retainers, or menial servants to particular noblemen,⁂ who protected them in the exercise of their profession; and many of them were occasionally Strollers, that

* He speaks in p. 492, of the Playhouses in Bishopgate street, and on Ludgate Hill, which are not among the seventeen enumerated in the Preface to Dodsley's Old Plays. Nay, it appears from Rymer's MSS. that twenty-three Playhouses had been at different periods open in London: and even six of them at one time. See Malone's Shaksp. vol. i. pt. ii. p. 48.

† So, I think, we may infer from the following passage, viz. "How many are there, who, according to their several qualities, spend 2d., 3d., 4d., 6d., 12d., 18d., 2s., and sometimes 4s. or 5s. at a play-house day by day, if coach-hire, boat-hire, tobacco, wine, beere, and such like vaine expences, which playes do usually occasion, be cast into the reckoning?" Prynne's Hystriom. p. 322.

But that tobacco was smoked in the playhouses, appears from Taylor the water-poet, in his proclamation for tobacco's propagation. "Let play-houses, drinking-schools, taverns, &c., be continually haunted with the contaminous vapours of it; nay (if it be possible) bring it into the Churches, and there choak up their preachers." (Works, p. 253.) And this was really the case at Cambridge: James I. sent a letter, in 1607, against "taking tobacco" in St. Mary's. So I learn from my friend Dr. Farmer.

A gentleman has informed me, that once going into a church in Holland, he saw the male part of the audience sitting with their hats on, smoking tobacco, while the preacher was holding forth in his morning gown.

‡ See the extracts above, in p. 139, from the Earl of Northumb. Houshold Book.

⁂ See the Pref. to Dodsley's Old Plays.—The author of an old invective against the Stage, called a third Blast of Retrait from Plaies, &c., 1580, 12mo., says, "Alas! that private affection should so raigne in the nobilitie, that to pleasure their servants, and to upholde them in their vanitye, they should restraine the magistrates from executing their office! .... They [the nobility] are thought to be covetous by permitting their servants ... to live at the devotion or almes of other men, passing from countrie to countrie, from one gentleman's house to another, offering their service, which is a kind of beggerie. Who indeede, to speake more truelie, are become beggers for their servants. For comonlie the good-wil, men beare to their Lordes, makes them draw the stringes of their purses to extend their liberalitie." Vid. pag. 75, 76, &c.

travelled from one gentlemen's house to another. Yet so much were they encouraged, that, notwithstanding their multitude, some of them acquired large fortunes. Edward Allen, master of the play-house called the Globe, who founded Dulwich College, is a known instance. And an old writer speaks of the very inferior actors, whom he calls the hirelings, as living in a degree of splendour, which was thought enormous in that frugal age.*

At the same time the ancient prices of admission were often very low. Some houses had penny-benches.† The "two-penny gallery" is mentioned in the prologue to Beaumont and Fletcher's Woman-Hater,‡ and seats of three-pence and a groat seem to be intended in the passage of Prynne above referred to. Yet different houses varied in their prices: that play-house called the Hope had seats of five several rates from six-pence to half-a-crown.§ But a shilling seems to have been the usual price* of what is now called the Pit, which probably had its name from one of the play-houses having been a Cock-pit.†

The day originally set apart for theatrical exhibition appears to have been Sunday; probably because the first dramatic pieces were of a religious cast. During a great part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, the playhouses were only licensed to be opened on that day;‡ but before the end of her reign, or soon after, this abuse was probably removed.

The usual time of acting was early in the afternoon,§ plays being generally performed

* Stephen Gosson, in his Schoole of Abuse, 1579, 12mo. fo. 23, says thus of what he terms in his margin Players-men: "Over lashing in apparel is so common a fault, that the very hyerlings of some of our Players, which stand at revirsion of vi s. by the week, jet under gentlemens noses in sutis of silke, exercising themselves to prating on the stage, and common scoffing when they come abrode, where they look askance over the shoulder at every man, of whom the Sunday before they begged an almes. I speake not this, as though everye one that professeth the qualitie so abused himselfe, for it is well knowen, that some of them are sober, discreete, properly learned, honest housholders and citizens, well-thought on among their neighbours at home" [he seems to mean Edw. Allen above mentioned], "though the pryde of their shadowes (I meane those hange-byes, whom they succour with stipend) cause them to be somewhat il-talked of abroad."

In a subsequent period we have the following satirical fling at the showy exterior and supposed profits of the actors of that time.—Vid. Greene's Groatsworth of Wit, 1625, 4to. "What is your profession?"—"Truly, sir, ... I am a Player." "A Player? ..... I took you rather for a Gentleman of great living; for, if by outward habit men should be censured, I tell you, you would be taken for a substantial man." "So I am where I dwell .... What, though the world once went hard with me, when I was fayne to carry my playing-fardle a foot-backe: *tempora mutantur* .... for my very share in playing apparel will not be sold for *two hundred* pounds .... Nay more, I can serve to make a pretty speech, for I was a country author, passing at a Moral, &c." See Roberto's Tale, sign. D. 3. b.

† So a MS. of Oldys, from Tom Nash, an old pamphlet-writer. And this is confirmed by Taylor the Water-poet, in his Praise of Beggerie, p. 99.

"Yet have I seen a begger with his many, [sc. vermin]
Come at a play-house, all in for one penny."

‡ So in the Belman's Night-walks by Decker, 1616, 4to. "Pay thy *two-pence* to a player, in this gallery thou mayest sit by a harlot."

§ Induct to Ben Jonson's Bartholomew-fair. An ancient satirical piece, called "The Blacke Book, Lond. 1604, 4to." talks of "The *six-penny* Roomes in Playhouses;" and leaves a legacy to one whom he calls "Arch-tobacco taker of England, in ordinaries, upon *stages* both common and private."

* Shaksp. Prol. to Hen. VIII.—Beaum. and Fletch. Prol. to the Captain, and to the Mad-lover.

† This etymology hath been objected to by a very ingenious writer (see Malone's Shaksp. vol. i. pt. ii. p. 59), who thinks it questionable, because, in St. Mary's church at Cambridge, the area that is under the pulpit, and surrounded by the galleries, is *(now)* called the *pit;* which, he says, no one can suspect to have been a *cock-pit*, or that a playhouse phrase could be applied to a church.—But whoever is acquainted with the licentiousness of boys, will not think it impossible that they should thus apply a name so peculiarly expressive of its situation: which from frequent use might at length prevail among the senior members of the university; especially when those young men became seniors themselves. The name of *pit*, so applied at Cambridge, must be deemed to have been a cant phrase, until it can be shown that the area in other churches was usually so called.

‡ So Ste. Gosson, in his Schoole of abuse, 1579, 12mo., speaking of the players, says, "These, because they are allowed to play every Sunday, make iiii or v. Sundayes at least every week, fol. 24.—So the author of a Second and Third Blast of Retrait from Plaies, 1580, 12mo. "Let the magistrate but repel them from the libertie of plaeing on the Sabboth-daie .... To plaie on the Sabboth is but a privilege of sufferance, and might with ease be repelled, were it thoroughly followed," pag. 61, 62. So again, "Is not the Sabboth of al other daies the most abused? ... Wherefore abuse not so the Sabboth-daie, my brethren; leave not the temple of the Lord." .... "Those unsaverie morsels of unseemelie sentences passing out of the mouth of a ruffenlie plaier, doth more content the hungrie humors of the rude multitude, and carrieth better rellish in their mouthes, than the bread of the worde," &c. Vid. pag. 63, 65, 69, &c. I do not recollect that exclamations of this kind occur in Prynne, whence I conclude that this enormity no longer subsisted in his time.

It should also seem from the author of the Third Blast above quoted, that the churches still continued to be used occasionally for theatres. Thus, in p. 77, he says, that the players (who, as hath been observed, were servants of the nobility), "under the title of their maisters, or as reteiners, are priviledged to roave abroad, and permitted to publish their mametree in everie temple of God, and that throughout England, unto the horrible contempt of praier."

§ "He entertaines us" (says Overbury in his character of an Actor) "in the best leasure of our life, that is, be

by daylight.* All female parts were performed by men, no English actress being ever seen on the public stage,† before the Civil Wars.

Lastly, with regard to the playhouse furniture and ornaments, a writer of King Charles the Second's time, ‡ who well remembered the preceding age, assures us, that in general "they had no other scenes nor decorations of the stage, but only old tapestry, and the stage strewed with rushes, with habits accordingly."§

Yet Coryate thought our theatrical exhibitions, &c., splendid when compared with what he saw abroad. Speaking of the theatre for comedies at Venice, he says, "The house is very beggarly and base, in comparison of our stately playhouses in England: neyther can their actors compare with ours for apparrell, shewes, and musicke. Here I observed certaine things that I never saw before: for I saw women act, a thing that I never saw before, though I have heard that it hath been sometimes used in London: and they performed it with as good a grace, action, gesture, and whatsoever convenient for a player, as ever I saw any masculine actor."*

It ought, however, to be observed, that, amid such a multitude of playhouses as subsisted in the Metropolis before the Civil Wars, there must have been a great difference between their several accommodations, ornaments, and prices; and that some would be much more showy than others, though probably all were much inferior in splendour to the two great theatres after the Restoration.

*** The preceding Essay, although some of the materials are new arranged, hath received no alteration deserving notice, from what it was in the Second edition, 1767, except in Section iv., which in the present impression hath been much enlarged.

This is mentioned because since it was first published, the History of the English Stage hath been copiously handled by Mr. Thomas Warton in his "History of English Poetry, 1774, &c." 3 vols. 4to. (wherein is inserted whatever in these volumes fell in with his subject); and by Edmond Malone, Esq., who in his "Historical Account of the English Stage," (Shaksp. vol. i. pt. ii., 1790), hath added greatly to our knowledge of the economy and usages of our ancient theatres.

tweene meales; the most unfit time either for study, or bodily exercise."—Even so late as in the reign of Cha. II., plays generally began at 3 in the afternoon.

* See Biogr. Brit. i. 117, n. D.

† I say "no English Actress—on the public stage," because Prynne speaks of it as an unusual enormity, that "they had French-women actors in a play not long since personated in Blackfriars Playhouse." This was in 1629, vid. page 215. And though female parts were performed by men or boys on the public stage, yet, in masques at court, the queen and her ladies made no scruple to perform the principal parts, especially in the reigns of James I. and Charles I.

Sir William Davenant, after the Restoration, introduced women, scenery, and higher prices. See Cibber's Apology for his own Life.

‡ See a short Discourse on the English Stage, subjoined to Flecknor's "Love's Kingdom," 1674, 12mo.

§ It appears from an Epigram of Taylor, the Waterpoet, that one of the principal Theatres in his time, viz. The Globe on the Bankside, Southwark (which Ben Jonson calls the Glory of the Bank, and Fort of the whole parish), had been covered with thatch till it was burnt down in 1613.—See Taylor's Sculler, Epig. 22, p. 31. Jonson's Execration on Vulcan.

Puttenham tell us they used Vizards in his time, "partly to supply the want of players, when there were more parts than there were persons, or that it was not thought meet to trouble princes chambers with too many folkes." Art of Eng. Poes. 1589, p. 26. From the last clause, it should seem that they were chiefly used in the Masques at Court.

* Coryate's Crudities, 4to., 1611, p. 247.

I.

Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudesly.

— were three noted outlaws, whose skill in archery rendered them formerly as famous in the North of England, as Robin Hood and his fellows were in the midland counties. Their place of residence was in the forest of Englewood, not far from Carlisle, (called corruptly in the ballad English-wood, whereas Engle- or Ingle-wood signifies wood for firing.) At what time they lived does not appear. The author of the common ballad on "The pedigree, education, and marriage, of Robin Hood," makes them contemporary with Robin Hood's father, in order to give him the honour of beating them: viz.

The father of Robin a forrester was,
  And he shot in a lusty long-bow
Two north-country miles and an inch at a shot,
  As the Pindar of Wakefield does know:

For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clough,
  And William a Clowdéslee
To shoot with our Forester for forty mark;
  And our Forester beat them all three.
    Collect. of Old Ballads, 1727, 1 vol. p. 67.

This seems to prove that they were commonly thought to have lived before the popular hero of Sherwood.

Our northern archers were not unknown to their southern countrymen: their excellence at the long-bow is often alluded to by our ancient poets. Shakspeare, in his comedy of "Much adoe about nothing," act 1, makes Benedicke confirm his resolves of not yielding to love by this protestation, "If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat,* and shoot at me, and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and called Adam:" meaning Adam Bell, as Theobald rightly observes, who refers to one or two other passages in our old poets wherein he is mentioned. The Oxford editor has also well conjectured, that "Abraham Cupid," in Romeo and Juliet, act ii. sc. 1, should be "Adam Cupid," in allusion to our archer. Ben Jonson has mentioned Clym o' the Clough in his Alchemist, act i. sc. 2. And Sir William Davenant, in a mock poem of his, called "The Long Vacation in London," describes the attorneys and proctors, as making matches to meet in Finsbury fields.

"With loynes in canvass bow-case tyde:*
  Where arrowes stick with mickle pride;...
Like ghosts of Adam Bell and Clymme,
  Sol sets for fear they'l shoot at him.
    Works, 1673, fol. p. 291.

I have only to add further concerning the principal hero of this ballad, that the Bells were noted rogues in the north so late as the time of Queen Elizabeth. See in Rymer's Fœdera, a letter from Lord William Howard to some of the officers of state, wherein he mentions them.

As for the following stanzas, which will be judged from the style, orthography, and numbers, to be of considerable antiquity, they were here given (corrected in some places by a MS. copy in the Editor's old folio) from a black-letter 4to. *Imprinted at London in Lothburge by Wm. Copland* (no date). That old quarto edition seems to be exactly followed in "Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry, &c. Lond. 1791," 8vo., the variations from which, that occur in the following copy, are selected from many others in the folio MS. above mentioned, and when distinguished by the usual inverted 'comma' have been assisted by conjecture.

In the same MS. this ballad is followed by another, entitled Younge Cloudeslee, being a continuation of the present story, and reciting the adventures of William of Cloudesly's son: but greatly inferior to this both in merit and antiquity.

* Bottles formerly were of leather; though perhaps a wooden bottle might be here meant. It is still a diversion in Scotland to hang up a cat in a small cask, or firkin, half filled with soot; and then a parcel of clowns on horseback try to beat out the ends of it, in order to show their dexterity in escaping before the contents fall upon them.

* i. e. Each with a canvass bow-case tied round his loins.

PART THE FIRST.

MERY it was in the grene forest
Amonge the levès grene,
Whereas men hunt east and west
Wyth bowes and arrowes kene;

To raise the dere out of theyr denne;
Suche sightes hath ofte bene sene;
As by thre yemen of the north countrèy,
By them it is I meane.

The one of them hight Adam Bel,
The other Clym of the Clough,*
The thyrd was William of Cloudesly,
An archer good ynough.

They were outlawed for venyson,
These yemen everychone;
They swore them brethren upon a day
To Englyshe wood for to gone.

Now lith and lysten, gentylmen,
That of myrthes loveth to here:
Two of them were single men,
The third had a wedded fere.

Wyllyam was the wedded man,
Muche more than was hys care:
He sayde to hys brethren upon a day,
To Carleile he would fare,

For to speke with fayre Alyce his wife,
And with his chyldren thre.
By my trouth, sayde Adam Bel,
Not by the counsell of me:

For if ye go to Carlile, brother,
And from thys wylde wode wende,
If that the justice may you take,
Your lyfe were at an ende.

If that I come not to-morowe, brother,
By pryme to you agayne,
Truste you then that I am 'taken,'
Or else that I am slayne.

He toke hys leave of hys brethren two,
And to Carlile he is gon:
There he knocked at his owne windòwe
Shortlye and anone.

Wher be you, fayre Alyce, he sayd,
My wife and chyldren three?
Lyghtly let in thyne owne husbànde,
Wyllyam of Cloudeslee.

Alas! then sayde fayre Alyce,
And syghed wonderous sore,
Thys place hath ben besette for you
Thys halfe a yere and more.

Now am I here, sayde Cloudeslee,
I would that in I were.
Now fetche us meate and drynke ynoughe,
And let us make good chere.

She fetched hym meate and drynke plentye,
Lyke a true wedded wyfe;
And pleased hym with that she had,
Whome she loved as her lyfe.

There lay an old wyfe in that place,
A lytle besyde the fyre,
Whych Wyllyam had found of charytyè
More than seven yere.

Up she rose, and forth shee goes,
Evill mote shee speede therfore;
For shee had sett no foote on ground
In seven yere before.

She went unto the justice hall,
As fast as she could hye;
Thys nyght, shee sayd, is come to town
Wyllyam of Cloudeslyè.

Thereof the justice was full fayne,
And so was the shirife also:
Thou shalt not trauaile hither, dame, for nought,
Thy meed thou shalt have ere thou go.

They gave to her a ryght good goune,
Of scarlate, 'and of graine:'
She toke the gyft, and home she wente,
And couched her doune agayne.

They raysed the towne of mery Carleile
In all the haste they can;
And came thronging to Wyllyames house,
As fast as they might gone.

There they besette that good yemàn
Round about on every syde:
Wyllyam hearde great noyse of folkes,
That thither-ward fast hyed.

V. 24, *Caerlel*, in P. C. passim. V. 35, *take*, P. C. *tane*, MS.

* *Clym of the Clough* means Clem. [Clement] of the Cliff: for so Clough signifies in the North.

Alyce opened a backe wyndòwe,
And loked all aboute,
She was ware of the justice and shirife bothe,
Wyth a full great route.

Alas! treason, cryed Alyce,
Ever wo may thou be,
Goe into my chamber, my husband, she sayd,
Swete Wyllyam of Cloudeslee.

He toke hys sweard and hys bucler,
Hys bow and hys chyldren thre,
And wente into hys strongest chamber,
Where he thought surest to be.

Fayre Alyce, like a lover true,
Took a pollaxe in her hande:
Said, He shall dye that cometh in
Thys dore, whyle I may stand.

Cloudeslee bente a right good bowe,
That was of a trusty tre,
He smot the justice on the brest,
That hys arowe burst in three.

'A' curse on his harte, saide William,
Thys day thy cote dyd on!
If it had ben no better then myne,
It had gone nere thy bone.

Yelde the Cloudeslè, sayd the justise,
And thy bowe and thy arrowes the fro.
'A' curse on hys hart, sayd fair Alyce,
That my husband councelleth so.

Set fyre on the house, saide the sherife,
Syth it wyll no better be,
And brenne we therin William, he saide,
Hys wife and chyldren thre.

They fyred the house in many a place
The fyre flew up on hye;
Alas! then cryed fayre Alice,
I se we here shall die.

William openyd a backe wyndòw,
That was in hys chamber hye,
And there with sheetes he did let downe
His wife and children three.

Have you here my treasure, sayde William,
My wyfe and my chyldren thre:
For Christès love do them no harme,
But wreke you all on me.

Wyllyam shot so wonderous well,
Tyll hys arrowes were all agoe,
And the fyre so fast upon hym fell,
That hys bowstryng brent in two.

The sparkles brent and fell upon
Good Wyllyam of Cloudeslè:
Than was he a wofull man, and sayde,
Thys is a cowardes death to me.

Leever had I, sayd Wyllyam,
With my sworde in the route to renne,
Then here among my enemyes wode
Thus cruelly to bren.

He toke hys sweard and hys buckler,
And among them all he ran,
Where the people were most in prece,
He smote downe many a man.

There myght no man abyde hys stroakes,
So fersly on them he ran:
Then they threw wyndowes and dores on him,
And so toke that good yemàn.

There they hym bounde both hand and fote,
And in a deepe dungeon hym cast:
Now, Cloudesle, sayd the justice,
Thou shalt be hanged in hast.

'A payre of new gallowes, sayd the sherife,
Now shal I for thee make;
And the gates of Carleil shal be shutte:
No man shal come in therat.

Then shall not helpe Clym of the Cloughe,
Nor yet shall Adam Bell,
Though they came with a thousand mo,
Nor all the devels in hell.

Early in the mornynge the justice uprose,
To the gates first can he gone,
And commaunded to be shut full close
Lightilè everychone.

Then went he to the markett place,
As fast as he coulde hye;
There a payre of new gallowes he set up
Besyde the pyllorye.

A lytle boy 'among them asked,'
What meaned that gallow-tre?
They sayde to hange a good yemàn,
Called Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.

V. 85, sic. MS. *shop window*, P. C.

V. 151, sic. MS. *hye Justice*, P. C. V. 153, 4, are contracted from the fol. MS. and P. C.

That lytle boye was the towne swyne-heard,
And kept fayre Alyces swyne;
Oft he had seene William in the wodde,
And geun hym there to dyne.

He went out att a crevis of the wall,
And lightly to the woode dyd gone;
There met he with these wightye yemen
Shortly and anone.

Alas! then sayd the lytle boye,
Ye tary here all too longe;
Cloudeslee is taken, and dampned to death,
And readye for to honge.

Alas! then sayd good Adam Bell,
That ever we saw thys daye!
He had better have tarryed with us,
So ofte as we dyd him praye.

He myght have dwelt in greene forèste,
Under the shadowes greene,
And have kepte both hym and us att reste,
Out of all trouble and teene.

Adam bente a ryght good bow,
A great hart sone hee had slayne;
Take that, chylde, he sayde, to thy dynner,
And bring me myne arrowe agayne.

Now gow we hence, sayed these wightye yeomen,
Tarrye we no longer here;
We shall hym borowe by God his grace,
Though we buy it full dere.

To Caerleil wente these bold yemen,
All in a mornyng of maye.
Here is a fyt* of Cloudeslye,
And another is for to saye.

PART THE SECOND.

And when they came to mery Carleile,
All in 'the' mornyng tyde,
They founde the gates shut them untyll
About on every syde.

Alas! then sayd good Adam Bell,
That ever we were made men!
These gates be shut so wonderous fast,
We may not come therein.

Then bespake hym Clym of the Clough,
Wyth a wyle we wyl us in bryng;
Let us saye we be messengers,
Streyght come nowe from our king.

Adam said, I have a letter written,
Now let us wysely werke,
We wyll saye we have the kynges seale;
I holde the porter no clerke.

Then Adam Bell bete on the gates
With strokes great and stronge:
The porter marveiled, who was therat,
And to the gates he thronge.

Who is there now, sayde the porter,
What maketh all thys knockinge?
We be tow messengers, quoth Clym of the Clough,
Be come ryght from our kyng.

We have a letter, sayd Adam Bel,
To the justice we must itt bryng;
Let us in our message to do,
That we were agayne to the kyng.

Here commeth none in, sayd the porter,
By hym that dyed on a tre,
Tyll a false thefe be hanged,
Called Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.

Then spake the good yeman Clym of the Clough,
And swore by Mary fre,
And if that we stande long wythout,
Lyke a thefe hanged shalt thou be.

Lo! here we have the kynges seale:
What, Lurden, art thou wode?
The porter went* it had been so,
And lyghtly dyd off hys hode.

Welcome is my lordes seale, he saide
For that ye shall come in.
He opened the gate full shortlye:
An euyl openyng for him.

Now are we in, sayde Adam Bell,
Wherof we are full faine;
But Christ he knowes, that harowed hell,
How we shall com out agayne.

V. 179, yonge men, P. C. V. 190, sic MS. shadowes sheene, P C. V. 197, jolly yeomen, MS. wight yong men, P. C.

* See Gloss.

V. 38, Lordeyne, P. C.

* i. e. weened, thought, (which last is the reading of the folio MS.)—Calais, or Rouen, was taken from the English by showing the governor, who could not read, a letter with the king's seal, which was all he looked at.

Had we the keys, said Clim of the Clough,
Ryght wel then shoulde we spede,
Then might we come out wel ynough
When we se tyme and nede.

They called the porter to counsell,
And wrang his necke in two,
And caste hym in a depe dungeon,
And toke hys keys hym fro.

Now am I porter, sayd Adam Bel,
Se brother the keys are here,
The worst porter to merry Carleile
That 'the' had thys hundred yere.

And now wyll we our bowes bend,
Into the towne wyll we go,
For to delyuer our dere brothèr,
That lyeth in care and wo.

Then they bent theyr good ewe bowes,
And loked theyr stringes were round,*
The markett place in mery Carleile
They beset that stound.

And, as they loked them besyde,
A paire of new galowes 'they' see,
And the justice with a quest of squyers,
That judged William hanged to be.

And Cloudeslè lay ready there in a cart,
Fast bound both fote and hand;
And a stronge rop about hys necke,
All readye for to hange.

The justice called to hym a ladde,
Cloudeslees clothes hee shold have,
To take the measure of that yemàn,
Therafter to make hys grave.

I have sene as great mervaile, said Cloudesle,
As betweyne thys and pryme,
He that maketh a grave for mee,
Hymselfe may lye therin.

Thou speakest proudlye, said the justice,
I will thee hange with my hande.
Full wel herd this his brethren two,
There styll as they dyd stande.

Then Cloudeslè cast his eyen asyde,
And saw hys 'brethren twaine
At a corner of the market place,
Redy the justice for to slaine.

I se comfort, sayd Cloudeslè,
Yet hope I well to fare,
If I might have my handes at wyll
Ryght lytle wolde I care.

Then spake good Adam Bell
To Clym of the Clough so free,
Brother, se you marke the justyce wel,
Lo! yonder you may him se:

And at the shyrife shote I wyll
Strongly wyth an arrowe kene;
A better shote in mery Carleile
Thys seven yere was not sene.

They loosed their arrowes both at once,
Of no man had they dread;
The one hyt the justice, the other the sheryfe,
That both theyr sides gan blede.

All men voyded; that them stode nye,
When the justice fell to the grounde,
And the sherife nye him by;
Eyther had his deathes wounde.

All the citezens fast gan flye,
They durst no longer abyde:
There lyghtly they losed Cloudeslee,
Where he with ropes lay tyde.

Wyllyam start to an officer of the towne,
Hys axe 'from' hys hand he wronge,
On eche syde he smote them downe,
Hee thought he taryed too long.

Wyllyam sayde to his brethren two,
Thys daye let us lyve and die,
If ever you have nede, as I have now,
The same shall you finde by me.

They shot so well in that tyde,
Theyr stringes wer of silke ful sure,
That they kept the stretes on every side
That batayle did long endure.

They fought together as brethren true,
Lyke hardy men and bolde,
Many a man to the ground they threw
And many a herte made colde.

* So Ascham in his Toxophilus gives a precept; "The stringe must be rounde;" (p. 149, ed. 1761;) otherwise, we may conclude from mechanical principles, the arrow will not fly true.

V. 105, lowsed thre, P. C. Ver. 103, can bled, MS.

But when their arrowes were all gon,
Men preced to them full fast,
They drew theyr swordès then anone,
And theyr bowes from them cast.

They went lyghtlye on theyr way,
Wyth swordes and buclers round;
By that it was mydd of the day,
They made many a wound.

There was an out-horne* in Carleile blowen,
And the belles backwàrd dyd ryng,
Many a woman sayde, Alas!
And many theyr handes dyd wryng.

The mayre of Carleile forth com was,
Wyth hym a ful great route:
These yemen dred hym full sore,
Of theyr lyves they stode in great doute.

The mayre came armed a full great pace,
With a pollaxe in hys hande;
Many a strong man wyth him was,
There in that stowre to stande.

The mayre smot at Cloudeslee with his bil,
Hys bucler he brast in two,
Full many a yeman with great evyll,
Alas! Treason they cryed for wo.
Kepe well the gates fast, they bad,
That these traytours therout not go.

But al for nought was that they wrought,
For so fast they downe were layde,
Tyll they all thre, that so manfulli fought,
Were gotten without, abraide.

Have here your keys, sayd Adam Bel,
Myne office I here forsake,
And yf you do by my counsell
A new porter do ye make.

He threw theyr keys at theyr heads,
And bad them well to thryve,†
And all that letteth any good yeman
To come and comfort his wyfe.

Thus be these good yeman gon to the wod,
As lyghtly as lefe on lynde;
The lough and be mery in theyr mode,
Theyr enemyes were ferr behynd.

When they came to Englyshe wode,
Under the trusty tre,
There they found bowes full good,
And arrowes full great plentye.

So God me help, sayd Adam Bell,
And Clym of the Clough so fre,
I would we were in mery Carleile,
Before that fayre meynye.

They set them downe, and made good chere,
And eate and dranke full well.
A second fyt of the wightye yeomen:
Another I wyll you tell.

PART THE THIRD.

As they sat in Englyshe wood,
Under the green-wode tre,
They thought they herd a woman wepe,
But her they mought not se.

Sore then syghed the fayre Alyce:
'That ever I sawe thys day!'
For nowe is my dere husband slayne.
Alas! and wel-a-way!

Myght I have spoken wyth hys dere brethren,
Or with eyther of them twayne,
To show them what him befell,
My hart were out of payne.

Cloudeslè walked a lytle beside,
He looked under the grene wood lynde,
He was ware of his wife, and chyldren three,
Full wo in harte and mynde.

Welcome, wyfe, then sayde Wyllyam,
Under 'this' trusti tre:
I had wende yesterday, by swete saynt John,
Thou sholdest me never 'have' se.

"Now well is me that ye be here,
My harte is out of wo."
Dame, he sayde, be mery and glad,
And thanke my brethren two.

Herof to speake, said Adam Bell,
I-wis it is no bote:
The meate, that we must supp withall,
It runneth yet fast on fote.

V. 148, For of, MS.

* Outhorne is an old term signifying the calling forth of subjects to arms by the sound of a horn. See Cole's Lat. Dict. Bailey, &c.

† This is spoken ironically.

V. 175, merry green wood. MS. V. 185, see part i. v. 197. V. 20, never had se, P. C. and MS.

Then went they downe into a launde,
These noble archares all thre;
Eche of them slew a hart of greece,
The best that they cold se.

Have here the best, Alyce, my wife,
Sayde Wyllyam of Cloudeslye;
By cause ye so bouldly stode by me
When I was slayne full nye.

Then went they to suppère
Wyth such meate as they had;
And thanked God of ther fortune:
They were both mery and glad.

And when they had supped well,
Certayne withouted lease,
Cloudeslè sayd, We wyll to our kyng,
To get us a charter of peace.

Alyce shal be at our sojournyng
In a nunnery here besyde;
My tow sonnes shall wyth her go,
And there they shall abyde.

Myne eldest son shall go wyth me;
For hym have 'you' no care:
And he shall bring you worde agayn,
How that we do fare.

Thus be these yemen to London gone,
As fast as they myght 'he,'*
Tyll they came to the kynges pallàce,
Where they woulde nedes be.

And whan they came to the kynges courte,
Unto the pallace gate,
Of no man wold they aske no leave,
But boldly went in therat.

They preced prestly into the hall,
Of no man had they dreade:
The porter came after, and dyd them call,
And with them began to chyde.

The usher sayde, Yemen, what wold ye have?
I pray you tell to me:
You myght thus make offycers shent:
Good syrs, of whence be ye?

Syr, we be out-lawes of the forest
Certayne withouten lease;
And hether we be come to the kyng,
To get us a charter of peace.

V. 50, have I no care, P. C.

* i. e. hie, hasten.

And whan they came before the kyng,
As it was the lawe of the lande,
The kneled down without lettyng,
And eche held up his hand.

The sayed, Lord, we beseche the here,
That ye wyll graunt us grace;
For we have slayne your fat falow dere
In many a sondry place.

What be your nams, then said our king,
Anone that you tell me?
They sayd, Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough,
And Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.

Be ye those theves, then sayd our kyng,
That men have tolde of to me?
Here to God I make an avowe,
Ye shal be hanged al thre.

Ye shal be dead without mercy,
As I am kynge of this lande.
He commanded his officers everichone,
Fast on them to lay hande.

Then they toke these good yemen,
And arested them al thre:
So may I thryve, sayd Adam Bell,
Thys game lyketh not me.

But, good lorde, we beseche you now,
That yee graunt us grace,
Insomuche as 'frely' we be to you come,
'As frely' we may fro you passe,

With such weapons, as we have here,
Tyll we be out of your place;
And yf we lyve this hundreth yere,
We wyll aske you no grace.

Ye speake proudly, sayd the kynge;
Ye shall be hanged all thre.
That were great pitye, then sayd the quene,
If any grace myght be.

My lorde, whan I came fyrst into this lande
To be your wedded wyfe,
The fyrst boone that I wold aske,
Ye would graunt it me belyfe:

And I asked you never none tyll now;
Therefore, good lorde, graunt it me.
Now aske it, madam, sayd the kynge,
And graunted it shal be.

V. 111, 119, sic. MS. bowne, P. C.

Then, good my lord, I you beseche,
These yemen graunt ye me.
Madame, ye myght have asked a boone,
That shuld have been worth them all thre.

Ye myght have asked towres, and townes,
Parkes and forestes plentè.
None soe pleasant to my pay, shee sayd;
Nor none so lefe to me.

Madame, sith it is your desyre,
Your askyng graunted shal be;
But I had lever have given you
Good market townes thre.

The quene was a glad woman,
And sayde, Lord, gramarcy;
I dare undertake for them,
That true men shal they be.

But, good my lord, speke som mery word,
That comfort they may se.
I graunt you grace, then sayd our king;
Wash, felos, and to meate go ye.

They had not setten but a whyle
Certayne without lesynge,
There came messengers out of the north
With letters to our kyng.

And whan the came before the kynge,
They knelt down on theyr kne;
And sayd, Lord, your officers grete you well,
Of Carleile in the north cuntrè.

How fareth my justice, sayd the kyng,
And my sherife also?
Syr, they be slayne without leasynge,
And many an officer mo.

Who hath them slayne? sayd the kyng;
Anone that thou tell me.
"Adam Bell, and Clime of the Clough,
And Wyllyam of Cloudeslè."

Alas, for rewth! then sayd our kynge:
My hart is wonderous sore;
I had lever than a thousande pounde,
I had knowne of thys before;

For I have graunted them grace,
And that forthynketh me:
But had I knowne all thys before,
They had been hanged all thre.

V. 130, God a mercye, MD.

The kyng hee opened the letter anone,
Himselfe he red it thro,
And founde how these outlawes had slain
Thre hundred men and mo:

Fyrst the justice, and the sheryfe,
And the mayre of Carleile towne;
Of all the constables and catchipolles
Alyve were 'scant' left one:

The baylyes, and the bedyls both,
And the sergeauntes of the law,
And forty fosters of the fe,
These outlawes had yslaw:

And broke his parks, and slayne his dere;
Of all they chose the best;
So perelous out-lawes, as they were,
Walked not by easte nor west.

When the kynge this letter had red,
In hys harte he syghed sore:
Take up the tables anone he bad,
For I may eat no more.

The kyng called hys best archars
To the buttes wyth hym to go:
I wyll se these felowes shote, he sayd,
In the north have wrought this wo.

The kynges bowmen buske them blyve,
And the quenes archers also;
So dyd these thre wyghte yemen;
With them they thought to go.

There twyse, or thryse they shote about
For to assay theyr hande;
There was no shote these yemen shot,
That any prycke* myght stand.

Then spake Wyllyam of Cloudeslè;
By him that for me dyed,
I hold hymn never no good archar,
That shoteth at buttes so wyde.

'At what a butte now wold ye shote?'
I pray thee tell to me.
At suche a but, syr, he sayd,
As men use in my countree.

Wyllyam wente into a fyeld,
And 'with him' his two brethren:
There they set up two hasell roddes
Twenty score paces betwene.

V. 168, left but one, MS., not one, P. C. Ver. 185, bly the, MS. Ver. 202, 203, to, P. C. Ver. 204, i. e. 400 yards.

I hold him an archar, said Cloudeslè,
That yonder wande cleveth in two.
Here is none suche, sayd the kyng,
Nor no man can so do.

I shall assaye, syr, sayd Cloudeslè,
Or that I farther go.
Cloudesly with a bearyng arowe
Clave the wand in two.

Thou art the best archer, then said the king,
Forsothe that ever I se.
And yet for your love, sayd Wyllyam,
I wyll do more maystery.

I have a sonne is seven yere olde,
He is to me full deare;
I wyll hym tye to a stake;
All shall se, that be here;

And lay an apple upon hys head,
And go syxe score paces hym fro,
And I my selfe with a broad arów
Shall cleve the apple in two.

Now haste the, then sayd the kyng,
By hym that dyed on a tre,
But yf thou do not, as thou hest sayde,
Hanged shalt thou be.

And thou touche his head or gowne,
In syght that men may se,
By all the sayntes that be in heaven,
I shall hange you all thre.

That I have promised, said William,
That I wyll never forsake.
And there even before the kynge
In the earth he drove a stake:

And bound therto his eldest sonne,
And bad hym stand styll thereat;
And turned the childes face him fro,
Because he should not start.

An apple upon his head he set,
And then his bowe he bent:
Syxe score paces they were meaten,
And thether Cloudeslè went.

There he drew out a fayr brode arrowe,
Hys bowe was great and longe,
He set that arrowe in his bowe,
That was both styffe and stronge.

He prayed the people, that wer there,
That they 'all still wold' stand,
For he that shoteth for such a wager
Behoveth a stedfast hand.

Muche people prayed for Cloudeslè,
That his lyfe saved myght be,
And whan he made hym redy to shote,
There was many weeping ee.

'But' Cloudeslè clefte the apple in two,
'His sonne he did not nee.'
Over Gods forbode, sayde the kinge,
That thou shold shote at me.

I geve thee eightene pence a day,
And my bowe shalt thou bere,
And over all the north countrè
I make the chyfe rydère.

And I thyrtene pence a day, said the quene,
By God, and by my fay;
Come feche thy payment when thou wylt,
No man shall say the nay.

Wyllyam, make the a gentleman
Of clothyng, and of fe:
And thy two brethren, yemen of my chambre,
For they are so semely to se.

Your sonne, for he is tendre of age,
Of my wyne-seller he shall be;
And when he commeth to mans estate,
Better avaunced shall he be.

And, Wyllyam, bring me your wife, said the quene,
Me longeth her sore to se:
She shall be my chefe gentlewoman,
To governe my nurserye.

The yemen thanked them all curteously.
To some byshop wyl we wend,
Of all the synnes, that we have done,
To be assoyld at his hand.

So forth be gone these good yemen,
As fast as they might 'he';*
And after came and dwelled with the kynge,
And dye good men all thre.

Thus endeth the lives of these good yemen;
God send them eternall blysse;
And all, that with a hand-bowe shoteth:
That of heven may never mysse. Amen.

Ver. 208, sic. MS., none that can, P. C. Ver. 212, to, P. C. Ver. 222, i. e. 120 yards. Ver. 243, sic. MS., out met, P. C.

Ver. 252, steedye, MS. Ver. 265, And I gave the xvij pence, P. C. Ver. 282, And sayd to some Bishopp wee will wend, MS.

* he, i. e. hie, hasten. See the Glossary.

II.

The Aged Lover Renounceth Love.

The grave-digger's song in Hamlet, act v., is taken from three stanzas of the following poem, though greatly altered and disguised, as the same were corrrupted by the ballad-singers of Shakspeare's time: or perhaps so designed by the poet himself, the better to suit the character of an illiterate clown. The original is preserved among Surrey's Poems, and is attributed to Lord Vaux, by George Gascoigne, who tells us, it "was thought by some to be made upon his death-bed;" a popular error which he laughs at. (See his Epist. to Yong Gent. prefixed to his Posies, 1575, 4to.) It is also ascribed to Lord Vaux in a manuscript copy preserved in the British Museum.* This lord was remarkable for his skill in drawing feigned manners, &c., for so I understand an ancient writer. "The Lord Vaux his commendation lyeth chiefly in the facilitie of his meetre, and the aptnesse of his descriptions such as he taketh upon him to make, namely in sundry of his songs, wherein he showeth the *counterfait action* very lively and pleasantly." Arte of Eng. Poesie, 1589, p. 51. See another song by this poet in Series the Second, No. VIII.

I loth that I did love
In youth that I thought swete,
As time requires: for my behove
Me thinkes they are not mete.

My lustes they do me leave,
My fansies all are fled;
And tract of time begins to weave
Gray heares upon my hed.

For Age with steling steps
Hath clawde me with his crowch,
And lusty 'Youthe' away he leapes,
As there had been none such.

My muse doth not delight
Me, as she did before:
My hand and pen are not in plight,
As they have bene of yore.

For Reason me denies,
'All' youthly idle rime;
And day by day, to me she cries,
Leave off these toyes in tyme.

The wrinkles in my brow,
The furrowes in my face
Say, Limping age will 'lodge' him now,
Where youth must geve him place.

The harbenger of death,
To me I se him ride,
The cough, the cold, the gasping breath,
Doth bid me to provide

A pikeax and a spade,
And eke a shrowding shete,
A house of clay for to be made
For such a guest most mete.

Me thinkes I heare the clarke,
That knoles the carefull knell;
And bids me leave my 'wearye' warke,
Ere nature me compell.

My kepers* knit the knot,
That youth doth laugh to scorne,
Of me that 'shall bee cleane' forgot,
As I had 'ne'er' bene borne.

Thus must I youth geve up,
Whose badge I long did weare:
To them I yeld the wanton cup,
That better may it beare.

Ver. 6, be, P. C. [printed copy in 1557.] V. 10, Crowch perhaps should be clouch, clutch, grasp. Ver. 11, Life away she, P. C.

* Harl. MSS. num. 1703, § 25. The readings gathered from that copy are distinguished here by inverted commas. The text is printed from the "Songs," &c., of the Earl of Surrey and others, 1557, 4to.

V. 18, This, P. C. Ver. 23, So Ed. 1583; 'tis hedge in Ed. 1557, hath caught him, MS. V. 30, wyndynge-sheete, MS. V. 34, bell, MS. V. 35, wofull. P. C. V. 38, did, P. C. V. 39, clene shal be, P. C. V. 40, not, P. C.

* Alluding perhaps to Eccles. xii. 3.

Lo here the bared skull;
  By whose balde signe I know,
That stouping age away shall pull
  'What' youthful yeres did sow.

For Beautie with her band,
  These croked cares had wrought,
And shipped me into the land,
  From whence I first was brought.

And ye that bide behinde,
  Have ye none other trust:
As ye of claye were cast by kinde,
  So shall ye 'turne' to dust.

III.

Jephthah Judge of Israel.

In Shakspeare's Hamlet, act ii., the hero of the play takes occasion to banter Polonius with some scraps of an old ballad, which has never appeared yet in any collection: for which reason, as it is but short, it will not perhaps be unacceptable to the reader; who will also be diverted with the pleasant absurdities of the composition. It was retrieved from utter oblivion by a lady, who wrote it down from memory, as she had formerly heard it sung by her father. I am indebted for it to the friendship of Mr. Steevens.

It has been said, that the original ballad, in blackletter, is among Anthony à Wood's Collections in the Ashmolean Museum. But, upon application lately made, the volume which contained this Song was missing, so that it can only now be given as in the former edition.

The banter of Hamlet is as follows:

"*Hamlet.* 'O Jeptha, Judge of Israel,' what a treasure hadst thou!

"*Polonius.* What a treasure had he, my lord?

"*Ham.* Why, 'One faire daughter, and no more, The which he loved passing well.'

"*Polon.* Still on my daughter.

"*Ham.* Am not I i' th' right, old Jeptha?

"*Polon.* If you call me Jeptha, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love passing well.

"*Ham.* Nay, that follows not.

"*Polon.* What follows then, my lord?

"*Ham.* Why, 'As by lot, God wot:' and then you know, 'It came to passe, As most like it was.' The first row of the pious chanson will shew you more."

Edit. 1793, vol. xv. p. 133.

Have you not heard these many years ago,
  Jeptha was judge of Israel?
He had one only daughter and no mo,
  The which he loved passing well:
    And, as by lott,
    God wot,
  It so came to pass,
  As Gods will was,
That great wars there should be,
And none should be chosen chief but he.

And when he was appointed judge,
  And chieftain of the company,
A solemn vow to God he made;
  If he returned with victory,
    At his return
    To burn
  The first live thing,
    * * * *
That should meet with him then,
Off his house, when he should return agen

It came to pass, the wars was oer,
  And he returned with victory;
His dear and only daughter first of all
  Came to meet her father foremostly:
    And all the way,
    She did play
  On tabret and pipe,
  Full many a stripe,
  With note so high,
  For joy that her father is come so nigh.

V. 45, bare-hedde, MS., and some, P. CC. V. 48, Which, P. C., That MS., What is conject.

V. 56, wast, P. C.

But when he saw his daughter dear
Coming on most foremostly,
He wrung his hands, and tore his hair,
And cryed out most piteously;
Oh! it's thou, said he,
That have brought me
Low,
And troubled me so,
That I know not what to do.

For I have made a vow, he sed,
The which must be replenished:
* * * *
"What thou hast spoke
Do not revoke:
What thou hast said,
Be not affraid;
Altho' it be I;
Keep promises to God on high.

But, dear father, grant me one request,
That I may go to the wilderness,
Three months there with my friends to stay;
There to bewail my virginity;
And let there be,
Said she,
Some two or three
Young maids with me."
So he sent her away,
For to mourn, for to mourn, till her dying day.

IV.

A Robyn Jolly Robyn.

In his "Twelfth Night," Shakspeare introduces the clown singing part of the two first stanzas of the following song; which has been recovered from an ancient MS. of Dr. Harrington's at Bath, preserved among the many literary treasures transmitted to the ingenious and worthy possessor by a long line of most respectable ancestors. Of these only a small part hath been printed in the "Nugæ Antiquæ," 3 vols. 12mo.; a work which the public impatiently wishes to see continued.

The song is thus given by Shakspeare, act iv. sc. 2. (Malone's edit. iv. 93.)

Clown. "Hey Robin, jolly Robin." [singing.]
"Tell me how thy lady does."
Malvolio. Fool.——
Clown. "My lady is unkind, perdy.
Malvolio. Fool.——
Clown. "Alas, why is she so?"
Malvolio. Fool, I say.——
Clown. "She loves another."——Who calls, ha?"

Dr. Farmer has conjectured that the song should begin thus:

"Hey, jolly Robin, tell to me
How does thy lady do?
My lady is unkind perdy—
Alas, why is she so?"

But this ingenious emendation is now superseded by the proper readings of the old song itself, which is here printed from what appears the most ancient of Dr. Harrington's poetical MSS., and which has, therefore, been marked No. I. (scil. p. 68). That volume seems to have been written in the reign of King Henry VIII., and as it contains many of the poems of Sir Thomas Wyat, hath had almost all the contents attributed to him by marginal directions written with an old but later hand, and not always rightly, as, I think, might be made appear by other good authorities. Among the rest, this song is there attributed to Sir Thomas Wyat also; but the discerning reader will probably judge it to belong to a more obsolete writer.

In the old MS. to the 3d and 5th stanzas is prefixed this title, *Responce*, and to the 4th and 6th, *Le Plaintif*; but in the last instance so evidently wrong, that it was thought better to omit these titles, and to mark the changes of the dialogue by inverted commas. In other respects the MS. is strictly followed, except where noted in the margin—Yet the first stanza appears to be defective, and it should seem that a line is wanting, unless the four first words were lengthened in the tune.

A Robyn,
Jolly Robyn,
Tell me how thy leman doeth,
And thou shalt knowe of myn.

"My lady is unkyinde perde."
Alack! why is she so?
"She loveth another better than me:
And yet she will say no."

I fynde no such doublenes:
I fynde women true.
My lady loveth me dowtles,
And will change for no newe.

"Thou art happy while that doeth last;
But I say, as I fynde,
That women's love is but a blast,
And torneth with the wynde."

Suche folkes can take no harme by love,
That can abide their torn.
"But I alas can no way prove
In love but lake and morn."

But if thou wilt avoyde thy harme
Lerne this lesson of me,
At others fieres thy selfe to warme,
And let them warme with thee.

V.

A Song to the Lute in Musicke.

This sonnet (which is ascribed to Richard Edwards* in the "Paradise of Daintie Devises," fo. 31, b.) is by Shakspeare made the subject of some pleasant ridicule in his "Romeo and Juliet," act iv. sc. 5, where he introduces Peter putting this question to the musicians.

"*Peter*. . . . why 'Silver Sound'? 'why 'Musicke with with her silver sound'? what say you, Simon Catling?

"1 *Mus*. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

"*Pet*. Pretty! what say you, Hugh Rebecke?

"2 *Mus*. I say, silver sound, because musicians sound for silver.

"*Pet*. Pretty too! what say you, James Soundpost?

"3 *Mus*. Faith, I know not what to say.

"*Pet*. . . . . I will say it for you: It is 'musicke with her silver sound,' because musicians have no gold for sounding."

Edit. 1793, vol. xiv. p. 529.

This ridicule is not so much levelled at the song itself (which for the time it was written is not inelegant), as at those forced and unnatural explanations often given by us painful editors and expositors of ancient authors.

This copy is printed from an old quarto MS. in the Cotton Library (Vesp. A. 25), entitled, "Divers things of Hen. viij's time:" with some corrections from The Paradise of Dainty Devises, 1596.

Where gripinge grefes the hart would wounde,
And dolefulle dumps the mynde oppresse,
There musicke with her silver sound
With spede is wont to send redresse;
Of trobled mynds, in every sore,
Swete musicke hathe a salve in store.

In joye yt maks our mirthe abounde,
In woe yt cheres our hevy sprites;
Be strawghted heads relyef hath founde,
By musickes pleasaunte swete delightes:
Our senses all, what shall I say more?
Are subjecte unto musicks lore.

The Gods by musicke have theire prayse;
The lyfe, the soul therein doth joye:
For, as the Romayne poet sayes,
In seas, whom pyrats would destroy,
A dolphin saved from death most sharpe
Arion playing on his harpe.

Ver. 4, shall, MS.

* Concerning him, see Wood's Athen. Oxon. and Tanner's Biblioth.; also Sir John Hawkin's Hist. of Music, &c.

O heavenly gyft, that rules the mynd,
  Even as the sterne dothe rule the shippe!
O musicke, whom the Gods assinde
  To comforte manne, whom cares would nippe!
Since thow bothe man and beste doest move,
What beste ys he, wyll the disprove?

VI.

King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid,

—is a story often alluded to by our old dramatic writers. Shakspeare, in his Romeo and Juliet, act ii. sc. 1, makes Mercutio say,

——"Her (Venus's) purblind son and heir,
Young Adam* Cupid, he that shot so true,
When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid.

As the 13th line of the following ballad seems here particularly alluded to, it is not improbable that Shakspeare wrote it "shot so trim," which the players or printers, not perceiving the allusion, might alter to "true." The former, as being the more humorous expression, seems most likely to have come from the mouth of Mercutio.†

In the 2d part of Hen. IV., act v. sc. 3, Falstaff is introduced affectedly saying to Pistoll,

"O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?
Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof."

These lines, Dr. Warburton thinks, were taken from an old bombast play of "King Cophetua." No such play is, I believe, now to be found; but it does not therefore follow that it never existed. Many dramatic pieces are referred to by old writers,‡ which are not now extant, or even mentioned in any list. In the infancy of the stage, plays were often exhibited that were never printed.

It is probably in allusion to the same play that Ben Jonson says, in his Comedy of "Every Man in his Humour," act iii. sc. 4,

"I have not the heart to devour thee, an' I might be made as *rich* as King Cophetua."

At least there is no mention of King Cophetua's riches in the present ballad, which is the oldest I have met with on the subject.

It is printed from Rich. Johnson's "Crown Garland of Goulden Roses," 1612, 12mo. (where it is entitled simply "A Song of a Beggar and a King"): corrected by another copy.

I READ that once in Affrica
  A princely wight did raine,
Who had to name Cophetua,
  As poets they did faine:
From natures lawes he did decline,
  For sure he was not of my mind,
He cared not for women-kinde,
  But did them all disdaine.
But marke, what hapned on a day,
As he out of his window lay,
He saw a beggar all in gray,
  The which did cause his paine.

The blinded boy, that shootes so trim,
  From heaven downe did hie;
He drew a dart and shot at him,
  In place where he did lye:
Which soone did pierse him to the quicke,
And when he felt the arrow pricke,
Which in his tender heart did sticke
  He looketh as he would dye.
What sudden chance is this, quoth he,
That I to love must subject be,
Which never thereto would agree,
  But still did it defie?

Then from the window he did come,
  And laid him on his bed,
A thousand heapes of care did runne
  Within his troubled head:

* See above, Preface to Song i. Book ii. of this vol. p. 158.

† Since this conjecture first occurred, it has been discovered that "shot so trim" was the genuine reading. See Shakspeare ed. 1793, xiv. 393.

‡ See Meres Wits Treas. f. 283. Arte of Eng. Poes. 1589, p. 51, 111, 143, 169.

For now he meanes to crave her love,
And now he seekes which way to proove
How he his fancie might remoove,
And not this beggar wed.
But Cupid had him so in snare,
That this poor beggar must prepare
A salve to cure him of his care,
Or els he would be dead.

And, as he musing thus dyd lye,
He thought for to devise
How he might have her companye,
That did so 'maze his eyes.
In thee, quoth he, doth rest my life:
For surely thou shalt be my wife,
Or else this hand with bloody knife
The Gods shall sure suffice.
Then from his bed he soon arose,
And to his pallace gate he goes;
Full little then this begger knowes
When she the king espies.

The Gods preserve your majesty,
The beggers all gan cry:
Vouchsafe to give your charity
Our childrens food to buy.
The king to them his pursse did cast,
And they to part it made great haste;
This silly woman was the last
That after them did hye.
The king he cal'd her back againe,
And unto her he gave his chaine;
And said, With us you shal remaine
Till such time as we dye:

For thou, quoth he, shalt be my wife,
And honoured for my queene;
With thee I meane to lead my life,
As shortly shall be seene:
Our wedding shall appointed be,
And every thing in its degree:
Come on, quoth he, and follow me,
Thou shalt go shift thee cleane.
What is thy name, faire maid? quoth he.
Penelophon,* O king, quoth she:
With that she made a lowe courtsèy;
A trim one as I weene.

Thus hand in hand along they walke
Unto the king's pallàce:
The king with courteous comly talke
This begger doth imbrace:
The begger blusheth scarlet red,
And straight againe as pale as lead,
But not a word at all she said,
She was in such amaze.
At last she spake with trembling voyce,
And said, O king, I doe rejoyce
That you wil take me for your choyce,
And my degree's so base.

And when the wedding day was come,
The king commanded strait
The noblemen both all and some
Upon the queene to wait.
And she behaved herself that day,
As if she had never walkt the way:
She had forgot her gown of gray,
Which she did weare of late.
The proverbe old is come to passe,
The priest, when he begins his masse,
Forgets that ever clerke he was;
He knowth not his estate.

Here you may read, Cophetua,
Though long time fancie-fed,
Compelled by the blinded boy
The begger for to wed:
He that did lovers lookes disdaine,
To do the same was glad and faine,
Or els he would himselfe have slaine,
In storie, as we read.
Disdaine no whit, O lady deere,
But pitty now thy servant heere,
Least that it hap to thee this yeare,
As to that king it did.

And thus they led a quiet life
During their princely raigne:
And in a tombe were buried both,
As writers sheweth plaine.
The lords they tooke it grievously,
The ladies tooke it heavily,
The commons cryed pitiously,
Their death to them was paine,
Their fame did sound so passingly
That it did pierce the starry sky,
And throughoute all the world did flye
To every princes realme.*

* Shakspeare (who alludes to this ballad in his "Love's Labour lost," act. iv. sc. 1), gives the Beggar's name *Zenelophon*, according to all the old editions: but this seems to be a corruption; for *Penelophon*, in the text, sounds more like the name of a woman.—The story of the King and the Beggar is also alluded to in K. Rich. II. act v. sc. 3.

V. 90, i. e. tramped the streets. V. 105, Here the Poet addresses himself to his mistress. V. 112, Sheweth was anciently the plur. numb.

* An ingenious friend thinks the two last stanzas should change place.

VII.

Take thy Old Cloak about thee.

—is supposed to have been originally a Scotch ballad. The reader here has an ancient copy in the English idiom, with an additional stanza (the 2d) never before printed. This curiosity is preserved in the Editor's folio MS., but not without corruptions, which are here removed by the assistance of the Scottish Edition. Shakspeare, in his Othello, act ii., has quoted one stanza, with some variations, which are here adopted: the old MS. readings of that stanza are however given in the margin.

THIS winters weather itt waxeth cold,
And frost doth freese on every hill,
And Boreas blowes his blasts soe bold,
That all our cattell are like to spill;
Bell my wiffe, who loves noe strife,
Shee sayd unto me quietlye,
Rise up, and save cow Cumbockes liffe,
Man, put thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

O Bell, why dost thou flyte 'and scorne?'
Thou kenst my cloak is very thin:
Itt is soe bare and overworne
A cricke he theron cannot renn:
Then Ile no longer borrowe nor lend,
'For once Ile new appareld bee,
To-morrow Ile to towne and spend,'
For Ile have a new cloake about mee.

SHE.

Cow Crumbocke is a very good cowe,
Shee ha beene alwayes true to the payle
Shee has helpt us to butter and cheese, I trow,
And other things shee will not fayle;
I wold be loth to see her pine,
Good husband, councell take of mee,
It is not for us to go soe fine,
Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

My cloake it was a very good cloake,
Itt hath been alwayes true to the weare,
But now it is not worth a groat;
I have had it four and forty yeere:
Sometime itt was of cloth in graine,
'Tis now but a sigh clout as you may see,
It will neither hold out winde nor raine;
And Ile have a new cloake about mee.

SHE.

It is four and fortye yeeres agoe
Since the one of us the other did ken,
And we have had betwixt us towe
Of children either nine or ten;
Wee have brought them up to women and men;
In the feare of God I trow they bee;
And why wilt thou thyselfe misken?
Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

O Bell my wiffe, why dost thou 'floute!'
Now is nowe, and then was then:
Seeke now all the world throughout,
Thou kenst not clownes from gentlemen.
They are cladd in blacke, greene, yellowe, or gray,
Soe far above their owne degree:
Once in my life Ile 'doe as they,'
For Ile have a new cloake about mee.

SHE.

King Stephen was a worthy peere,
His breeches cost him but a crowne,
He held them sixpence all too deere;
Therefore he calld the taylor Lowne.
He was a wight of high renowne,
And thouse but of a low degree:
Itt's pride that putts this countrye downe,
Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

'Bell my wife she loves not strife,
Yet she will lead me if she can;
And oft, to live a quiet life,
I am forced to yield, though Ime goodman;'
Itt's not for a man with a woman to threape,
Unlesse he first gave oer the plea:
As wee began wee now will leave,
And Ile take mine old cloake about mee.

V. 41, flyte, MS. V. 49, King Harry .. a very good king, MS. V. 50, I trow his hose cost but, MS. V. 51, He thought them 12d. to deere, MS. V. 52, clowne, MS. V. 53, He was king and ware the crowne, MS.

VIII.

Willow, Willow, Willow.

It is from the following stanzas that Shakspeare has taken his song of the "Willow," in his Othello, act iv. sc. 3, though somewhat varied and applied by him to a female character. He makes Desdemona introduce it in this pathetic and affecting manner:

"My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:
She was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forsake her. She had a song of—Willow.
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
Aud she died singing it."
Ed. 1793, vol. xv. p. 613.

This is given from a black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, thus entitled, "A Lover's Complaint, being forsaken of his Love." To a pleasant tune.

A poore soule sat sighing under a sicamore tree;
O willow, willow, willow!
With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee:
O willow, willow, willow!
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

He sigh'd in his singing, and after each grone,
Come willow, &c.
I am dead to all pleasure, my true-love is gone;
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

My love she is turned; untrue she doth prove;
O willow, &c.
She renders me nothing but hate for my love.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O pitty me, (cried he), ye lovers, each one;
O willow, &c.
Her heart's hard as marble; she rues not my mone.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The cold streams ran by him, his eyes wept apace;
O willow,&c.
The salt tears fell from him, which drowned his face:
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The mute birds sate by him, made tame by his mones;
O willow, &c.
The salt tears fell from him, which softened the stones.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Let nobody blame me, her scornes I do prove;
O willow, &c.
She was borne to be faire; I, to die for her love.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O that beauty should harbour a heart that's so hard!
Sing willow, &c.
My true love rejecting without all regard.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Let love no more boast him in palace or bower;
O willow, &c.
For women are trothles, and flote in an houre.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

But what helps complaining? In vaine I complaine:
O willow, &c.

I must patiently suffer her scorne and disdaine.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Come, all you forsaken, and sit down by me,
O willow, &c.
He that 'plaines of his false love, mine's falser than she.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The willow wreath weare I, since my love did fleet;
O willow, &c.
A garland for lovers forsaken most meete.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlànd!

PART THE SECOND.

Lowe lay'd by my sorrow, begot by disdaine;
O willow, willow, willow!
Against her to cruell, still still I complaine,
O willow, willow, willow!
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlànd!

O love too injurious, to wound my poore heart!
O willow, &c.
To suffer the triumph, and joy in my smart;
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O willow, willow, willow! the willow garlànd,
O willow, &c.
A sign of her falsenesse before me doth stand:
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

As here it doth bid to despair and to dye,
O willow, &c.
So hang it, friends, ore me in grave where I lye:
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlànd.

In grave where I rest mee, hang this to the view,
O willow, &c.
Of all that doe knowe her, to blaze her untrue.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

With these words engraven, as epitaph meet,
O willow, &c.
"Here lyes one, drank poyson for potion most sweet."
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Though she thus unkindly hath scorned my love,
O willow, &c.
And carelessly smiles at the sorrowes I prove;
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

I cannot against her unkindly exclaim,
O willow, &c.
Cause once well I loved her, and honoured her name:
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The name of her sounded so sweete in mine eare,
O willow, &c.
It rays'd my heart lightly, the name of my deare;
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlànd.

As then 'twas my comfort, it now is my griefe;
O willow, &c.
It now brings me anguish; then brought me reliefe.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Farewell, faire false hearted: plaints end with my breath!
O willow, willow, willow!
Thou dost loath me, I love thee, though cause of my death.
O willow, willow, willow!
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlànd.

XI.

Sir Lancelot du Lake.

This ballad is quoted in Shakspeare's second part of Henry IV., act ii. The subject of it is taken from the ancient romance of King Arthur (commonly called Morte Arthur), being a poetical translation of chap. cviii., cix., cx., in part 1st, as they stand in ed. 1634, 4to. In the older editions the chapters are differently numbered.—This song is given from a printed copy, corrected in part by a fragment in the editor's folio MS.

In the same play of 2 Henry IV., Silence hums a scrap of one of the old ballads of Robin Hood. It is taken from the following stanza of "Robin Hood and the Pindar of Wakefield:"—

All this beheard three wighty yeomen,
Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John:
With that they espy'd the jolly Pindàr
As he sate under a throne.

That ballad may be found on every stall, and therefore is not here reprinted.

When Arthur first in court began,
And was approved king,
By force of armes great victorys wanne,
And conquest home did bring.

Then into England straight he came
With fifty good and able
Knights, that resorted unto him,
And were of his round table:

And he had justs and turnaments,
Wherto were many prest,
Wherein some knights did far excell
And eke surmount the rest.

But one Sir Lancelot du Lake,
Who was approved well,
He for his deeds and feats of armes
All others did excell.

When he had rested him a while,
In play, and game, and sportt,
He said he wold goe prove himselfe
In some adventurous sort.

He armed rode in a forrest wide,
And met a damsell faire,
Who told him of adventures great,
Wherto he gave great eare.

Such wold I find, quoth Lancelott:
For that cause came I hither.
Thou seemst, quoth shee, a knight full good,
And I will bring thee thither.

Wheras a mighty knight doth dwell,
That now is of great fame:
Therfore tell me what wight thou art,
And what may be thy name.

"My name is Lancelot du Lake."
Quoth she, it likes me than:
Here dwells a knight who never was
Yet matcht with any man:

Who has in prison threescore knights
And four, that he did wound;
Knights of King Arthurs court they be,
And of his table round.

She brought him to a river side,
And also to a tree,
Whereon a copper bason hung,
And many shields to see.

He struck soe hard, the bason broke;
And Tarquin soon he spyed:
Who drove a horse before him fast,
Whereon a knight lay tyed.

Sir knight, then sayd Sir Lancelòtt,
Bring me that horse-load hither,
And lay him downe, and let him rest;
Weel try our force together:

For, as I understand, thou hast,
Soe far as thou art able,

V. 18, to sportt, MS.

V. 29, *Where* is often read by our old writers for *whereas*; here it is just the contrary.

Done great despite and shame unto
The knights of the Round Table.

If thou be of the Table Round,
Quoth Tarquin speedilye,
Both thee and all thy fellowship
I utterly defye.

That's over much, quoth Lancelott tho,
Defend thee by and by.
They sett their speares unto their steeds,
And eache att other flie.

They coucht theire speares (their horses ran,
As though there had beene thunder),
And strucke them each immidst their shields,
Wherewith they broke in sunder.

Their horsses backes brake under them,
The knights were both astound:
To avoyd their horsses they made haste
And light upon the ground.

They tooke them to their shields full fast,
They swords they drew out than,
With mighty strokes most eagerlye
Each at the other ran.

They wounded were, and bled full sore,
They both for breath did stand,
And leaning on their swords awhile,
Quoth Tarquine, Hold thy hand,

And tell to me what I shall aske,
Say on, quoth Lancelot tho.
Thou art, quoth Tarquine, the best knight
That ever I did know;

And like a knight that I did hate:
Soe that thou be not hee,
I will deliver all the rest,
And eke accord with thee.

That is well said, quoth Lancelott;
But sith it must be soe,
What knight is that thou hatest thus?
I pray thee to me show.

His name is Launcelot du Lake,
He slew my brother deere;
Him I suspect of all the rest:
I would I had him here.

Thy wish thou hast, but yet unknowne,
I am Lancelot du Lake,
Now knight of Arthurs Table Round;
King Hauds son of Schuwake;

And I desire thee to do thy worst.
Ho, ho, quoth Tarqin tho,
One of us two shall end our lives
Before that we do go.

If thou be Lancelot du Lake,
Then welcome shalt thou bee:
Wherfore see thou thyself defend,
For now defye I thee.

They buckled then together so,
Like unto wild boares rashing:*
And with their swords and shields they ran
At one another slashing:

The ground besprinkled was wyth blood:
Tarquin began to yield;
For he gave backe for wearinesse,
And lowe did beare his shield.

This soone Sir Lancelot espyde,
He leapt upon him then,
He pull'd him downe upon his knee,
And rushing off his helm,

Forthwith he strucke his necke in two,
And, when he had soe done,
From prison threescore knights and four
Delivered everye one.

* Rashing seems to be the old hunting term to express the stroke made by the wild-boar with his fangs. To rase has apparently a meaning something similar. See Mr. Steevens's Note on K. Lear, act. iii. sc. 7 (ed. 1793, vol. xiv. p. 193), where the quartos read,

"Nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh *rash* boarish fangs."

So in K. Richard III, act iii., sc. 2 (vol. x. p. 567, 583).

"He dreamt
To night the Boar had *rased* off his helm."

X.

Corydon's Farewell to Phillis,

—is an attempt to paint a lover's irresolution, but so poorly executed, that it would not have been admitted into this collection, if it had not been quoted in Shakspeare's Twelfth-Night, act ii. sc. 3.—It is found in a little ancient miscellany, entitled "The Golden Garland of Princely Delights," 12mo. bl. let.

In the same scene of the Twelfth-Night, Sir Toby sings a scrap of an old ballad, which is preserved in the Pepys collection, [vol. i. pp. 33, 496.]; but as it is not only a poor dull performance, but also very long, it will be sufficient here to give the first stanza:

The Ballad of Constant Susanna.

There dwelt a man in Babylon
Of reputation great by fame;
He took to wife a faire womàn,
Susanna she was callde by name:
A woman fair and vertuous;
Lady, lady:
Why should we not of her learn thus
To live godly?

If this song of Corydon, &c., has not more merit, it is at least an evil of less magnitude.

Farewell, dear love; since thou wilt needs be gone,
Mine eyes do shew, my life is almost done.
Nay I will never die, so long as I can spie
There be many mo, though that she doe goe,
There be many mo, I fear not:
Why then let her goe, I care not.
Farewell, farewell; since this I find is true
I will not spend more time in wooing you:
But I will seek elsewhere, if I may find love there:
Shall I bid her goe? what and if I doe?
Shall I bid her goe and spare not?
O no, no, no, I dare not.

Ten thousand times farewell;—yet stay a while:—
Sweet, kiss me once; sweet kisses time beguile:
I have no power to move. How now am I in love?
Wilt thou needs be gone? Go then, all is one.
Wilt thou needs be gone? Oh, hie thee!
Nay stay, and do no more deny me.

Once more adieu, I see loath to depart
Bids oft adieu to her, that holds my heart.
But seeing I must lose thy love, which I did choose,
Goe thy way for me, since that may not be,
Goe thy ways for me. But whither?
Goe, oh, but where I may come thither.

What shall I doe? my love is now departed.
She is fair, as she is cruel-hearted.
She would not be intreated, with prayers oft repeated,
If she come no more, shall I die therefore?
If she come no more, what care I?
Faith, let her goe, or come, or tarry.

XI.

Gernutus the Jew of Venice.

In the "Life of Pope Sixtus V., translated from the Italian of Greg. Leti, by the Rev. Mr. Farneworth, folio," is a remarkable passage to the following effect.

"It was reported in Rome, that Drake had taken and plundered St. Domingo in Hispaniola, and carried off an immense booty. This account came in a private letter to Paul Secchi, a very considerable merchant in the city, who had large concerns in those parts, which

he had insured. Upon receiving this news, he sent for the insurer Sampson Ceneda, a Jew, and acquainted him with it. The Jew, whose interest it was to have such a report thought false, gave many reasons why it could not possibly be true, and at last worked himself into such a passion, that he said, I'll lay you a pound of flesh it is a lye. Secchi, who was of a fiery hot temper, replied, I'll lay you a thousand crowns against a pound of your flesh that it is true. The Jew accepted the wager, and articles were immediately executed betwixt them, that, if Secchi won, he should himself cut the flesh with a sharp knife from whatever part of the Jew's body he pleased. The truth of the account was soon confirmed; and the Jew was almost distracted, when he was informed, that Secchi had solemnly swore he would compel him to an exact performance of his contract. A report of this transaction was brought to the Pope, who sent for the parties, and, being informed of the whole affair, said, "when contracts are made, it is but just they should be fulfilled, as this shall: take a knife, therefore, Secchi, and cut a pound of flesh from any part you please of the Jew's body. We advise you, however, to be very careful; for, if you cut but a scruple more or less than your due, you shall certainly be hanged."

The editor of that book is of opinion, that the scene between Shylock and Antonio in the "Merchant of Venice" is taken from this incident. But Mr. Warton, in his ingenious "Observations on the Faerie Queen, vol. i. page 128," has referred it to the following ballad. Mr. Warton thinks this ballad was written before Shakspeare's play, as being not so circumstantial, and having more of the nakedness of an original. Besides, it differs from the play in many circumstances, which a mere copyist, such as we may suppose the ballad-maker to be, would hardly have given himself the trouble to alter. Indeed he expressly informs us, that he had his story from the Italian writers. See the "Connoisseur," vol. i. No 16.

After all, one would be glad to know what authority "Leti" had for the foregoing fact, or at least for connecting it with the taking of St. Domingo by Drake; for this expedition did not happen till 1585, and it is very certain that a play of the "Jewe, representing the greedinesse of worldly chusers, and bloody minds of usurers," had been exhibited at the play-house called the "Bull," before the year 1579, being mentioned in Steph. Gosson's "Schoole of Abuse,"* which was printed in that year.

As for Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice," the earliest edition known of it is in quarto, 1600; though it had been exhibited in the year 1598, being mentioned, together with eleven others of his plays, in Meres's "Wits Treasury," &c. 1598, 12mo. fol. 282. See Malone's Shaksp.

The following is printed from an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys collection,† entitled, "A new Song, shewing the crueltie of 'Gernutus, a Jewe,' who, lending to a merchant an hundred crowns, would have a pound of his fleshe, because he could not pay him at the time appointed. To the tune of Black and Yellow."

THE FIRST PART.

In Venice towne not long agoe
A cruel Jew did dwell,
Which lived all on usurie
As Italian writers tell.

Gernutus called was the Jew,
Which never thought to dye,
Nor ever yet did any good
To them in streets that lie.

His life was like a barrow hogge,
That liveth many a day,
Yet never once doth any good,
Until men will him slay.

Or like a filthy heap of dung,
That lyeth in a whoard;
Which never can do any good,
Till it be spread abroad.

So fares it with the usurer,
He cannot sleep in rest,
For feare the thiefe will him pursue
To plucke him from his nest.

His heart doth thinke on many a wile,
How to deceive the poore;
His mouth is almost ful of mucke,
Yet still he gapes for more.

* Warton, ubi supra.
† Compared with the Ashmole Copy.

His wife must lend a shilling,
For every weeke a penny,
Yet bring a pledge, that is double worth,
If that you will have any.

And see, likewise, you keepe your day,
Or else you loose it all:
This was the living of the wife,
Her cow she did it call.

Within that citie dwelt that time
A marchant of great fame,
Which being distressed in his need,
Unto Gernutus came:

Desiring him to stand his friend
For twelve month and a day,
To lend to him an hundred crownes:
And he for it would pay

Whatsoever he would demand of him,
And pledges he should have.
No, (quoth the Jew with flearing lookes,)
Sir, aske what you will have.

No penny for the loane of it
For one year you shall pay
You may doe me as good a turne,
Before my dying day.

But we will have a merry jeast,
For to be talked long:
You shall make me a bond, quoth he,
That shall be large and strong:

And this shall be the forfeyture;
Of your owne fleshe a pound.
If you agree, make you the bond,
And here is a hundred crownes.

With right good will! the marchant he says:
And so the bond was made.
When twelve month and a day drew on
That backe it should be payd.

The marchants ships were all at sea,
And money came not in;
Which way to take, or what to doe
To thinke he doth begin:

And to Gernutus strait he comes
With cap and bended knee,
And sayde to him, Of curtesie
I pray you beare with mee.

My day is come, and I have not
The money for to pay:
And little good the forfeyture
Will doe you, I dare say.

With all my heart, Gernutus sayd,
Commaund it to your minde:
In thinges of bigger waight then this
You shall me ready finde.

He goes his way; the day once past
Gernutus doth not slacke
To get a sergiant presently;
And clapt him on the backe:

And layd him into prison strong,
And sued his bond withall;
And when the judgement day was come,
For judgement he did call.

The marchants friends came thither fast
With many a weeping eye,
For other means they could not find,
But he that day must dye.

V. 32, Cow, &c., seems to have suggested to Shakspeare Shylock's argument for usury taken from Jacob's management of Laban's sheep, act i.. to which Antonio replies:

"Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or are your gold and silver ewes and rams?
"*Shy.* I cannot tell. I make it *breed as fast.*"

THE SECOND PART.

"Of the Jews crueltie; setting foorth the mercifulnesse of the Judge towards the Marchant. To the tune of Blacke and Yellow."

Some offered for his hundred crownes
Five hundred for to pay;
And some a thousand, two or three,
Yet still he did denay.

And at the last ten thousand crownes
They offered, him to save.
Gernutus sayd, I will no gold:
My forfeite I will have.

A pound of fleshe is my demand,
And that shall be my hire.
Then sayd the judge, Yet, good my friend,
Let me of you desire

To take the flesh from such a place,
As yet you let him live:
Do so, and lo! an hundred crownes
To thee here will I give.

No: no: quoth he; no: judgement here:
For this it shall be tride,
For I will have my pound of fleshe
From under his right side.

It grieved all the companie
His crueltie to see,
For neither friend nor foe could helpe
But he must spoyled bee.

The bloudie Jew now ready is
With whetted blade in hand,*
To spoyle the bloud of innocent,
By forfeit of his bond.

And as he was about to strike
In him the deadly blow:
Stay (quoth the judge) thy crueltie;
I charge thee to do so.

Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeit have,
Which is of flesh a pound:
See that thou shed no drop of bloud,
Nor yet the man confound.

For if thou doe, like murderer
Thou here shalt hanged be:
Likewise of flesh see that thou cut
No more than longes to thee:

For if thou take either more or lesse
To the value of a mite,
Thou shalt be hanged presently,
As is both law and right.

Gernutus now waxt franticke mad,
And wotes not what to say;
Quoth he at last, Ten thousand crownes
I will that he shall pay;

And so I graunt to set him free.
The judge doth answere make;
You shall not have a penny given;
Your forfeyture now take.

At the last he doth demaund
But for to have his owne.
No, quoth the judge, doe as you list,
Thy judgement shall be showne.

Either take your pound of flesh, quoth he,
Or cancell me your bond.
O cruell judge, then quoth the Jew,
That doth against me stand!

And so with griping grieved mind
He biddeth them fare-well.
'Then' all the people prays'd the Lord,
That ever this heard tell.

Good people, that doe heare this song,
For trueth I dare well say,
That many a wretch as ill as hee
Doth live now at this day;

That seeketh nothing but the spoyle
Of many a wealthy man,
And for to trap the innocent
Deviseth what they can.

From whome the Lord deliver me,
And every Christian too,
And send to them like sentence eke
That meaneth so to do.

*** Since the first edition of this book was printed, the Editor hath had reason to believe that both Shakspeare and the Author of this ballad are indebted for their story of the Jew (however they came by it) to an Italian Novel, which was first printed at Milan in the year 1554, in a book entitled, *Il pecorone, nel quale si contengono Cinquanta Novelle antiche*, &c., republished at Florence about the year 1748, or 9.—The Author was Ser. Giovanni Fiorentino, who wrote in 1378; thirty years after the time in which the scene of Boccace's Decameron is laid. (Vid. Manni Istoria del Decameron di Giov. Boccac. 4to. Fior. 1744.

That Shakspeare had his plot from the Novel itself, is evident from his having some incidents from it, which are not found in the ballad: and I think it will also be found that he borrowed from the ballad some hints that were not suggested by the novel. (See above, pt. 2, ver. 25, &c., where, instead of that spirited description of *the whetted blade*, &c., the Prose Narrative coldly says, "The Jew had prepared a razor," &c. See also some other passages in the same piece.) This however is spoken with diffidence, as I have at present before me only the abridgment of the novel which Mr. Johnson has given us at the end

* The passage in Shakspeare bears so strong a resemblance to this, as to render it probable that the one suggested the other. See act iv. sc. 2.
"*Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly? &c.*"

V. 61, griped, Ashmol. copy.

of his commentary on Shakspeare's play. The translation of the Italian story at large is not easy to be met with, having I believe never been published, though it was printed some years ago with this title, "The Novel, from which the Merchant of Venice, written by Shakspeare, is taken, translated from the Italian. To which is added, a translation of a novel from the Decamerone of Boccacio, London, Printed for M. Cooper, 1755, 8vo."

XII.

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.

This beautiful sonnet is quoted in the Merry Wives of Windsor, act iii. sc. 1, and hath been usually ascribed (together with the reply) to Shakspeare himself by the modern editors of his smaller poems. A copy of this madrigal, containing only four stanzas (the 4th and 6th being wanting), accompanied with the first stanza of the answer, being printed in "The Passionate Pilgrime, and Sonnets to sundry Notes of Musicke, by Mr. William Shakspeare, Lond. printed for W. Jaggard, 1599." Thus was this sonnet, &c., published as Shakspeare's in his lifetime.

And yet there is good reason to believe that (not Shakspeare, but) Christopher Marlow wrote the song, and Sir Walter Raleigh the "Nymph's Reply:" for so we are positively assured by Isaac Walton, a writer of some credit, who has inserted them both in his Compleat Angler,* under the character of "that smooth song, which was made by Kit Marlow, now at least fifty years ago; and . . . . an Answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days. . . . Old fashioned poetry, but choicely good."—It also passed for Marlow's in the opinion of his contemporaries; for in the old poetical miscellany, entitled, "England's Helicon," it is printed with the name of Chr. Marlow subjoined to it; and the reply is signed Ignoto, which is known to have been a signature of Sir Walter Raleigh. With the same signature Ignoto, in that collection, is an imitation of Marlow's beginning thus:

"Come live with me, and be my dear,
And we will revel all the year,
In plains and groves," &c.

* First printed in the year 1653, but probably written some time before.

Upon the whole I am inclined to attribute them to Marlow, and Raleigh; notwithstanding the authority of Shakspeare's Book of Sonnets. For it is well known that as he took no care of his own compositions, so was he utterly regardless what spurious things were fathered upon him. Sir John Oldcastle, the London Prodigal, and the Yorkshire Tragedy, were printed with his name at full length in the title-pages, while he was living, which yet were afterwards rejected by his first editors Heminge and Condell, who were his intimate friends (as he mentions both in his will), and therefore no doubt had good authority for setting them aside.*

The following sonnet appears to have been (as it deserved) a great favourite with our earlier poets: for, besides the imitation above mentioned, another is to be found among Donne's Poems, entitled, "The Bait," beginning thus:

"Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands, &c."

As for Chr. Marlow, who was in high repute for his dramatic writings, he lost his life by a stab received in a brothel, before the year 1593. See A. Wood, i. 138.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we wil all the pleasures prove
That hils and vallies, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

* Since the above was written, Mr. Malone, with his usual discernment, hath rejected the stanzas in question from the other sonnets, &c., of Shakspeare, in his correct edition of the Passionate Pilgrim, &c. See his Shaksp. vol. x. p. 340.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Imbrodered all with leaves of mirtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold;
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw, and ivie buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

IF that the World and Love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's toung,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yield:
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancies spring, but sorrows fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten

Thy belt of straw, and ivie buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs;
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joyes no date, nor age no need;
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be my love.

XIII.

Titus Andronicus's Complaint.

THE reader has here an ancient ballad on the same subject as the play of "Titus Andronicus," and it is probable that the one was borrowed from the other: but which of them was the original, it is not easy to decide. And yet, if the argument offered above in page 125, for the priority of the ballad of the Jew of Venice may be admitted, somewhat of the same kind may be urged here; for this ballad differs from the play in several particulars, which a simple ballad-writer would be less likely to alter than an inventive tragedian. Thus, in the ballad, is no mention of the contest for the empire between the two brothers, the composing of which makes the ungrateful treatment of Titus afterwards the more flagrant: neither is there any notice taken of his sacrificing one of Tamora's sons, which the tragic poet has assigned as the original cause of all her cruelties. In the play, Titus loses twenty-one of his sons in war, and kills another for assisting Bassianus to carry off Lavinia; the reader will find it different in the ballad. In the latter she is betrothed to the emperor's son: in the play to his brother. In the tragedy, only two of his sons fall into the pit, and the third, being banished, returns to Rome with a victorious army, to avenge the wrongs of his house: in the ballad, all three are entrapped and suffer death. In the scene, the emperor kills Titus, and is in return stabbed

by Titus's surviving son. Here Titus kills the emperor, and afterwards himself.

Let the reader weigh these circumstances, and some others, wherein he will find them unlike, and then pronounce for himself.—After all, there is reason to conclude that this play was rather improved by Shakspeare, with a few fine touches of his pen, than originally written by him; for, not to mention that the style is less figurative than his others generally are, this tragedy is mentioned with discredit in the Induction to Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair, in 1614," as one that had then been exhibited "five-and-twenty or thirty years:" which, if we take the lowest number, throws it back to the year 1589, at which time Shakspeare was but 25; an earlier date than can be found for any other of his pieces:* and if it does not clear him entirely of it, shows at least it was a first attempt.†

The following is given from a copy in "The Golden Garland," entitled as above; compared with three others, two of them in black letter in the Pepys collection, entitled "The Lamentable and Tragical History of Titus Andronicus," &c. "to the Tune of Fortune," printed for E. Wright. Unluckily, none of these have any dates.

You noble minds, and famous martiall wights,
That in defence of native country fights,
Give eare to me, that ten yeeres fought for Rome,
Yet reapt disgrace at my returning home.

In Rome I lived in fame fulle threescore yeeres,
My name beloved was of all my peeres;
Fulle five-and-twenty valiant sonnes I had,
Whose forwarde vertues made their father glad.

For when Romes foes their warlike forces bent,
Against them stille my sonnes and I were sent;
Against the Goths full ten yeares weary warre
We spent, receiving many a bloudy scarre.

Just two-and-twenty of my sonnes were slaine
Before we did returne to Rome againe:
Of five-and-twenty sonnes, I brought but three
Alive, the stately towers of Rome to see.

When wars were done, I conquest home did bring
And did present my prisoners to the king,
The queene of Goths, her sons, and eke a Moore,
Which did such murders, like was nere before.

The emperour did make this queene his wife,
Which bred in Rome debate and deadly strife;
The Moore, with her two sonnes did growe soe proud,
That none like them in Rome might be allowd.

The Moore soe pleas'd this new-made empress' eie,
That she consented to him secretlye
For to abuse her husbands marriage bed,
And soe in time a Blackamore she bred.

Then she, whose thoughts to murder were inclinde,
Consented with the Moore of bloody minde
Against myselfe, my kin, and all my friendes,
In cruell sort to bring them to their endes.

Soe when in age I thought to live in peace,
Both care and griefe began then to increase:
Amongst my sonnes I had one daughter brighte,
Which joy'd, and pleased best my aged sight;

My deare Lavinia was betrothed than
To Cesars sonne, a young and noble man:
Who, in a hunting by the emperours wife,
And her two sonnes, bereaved was of life.

He being slaine, was cast in cruel wise,
Into a darksome den from light of skies:
The cruell Moore did come that way as then
With my three sonnes, who fell into the den.

The Moore then fetcht the emperour with speed,
For to accuse them of that murderous deed.

* Mr. Malone thinks 1591 to be the æra when our author commenced a writer for the stage. See in his Shaksp. the ingenious "Attempt to ascertain the order in which the plays of Shakspeare were written."

† Since the above was written, Shakspeare's memory has been fully vindicated from the charge of writing the above play by the best critics. See what has been urged by Steevens and Malone in their excellent editions of Shakspeare, &c.

And when my sonnes within the den were found,
In wrongfull prison they were cast and bound.

But nowe, behold! what wounded most my mind,
The empresses two sonnes of savage kind
My daughter ravished without remorse,
And took away her honour, quite perforce.

When they had tasted of soe sweete a flowre,
Fearing this sweete should shortly turne to sowre,
They cutt her tongue, whereby she could not tell
How that dishonoure unto her befell.

Then both her hands they basely cutt off quite,
Whereby their wickednesse she could not write;
Nor with her needle on her sampler sowe
The bloudye workers of her direfull woe.

My brother Marcus found her in the wood,
Staining the grassie ground with purple bloud,
That trickled from her stumpes, and bloudlesse armes:
Noe tongue at all she had to tell her harmes.

But when I sawe her in that woefull case,
With teares of bloud I wet mine aged face:
For my Lavinia I lamented more
Then for my two-and-twenty sonnes before.

When as I sawe she could not write nor speake,
With grief mine aged heart began to breake;
We spred an heape of sand upon the ground,
Whereby those bloudy tyrants out we found.

For with a staffe, without the helpe of hand,
She writt these wordes upon the plat of sand:
"The lustfull sonnes of the proud emperèsse
Are doers of this hateful wickednèsse."

I tore the milk-white hairs from off mine head,
I curst the houre, wherein I first was bred,
I wisht this hand, that fought for countrie's fame,
In cradle rockt, had first been stroken lame.

The Moore delighting still in villainy
Did say, to sett my sonnes from prison free
I should unto the king my right hand give,
And then my three imprisoned sonnes should live.

The Moore I caus'd to strike it off with speede,
Whereat I grieved not to see it bleed,
But for my sonnes would willingly impart,
And for their ransome send my bleeding heart.

But as my life did linger thus in paine,
They sent to me my bootlesse hand againe,
And therewithal the heades of my three sonnes,
Which filled my dying heart with fresher moanes.

Then past reliefe, I upp and downe did goe,
And with my tears writ in the dust my woe:
I shot my arrowes* towards heaven hie
And for revenge to hell did often crye.

The empresse then, thinking that I was mad,
Like Furies she and both her sonnes were clad,
(She nam'd Revenge, and Rape and murder they)
To undermine and heare what I would say.

I fed their foolish veines† a certaine space,
Untill my friendes did find a secret place,
Where both her sonnes unto a post were bound,
And just revenge in cruell sort was found.

I cut their throates, my daughter held the pan
Betwixt her stumpes, wherein the bloud it ran:
And then I ground their bones to powder small,
And made a paste for pyes streight therewithall.

Then with their fleshe I made two mighty pyes,
And at a banquet served in stately wise.

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* If the ballad was written before the play, I should suppose this to be only a metaphorical expression, taken from that in the Psalms, "They shoot out their arrows, even bitter words." Ps. 64, 3.

† i. e. encouraged them in their foolish humours, or fancies.

Before the empresse set this loathsome meat;
So of her sonnes own flesh she well did eat.

Myselfe bereav'd my daughter then of life,
The empresse then I slewe with bloudy knife,
And stabb'd the emperour immediatelie,
And then myself: even so did Titus die.

Then this revenge against the Moore was found,
Alive they sett him halfe in the ground,
Whereas he stood untill such time he starv'd.
And soe God send all murderers may be serv'd.

XIV.

Take those Lips away.

The first stanza of this little sonnet, which an eminent critic* justly admires for its extreme sweetness, is found in Shakspeare's "Measure for Measure," act iv. sc. 1. Both the stanzas are preserved in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Bloody Brother," act v. sc. 2. Sewel and Gildon have printed it among Shakspeare's smaller poems: but they have done the same by twenty other pieces that were never writ by him, their book being a wretched heap of inaccuracies and mistakes. It is not found in Jaggard's old edition of Shakspeare's "Passionate Pilgrim,† &c.

Take, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetlye were forsworne;
And those eyes, the breake of day,
Lights, that do misleade the morne:
But my kisses bring againe,
Seales of love, but seal'd in vaine.

Hide, oh hide those hills of snowe,
Which thy frozen bosom beares,
On whose tops the pinkes that growe
Are of those that April wears;
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

XV.

King Leir and his three Daughters.

The reader has here an ancient ballad on the subject of King Lear, which (as a sensible female critic has well observed)‡ bears so exact an analogy to the argument of Shakspeare's play, that his having copied it could not be doubted, if it were certain that it was written before the tragedy. Here is found the hint of Lear's madness, which the old chronicles § do not mention, as also the extravagant cruelty exercised on him by his daughters. In the death of Lear they likewise very exactly coincide.—The misfortune is, that there is nothing to assist us in ascertaining the date of the ballad but what little evidence arises from within; this the reader must weigh, and judge for himself.

It may be proper to observe, that Shakspeare was not the first of our Dramatic Poets who fitted the story of *Leir* to the stage. His first 4to edition is dated 1608; but three years before that had been printed a play entitled "The true Chronicle History of Leir and his three daughters Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella, as it hath been divers and sundry times lately acted, 1605, 4to."—This is a very poor

* Dr. Warburton in his Shakesp.

† Mr. Malone in his improved edition of Shakspeare's Sonnets, &c., hath substituted this instead of Marlow's Madrigal, printed above; for which he hath assigned reasons which the reader may see in his vol. x. p. 340.

‡ Mrs. Lenox. Shakespeare illustrated, vol. iii. p. 302.

§ See Jeffery of Monmouth, Holingshed, &c., who relate Leir's history in many respects the same as the ballad.

and dull performance, but happily excited Shakspeare to undertake the subject which he has given with very different incidents. It is remarkable, that neither the circumstances of Leir's madness, nor his retinue of a select number of knights, nor the affecting deaths of Cordelia and Leir, are found in that first dramatic piece; in all which Shakspeare concurs with this ballad.

But to form a true judgment of Shakspeare's merit, the curious reader should cast his eye over that previous sketch, which he will find printed at the end of the twenty plays of Shakspeare, republished from the quarto impressions by George Steevens, Esq., with such elegance and exactness as led us to expect that fine edition of all the works of our great Dramatic Poet, which he hath since published.

The following ballad is given from an ancient copy in the "Golden Garland," bl. let. entitled, "A lamentable Song of the Death of King Lear and his Three Daughters. To the tune of When flying Fame."

KING Leir once ruled in this land
With princely power and peace;
And had all things with hearts content,
That might his joys increase.
Amongst those things that nature gave,
Three daughters fair had he,
So princely seeming beautiful,
As fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleas'd the king
A question thus to move,
Which of his daughters to his grace
Could shew the dearest love:
For to my age you bring content,
Quoth he, then let me hear,
Which of you three in plighted troth
The kindest will appear.

To whom the eldest thus began;
Dear father, mind, quoth she,
Before your face, to do you good,
My blood shall render'd be:
And for your sake my bleeding heart
Shall here be cut in twain,
Ere that I see your reverend age
The smallest grief sustain.

And so will I, the second said;
Dear father, for your sake,
The worst of all extremities
I'll gently undertake:
And serve your highness night and day
With diligence and love;
That sweet content and quietness
Discomforts may remove.

In doing so, you glad my soul,
The aged king reply'd;
But what sayst thou, my youngest girl,
How is thy love ally'd?
My love (quoth young Cordelia then)
Which to your grace I owe,
Shall be the duty of a child,
And that is all I'll show.

And wilt thou shew no more, quoth he,
Than doth thy duty bind?
I well perceive thy love is small,
When as no more I find.
Henceforth I banish thee my court,
Thou art no child of mine;
Nor any part of this thy realm
By favour shall be thine.

Thy elder sisters loves are more
Than well I can demand,
To whom I equally bestow
My kingdome and my land,
My pompal state and all my goods,
That lovingly I may
With those thy sisters be maintain'd
Until my dying day.

Thus flattering speeches won renown,
By these two sisters here;
The third has causeless banishment,
Yet was her love more dear:
For poor Cordelia patiently
Went wandring up and down,
Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid,
Through many an English town:

Untill at last in famous France
She gentler fortunes found;
Though poor and bare, yet she was deem'd
The fairest on the ground:
Where when the king her virtues heard,
And this fair lady seen,
With full consent of all his court
He made his wife and queen.

Her father King Leir this while
With his two daughters staid:

Forgetful of their promis'd loves,
Full soon the same decay'd;
And living in Queen Ragan's court,
The eldest of the twain,
She took from him his chiefest means,
And most of all his train.

For whereas twenty men were wont
To wait with bended knee:
She gave allowance but to ten,
And after scarce to three;
Nay, one she thought too much for him;
So took she all away,
In hope that in her court, good king,
He would no longer stay.

Am I rewarded thus, quoth he,
In giving all I have
Unto my children, and to beg
For what I lately gave?
I'll go unto my Gonorell:
My second child, I know,
Will be more kind and pitiful,
And will relieve my woe.

Full fast he hies then to her court;
Where when she heard his moan
Return'd him answer, That she griev'd,
That all his means were gone:
But no way could relieve his wants;
Yet if that he would stay
Within her kitchen, he should have
What scullions gave away.

When he had heard, with bitter tears,
He made his answer then;
In what I did let me be made
Example to all men.
I will return again, quoth he,
Unto my Ragan's court;
She will not use me thus, I hope,
But in a kinder sort.

Where when he came, she gave command
To drive him thence away:
When he was well within her court
(She said) he would not stay.
Then back again to Gonorell
The woeful king did hie,
That in her kitchen he might have
What scullion boys set by.

But there of that he was deny'd
Which she had promis'd late:
For once refusing, he should not
Come after to her gate.

Thus twixt his daughters for relief
He wandred up and down;
Being glad to feed on beggars food,
That lately wore a crown.

And calling to remembrance then
His youngest daughters words,
That said the duty of a child
Was all that love affords:
But doubting to repair to her,
Whom he had banish'd so,
Grew frantick mad; for in his mind
He bore the wounds of woe:

Which made him rend his milk-white locks
And tresses from his head,
And all with blood bestain his cheeks,
With age and honour spread.
To hills and woods and watry founts
He made his hourly moan,
To hills and woods and senseless things,
Did seem to sigh and groan.

Even thus possest with discontents,
He passed o're to France,
In hopes from fair Cordelia there,
To find some gentler chance;
Most virtuous dame! which when she heard
Of this her father's grief,
As duty bound, she quickly sent
Him comfort and relief:

And by a train of noble peers,
In brave and gallant sort,
She gave in charge he should be brought
To Aganippus' court;
Whose royal king, with noble mind
So freely gave consent,
To muster up his knights at arms,
To fame and courage bent.

And so to England came with speed,
To repossesse King Leir,
And drive his daughters from their thrones
By his Cordelia dear.
Where she, true-hearted noble queen,
Was in the battel slain;
Yet he good king, in his old days,
Possest his crown again.

But when he heard Cordelia's death,
Who died indeed for love
Of her dear father, in whose cause
She did this battle move;

He swooning fell upon her breast,
From whence he never parted:
But on her bosom left his life,
That was so truly hearted.

The lords and nobles when they saw
The end of these events,
The other sisters unto death
They doomed by consents;
And being dead, their crowns they left
Unto the next of kin:
Thus have you seen the fall of pride,
And disobedient sin.

XVI.

Youth and Age.

——is found in a little collection of Shakspeare's Sonnets, entitled the "Passionate Pilgrime,"* the greatest part of which seems to relate to the amours of Venus and Adonis, being little effusions of fancy, probably written while he was composing his larger Poem on that subject. The following seems intended for the mouth of Venus, weighing the comparative merits of youthful Adonis and aged Vulcan. In the "Garland of Good Will" it is reprinted, with the addition of four more such stanzas, but evidently written by a meaner pen.

Crabbed Age and Youth
Cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather,
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare:
Youth is full of sport,
Ages breath is short;
Youth is nimble, Age is lame:
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and Age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young:
Age, I do defie thee;
Oh, sweet shepheard, hie thee,
For methinks thou stayst too long.

*** See Malone's Shaksp. vol. x., p. 325.

XVII.

The Frolicksome Duke, or the Tinker's Good Fortune.

The following ballad is upon the same subject as the Introduction to Shakspeare's Taming of the Shrew: whether it may be thought to have suggested the hint to the Dramatic poet, or is not rather of later date, the reader must determine.

The story is told† of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy; and is thus related by an old English writer: "The said duke, at the marriage of Eleonora, sister to the king of Portugall, at Bruges in Flanders, which was solemnised in the deepe of winter; when as by reason of unseasonable weather he could neither hawke nor hunt, and was now tired with cards, dice, &c., and such other domestick sports, or to see ladies dance; with some of his courtiers, he would in the evening walke disguised all about the towne. It so fortuned, as he was walking late one night, he found a countrey fellow dead drunke, snorting on a

* Mentioned above, song xi. b. ii.

† By Ludov. Vives in Epis. and by Pont. Heuter. Rerum Burgund. l. 4.

bulke; he caused his followers to bring him to his palace, and there stripping him of his old clothes, and attyring him after the court fashion, when he wakened he and they were all ready to attend upon his excellency, and persuade him that he was some great duke. The poor fellow admiring how he came there, was served in state all day long: after supper he saw them dance, heard musicke, and all the rest of those court-like pleasures: but late at night, when he was well tipled, and again fast asleepe, they put on his old robes, and so conveyed him to the place where they first found him. Now the fellow had not made them so good sport the day before, as he did now, when he returned to himself: all the jest was to see how he looked upon it. In conclusion, after some little admiration, the poore man told his friends he had seen a vision: constantly believed it; would not otherwise be persuaded, and so the jest ended." Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, pt. ii. sec. 2, memb. 4, 2d ed. 1624, fol.

This ballad is given from a black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, which is entitled as above "To the tune of Fond boy."

Now as fame does report a young duke keeps a court,
One that pleases his fancy with frolicksome sport:
But amongst all the rest, here is one I protest,
Which will make you to smile when you hear the true jest:
A poor tinker he found, lying drunk on the ground,
As secure in sleep as if laid in a swound.

The duke said to his men, William, Richard and Ben,
Take him home to my palace, we'll sport with him then.
O'er a horse he was laid, and with care soon convey'd
To the palace, altho' he was poorly arrai'd:
Then they stript off his cloaths, both his shirt, shoes and hose,
And they put him to bed for to take his repose.

Having pull'd off his shirt, which was all over durt,
They did give him clean holland, this was no great hurt:
On a bed of soft down, like a lord of renown,
They did lay him to sleep the drink out of his crown.
In the morning when day, then admiring he lay,
For to see the rich chamber, both gaudy and gay.

Now he lay something late, in his rich bed of state,
Till at last knights and squires they on him did wait;
And the chamberlain bare, then did likewise declare,
He desired to know what apparel he'd ware:
The poor tinker amaz'd, on the gentleman gaz'd,
And admired how he to this honour was rais'd.

Tho' he seem'd something mute, yet he chose a rich suit,
Which he straitways put on without longer dispute:
With a star on his side, which the tinker offt ey'd,
And it seem'd for to swell him 'no' little with pride;
For he said to himself, Where is Joan my sweet wife?
Sure she never did see me so fine in her life.

From a convenient place, the right duke his good grace
Did observe his behaviour in every case.
To a garden of state, on the tinker they wait,
Trumpets sounding before him: thought he, this is great:
Where an hour or two, pleasant walks he did view,
With commanders and squires in scarlet and blew.

A fine dinner was drest, both for him and his guests,
He was plac'd at the table above all the rest,
In a rich chair 'or bed,' lin'd with fine crimson red,
With a rich golden canopy over his head:
As he sat at his meat, the musick play'd sweet,
With the choicest of singing his joys to compleat.

While the tinker did dine, he had plenty of wine,
Rich canary with sherry and tent superfine.
Like a right honest soul, faith, he took off his bowl,
Till at last he began for to tumble and roul
From his chair to the floor, where he sleeping did snore,
Being seven times drunker than ever before.

Then the duke did ordain, they should strip him amain,
And restore him his old leather garments again:
'Twas a point next the worst, yet perform it they must,
And they carry'd him strait, where they found him at first;
Then he slept all the night, as indeed well he might;
But when he did waken, his joys took their flight.

For his glory 'to him' so pleasant did seem,
That he thought it to be but a meer golden dream;
Till at length he was brought to the duke, where he sought
For a pardon, as fearing he had set him at nought;
But his highness he said, Thou'rt a jolly bold blade,
Such a frolick before I think never was plaid.

Then his highness bespoke him a new suit and cloak,
Which he gave for the sake of this frolicksome joak;
Nay, and five-hundred pound, with ten acres of ground,
Thou shalt never, said he, range the counteries round,
Crying old brass to mend, for I'll be thy good friend,
Nay, and Joan thy sweet wife shall my duchess attend.

Then the tinker reply'd, What! must Joan my sweet bride
Be a lady in chariots of pleasure to ride?
Must we have gold and land ev'ry day at command?
Then I shall be a squire I well understand:
Well I thank your good grace, and your love I embrace,
I was never before in so happy a case.

XVIII.

The Friar of Orders Gray.

Dispersed through Shakspeare's plays are innumerable little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which could not be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, the Editor was tempted to select some of them, and with a few supplemental stanzas to connect them together, and form them into a little Tale, which is here submitted to the reader's candour.

One small fragment was taken from Beaumont and Fletcher.

It was a friar of orders gray
Walkt forth to tell his beades;
And he met with a lady faire
Clad in a pilgrime's weedes.

Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar,
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true love thou didst see.

And how should I know your true love
From many another one?
O, by his cockle hat, and staff,
And by his sandal shoone.*

* These are the distinguishing marks of a Pilgrim. The chief places of devotion being beyond sea, the pilgrims were wont to put cockle-shells in their hats to denote the intention of performance of their devotion. Warb. Shakesp. vol. viii. p. 224.

But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view;
His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,
And eyne of lovely blue.

O lady, he is dead and gone!
Lady, he's dead and gone!
And at his head a green grass turfe,
And at his heels a stone.

Within these holy cloysters long
He languisht and he dyed,
Lamenting of a ladyes love,
And 'playning of her pride.

Here bore him barefac'd on his bier
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall.

And art thou dead, thou gentle youth!
And art thou dead and gone!
And didst thou dye for love of me!
Break, cruel heart of stone!

O weep not, lady, weep not soe:
Some ghostly comfort seek:
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Ne teares bedew thy cheek.

O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrows now reprove;
For I have lost the sweetest youth,
That e'er wan ladyes love.

And nowe, alas! for thy sad losse,
I'll evermore weep and sigh:
For thee I only wisht to live,
For thee I wish to dye.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrowe is in vaine:
For violets pluckt the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow againe.

Our joys as winged dreams doe flye,
Why then should sorrow last?
Since grief but aggravates thy losse,
Grieve not for what is past.

O say not soe, thou holy friar;
I pray thee, say not soe:
For since my true-love dyed for mee,
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

And will he ne'er come again?
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah! no, he is dead and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

His cheek was redder than the rose;
The comliest youth was he!
But he is dead and laid in his grave:
Alas, and woe is me!

Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever:
One foot on sea and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy.

Now sae not soe, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not soe;
My love he had the truest heart:
O he was ever true!

And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth,
And didst thou dye for mee?
Then farewell home; for ever-more
A pilgrim I will bee.

But first upon my true-loves grave
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf,
That wraps his breathless clay.

Yet stay, fair lady: rest awhile
Beneath this cloyster wall:
See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
And drizzly rain doth fall.

O stay me not, thou holy friar;
O stay me not, I pray;
No drizzly rain that falls on me,
Can wash my fault away.

Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears;
For see beneath this gown of gray
Thy owne true-love appears.

Here forc'd by grief, and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought;
And here amid these lonely walls
To end my days I thought.

But haply for my year of grace*
Is not yet past away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay.

Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart;
For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part.

***As the foregoing song has been thought to have suggested to our late excellent poet Dr. Goldsmith, the plan of his beautiful ballad of "Edwin and Emma," (first printed in his "Vicar of Wakefield,") it is but justice to his memory to declare, that his poem was written first, and that if there is any imitation in the case, they will be found both to be indebted to the beautiful old ballad "Gentle Herdsman," &c., printed in this work, which the doctor had much admired in manuscript, and has finely improved. See Series the Second, book i. song xiv. ver. 37, &c.

* The year of probation, or novitiate.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

SERIES THE FIRST.

BOOK III.

I.

The more Modern Ballad of Chevy-Chase.

At the beginning of this volume we gave the old original Song of "Chevy-Chase." The reader has here the more improved edition of that fine heroic ballad. It will afford an agreeable entertainment to the curious to compare them together, and to see how far the latter bard has excelled his predecessor, and where he has fallen short of him. For though he has everywhere improved the versification, and generally the sentiment and diction; yet some few passages retain more dignity in the ancient copy; at least the obsoleteness of the style serves as a veil to hide whatever might appear too familiar or vulgar in them. Thus, for instance, the catastrophe of the gallant Witherington is in the modern copy expressed in terms which never fail at present to excite ridicule: whereas in the original it is related with a plain and pathetic simplicity, that is liable to no such unlucky effect: See the stanza in page 4, which, in modern orthography, &c., would run thus:

"For Witherington my heart is woe,
That ever he slain should be:
For when his legs were hewn in two
He knelt and fought on his knee."

So again the stanza which describes the fall of Montgomery is somewhat more elevated in the ancient copy:

"The dint it was both sad and sore,
He on Montgomery set:
The swan-feathers his arrow bore
With his heart's blood were wet."

We might also add, that the circumstances of the battle are more clearly conceived, and the several incidents more distinctly marked in the old original, than in the improved copy. It is well known that the ancient English weapon was the long-bow, and that this nation excelled all others in archery; while the Scottish warriors chiefly depended on the use of the spear: this characteristic difference never escapes our ancient bard, whose description of the first onset (p. 53) is to the following effect:

"The proposal of the two gallant earls to

determine the dispute by single combat being overruled; the English, says he, who stood with their bows ready bent, gave a general discharge of their arrows, which slew seven score spearmen of the enemy: but, notwithstanding so severe a loss, Douglas like a brave captain kept his ground. He had divided his forces into three columns, who, as soon as the English had discharged the first volley, bore down upon them with their spears, and breaking through their ranks reduced them to close fighting. The archers upon this dropped their bows, and had recourse to their swords, and there followed so sharp a conflict, that multitudes on both sides lost their lives." In the midst of this general engagement, at length the two great earls meet, and after a spirited rencounter agree to breathe; upon which a parley ensues, that would do honour to Homer himself.

Nothing can be more pleasingly distinct and circumstantial than this: whereas, the modern copy, though in general it has great merit, is here unluckily both confused and obscure. Indeed the original words seem here to have been totally misunderstood, "Yet bydys the yerl Douglas upon the *Bent*," evidently signifies, "Yet the earl Douglas abides in the *Field*:" Whereas the more modern bard seems to have understood by *Bent*, the inclination of his mind, and accordingly runs quite off from the subject.*

"To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl Douglas had the bent." v. 109.

One may also observe a generous impartiality in the old original bard, when in the conclusion of his tale he represents both nations as quitting the field, without any reproachful reflection on either: though he gives to his own countrymen the credit of being the smaller number.

"Of fifteen hundred archers of England
Went away but fifty and three;
Of twenty hundred spearmen of Scotland,
But even five and fifty."

He attributes flight to neither party, as hath been done in the modern copies of this ballad, as well Scotch as English. For, to be even with our latter bard, who makes the Scots to flee, some reviser of North Britain has turned his own arms against him, and printed an edition at Glasgow, in which the lines are thus transposed:

"Of fifteen hundred Scottish spiers
Went hame but fifty-three:
Of twenty hundred Englishmen
Scarce fifty-five did flee."

And to countenance this change he has suppressed the two stanzas between ver. 240 and ver. 249.—From that edition I have here reformed the Scottish names, which in the modern English ballad appeared to be corrupted.

When I call the present admired ballad modern, I only mean that it is comparatively so; for that it could not be writ much later than the time of Queen Elizabeth, I think may be made appear; nor yet does it seem to be older than the beginning of the last century.* Sir Philip Sidney, when he complains of the antiquated phrase of "Chevy-Chase," could never have seen this improved copy, the language of which is not more ancient than that he himself used. It is probable that the encomiums of so admired a writer excited some bard to revise the ballad, and to free it from those faults he had objected to it. That it could not be much later than that time, appears from the phrase "Doleful Dumps;" which in that age carried no ill sound with it, but to the next generation became ridiculous. We have seen it pass uncensured in a sonnet that was at that time in request, and where it could not fail to have been taken notice of, had it been in the least exceptionable: see above, b. ii. song vi. ver.

* In the present edition, instead of the unmeaning lines here censured, an insertion is made of four stanzas modernized from the ancient copy.

* A late writer has started a notion that the more modern copy "was written to be sung by a party of English, headed by a Douglas, in the year 1524; which is the true reason why, at the same time that it gives the advantage to the English soldiers above the Scotch, it gives yet so lovely and so manifestly superior a character to the Scotch commander above the English." See Say's Essay on the Numbers of Paradise Lost, 4to., 1745, p. 167.

This appears to me a groundless conjecture; the language seems too modern for the date above mentioned; and, had it been printed even so early as Queen Elizabeth's reign, I think I should have met with some copy wherein the first line would have been,

God prosper long our noble queen,

as was the case with the *Blind Beggar of Bednal Green*; see Series the Second, No. x. ver. 23.

2: Yet, in about half a century after, it was become burlesque. Vide Hudibras, pt. i. c. 3, v. 95.

This much premised, the reader that would see the general beauties of this ballad set in a just and striking light, may consult the excellent criticism of Mr. Addison.* With regard to its subject: it has already been considered in page 51. The conjectures there offered will receive confirmation from a passage in the Memoirs of Carey Earl of Monmouth, 8vo., 1759, p. 165; whence we learn that it was an ancient custom with the borderers of the two kingdoms, when they were at peace, to send to the Lord Wardens of the opposite Marches for leave to hunt within their districts. If leave was granted, then towards the end of summer they would come and hunt for several days together "with their Greyhounds for Deer:" but if they took this liberty unpermitted, then the Lord Warden of the border so invaded, would not fail to interrupt their sport and chastise their boldness. He mentions a remarkable instance that happened while he was Warden, when some Scotch Gentlemen coming to hunt in defiance of him, there must have ensued such an action as this of Chevy-Chase, if the intruders had been proportionably numerous and well-armed: for, upon their being attacked by his men at arms, he tells us, "some hurt was done, tho' he had given especiall order that they should shed as little blood as possible." They were in effect overpowered and taken prisoners, and only released on their promise to abstain from such licentious sporting for the future.

The following text is given from a copy in the Editor's folio MS. compared with two or three others printed in black-letter.—In the second volume of Dryden's Miscellanies may be found a translation of Chevy-Chase into Latin Rhymes. The translator, Mr. Henry Bold, of New College, undertook it at the command of Dr. Compton, bishop of London; who thought it no derogation to his episcopal character, to avow a fondness for this excellent old ballad. See the preface to Bold's Latin Songs, 1685, 8vo.

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safetyes all;
A woefull hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chace befall;

To drive the deere with hound and horne,
Erle Percy took his way,
The child may rue that is unborne,
The hunting of that day.

The stout Erle of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summers days to take;

The cheefest harts in Chevy-Chace
To kill and beare away.
These tydings to Erle Douglas came,
In Scottland where he lay:

Who sent Erle Percy present word,
He would prevent his sport.
The English Erle, not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold;
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of neede
To ayme their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow deere:
On Munday they began to hunt,
Ere day-light did appeare;

And long before high noone they had
An hundred fat buckes slaine;
Then having dined, the drovyers went
To rouze the deare againe.

The bow-men mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure;
Theire backsides all, with speciall care,
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deere to take,*

* In the Spectator, No. 70, 74.

Ver. 36, *That they were*, fol. MS.

* The Chiviot Hills and circumjacent Wastes are at present void of Deer, and almost stripped of their woods; but formerly they had enough of both to justify the description attempted here and in the Ancient Ballad of Chevy-Chase. Leyland, in the reign of Hen. VIII., thus describes this county: "In Northumberland, as I heare say, be no forests, except Chivet Hills; where is much Brushe-Wood, and some Okke; Grownde ovargrowne with Linge, and some with Morse. I have harde say that Chivet Hills stretche the

That with their cryes the hills and dales
An eccho shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughter'd deere;
Quoth he, Erle Douglas promised
This day to meet me heere:

But if I thought he wold not come,
Noe longer wold I stay.
With that, a brave younge gentleman
Thus to the Erle did say:

Loe, yonder doth Erle Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish speres
All marching in our sight;

All men of pleasant Tivydale,
Fast by the river Tweede:
O cease your sports, Erle Percy said,
And take your bowes with speede.

And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For there was never champion yett
In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horsebacke come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spere.

Erle Douglas on his milke-white steede,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode formost of his company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

Show me, sayd hee, whose men you bee,
That hunt soe boldly heere,
That, without my consent, doe chase
And kill my fallow-deere.

The first man that did answer make
Was noble Percy hee;
Who sayd, Wee list not to declare,
Nor shew whose men wee bee.

Yet wee will spend our deerest blood,
Thy cheefest harts to slay.

Then Douglas swore a solempne oathe
And thus in rage did say,

Ere thus I will out-braved bee,
One of us two shall dye:
I know thee well, an erle thou art;
Lord Percy, soe am I.

But trust me, Percy, pittye it were
And great offence to kill
Any of these our guiltlesse men,
For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battell trye,
And set our men aside.
Accurst bee he, Erle Percy sayd,
By whom this is denyed.

Then stept a gallant squier forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, I wold not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

That ere my captaine fought on foote
And I stood looking on.
You bee two erles, sayd Witherinton
And I a squier alone:

Ile doe the best that doe I may,
While I have power to stand:
While I have power to weeld my sword,
Ile fight with hart and hand.

Our English archers bent their bowes,
Their harts were good and trew;
Att the first flight of arrowes sent,
Full four-score Scots they slew.

* [Yet bides Earl Douglas on the bent,
As Chieftan stout and good.
As valiant Captain, all unmov'd
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,
As Leader ware and try'd,
And soon his spearmen on their foes
Bare down on every side.

* The four stanzas here enclosed in brackets, which are borrowed chiefly fram the ancient copy, are offered to the reader instead of the following lines, which occur in the editor's folio MS.

xx miles. There is greate Plenté of REDDE-DERE, and Roo BUKKES." Itin. vol. vii. p. 56.——This passage, which did not occur when pages 74, 75, were printed off, confirm the accounts there given of the STAGGE and the ROE.

To drive the deere with hound and horne,
Douglas bade on the bent;
Two captaines moved with mickle might
Their speares to shivers went.

Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound:
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept their ground:

And throwing strait their bows away,
They grasp'd their swords so bright:
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
On shields and helmets light.]

They closed full fast on everye side,
Noe slacknes there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ! it was a griefe to see,
And likewise for to heare,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scattered here and there.

At last these two stout erles did meet,
Like captaines of great might:
Like lyons wood, they layd on lode,
And made a cruell fight:

They fought untill they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steele;
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling downe did feele.

Yeeld thee, Lord Percy, Douglas sayd;
In faith I will thee bringe,
Where thou shalt high advanced bee
By James our Scottish king:

Thy ransome I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see.

Noe, Douglas, quoth Erle Percy then,
Thy proffer I doe scorne;
I will not yeelde to any Scott,
That ever yett was borne.

With that, there came an arrow keene
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Erle Douglas to the heart,
A deepe and deadlye blow:

Who never spake more words than these,
Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end;
Lord Percy sees my fall.

Then leaving liffe, Erle Percy tooke
The dead man by the hand;
And said, Erle Douglas, for thy life
Wold I had lost my land.

O Christ! my verry hert doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure, a more redoubted knight
Mischance cold never take.

A knight amongst the Scotts there was,
Which saw Erle Douglas dye,
Who streight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Lord Percye:

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he call'd,
Who, with a speare most bright,
Well-mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And past the English archers all,
Without all dread or feare;
And through Erle Percyes body then
He thrust his hatefull speare;

With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The staff ran through the other side
A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles dye,
Whose courage none could staine:
An English archer then perceiv'd
The noble erle was slaine;

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew hee:

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,
So right the shaft he sett,
The grey goose-wing that was thereon,
In his harts blood was wett.

This fight did last from break of day,
Till setting of the sun;

For when they rung the evening-bell,*
The battle scarce was done.

With stout Erle Percy, there was slaine
Sir John of Egerton,†
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James that bold barron:

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slaine,
Whose prowesse did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wayle
As one in doleful dumpes;‡
For when his leggs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumpes.

And with Erle Douglas, there was slaine
Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,
Sir Charles Murray, that from the feeld
One foote wold never flee.

Sir Charles Murray, of Ratcliff, too,
His sisters sonne was hee;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
Yet saved cold not bee.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Erle Douglas dye:
Of twenty hundred Scottish speres
Scarce fifty-five did flye.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest were slaine in Chevy-Chase,
Under the greene woode tree.

Next day did many widowes come,
Their husbands to bewayle;
They washt their wounds in brinish teares,
But all wold not prevayle.

Theyr bodyes, bathed in purple gore,
They bare with them away:
They kist them dead a thousand times,
Ere they were cladd in clay.

The newes was brought to Eddenborrow,
Where Scottlands king did raigne,
That brave Erle Douglas suddenlye
Was with an arrow slaine:

O heavy newes, King James did say,
Scottland may witnesse bee,
I have not any captaine more
Of such account as hee.

Like tydings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slaine in Chevy-Chase:

Now God be with him, said our king,
Sith it will noe better bee;
I trust I have within my realme,
Five hundred as good as he:

Yett shall not Scotts nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take:
Ill be revenged on them all,
For brave Erle Percyes sake.

This vow full well the king perform'd
After, at Humbledowne;
In one day, fifty knights were slayne,
With lords of great renowne;

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many thousands dye:
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase,
Made by the Erle Percy.

God save our king, and bless this land
With plentye, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth, that foule debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

*** Since the former impression of these volumes hath been published, a new edition of Collins's Peerage, 1779, &c., ix. vols. 8vo., which contains, in volume ii. p. 334, an historical passage, which may be thought to throw considerable light on the subject of the preceding Ballad: viz.

"In this . . . . year, 1436, according to Hector Boethius, was fought the battle of Pepperden, not far from the Cheviot Hills, between the Earl of Northumberland [IId Earl, son of Hotspur], and Earl William Douglas, of Angus, with a small army of about four thousand men each, in which the

* Sc. the Curfew bell, usually rung at eight o'clock; to which the modernizer apparently alludes, instead of the "Evensong bell," or bell for vespers of the original author, before the Reformation. Vide suprà, pag. [illegible] v. 97.

† For the surnames, see the Notes at the end of the Ballad.

‡ i. e. "I, as one in deep concern, must lament." The construction here has generally been misunderstood. The old MS. reads *woefull dumpes*.

latter had the advantage. As this seems to have been a private conflict between these two great Chieftains of the Borders, rather than a national war, it has been thought to have given rise to the celebrated old ballad of Chevy-Chase; which, to render it more pathetic and interesting, has been heightened with tragical incidents wholly fictitious." [See Ridpath's Border Hist. 4to., p. 401.]

The surnames in the foregoing ballad are altered, either by accident or design, from the old original copy, and in common editions extremely corrupted. They are here rectified, as much as they could be. Thus,

Page 144.

Ver. 202. *Egerton.*] This name is restored (instead of *Ogerton*, com. ed.) from the Editor's folio MS. The pieces in that MS. appear to have been collected, and many of them composed (among which might be this ballad) by an inhabitant of Cheshire: who was willing to pay a compliment here to one of his countrymen, of the eminent family *De* or *Of Egerton* (so the name was first written) ancestors of the present Duke of Bridgwater; and this he could do with the more propriety, as the Percies had formerly great interest in that county: At the fatal battle of Shrewsbury, all the flower of the Cheshire gentlemen lost their lives fighting in the cause of Hotspur.

Ver. 203. *Ratcliff.*] This was a family much distinguished in Northumberland. Edw. Radcliffe, mil., was sheriff of that county in 17 of Hen. VII., and others of the same surname afterwards. (See Fuller, p. 313.) Sir George Ratcliff, knt., was one of the commissioners of inclosure in 1552, (See Nicholson, p. 330.) Of this family was the late Earl of Derwentwater, who was beheaded in 1715. The Editor's folio MS., however, reads here, Sir Robert Harcliffe and Sir William.

The Harcleys were an eminent family in Cumberland. (See Fuller, p. 224.) Whether this may be thought to be the same name, I do not determine.

Ver. 204. *Baron.*] This is apparently altered (not to say corrupted) from Hearone, in p. 55, ver. 114.

Ver. 207. *Raby.*] This might be intended to celebrate one of the ancient possessors of Raby Castle, in the county of Durham. Yet it is written Rebbye, in the fol. MS., and looks like a corruption of Rugby or Rokeby, an eminent family in Yorkshire. See p. 56, p. 26. It will not be wondered that the Percies should be thought to bring followers out of that county, where they themselves were originally seated, and had always such extensive property and influence.

Ver. 215. *Murray.*] So the Scottish copy. In the com. edit. it is Carrel or Currel; and Morrell in the fol. MS.

Ver. 217. *Murray.*] So the Scot. edit.—The common copies read Murrel. The fol. MS. gives the line in the following peculiar manner,

"*Sir Roger Heuer of Harcliffe too.*"

Ver. 219. *Lamb.*] The folio MS. has

"*Sir David Lambwell, well esteemed.*"

This seems evidently corrupted from Lwdale or Liddell, in the old copy, see pages 55, 62.

II.

Death's Final Conquest.

These fine moral stanzas were originally intended for a solemn funeral song, in a play of James Shirley's, entitled, "The contention of Ajax and Ulysses;" no date, 8vo.—Shirley flourished as a dramatic writer early in the reign of Charles I: but he outlived the Restoration. His death happened October 29, 1666, æt. 72.

This little poem was written long after many of those that follow, but is inserted here as a kind of dirge to the foregoing piece. It is said to have been a favourite song with K. Charles II.

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;

There is no armour against fate:
Death lays his icy hands on kings:
Scepter and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill,
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still.
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they pale captives creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds:
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds:
All heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

III.

The Rising in the North.

The subject of this ballad is the great Northern Insurrection in the 12th year of Elizabeth, 1569; which proved so fatal to Thomas Percy, the seventh Earl of Northumberland.

There had not long before been a secret negotiation entered into between some of the Scottish and English nobility, to bring about a marriage between Mary Queen of Scots, at that time a prisoner in England, and the Duke of Norfolk, a nobleman of excellent character, and firmly attached to the Protestant religion. This match was proposed to all the most considerable considerable of the English nobility, and among the rest to the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, two noblemen very powerful in the north. As it seemed to promise a speedy and safe conclusion of the troubles in Scotland, with many advantages to the crown of England, they all consented to it, provided it should prove agreeable to Queen Elizabeth. The Earl of Leicester (Elizabeth's favourite) undertook to break the matter to her; but before he could find an opportunity, the affair had come to her ears by other hands, and she was thrown into a violent flame. The Duke of Norfolk, with several of his friends, was committed to the Tower, and summons were sent to the northern earls instantly to make their appearance at court. It is said that the Earl of Northumberland, who was a man of a mild and gentle nature, was deliberating with himself whether he should not obey the message, and rely upon the queen's candour and clemency, when he was forced into desperate measures by a sudden report at midnight, Nov. 14, that a party of his enemies were come to seize on his person.* The earl was then at his house at Topcliffe in Yorkshire. When rising hastily out of bed, he withdrew to the Earl of Westmoreland, at Brancepeth, where the country came in to them, and pressed them to take arms in their own defence. They accordingly set up their standards, declaring their intent was to restore the ancient religion, to get the succession of the crown firmly settled, and to prevent the destruction of the ancient nobility, &c. Their common banner† (on which was displayed the cross, together with the five wounds of Christ), was borne by an ancient gentleman, Richard Norton, Esq., of Norton-conyers: who with his sons (among whom, Christopher, Marmaduke, and Thomas, are expressly named by Camden], distinguished himself on this occasion. Having entered Durham, they tore the Bible, &c., and caused mass to be said there: they then marched on to Clifford Moor near Wetherbye, where they mustered their men. Their intention was to have proceeded on to York; but, altering their minds, they fell

* This circumstance is overlooked in the ballad.

† Besides this, the ballad mentions the separate banners of the two noblemen.

upon Barnard's castle, which Sir George Bowes held out against them for eleven days. The two earls, who spent their large estates in hospitality, and were extremely beloved on that account, were masters of little ready money, the Earl of Northumberland bringing with him only 8000 crowns, and the Earl of Westmoreland nothing at all for the subsistence of their forces, they were not able to march to London, as they had at first intended. In these circumstances, Westmoreland began so visibly to despond, that many of his men slunk away, though Northumberland still kept up his resolution, and was master of the field till December 13, when the Earl of Sussex, accompanied with Lord Hunsden and others, having marched out of York at the head of a large body of forces, and being followed by a still larger army under the command of Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, the insurgents retreated northward towards the borders, and there dismissing their followers, made their escape into Scotland. Though this insurrection had been suppressed with so little bloodshed, the Earl of Sussex and Sir George Bowes marshal of the army put vast numbers to death by martial law, without any regular trial. The former of these caused at Durham sixty-three constables to be hanged at once. And the latter made his boast, that, for sixty miles in length, and forty in breadth, betwixt Newcastle and Wetherby, there was hardly a town or village wherein he had not executed some of the inhabitants. This exceeds the cruelties practised in the west after Monmouth's rebellion: but that was not the age of tenderness and humanity.

Such is the account collected from Stow, Speed, Camden, Guthrie, Carte, and Rapin; it agrees in most particulars with the following ballad, which was apparently the production of some northern minstrel, who was well affected to the two noblemen. It is here printed from two MS. copies, one of them in the Editor's folio collection. They contained considerable variations, out of which such readings were chosen as seemed most poetical and consonant to history.

Listen, lively lordings all,
Lithe and listen unto mee,
And I will sing of a noble earle,
The noblest earle in the north countrìe.

Earle Percy is into his garden gone,
And after him walkes his faire ladìe:*
I heard a bird sing in mine eare,
That I must either fight, or flee.

Now heaven forefend, my dearest lord,
That ever such harm should hap to thee:
But goe to London to the court,
And faire fall truth and honestìe.

Now nay, now nay, my ladye gay,
Alas! thy counsell suits not mee;
Mine enemies prevail so fast,
That at the court I may not bee.

O goe to the court yet, good my lord,
And take thy gallant men with thee:
If any dare to doe you wrong,
Then your warrant they may bee.

Now nay, now nay, thou lady faire,
The court is full of subtiltìe;
And if I goe to the court, lady,
Never more I may thee see.

Yet goe to the court, my lord, she sayes,
And I myselfe will ride wi' thee:
At court then for my dearest lord,
His faithfull borrowe I will bee.

Now nay, now nay, my lady deare;
For lever had I lose my life,
Than leave among my cruell foes
My love in jeopardy and strife.

But come thou hither my little foot-page,
Come thou hither unto mee,
To maister Norton thou must goe
In all the haste that ever may bee.

Commend me to that gentlemàn,
And beare this letter here fro mee;
And say that earnestly I praye,
He will ryde in my companìe.

One while the little foot-page went,
And another while he ran;
Untill he came to his journeys end
The little foot-page never blan.

When to that gentleman he came,
Down he kneeled on his knee;

* This lady was Anne, daughter of Henry Somerset, Earl of Worcester.

And tooke the letter betwixt his hands,
And lett the gentleman it see.

And when the letter it was redd
Affore that goodlye companye,
I wis, if you the truthe wold know,
There was many a weepynge eye.

He sayd, Come thither, Christopher Norton,
A gallant youth thou seemst to bee;
What doest thou counsell me, my sonne,
Now that good erle's in jeopardy?

Father, my counselle's fair and free;
That erle he is a noble lord,
And whatsoever to him you hight,
I wold not have you breake your word.

Gramercy, Christopher, my sonne,
Thy counsell well it liketh mee,
And if we speed and scape with life,
Well advanced shalt thou bee.

Come you hither, mine nine good sonnes,
Gallant men I trowe you bee:
How many of you, my children deare,
Will stand by that good erle and me?

Eight of them did answer make,
Eight of them spake hastilie,
O father, till the daye we dye
We'll stand by that good erle and thee.

Gramercy now, my children deare,
You showe yourselves right bold and brave;
And whethersoe'er I live or dye,
A fathers blessing you shal have.

But what sayst thou, O Francis Norton,
That art mine oldest sonn and heire:
Somewhat lyes brooding in thy breast;
Whatever it bee, to mee declare.

Father, you are an aged man,
Your head is white, your bearde is gray;
It were a shame at these your yeares
For you to ryse in such a fray.

Now fye upon thee, coward Francis,
Thou never learnedst this of mee:
When thou wert yong and tender of age,
Why did I make soe much of thee?

But, father, I will wend with you,
Unarm'd and naked will I bee;
And he that strikes against the crowne,
Ever an ill death may he dee.

Then rose that reverend gentleman,
And with him came a goodlye band
To join with the brave Erle Percy,
And all the flower o' Northumberland.

With them the noble Nevill came,
The erle of Westmorland was hee:
At Wetherbye they mustred their host,
Thirteen thousand faire to see.

Lord Westmorland his ancyent raisde,
The Dun Bull he rays'd on hye,
And three Dogs with golden collars
Were there sett out most royallye.*

Erle Percy there his ancyent spred,
The Halfe-Moone shining all soe faire:†
The Nortons ancyent had the crosse,
And the five wounds our Lord did beare.

* Ver. 102, *Dun Bull*, &c. The supporters of the Nevilles Earls of Westmoreland were Two Bulls Argent, ducally collared gold, armed Or, &c. But I have not discovered the device mentioned in the ballad, among the badges, &c., given by that house. This however is certain, that, among those of the Nevilles, Lord Abergavenny (who were of the same family), is a dun cow with a golden collar; and the Nevilles of Chyte in Yorkshire (of the Westmoreland branch), gave for their crest, in 1513, a dog's (greyhound's) head erased.—So that it is not improbable but Charles Neville, the unhappy Earl of Westmoreland here mentioned, might on this occasion give the above device on his banner.—After all, our old minstrel's verses here may have undergone some corruption; for, in another ballad in the same folio MS., and apparently written by the same hand, containing the sequel of this Lord Westmoreland's history, his banner is thus described, more conformable to his known bearings:

"*Set me up my faire Dun Bull,*
With Gilden Hornes, hee beares all soe hye."

† Ver. 106. *The Halfe-Moone*, &c.] The Silver Crescent is a well-known crest or badge of the Northumberland family. It was probably brought home from some of the crusades against the Sarazens. In an ancient pedigree in verse, finely illuminated on a roll of vellum, and written in the reign of Henry VII. (in possession of the family), we have this fabulous account given of its original.—The author begins with accounting for the name of *Gernon* or *Algernon*, often borne by the *Percies;* who, he says, were

. . . . . Gernons fyrst named Brutys bloude of Troy:
Which valliantly fyghtynge in the land of Persè [Persia]
At pointe terrible ayance the miscreants on nyght,
An hevynly mystery was schewyd hym, old bookys reherse;
In hys scheld did schyne a *Mone* veryfying her lyght,
Whych to all the ooste gave a perfytte fyght,
To vaynquys his enemys, and to deth them persue:
And therefore the Persès [Percies] the Crescent doth renew.

In the dark ages no family was deemed considerable that did not derive its descent from the Trojan Brutus; or that was not distinguished by prodigies and miracles.

Then Sir George Bowes he straitwaye rose,
After them some spoyle to make:
Those noble erles turn'd backe againe,
And aye they vowed that knight to take.

That baron he to his castle fled
To Barnard castle then fled hee.
The uttermost walles were eathe to win,
The earles have wonne them presentlie.

The uttermost walles were lime and bricke;
But thoughe they won them soon anone,
Long e'er they wan the innermost walles,
For they were cut in rocke of stone.

Then newes unto leeve London came
In all the speede that ever might bee,
And word is brought to our royall queene
Of the rysing in the North countrie.

Her grace she turned her round about,
And like a royall queene shee swore,*
I will ordayne them such a breakfast,
As never was in the North before.

Shee caus'd thirty thousand men berays'd
With horse and harneis faire to see;
She caused thirty thousand men be raised,
To take the earles i' th' North countrie.

Wi' them the false Erle Warwick went,
Th' Erle Sussex and the Lord Hunsden;
Untill they to Yorke castle came
I wiss, they never stint ne blan.

Now spred thy ancyent, Westmorland,
Thy dun bull faine would we spye:
And thou, the Erle o' Northumberland,
Now rayse thy half moone up on hye.

But the dun bulle is fled and gone,
And the halfe moone vanished away:
The Erles, though they were brave and bold,
Against soe many could not stay.

Thee, Norton, wi' thine eight good sonnes,
They doom'd to dye, alas! for ruth!
Thy reverend lockes thee could not save,
Nor them their faire and blooming youthe.

Wi' them full many a gallant wight
They cruellye bereav'd of life:
And many a childe made fatherlesse,
And widowed many a tender wife.

* This is quite in character: her majesty would sometimes swear at her nobles, as well as box their ears.

IV.

Northumberland Betrayed by Douglas.

This ballad may be considered as the sequel of the preceding. After the unfortunate Earl of Northumberland had seen himself forsaken of his followers, he endeavoured to withdraw into Scotland, but falling into the hands of the thievish borderers, was stript and otherwise ill-treated by them. At length he reached the house of Hector, of Harlaw, an Armstrong, with whom he hoped to lie concealed: for Hector had engaged his honour to be true to him, and was under great obligations to this unhappy nobleman. But this faithless wretch betrayed his guest for a sum of money to Murray the Regent of Scotland, who sent him to the castle of Lough-leven, then belonging to William Douglas.—All the writers of that time assure us, that Hector, who was rich before, fell shortly after into poverty, and became so infamous, that to take Hector's cloak, grew into a proverb to express a man who betrays his friend. See Camden, Carleton, Holingshed, &c.

Lord Northumberland continued in the castle of Lough-leven till the year 1572; when James Douglas Earl of Morton being elected Regent, he was given up to the Lord Hunsden at Berwick, and being carried to York suffered death. As Morton's party depended on Elizabeth for protection, an elegant historian thinks "it was scarce possible for them to refuse putting into her hands a person who had taken up arms against her. But as a sum of money was paid on that account, and shared between Morton and his kinsman Douglas, the former of whom, during his exile in England, had been much in-

debted to Northumberland's friendship, the abandoning this unhappy nobleman to inevitable destruction, was deemed an ungrateful and mercenary act." Robertson's Hist.

So far History coincides with this ballad, which was apparently written by some northern bard soon after the event. The interposal of the "Witch-Lady" (v. 53,) is probably his own invention: yet, even this hath some countenance from history; for, about twenty-five years before, the Lady Jane Douglas, Lady Glamis, sister of the Earl of Angus, and nearly related to Douglas of Lough-leven, had suffered death for the pretended crime of witchcraft; who, it is presumed, is the Witch-lady alluded to in verse 133.

The following is selected (like the former) from two copies, which contained great variations; one of them in the Editor's folio MS. In the other copy some of the stanzas at the beginning of this Ballad are nearly the same with what in that MS. are made to begin another Ballad on the escape of the Earl of Westmoreland, who got safe into Flanders, and is feigned in the ballad to have undergone a great variety of adventures.

How long shall fortune faile me nowe,
And harrowe me with fear and dread?
How long shall I in bale abide,
In misery my life to lead?

To fall from my bliss, alas the while!
It was my sore and heavye lott:
And I must leave my native land,
And I must live a man forgot.

One gentle Armstrong I doe ken,
A Scot he is much bound to mee:
He dwelleth on the border side,
To him I'll goe right privilie.

Thus did the noble Percy 'plaine,
With a heavy heart and wel away,
When he with all his gallant men
On Bramham moor had lost the day.

But when he to the Armstrongs came,
They dealt with him all treacherouslye;
For they did strip that noble earle:
And ever an ill death may they dye.

False Hector to Earl Murray sent,
To shew him where his guest did hide:
Who sent him to the Lough-levèn,
With William Douglas to abide.

And when he to the Douglas came,
He halched him right courteouslie,
Say'd, Welcome, welcome, noble earle,
Here thou shalt safelye bide with mee.

When he had in Lough-leven been
Many a month and many a day:
To the regent* the lord warden† sent,
That bannisht earle for to betray.

He offered him great store of gold,
And wrote a letter fair to see:
Saying, Good my lord, grant me my boon,
And yield that banisht man to mee.

Earle Percy at the supper sate
With many a goodly gentleman:
The wylie Douglas then bespake,
And thus to flyte with him began:

What makes you be so sad, my lord,
And in your mind so sorrowfullyè?
To-morrow a shootinge will bee held
Among the lords of the North countryè.

The butts are sett, the shooting's made,
And there will be great royaltye:
And I am sworne into my bille,
Thither to bring my Lord Percye.

I'll give thee my hand, thou gentle Douglas,
And here by my true faith, quoth hee,
If thou wilt ryde to the worldes end
I will ryde in thy companye.

And then bespake a lady faire,
Mary à Douglas was her name:
You shall byde here, good English lord,
My brother is a traiterous man.

He is a traitor stout and strong,
As I tell you in privitie:
For he hath tane liverance of the earle,‡
Into England nowe to 'liver thee.

Now nay, now nay, thou goodly lady,
The regent is a noble lord:

* James Douglas, Earl of Morton, elected regent of Scotland, November 24, 1572.

† Of one of the English marches. Lord Hunsden.

‡ Of the Earl of Morton, the Regent.

Ne for the gold in all Englànd
The Douglas wold not break his word.

When the regent was a banisht man,
With me he did faire welcome find;
And whether weal or woe betide,
I still shall find him true and kind.

Betweene England and Scotland it wold breake truce,
And friends againe they wold never bee,
If they shold 'liver a banisht erle
Was driven out of his own countrie.

Alas! alas! my lord, she sayes,
Nowe mickle is their traitorìe;
Then lett my brother ryde his wayes,
And tell those English lords from thee,

How that you cannot with him ryde,
Because you are in an ile of the sea,*
Then ere my brother come againe
To Edenborow castle† Ile carry thee.

To the Lord Hume I will thee bring,
He is well knowne a true Scots lord,
And he will lose both land and life,
Ere he with thee will break his word.

Much is my woe, Lord Percy sayd,
When I thinke on my own countrìe,
When I thinke on the heavye happe
My friends have suffered there for mee.

Much is my woe, Lord Percy sayd,
And sore those wars my minde distresse;
Where many a widow lost her mate,
And many a child was fatherlesse.

And now that I a banisht man
Shold bring such evil happe with mee,
To cause my faire and noble friends
To be suspect of treacherie:

This rives my heart with double woe;
And lever had I dye this day,
Than thinke a Douglas can be false,
Or ever he will his guest betray.

If you'll give me no trust, my lord,
Nor unto mee no credence yield;
Yet step one moment here aside,
Ile showe you all your foes in field.

Lady, I never loved witchcraft,
Never dealt in privy wyle;
But evermore held the high-waye
Of truth and honour, free from guile.

If you'll not come yourselfe, my lorde,
Yet send your chamberlaine with mee;
Let me but speak three words with him,
And he shall come again to thee.

James Swynard with that lady went,
She showed him through the weme of her ring
How many English lords there were
Waiting for his master and him.

And who walkes yonder, my good lady,
So royallyè on yonder greene?
O yonder is the Lord Hunsdèn:*
Alas! he'll doe you drie and teene.

And who beth yonder, thou gay ladye,
That walkes so proudly him beside?
That is Sir William Drury,† shee sayd,
A keene captàine hee is and tryde.

How many miles is itt, madàme,
Betwixt yond English lords and mee?
Marry it is thrice fifty miles,
To saile to them upon the sea.

I never was on English ground,
Ne never sawe it with mine eye,
But as my book it sheweth mee;
And through my ring I may descrye.

My mother shee was a witch ladye,
And of her skille she learned mee;
She wold let me see out of Lough-leven
What they did in London citìe.

But who is yond, thou ladye faire,
That looketh with sic an austerne face?
Yonder is Sir John Foster,‡ quoth shee,
Alas! he'll do ye sore disgrace.

He pulled his hatt downe over his browe;
He wept; in his heart he was full of woe:

* i. e. Lake of Leven, which hath communication with the sea.

† At that time in the hands of the opposite faction.

* The lord warden of the East marches.

† Governor of Berwick.

‡ Warden of the Middle-march.

And he is gone to his noble lord,
Those sorrowful tidings him to show.

Now nay, now nay, good James Swynàrd,
I may not believe that witch ladìe;
The Douglasses were ever true,
And they can ne'er prove false to mee.

I have now in Lough-leven been
The most part of these years three,
Yett have I never had noe outrake,
Ne no good games that I cold see.

Therefore I'll to yond shooting wend,
As to the Douglas I have hight:
Betide me weale, betide me woe,
He ne'er shall find my promise light.

He writhe a gold ring from his finger,
And gave itt to that gay ladìe:
Sayes, It was all that I cold save,
In Harley woods where I cold bee.*

And wilt thou goe, thou noble lord,
Then farewell truth and honestìe;
And farewell heart and farewell hand;
For never more I shall thee see.

The wind was faire, the boatmen call'd,
And all the saylors were on bordę;
Then William Douglas took to his boat,
And with him went that noble lord.

Then he cast up a silver wand,
Says, Gentle lady, fare thee well!
The lady fett a sigh soe deep,
And in a dead swoone down shee fell.

Now let us goe back, Douglas, he sayd,
A sickness hath taken yond faire ladìe;
If ought befall yond lady but good,
Then blamed for ever I shall bee.

Come on, come on, my lord, he sayes;
Come on, come on, and let her bee:
There's ladyes enow in Lough-leven
For to cheere that gay ladìe.

If you'll not turne yourself, my lord,
Let me goe with my chamberlaine;
We will but comfort that faire lady,
And wee will return to you againe.

Come on, come on, my lord, he sayes;
Come on, come on, and let her bee:

* i. e. Where I was. An ancient idiom.

My sister is craftye, and wold beguile
A thousand such as you and mee.

When they had sayled* fifty myle,
Now fifty mile upon the sea;
Hee sent his man to ask the Douglas,
When they shold that shooting see.

Faire words, quoth he, they make fooles faine,
And that by thee and thy lord is seen:
You may hap to thinke itt soone enough,
Ere you that shooting reach, I ween.

Jamye his hatt pulled over his browe,
He thought his lord then was betray'd:
And he is to Erle Percy againe,
To tell him what the Douglas sayd.

Hold upp thy head, man, quoth his lord;
Nor therefore lett thy courage fayle,
He did it but to prove thy heart,
To see if he cold make it quail.

When they had other fifty sayld,
Other fifty mile upon the sea,
Lord Percy called to Douglas himselfe,
Sayd, What wilt thou nowe doe with mee?

Looke that your brydle be wight, my lord,
And your horse goe swift as shipp att sea:
Looke that your spurres be bright and sharpe,
That you may pricke her while she'll away.

What needeth this, Douglas? he sayth;
What needest thou to flyte with mee?
For I was counted a horseman good
Before that ever I mett with thee.

A false Hector hath my horse,
Who dealt with mee so treacherouslìe:
A false Armstrong hath my spurres,
And all the geere belongs to mee.

When they had sayled other fifty mile,
Other fifty mile upon the sea;
They landed low by Berwicke side,
A deputed 'laird' landed Lord Percye.

Then he at Yorke was doomde to die,
It was, alas! a sorrowful sight:
Thus they betrayed that noble earle,
Who ever was a gallant wight.

* There is no navigable stream between Lough-leven and the sea; but a ballad-maker is not obliged to understand geography.

Ver. 224, fol. MS. reads *land*, and has not the following stanza.

V.

My Mind to me a Kingdom is.

This excellent philosophical song appears to have been famous in the sixteenth century. It is quoted by Ben Jonson in his play of "Every Man out of his Humour," first acted in 1599, act i. sc. 1, where an impatient person says,

"I am no such pil'd cynique to believe
That beggery is the onely happinesse,
Or, with a number of these patient fooles,
To sing, 'My minde to me a kingdome is,'
When the lanke hungrie belly barkes for
foode."

It is here chiefly printed from a thin quarto Music book, entitled, "Psalmes, Sonets, and Songs of sadnes and pietie, made into Musicke of five parts: &c. By William Byrd, one of the Gent. of the Queenes Majesties honorable Chappell.—Printed by Thomas East, &c.," 4to. no date: but Ames in his Typog. has mentioned another edit. of the same book, dated 1588, which I take to have been later than this.

Some improvements, and an additional stanza (sc. the 5th) were had from two other ancient copies; one of them in black letter in the Pepys Collection, thus inscribed, "A sweet and pleasant sonet, intitled, 'My Minde to me a Kingdom is.' To the tune of In Crete, &c."

Some of the stanzas in this poem were printed by Byrd separate from the rest: they are here given in what seemed the most natural order.

My minde to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I finde
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse,
That God or Nature hath assignde:
Though much I want, that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice:
I presse to beare no haughtie sway;
Look what I lack my mind supplies.
Loe! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plentie surfets oft,
And hastie clymbers soonest fall:
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all;
These get with toile, and keep with feare:
Such cares my mind could never beare.

No princely pompe, nor welthie store,
No force to winne the victorie,
No wylie wit to salve a sore,
No shape to winne a lovers eye;
To none of these I yeeld as thrall,
For why my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave,
I little have, yet seek no more:
They are but poore, tho much they have;
And I am rich with little store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lacke, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at anothers losse,
I grudge not at anothers gaine;
No worldly wave my mind can tosse,
I brooke that is anothers bane:
I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend;
I lothe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly blisse;
I weigh not Cresus' welth a straw;
For care, I care not what it is;
I feare not fortunes fatall law:
My mind is such as may not move
For beautie bright or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;
I wander not to seeke for more;
I like the plaine, I clime no hill;
In greatest stormes I sitte on shore,
And laugh at them that toile in vaine
To get what must be lost againe.

I kisse not where I wish to kill;
I feigne not love where most I hate;

I breake no sleep to winne my will;
I wayte not at the mightie gate:
I scorne no poore, I feare no rich;
I feele no want, nor have too much.

The court, ne cart, I like, ne loath;
Extreames are counted worst of all:
The golden meane betwixt them both
Doth surest sit, and feares no fall;

This is my choyce, for why I finde,
No wealth is like a quiet minde.

My welth is health, and perfect ease;
My conscience clere my chiefe defence:
I never seeke by brybes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence:
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I!

VI.

The Patient Countess.

The subject of this tale is taken from that entertaining colloquy of Erasmus, entitled "Uxor Μεμψιγαμος, sive Conjugium:" which has been agreeably modernized by the late Mr. Spence, in his little miscellaneous publication, entitled "Moralities, &c., by Sir Harry Beaumont," 1753, 8vo. pag. 42.

The following stanzas are extracted from an ancient poem entitled "Albion's England," written by W. Warner, a celebrated poet in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, though his name and works are now equally forgotten. The reader will find some account of him in Series the Second, book ii. song 24.

The following stanzas are printed from the author's improved edition of his work, printed in 1602, 4to.; the third impression of which appeared so early as 1592, in bl. let. 4to.—The edition in 1602 is in thirteen books; and so it is reprinted in 1612, 4to.; yet in 1606 was published "A continuance of Albion's England, by the first author, W. W. Lond. 4to.:" this contains books xiv., xv., xvi. In Ames's Typography is preserved the memory of another publication of this writer's, entitled, "Warner's Poetry," printed in 1580, 12mo., and reprinted in 1602. There is also extant, under the name of Warner, "Syrinx, or seven fold Hist. pleasant and profitable, comical, and tragical," 4to.

It is proper to demise that the following lines were not written by the author in Stanzas, but in long Alexandrines of fourteen syllables: which the narrowness of our page made it here necessary to subdivide.

Impatience chaungeth smoke to flame,
But jelousie is hell;
Some wives by patience have reduc'd
Ill husbands to live well:
As did the ladie of an earle,
Of whom I now shall tell.

An earle 'there was' had wedded, lov'd;
Was lov'd, and lived long
Full true to his fayre countesse; yet
At last he did her wrong.

Once hunted he untill the chace,
Long fasting, and the heat
Did house him in a peakish graunge
Within a forest great.

Where knowne and welcom'd (as the place
And persons might afforde)
Browne bread, whig, bacon, curds and milke
Were set him on the borde.

A cushion made of lists, a stoole
Halfe backed with a hoope
Were brought him, and he sitteth down
Besides a sorry coupe.

The poore old couple wisht their bread
Were wheat, their whig were perry,
Their bacon beefe, their milke and curds
Were creame, to make him merry.

Mean while (in russet neatly clad,
With linen white as swanne,
Herselfe more white, save rosie where
The ruddy colour ranne:

Whome naked nature, not the aydes
Of arte made to excell)
The good man's daughter sturres to see
That all were feat and well;
The earle did marke her, and admire
Such beautie there to dwell.

Yet fals he to their homely fare,
And held him at a feast:
But as his hunger slaked, so
An amorous heat increast.

When this repast was past, and thanks,
And welcome too; he sayd
Unto his host and hostesse, in
The hearing of the mayd:

Yee know, quoth he, that I am lord
Of this, and many townes!
I also know that you be poore,
And I can spare you pownes.

Soe will I, so yee will consent,
That yonder lasse and I
May bargaine for her love; at least,
Doe give me leave to trye.
Who needs to know it? nay who dares
Into my doings pry?

First they mislike, yet at the length
For lucre were misled;
And then the gamesome earle did wowe
The damsell for his bed.

He took her in his armes, as yet
So coyish to be kist,
As mayds that know themselves belov'd,
And yieldingly resist.

In few, his offers were so large
She lastly did consent;
With whom he lodged all that night,
And early home he went.

He tooke occasion oftentimes
In such a sort to hunt,
Whom when his lady often mist,
Contrary to his wont,

And lastly was informed of
His amorous haunt elsewhere,
It greev'd her not a little, though
She seem'd it well to beare.

And thus she reasons with herselfe,
Some fault perhaps in me;
Somewhat is done, that soe he doth;
Alas! what may it bee?

How may I winne him to myself?
He is a man, and men
Have imperfections; it behooves
Me pardon nature then.

To checke him were to make him checke*
Although hee now were chaste
A man controuled of his wife,
To her makes lesser haste.

If duty then, or daliance may
Prevayle to alter him;
I will be dutifull, and make
My selfe for daliance trim.

So was she, and so lovingly
Did entertaine her lord,
As fairer, or more faultles none
Could be for bed or bord.

Yet still he loves his leiman, and
Did still pursue that game,
Suspecting nothing less, than that
His lady knew the same:
Wherefore to make him know she knew,
She this devise did frame:

When long she had been wrong'd and sought
The foresayd meanes in vaine,
She rideth to the simple graunge
But with a slender traine.

She lighteth, entreth, greets them well
And then did looke about her,
The guiltie houshold knowing her,
Did wish themselves without her;
Yet, for she looked merily,
The lesse they did misdoubt her.

When she had seen the beauteous wench
(Then blushing fairnes fairer)
Such beauty made the countesse hold
Them both excus'd the rather.

Who would not bite at such a bait?
Thought she: and who (though loth)

* To check is a term in falconry, applied when a hawk stops and turns away from his proper pursuit: to check also signifies to reprove or chide. It is in this verse used in both senses.

So poore a wench, but gold might tempt?
Sweet errors lead them both.

Scarse one in twenty that had bragg'd
Of proffer'd gold denied,
Or of such yeelding beautie baulkt,
But, tenne to one, had lied.

Thus thought she: and she thus declares
Her cause of coming thether;
My lord, oft hunting in these partes,
Through travel, night or wether,

Hath often lodged in your house;
I thanke you for the same;
For why? it doth him jolly ease
To lie so neare his game.

But, for you have not furniture
Beseeming such a guest,
I bring his owne, and come myselfe
To see his lodging drest.

With that two sumpters were discharg'd,
In which were hangings brave,
Silke coverings, curtens, carpets, plate,
And al such turn should have.

When all was handsomly dispos'd,
She prayes them to have care
That nothing hap in their default,
That might his health impair:

And, damsell, quoth shee, for it seems
This houshold is but three,
And for thy parents age, that this
Shall chiefely rest on thee;

Do me that good, else would to God
He hither come no more.
So tooke she horse, and ere she went
Bestowed gould good store.

Full little thought the countie that
His countesse had done so;

Who now return'd from far affaires
Did to his sweet-heart go.

No sooner sat he foote within
The late deformed cote,
But that the formall change of things
His wondering eies did note.

But when he knew those goods to be
His propor goods; though late,
Scarce taking leave, he home returnes
The matter to debate.

The countesse was a-bed, and he
With her his lodging tooke;
Sir, welcome home (quoth shee); this night
For you I did not looke.

Then did he question her of such
His stuffe bestowed soe.
Forsooth, quoth she, because I did
Your love and lodging knowe:

Your love to be a proper wench,
Your lodging nothing lesse;
I held it for your health, the house
More decently to dresse.

Well wot I, notwithstanding her,
Your lordship loveth me:
And greater hope to hold you such
By quiet, then brawles, 'you' see.

Then for my duty, your delight,
And to retaine your favour
All done I did, and patiently
Expect your wonted 'haviour.

Her patience, witte and answer wrought
His gentle teares to fall:
When (kissing her a score of times)
Amend, sweet wife, I shall:
He said, and did it: 'so each wife
Her husband may' recall.

VII.

Dowsabell.

The following stanzas were written by Michael Drayton, a poet of some eminence in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I.* They are inserted in one of his pastorals, the first edition of which bears this whimsical title. "Idea. The Shepheards Garland, fashioned in nine Eglogs. Rowland's Sacrifice to the Nine Muses. London, 1593." 4to. They are inscribed with the author's name at length "To the noble and and valerous gentleman Master Robert Dudley, &c." It is very remarkable that when Drayton reprinted them in the first folio edit. of his works, 1619, he had given those ecologues so thorough a revisal, that there is hardly a line to be found the same as in the old edition. This poem had received the fewest corrections, and therefore is chiefly given from the ancient copy, where it is thus introduced by one of his shepherds:

Listen to mee, my lovely shepheards joye,
And thou shalt heare, with mirth and mickle glee,
A pretie tale, which when I was a boy,
My toothles grandame oft hath tolde to me.

The author has professedly imitated the style and metre of some of the old metrical romances, particularly that of Sir Isenbras† (alluded to in v. 3), as the reader may judge from the following specimen:

Lordynges, lysten, and you shal here, &c.
* * * *
Ye shall well heare of a knight,
That was in warre full wyght
And doughtye of his dede:
His name was Syr Isenbras,
Man nobler than he was
Lyved none with breade.
He was lyvely, large, and longe,
With shoulders broade, and armes stronge,
That myghtie was to se:
He was a hardye man, and hye,
All men hym loved that hym se,
For a gentyll knight was he:
Harpers loved him in hall,
With other minstrells all,
For he gave them gold and fee, &c.

This ancient legend was printed in black-letter, 4to., by William Copland; no date. In the Cotton Library (Calig. A. 2) is a MS. copy of the same romance, containing the greatest variations. They are probably two different translations of some French original.

Farre in the countrey of Arden,
There won'd a knight, hight Cassemen,
As bold as Isenbras:
Fell was he, and eger bent,
In battell and in tournament,
As was the good Sir Topas.

He had, as antique stories tell,
A daughter cleaped Dowsabel,
A mayden fayre and free:
And for she was her fathers heire,
Full well she was y-cond the leyre
Of mickle courtesie.

The silke well couth she twist and twine,
And make the fine march-pine,
And with the needle werke:
And she couth helpe the priest to say
His mattins on a holy-day,
And sing a psalme in kirke.

She ware a frock of frolicke greene,
Might well beseeme a mayden queene,
Which seemly was to see;
A hood to that so neat and fine,
In colour like the columbine,
Y-wrought full featously.

Her features all as fresh above,
As is the grasse that growes by Dove;
And lyth as lasse of Kent.

* He was born in 1563, and died in 1631. Big. Brit.
† As also Chaucer's Rhyme of Sir Topas, v. 6.

Her skin as soft as Lemster wooll,
As white as snow on Peakish Hull,
Or swanne that swims in Trent.

This mayden in a morne betime
Went forth when May was in her prime,
To get sweete cetywall,
The honey-suckle, the harlocke,
The lilly and the lady smocke,
To deck her summer hall.

Thus, as she wandred here and there,
Y-picking of the bloomed breere,
She chanced to espie
A shepheard sitting on a bancke
Like chanteclere he crowed cranke,
And pip'd full merrilie.

He lear'd his sheepe as he him list,
When he would whistle in his fist,
To feede about him round;
Whilst he full many a carrol sung,
Untill the fields and medowes rung,
And all the woods did sound.

In favour this same shepheards swayne
Was like the bedlam Tamburlayne,*
Which helde prowd kings in awe:
But meeke he was as a lamb mought be;
An innocent of ill as he†
Whom his lewd brother slaw.

The shepheard ware a sheepe-gray cloke,
Which was of the finest loke,
That could be cut with sheere:
His mittens were of bauzens skinne,
His cockers were of cordiwin,
His hood of meniveere.

His aule and lingell in a thong,
His tar-boxe on his broad belt hong,
His breech of coyntrie blewe;
Full crispe and curled were his lockes,
His browes as white as Albion rocks:
So like a lover true.

And pyping still he spent the day,
So merry as the popingay;
Which liked Dowsabel:
That would she ought, or would she nought,
This lad would never from her thought;
She in love-longing fell.

At length she tucked up her frocke,
White as a lilly was her smocke,
She drew the shepheard nye:
But then the shepheard pyp'd a good,
That all his sheepe forsooke their foode,
To heare his melodye.

Thy sheepe, quoth she, cannot be leane,
That have a jolly shepheards swayne,
The which can pipe so well:
Yea but, sayth he, their shepheard may,
If pyping thus he pine away
In love of Dowsabel.

Of love, fond boy, take thou no keepe,
Quoth she; looke thou unto thy sheepe,
Lest they should hap to stray.
Quoth he, So I had done full well,
Had I not seen fayre Dowsabell
Come forth to gather maye.

With that she gan to vaile her head,
Her cheeks were like the roses red,
But not a word she sayd:
With that the shepheard gan to frowne,
He threw his pretie pypes adowne,
And on the ground him layd.

Sayth she, I may not stay till night,
And leave my summer-hall undight,
And all for long of thee.
My coate, sayth he, nor yet my foulde
Shall neither sheepe nor shepheard hould,
Except thou favour mee.

Sayth she, Yet lever were I dead,
Then I should lose my mayden-head,
And all for love of men.
Sayth he, Yet are you too unkind,
If in your heart you cannot finde
To love us now and then.

And I to thee will be as kinde
As Colin was to Rosalinde,
Of curtesie the flower.
Then will I be as true, quoth she,
As ever mayden yet might be
Unto her paramour.

With that she bent her snow-white knee,
Down by the shepheard kneeled shee,
And him she sweetly kist:
With that the shepheard whoop'd for joy,
Quoth he, Ther's never shepheards boy
That ever was so blist.

* Alluding to "Tamburlaine the Great, or the Scythian Shepheard," 1590, 8vo., an old ranting play ascribed to Marlowe.

† Sc. Abel.

VIII.

The Farewell to Love.

From Beaumont and Fletcher's play, entitled The Lover's Progress, act iii. sc. 1.

Adieu, fond love, farewell you wanton powers;
I am free again.
Thou dull disease of bloud and idle hours,
Bewitching pain,
Fly to fools, that sigh away their time:
My nobler love to heaven doth climb,
And there behold beauty still young.
That time can ne'er corrupt, nor death destroy,
Immortal sweetness by fair angels sung,
And honoured by eternity and joy:
There lives my love, thither my hopes aspire,
Fond love declines, this heavenly love grows higher.

IX.

Ulysses and the Syren.

—affords a pretty poetical contest between Pleasure and Honour. It is found at the end of "Hymen's Triumph: a pastoral tragi-comedie," written by Daniel, and printed among his works, 4to, 1623.*—Daniel, who was a contemporary of Drayton's, and is said to have been poet laureat to Queen Elizabeth, was born in 1562, and died in 1619. Anne Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery (to whom Daniel had been Tutor), has inserted a small portrait of him in a full-length picture of herself, preserved at Appleby Castle, in Cumberland.

This little poem is the rather selected for a specimen of Daniel's poetic powers, as it is omitted in the later edition of his works, 2 vols. 12mo. 1718.

Syren.

Come, worthy Greeke, Ulysses come,
Possesse these shores with me,
The windes and seas are troublesome,
And here we may be free.
Here may we sit and view their toyle
That travaile in the deepe,
Enjoy the day in mirth the while,
And spend the night in sleepe.

Ulysses.

Faire nymph, if fame or honour were
To be attain'd with ease,
Then would I come and rest with thee,
And leave such toiles as these:
But here it dwels, and here must I
With danger seek it forth;
To spend the time luxuriously
Becomes not men of worth.

Syren.

Ulysses, O be not deceiv'd
With that unreall name:
This honour is a thing conceiv'd,
And rests on others' fame.
Begotten only to molest
Our peace, and to beguile
(The best thing of our life) our rest,
And give us up to toyle!

Ulysses.

Delicious nymph, suppose there were
Nor honor, nor report,
Yet manlinesse would scorne to weare
The time in idle sport:
For toyle doth give a better touch
To make us feele our joy;

* In this edition it is collated with a copy printed at the end of his "Tragedie of Cleopatra. London, 1607," 12mo.

And ease findes tediousnes, as much
As labour yeelds annoy.

SYREN.

Then pleasure likewise seemes the shore,
Whereto tendes all your toyle;
Which you forego to make it more,
And perish oft the while.
Who may disport them diversly,
Find never tedious day;
And ease may have variety,
As well as action may.

ULYSSES.

But natures of the noblest frame
These toyles and dangers please;
And they take comfort in the same,
As much as you in ease:
And with the thought of actions past
Are recreated still:
When pleasure leaves a touch at last
To show that it was ill.

SYREN.

That doth opinion only cause,
That's out of custom bred;
Which makes us many other laws
Than ever nature did.
No widdowes waile for our delights,
Our sports are without blood;
The world we see by warlike wights
Receives more hurt than good.

ULYSSES.

But yet the state of things require
These motions of unrest,
And these great spirits of high desire
Seem borne to turne them best:
To purge the mischiefes, that increase
And all good order mar:
For oft we see a wicked peace
To be well chang'd for war.

SYREN.

Well, well, Ulysses, then I see
I shall not have thee here;
And therefore I will come to thee,
And take my fortune there.
I must be wonne that cannot win,
Yet lost were I not wonne:
For beauty hath created bin
T' undoo or be undone.

X.

Cupid's Pastime.

THIS beautiful poem, which possesses a classical elegance hardly to be expected in the age of James I., is printed from the 4th edition of Davison's Poems, &c., 1621. It is also found in a later miscellany, entitled, "Le Prince d'Amour," 1660, 8vo. Francis Davison, editor of the poems above referred to, was son of that unfortunate secretary of state, who suffered so much from the affair of Mary Queen of Scots. These poems, he tells us in his preface, were written by himself, by his brother [Walter], who was a soldier in the wars of the Low Countries, and by some dear friends "anonymoi." Among them are found some pieces by Sir J. Davis, the Countess of Pembroke, Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser, and other wits of those times.

In the fourth vol. of Dryden's Miscellanies, this poem is attributed to Sydney Godolphin, Esq.; but erroneously, being probably written before he was born. One edit. of Davison's book was published in 1608. Godolphin was born in 1610, and died in 1642-3. Ath. Ox. II. 23.

IT chanc'd of late a shepherd swain,
That went to seek his straying sheep,
Within a thicket on a plain
Espied a dainty nymph asleep.

Her golden hair o'erspread her face;
Her careless arms abroad were cast;
Her quiver had her pillows place;
Her breast lay bare to every blast.

The shepherd stood and gaz'd his fill;
Nought durst he do; nought durst he say;
Whilst chance, or else perhaps his will,
Did guide the god of love that way.

The crafty boy that sees her sleep,
Whom if she wak'd he durst not see;
Behind her closely seeks to creep;
Before her nap should ended bee.

There come, he steals her shafts away,
And puts his own into their place;
Nor dares he any longer stay,
But, ere she wakes, hies thence apace.

Scarce was he gone, but she awakes,
And spies the shepherd standing by:
Her bended bow in haste she takes,
And at the simple swain lets flye.

Forth flew the shaft, and pierc'd his heart,
That to the ground he fell with pain:
Yet up again forthwith he start,
And to the nymph he ran amain.

Amazed to see so strange a sight,
She shot, and shot, but all in vain;
The more his wounds, the more his might,
Love yielded strength amidst his pain.

Her angry eyes were great with tears,
She blames her hand, she blames her skill;
The bluntness of her shafts she fears,
And try them on herself she will.

Take heed, sweet nymph, trye not thy shaft,
Each little touch will pierce thy heart;
Alas! thou know'st not Cupids craft;
Revenge is joy; the end is smart.

Yet try she will, and pierce some bare;
Her hands were glov'd but next to hand
Was that fair breast, that breast so rare,
That made the shepherd senseless stand.

That breast she pierc'd; and through that breast
Love found an entry to her heart:
At feeling of this new-come guest,
Lord! how this gentle nymph did start!

She runs not now; she shoots no more;
Away she throws both shaft and bow:
She seeks for what she shunn'd before,
She thinks the shepherds haste too slow.

Though mountains meet not, lovers may:
What other lovers do, did they:
The god of love sate on a tree,
And laught that pleasant sight to see.

XI.

The Character of a Happy Life.

This little moral poem was writ by Sir Henry Wotton, who died Provost of Eton in 1639, Æt. 72. It is printed from a little collection of his pieces, entitled, "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ," 1651, 12mo.; compared with one or two other copies.

How happy is he born or taught,
That serveth not anothers will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill:

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death;
Not ty'd unto the world with care
Of princes ear, or vulgar breath.

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruine make oppressors great:

Who envies none, whom chance doth raise,
Or vice: Who never understood
How deepest wounds are given with praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or feare to fall;
Lord of himselfe, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

XII.

Gilderoy.

—was a famous robber, who lived about the middle of the last century, if we may credit the histories and story-books of highwaymen, which relate many improbable feats of him, as his robbing Cardinal Richelieu, Oliver Cromwell, &c. But these stories have probably no other authority, than the records of Grub-street: At least the "Gilderoy," who is the hero of Scottish Songsters, seems to have lived in an earlier age; for, in Thomson's Orpheus Caledonius, vol. ii. 1733, 8vo., is a copy of this ballad, which, though corrupt and interpolated, contains some lines that appear to be of genuine antiquity: in these he is represented as contemporary with Mary Queen of Scots: ex. gr.

"The Queen of Scots possessed nought,
That my love let me want:
Forcow and ew to me he brought,
And ein whan they were scant."

These lines perhaps might safely have been inserted among the following stanzas, which are given from a written copy, that appears to have received some modern corrections. Indeed the common popular ballad contained come indecent luxuriances that required the pruning-hook.

Gilderoy was a bonnie boy,
Had roses tull his shoone,
His stockings were of silken soy,
Wi' garters hanging doune:
It was, I weene, a comelie sight,
To see sae trim a boy;
He was my jo and hearts delight,
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh! sike twa charming een he had,
A breath as sweet as rose,
He never ware a Highland plaid,
But costly silken clothes;
He gained the luve of ladies gay,
Nane eir tull him was coy:
Ah! wae is mee! I mourn the day
For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born,
Baith in one toun together,
We scant were seven years beforn,
We gan to luve each other:
Our dadies and our mammies thay,
Were fill'd wi' mickle joy,
To think upon the bridal day,
Twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy that luve of mine,
Gude faith, I freely bought
A wedding sark of holland fine,
Wi' silken flowers wrought:
And he gied me a wedding ring,
Which I receiv'd wi' joy,
Nae lad nor lassie eir could sing,
Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' mickle joy we spent our prime,
Till we were baith sixteen,
And aft we past the langsome time,
Among the leaves sae green;
Aft on the banks we'd sit us thair,
And sweetly kiss and toy,
Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh! that he still had been content,
Wi' me to lead his life;
But, ah! his manfu' heart was bent,
To stir in feates of strife:
And he in many a venturous deed,
His courage bauld wad try;

And now this gars mine heart to bleed,
For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he tuik,
The tears they wat mine ee,
I gave tull him a parting luik,
"My benison gang wi' thee;
God speed thee weil, mine ain dear heart
For gane is all my joy;
My heart is rent sith we maun part,
My handsome Gilderoy."

My Gilderoy baith far and near,
Was fear'd in every toun,
And bauldly bare away the gear,
Of many a lawland loun:
Nane eir durst meet him man to man,
He was sae brave a boy;
At length wi' numbers he was tane,
My winsome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loun that made the laws,
To hang a man for gear,
To 'reave of live for ox or ass,
For sheep, or horse, or mare:
Had not their laws been made sae strick,
I neir had lost my joy,

Wi' sorrow neir had wat my cheek,
For my dear Gilderoy.

Giff Gilderoy had done amisse,
He mought hae banisht been;
Ah! what sair cruelty is this,
To hang sike handsome men:
To hang the flower o' Scottish land,
Sae sweet and fair a boy;
Nae lady had sae white a hand,
As thee my Gilderoy.

Of Gilderoy sae fraid they were,
They bound him mickle strong,
Tull Edenburrow they led him thair,
And on a gallows hung:
They hung him high aboon the rest,
He was sae trim a boy;
Thair dyed the youth whom I lued best
My handsome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,
I bare his corpse away,
Wi' tears, that trickled for his death,
I washt his comelye clay;
And sicker in a grave sae deep,
I laid the dear-lued boy,
And now for evir maun I weep,
My winsome Gilderoy.

***

XIII.

Winifreda.

This beautiful address to conjugal love, a subject too much neglected by the libertine muses, was, I believe, first printed in a volume of "Miscellaneous Poems, by several hands, published by D. [David] Lewis, 1726, 8vo."

It is there said, how truly I know not, to be a translation "from the ancient British language."

Away; let nought to love displeasing
My Winifreda, move your care;
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What tho' no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood:
We'll shine in more substantial honors,
And to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound where-e'er 'tis spoke
And all the great ones, they shall wonder
How they respect such little folk.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty
No mighty treasures we possess;
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Through youth and age in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung;
To see them look their mothers features,
To hear them lisp their mothers tongue.

And when with envy time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go a wooing in my boys.

XIV.

The Witch of Wokey.

—was published in a small collection of poems, entitled, "Euthemia, or the Power of Harmony; &c." 1756, written, in 1748, by the ingenious Dr. Harrington, of Bath, who never allowed them to be published, and withheld his name till it could no longer be concealed. The following copy was furnished by the late Mr. Shenstone, with some variations and corrections of his own, which he had taken the liberty to propose, and for which the Author's indulgence was intreated. In this edition it was intended to reprint the Author's own original copy; but, as that may be seen correctly given in Pearch's Collection, vol., i., 1783, p. 161, it was thought the reader of taste would wish to have the variations preserved; they are therefore still retained here, which it is hoped the worthy author will excuse with his wonted liberality.

Wokey-hole is a noted cavern in Somersetshire, which has given birth to as many wild fanciful stories as the Sybils Cave in Italy. Through a very narrow entrance, it opens into a very large vault, the roof whereof, either on account of its height, or the thickness of the gloom, cannot be discovered by the light of torches. It goes winding a great way under ground, is crossed by a stream of very cold water, and is all horrid with broken pieces of rock: many of these are evident petrifications: which, on account of their singular forms, have given rise to the fables alluded to in this poem.

In aunciente days tradition showes
A base and wicked elfe arose,
The Witch of Wokey hight:
Oft have I heard the fearfull tale
From Sue, and Roger of the vale,
On some long winter's night.

Deep in the dreary dismall cell,
Which seem'd and was ycleped hell,
This blear-eyed hag did hide:
Nine wicked elves, as legends sayne,
She chose to form her guardian trayne
And kennel near her side.

Here screeching owls oft made their nest,
While wolves its craggy sides possest,
Night-howling thro' the rock:
No wholesome herb could here be found;
She blasted every plant around,
And blister'd every flock.

Her haggard face was foull to see;
Her mouth unmeet a mouth to bee;
Her eyne of deadly leer,
She nought devis'd, but neighbour's ill;
She wreak'd on all her wayward will,
And marr'd all goodly chear.

All in her prime have poets sung,
No gaudy youth, gallant and young,
E'er blest her longing armes;
And hence arose her spight to vex,
And blast the youth of either sex,
By dint of hellish charms.

From Glaston came a lerned wight,
Full bent to marr her fell despight,
And well he did I ween:
Sich mischief never had been known,
And, since his mickle lerninge shown,
Sich mischief ne'er has been.

He chauntede out his godlie booke,
He crost the water, blest the brooke,
  Then—pater noster done,—
The ghastly hag he sprinkled o'er:
When lo! where stood a hag before,
  Now stood a ghastly stone.

Full well 'tis known adown the dale:
Tho' passing strange indeed the tale,
  And doubtfull may appear,
I'm bold to say, there's never a one,
That has not seen the witch in stone,
  With all her household gear.

But tho' this lernede clerke did well;
With grieved heart, alas! I tell,
  She left this curse behind:
That Wokey-nymphs forsaken quite,
Tho' sense and beauty both unite,
  Should find no leman kind.

For lo! even, as the fiend did say,
The sex have found it to this day,
  That men are wondrous scant:
Here's beauty, wit, and sense combin'd,
With all that's good and virtuous join'd,
  Yet hardly one gallant.

Shall then sich maids unpitied moane?
They might as well, like her, be stone,
  As thus forsaken dwell.
Since Glaston now can boast no clerks;
Come down from Oxenford, ye sparks,
  And, oh! revoke the spell.

Yet stay—nor thus despond, ye fair:
Virtue's the god's' peculiar care;
  I hear the gracious voice:
Your sex shall soon be blest agen,
We only wait to find sich men,
  As best deserve your choice.

XV.

Bryan and Pereene,

A WEST-INDIAN BALLAD,

— is founded on a real fact, that happened in the island of St. Christophers about the beginning of the present reign. The Editor owes the following stanzas to the friendship of Dr. James Grainger,* who was an eminent physician in that island when this tragical incident happened, and died there much honoured and lamented in 1767. To this ingenious gentleman the public are indebted for the fine *Ode on Solitude*, printed in the 4th vol. of Dodsley's Miscellany, p. 229, in which are assembled some of the sublimest images in nature. The reader will pardon the insertion of the first stanza here, for the sake of rectifying the two last lines, which were thus given by the author:

O Solitude, romantic maid,
Whether by nodding towers you tread,
Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
Or climb the Andes' clifted side,
Or by the Nile's coy source abide,
Or starting from your half year's sleep
From Hecla view the thawing deep,
Or at the purple dawn of day
Tadmor's marble wastes survey, &c.

alluding to the account of Palmyra published by some late ingenious travellers, and the manner in which they were struck at the first sight of those magnificent ruins by break of day.*

The north-east wind did briskly blow,
  The ship was safely moor'd;
Young Bryan thought the boat's-crew slow,
  And so leapt over-board.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
  His heart long held in thrall;
And whoso his impatience blames,
  I wot, ne'er lov'd at all.

A long long year, one month and day,
  He dwelt on English land,
Nor once in thought or deed would stray,
  Tho' ladies sought his hand.

* Author of a poem on the "Culture of the Sugar-Cane," &c., published by Messrs. Wood and Dawkins.

* So in page 235, it should be, *Turn'd her magic ray.*

For Bryan he was tall and strong,
Right blythsome roll'd his een,
Sweet was his voice whene'er he sung,
He scant had twenty seen.

But who the countless charms can draw,
That grac'd his mistress true;
Such charms the old world seldom saw,
Nor oft I ween the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
Like tendrils of the vine;
Her cheeks red dewy rosebuds deck,
Her eyes like diamonds shine.

Soon as his well-known ship she spied,
She cast her weeds away,
And to the palmy shore she hied,
All in her best array.

In sea-green silk so neatly clad
She there impatient stood;
The crew with wonder saw the lad
Repell the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,
Which he at parting gave;
Well pleas'd the token he survey'd,
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all,
Rejoicing crowd the strand;
For now her lover swam in call,
And almost touch'd the land.

Then through the white surf did she haste,
To clasp her lovely swain;
When, ah! a shark bit through his waste:
His heart's blood dy'd the main!

He shriek'd! his half sprang from the wave,
Streaming with purple gore,
And soon it found a living grave,
And ah! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,
Fetch water from the spring:
She falls, she swoons, she dies away,
And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May morning round her tomb,
Ye fair, fresh flowerets strew,
So may your lovers scape his doom,
Her hapless fate scape you.

XVI.

Gentle River, Gentle River.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

Although the English are remarkable for the number and variety of their ancient ballads, and retain, perhaps, a greater fondness for these old simple rhapsodies of their ancestors than most other nations, they are not the only people who have distinguished themselves by compositions of this kind. The Spaniards have great multitudes of them, many of which are of the highest merit. They call them in their language *Romances*, and have collected them into volumes under the titles of *El Romancero, El Cancionero*,* &c. Most of them relate to their conflicts with the Moors, and display a spirit of gallantry peculiar to that romantic people. But of all the Spanish ballads, none exceed in poetical merit those inserted in a little Spanish "History of the Civil Wars of Granada," describing the dissensions which raged in that last seat of Moorish empire before it was conquered in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, in 1491. In this history (or perhaps romance) a great number of heroic songs are inserted, and appealed to as authentic vouchers for the truth of facts. In reality, the prose narrative seems to be drawn up for no other end, but to introduce and illustrate those beautiful pieces.

The Spanish editor pretends—how truly I know not—that they are translations from the

* i. e. The ballad-singer.

Arabic or Morisco language. Indeed, from the plain unadorned nature of the verse, and the native simplicity of the language and sentiment, which runs through these poems, one would judge them to have been composed soon after the conquest of Granada above mentioned; as the prose narrative in which they are inserted was published about a century after. It should seem, at least, that they were written before the Castilians had formed themselves so generally, as they have done since, on the model of the Tuscan poets, or had imported from Italy that fondness for conceit and refinement, which has, for near two centuries past, so much infected the Spanish poetry, and rendered it so frequently affected and obscure.

As a specimen of the ancient Spanish manner, which very much resembles that of our old English bards and minstrels, the reader is desired candidly to accept the two following poems. They are given from a small collection of pieces of this kind, which the Editor some years ago translated for his amusement, when he was studying the Spanish language. As the first is a pretty close translation, to gratify the curious it is accompanied with the original. The metre is the same in all these old Spanish ballads: it is of the most simple construction, and is still used by the common people in their extemporaneous songs, as we learn from Baretti's Travels. It runs in short stanzas of four lines, of which the second and fourth alone correspond in their terminations; and in these it is only required that the vowels should be alike; the consonants may be altogether different, as

pone *casa* *meten* *arcos*
noble *cañas* *muere* *gamo*

Yet has this kind of verse a sort of simple harmonious flow, which atones for the imperfect nature of the rhyme, and renders it not unpleasing to the ear. The same flow of numbers has been studied in the following versions. The first of them is given from two different originals, both of which are printed in the *Hist. de las Civiles Guerras de Granada. Mad.* 1694. One of them hath the rhymes ending in AA, the other in IA. It is the former of these that is here reprinted. They both of them begin with the same line;

*Rio verde, rio verde,**

which could not be translated faithfully:

Verdant river, verdant river,

would have given an affected stiffness to the verse; the great merit of which is easy simplicity; and therefore a more simple epithet was adopted, though less poetical or expressive.

* Literally, *Green river, green river. Rio Verde* is said to be the name of a river in Spain: which ought to have been attended to by the translator had he known it.

"Rio verde, rio verde,
Quanto cuerpo en ti se baña
De Christianos y de Moros
Muertos por la dura espada!

"Y tus ondas cristalinas
De roxa sangre se esmaltan:
Entre moros y Christianos
Muy gran batalla se trava.

"Murieron Duques y Condes,
Grandes señores de salva:
Murio gente de valia
De la nobleza de España.

"En ti murio don Alonso,
Que de Aguilar se llamaba;
El valeroso Urdiales,
Con don Alonso acababa.

GENTLE river, gentle river,
Lo, thy streams are stain'd with gore,
Many a brave and noble captain
Floats along thy willow'd shore.

All beside thy limpid waters,
All beside thy sands so bright,
Moorish Chiefs and Christian warriors
Join'd in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords, and dukes, and noble princes
On thy fatal banks were slain:
Fatal banks that gave to slaughter
All the pride and flower of Spain.

There the hero, brave Alonzo
Full of wounds and glory died:
There the fearless Urdiales
Fell a victim by his side.

"Por un ladera arriba
El buen Sayavedra marcha;
Naturel es de Sevilla,
De la gente mas granada.

"Tras el iba un Renegado,
Desta manera le habla;
Date, date, Sayavedra,
No huyas de la batalla.

"Yo te conozco muy bien,
Gran tiempo estuve en tu casa;
Y en la Plaça de Sevilla
Bien te vide jugar cañas.

"Conozco a tu padre y madre,
Y a tu muger doña Clara;
Siete años fui tu cautivo,
Malamente me tratabas.

"Y aora lo seras mio,
Si Mahoma me ayudara;
Y tambien te tratare,
Como a mi me tratabas.

"Sayavedra que lo oyera,
Al Moro bolvio la cara;
Tirole el Moro una flecha,
Pero nunca le acertaba.

"Hiriole Sayavedra
De una herida muy mala:
Muerto cayo el Renegado
Sin poder hablar palabra.

"Sayavedra fue cercado
De mucha Mora canalla,
Y al cabo cayo alli muerto
De una muy mala lançada.

"Don Alonso en este tiempo
Bravamente peleava,
Y el cavallo le avian muerto,
Y le tiene por muralla."

"Mas cargaron tantos Moros
Que mal le hieren y tratan:
De la sangre, que perdia,
Don Alonso se desmaya.

"Al fin, al fin cayo muerto
Al pie de un pena alta,——
—— Muerto queda don Alonso,
Eterna fama ganara."

* * * * * *

Lo! where yonder Don Saavedra
Thro' their squadrons slow retires
Proud Seville, his native city,
Proud Seville his worth admires.

Close behind a renegado
Loudly shouts with taunting cry;
Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra,
Dost thou from the battle fly?

Well I know thee, haughty Christian,
Long I liv'd beneath thy roof;
Oft I've in the lists of glory
Seen thee win the prize of proof.

Well I know thy aged parents,
Well thy blooming bride I know;
Seven years I was thy captive,
Seven years of pain and woe.

May our prophet grant my wishes,
Haughty chief, thou shalt be mine;
Thou shalt drink that cup of sorrow,
Which I drank when I was thine.

Like a lion turns the warrior,
Back he sends an angry glare:
Whizzing came the Moorish javelin,
Vainly whizzing thro' the air.

Back the hero full of fury
Sent a deep and mortal wound:
Instant sunk the Renegado,
Mute and lifeless on the ground.

With a thousand Moors surrounded,
Brave Saavedra stands at bay:
Wearied out but never daunted,
Cold at length the warrior lay.

Near him fighting great Alonzo
Stout resists the Paynim bands;
From his slaughter'd steed dismounted
Firm intrench'd behind him stands.

Furious press the hostile squadron,
Furious he repels their rage:
Loss of blood at length enfeebles:
Who can war with thousands wage!

Where yon rock the plain o'ershadows,
Close beneath its foot retir'd,
Fainting sunk the bleeding hero,
And without a groan expir'd.

* * * * * *

*** In the Spanish original of the foregoing ballad, follow a few more stanzas, but being of inferior merit were not translated.

"Renegado" properly signifies an Apostate; but it is sometimes used to express an Infidel in general; as it seems to do above in ver. 21, &c.

The image of the "Lion" &c., in ver. 37, is taken from the other Spanish copy, the rhymes of which end in "ia" viz.

"Sayavedra, que lo oyera
Como un leon rebolbia.

XVII.

Alcanzor and Zaida,

A MOORISH TALE,

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.

The foregoing version was rendered as literal as the nature of the two languages would admit. In the following a wider compass hath been taken. The Spanish poem that was chiefly had in view, is preserved in the same history of the civil wars of Granada, f. 22, and begins with these lines:

"Por la calle de su dama
Passeando se anda, &c."

Softly blow the evening breezes,
Softly fall the dews of night;
Yonder walks the Moor Alcanzor,
Shunning every glare of light.

In yon palace lives fair Zaida,
Whom he loves with flame so pure:
Loveliest she of Moorish ladies;
He a young and noble Moor.

Waiting for the appointed minute,
Oft he paces to and fro;
Stopping now, now moving forwards,
Sometimes quick, and sometimes slow.

Hope and fear alternate seize him,
Oft he sighs with heart-felt care.——
See, fond youth, to yonder window
Softly steps the timorous fair.

Lovely seems the moon's fair lustre
To the lost benighted swain,
When all silvery bright she rises,
Gilding mountain, grove, and plain.

Lovely seems the sun's full glory
To the fainting seaman's eyes,
When some horrid storm dispersing
O'er the wave his radiance flies.

But a thousand times more lovely
To her longing lover's sight,
Steals half seen the beauteous maiden
Thro' the glimmerings of the night.

Tip-toe stands the anxious lover,
Whispering forth a gentle sigh:
Alla* keep thee, lovely lady;
Tell me, am I doom'd to die?

Is it true the dreadful story,
Which thy damsel tells my page,
That seduc'd by sordid riches
Thou wilt sell thy bloom to age?

An old lord from Antiquera
Thy stern father brings along;
But canst thou, inconstant Zaida,
Thus consent my love to wrong?

If 'tis true now plainly tell me,
Nor thus trifle with my woes;
Hide not then from me the secret,
Which the world so clearly knows.

Deeply sigh'd the conscious maiden,
While the pearly tears descend:
Ah! my lord, too true the story;
Here our tender loves must end.

Our fond friendship is discover'd,
Well are known our mutual vows:
All my friends are full of fury;
Storms of passion shake the house.

* Alla is the Mahometan name of God.

Threats, reproaches, fears surround me;
My stern father breaks my heart:
Alla knows how dear it costs me,
Generous youth, from thee to part.

Ancient wounds of hostile fury
Long have rent our house and thine;
Why then did thy shining merit
Win this tender heart of mine?

Well thou know'st how dear I lov'd thee
Spite of all their hateful pride,
Tho' I fear'd my haughty father
Ne'er would let me be thy bride.

Well thou know'st what cruel chidings
Oft I've from my mother borne;
What I've suffer'd here to meet thee
Still at eve and early morn.

I no longer may resist them:
All, to force my hand combine;
And to-morrow to thy rival
This weak frame I must resign.

Yet think not thy faithful Zaida
Can survive so great a wrong;
Well my breaking heart assures me
That my woes will not be long.

Farewell then, my dear Alcanzor!
Farewell too my life with thee!

Take this scarf a parting token;
When thou wear'st it think on me.

Soon, lov'd youth, some worthier maiden
Shall reward thy generous truth:
Sometimes tell her how thy Zaida
Died for thee in prime of youth.

—To him all amaz'd, confounded,
Thus she did her woes impart:
Deep he sigh'd, then cry'd,—O Zaida!
Do not, do not break my heart.

Canst thou think I thus will lose thee?
Canst thou hold my love so small?
No! a thousand times I'll perish!——
My curst rival too shall fall.

Canst thou, wilt thou yield thus to them?
O break forth, and fly to me!
This fond heart shall bleed to save thee,
These fond arms shall shelter thee.

'Tis in vain, in vain, Alcanzor,
Spies surround me, bars secure:
Scarce I steal this last dear moment,
While my damsel keeps the door.

Hark, I hear my father storming!
Hark, I hear my mother chide!
I must go: farewell for ever!
Gracious Alla be thy guide!

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

SERIES THE SECOND.

BOOK I.

Though some make slight of Libels, yet you may see by them how the wind sits: As, take a straw and throw it up into the air, you may see by that which way the wind is, which you shall not do by casting up a stone. More solid things do not show the complexion of the times so well as Ballads and Libels. SELDEN'S TABLE-TALK.

I.

Richard of Almaigne.

"A BALLAD made by one of the adherents to Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, soon after the battle of Lewes, which was fought May 14, 1264,"

—affords a curious specimen of ancient satire, and shows that the liberty, assumed by the good people of this realm, of abusing their kings and princes at pleasure, is a privilege of very long standing.

To render this antique libel intelligible, the reader is to understand that just before the battle of Lewes, which proved so fatal to the interests of Henry III., the barons had offered his brother Richard King of the Romans 30,000*l.* to procure a peace upon such terms as would have divested Henry of all his regal power, and therefore the treaty proved abortive. The consequences of that battle are well known: the king, prince Edward his son, his brother Richard, and many of his friends, fell into the hands of their enemies; while two great barons of the king's party, John Earl of Warren, and Hugh Bigot the king's Justiciary, had been glad to escape into France.

In the 1st stanza the aforesaid sum of thirty thousand pounds is alluded to; but, with the usual misrepresentation of party malevolence, is asserted to have been the exorbitant demand of the king's brother.

With regard to the 2d stanza the reader is to note that Richard, along with the earldom of Cornwall, had the honours of Wallingford and Eyre confirmed to him on his marriage with Sanchia, daughter of the Count of Provence, in 1243—Windsor Castle was the chief fortress belonging to the king, and had been garrisoned by foreigners: a circumstance which furnishes out the burthen of each stanza.

The 3d stanza alludes to a remarkable circumstance which happened on the day of the battle of Lewes. After the battle was lost, Richard King of the Romans took refuge in a windmill, which he barricadoed, and maintained for some time against the barons, but in the evening was obliged to surrender. See a very full account of this in the Chronicle of Mailros; Oxon. 1684, p. 229.

The 4th stanza is of obvious interpretation: Richard, who had been elected King of the Romans in 1256, and had afterwards gone over to take possession of his dignity, was in the year 1259 about to return into England, when the barons raised a popular clamour that he was bringing with him foreigners to overrun the kingdom: upon which he was forced to dismiss almost all his followers, otherwise the barons would have opposed his landing.

In the 5th stanza the writer regrets the escape of the Earl of Warren; and in the 6th and 7th stanzas insinuates, that, if he and Sir Hugh Bigot once fell into the hands of their adversaries they should never more return home; a circumstance which fixes the date of this ballad; for in the year 1265, both these noblemen landed in South Wales, and the royal party soon after gained the ascendant. See Holinshed, Rapin, &c.

The following is copied from a very ancient MS. in the British Museum. [Harl. MSS. 2253, s. 23.] This MS. is judged, from the peculiarities of the writing, to be not later than the time of Richard II.; *th* being every where expressed by the character þ; the ẏ

is pointed after the Saxon manner, and the í hath an oblique stroke over it.

Sitteth alle stille, ant herkneth to me;
The Kyng of Alemaigne, bi mi leaute,
Thritti thousent pound askede he
For te make the pees in the countre,
Ant so he dude more.
Richard, thah thou be ever trichard,
Trichen shalt thou never more.

Richard of Alemaigne, whil that he wes kying,
He spende al is tresour upon swyvyng,
Haveth he nout of Walingford oferlyng,
Let him habbe, ase he brew, bale to dryng,
Maugre Wyndesore.
Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

The kyng of Alemaigne wende do ful wel
He saisede the mulne for a castel,
With hare sharpe swerdes he grounde the stel,
He wende that the sayles were mangonel
To helpe Wyndesore.
Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

The kyng of Alemaigne gederede ys host,
Makede him a castel of a mulne post,
Wende with is prude, ant is muchele bost,
Brohte from Alemayne mony sori gost
To store Wyndesore.
Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

By God, that is aboven ous, he dude muche synne,
That lette passen over see the Erl of Warynne:
He hath robbed Engelond, the mores, ant th fenne,
The gold, ant the selver, and y-boren henne,
For love of Wyndesore.
Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

Ver. 2, kyn, MS.

Sire Simond de Mountfort hath suore bi ys chyn,
Hevede he nou here the Erl of Waryn,
Shuld he never more come to ys yn,
Ne with shelde, ne with spere, ne with other gyn,
To help of Wyndesore.
Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

Sire Simond de Montfort hath suore bi ys cop
Hevede he nou here Sire Hue de Bigot:
Al he shulde grante here twelfmoneth scot
Shulde he never more with his sot pot
To helpe Wyndesore.
Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

Be the luef, be the loht, sire Edward,
Thou shalt ride sporeless o thy lyard
Al the ryhte way to Dovere-ward,
Shalt thou never more breke foreward;
Ant that reweth sore
Edward, thou dudest as a shreward,
Forsoke thyn emes lore
Richard, &c.

*** This ballad will rise in its importance with the reader, when he finds that it is even believed to have occasioned a law in our Statute Book, viz. "Against slanderous reports or tales, to cause discord betwixt king and people." (Westm. Primer, c. 34, *anno* 3. *Edw.* I.) That it had this effect, is the opinion of an eminent writer: See "Observations upon the Statutes, &c.," 4to., 2d edit. 1766, p. 71.

However, in the Harl. Collection may be found other satirical and defamatory rhymes of the same age, that might have their share in contributing to this first law against libels.

Ver. 40, g'te here, MS., i. e. grant their. Vid. Gloss. V. 44, This stanza was omitted in the former editions.

II.

On the Death of King Edward the First.

We have here an early attempt at elegy. Edward I. died July 7, 1307, in the thirty-fifth year of his reign, and sixty-ninth of his age. This poem appears to have been composed soon after his death. According to the modes of thinking peculiar to those times, the writer dwells more upon his devotion than his skill in government; and pays less attention to the martial and political abilities of this great monarch, in which he had no equal, than to some little weaknesses of superstition, which he had in common with all

his contemporaries. The king had in the decline of life vowed an expedition to the Holy Land; but finding his end approach, he dedicated the sum of 32,000*l.* to the maintenance of a large body of knights (one hundred and forty say historians, eighty says our poet), who were to carry his heart with them into Palestine. This dying command of the king was never performed. Our poet, with the honest prejudices of an Englishman, attributes this failure to the advice of the King of France, whose daughter Isabel, the young monarch who succeeded immediately married. But the truth is Edward and his destructive favourite Piers Gaveston spent the money upon their pleasures.—To do the greater honous to the memory of his hero, our poet puts his eloge in the mouth of the Pope, with the same poetic license, as a more modern bard would have introduced Britannia, or the Genius of Europe pouring forth his praises.

This antique elegy is extracted from the same MS. volume as the preceding article; is found with the same peculiarities of writing and orthography; and, though written at near the distance of half a century, contains little or no variation of idiom: whereas the next following poem by Chaucer, which was probably written not more than fifty or sixty years after this, exhibits almost a new language. This seems to countenance the opinion of some antiquaries, that this great poet made considerable innovations in his mother tongue, and introduced many terms and new modes of speech from other languages.

Alle, that beoth of huerte trewe,
A stounde herkneth to my song
Of duel, that Deth hath diht us newe,
That maketh me syke, ant sorewe among;
Of a knyht, that wes so strong,
Of wham God hath don ys wille;
Me-thuncheth that deth hath don us wrong,
That he so sone shall ligge stille.

Al Englond ahte for te knowe
Of wham that song is, that y synge;
Of Edward kyng, that lith so lowe,
Zent al this world is nome con springe:
Trewest mon of alle thinge,
Ant in werre war ant wys,
For him we ahte oure hounden wrynge,
Of Christendome he ber the prys.

Byfore that oure kyng was ded,
He spek ase mon that wes in care,
"Clerkes, knyhtes, barons, he sayde,
Y charge ou by oure sware,
That ye to Engelonde be trewe.
Y deze, y ne may lyven na more;
Helpeth mi sone, ant crouneth him newe,
For he is nest to buen y-core.

Ich biqueth myn herte arhyt,
That hit be write at my devys,
Over the see that Hue* be diht,
With fourscore knyhtes al of prys,
In werre that buen war ant wys,
Azein the hethene for te fyhte,
To wynne the croiz that lowe lys,
Myself ycholde zef that y myhte.'

Kyng of Fraunce, thou hevedest 'sinne,
That thou the counsail woldest fonde,
To latte the wille of 'Edward kyng'
To wende to the holy londe:
That oure kyng hede take on honde
All Engelond to zeme ant wysse,
To wenden in to the holy londe
To wynnen us heveriche blisse.

The messager to the pope com,
And seyde that our kynge was ded:
Ys oune hond the lettre he nom,
Ywis his herte was full gret:
The Pope him self the lettre redde,
Ant spec a word of gret honour.
Alas! he seid, is Edward ded!
Of Christendome he ber the flour."

The Pope to is chaumbre wende,
For dol ne mihte, he speke na more;
Ant after cardinals he sende,
That muche couthen of Cristes lore,
Bothe the lasse, ant eke the more,
Bed hem bothe rede ant synge:
Gret deol me myhte se thore,
Mony mon is honde wrynge.

The Pope of Peyters stod at is masse
With ful gret solempnetè,
Ther me con the soule blesse:
"Kyng Edward honoured thou be:

* The name of the person who was to preside over this business.

Ver. 33, sunne, MS. Ver. 35, Kyng Edward, MS. Ver. 43, ys is probably a contraction of in hys or yn his. Ver. 55, 59, Me, i. e. Men; so in Robert of Gloucester passim.

God love thi sone come after the,
  Bringe to ende that thou hast bygonne,
The holy crois y-mad of tre,
  So fain thou wouldest hit hav y-wonne.

Jerusalem, thou hast i-lore
  The flour of al chivalrie
Now kyng Edward liveth na more:
  Alas! that he zet shulde deye!
He wolde ha rered up full heyze
  Oure banners, that brueth broht to grounde;
Wel! longe we mowe clepe and crie
  Er we a such kyng han y-founde."

Nou is Edward of Carnarvan
  King of Engelond al aplyht,
God lete him ner be worse man
  Then his fader, ne lasse of myht,
To holden is pore men to ryht,
  And understonde good counsail,
Al Engelond for to wysse ant dyht;
  Of gode knyhtes darh him nout fail.

Thah mi tonge were mad of stel,
  Ant min herte yzote of bras,
The godness myht y never telle,
  That with kyng Edward was:
Kyng, as thou art cleped conquerour,
  In uch bataille thou hadest prys;
God bringe thi soule to the honour,
  That ever wes, ant ever ys.

*** Here follow in the original three lines more, which, as seemingly redundant, we choose to throw to the bottom of the page, viz.

That lasteth ay withouten ende,
  Bidde we God ant oure Ledy to thilke blisse
Jesus us sende. Amen.

III.

An Original Ballad by Chaucer.

This little sonnet, which hath escaped all the editors of Chaucer's works, is now printed for the first time from an ancient MS. in the Pepysian library, that contains many other poems of its venerable author. The versification is of that species, which the French call Rondeau, very naturally Englished by our honest countrymen Round O. Though so early adopted by them, our ancestors had not the honour of inventing it: Chaucer picked it up, along with other better things, among the neighbouring nations. A fondness for laborious trifles hath always prevailed in the dark ages of literature. The Greek poets have had their wings and axes: the great father of English poesy may therefore be pardoned one poor solitary rondeau.—Geofrey Chaucer died Oct. 25, 1400, aged 72.

I. 1.

Youre two eyn will sle me sodenly,
I may the beaute of them not sustene,
So wendeth it thorowout my herte kene.

2.

And but your words will helen hastely
My hertis wound, while that it is grene,
Youre two eyn will sle me sodenly.

3.

Upon my trouth I sey yow feithfully,
That ye ben of my liffe and deth the quene,
For with my deth the trouth shal be sene.
  Youre two eyn, &c.

II. 1.

So hath youre beauty fro your herte chased
Pitee, that me n' availeth not to pleyn;
For daunger halt your mercy in his cheyne.

2.

Giltless my deth thus have ye purchased;
I sey yow soth, me nedeth not to fayn:
So hath your beaute fro your herte chased.

3.

Alas, that nature hath in yow compassed
So grete beaute, that no man may atteyn
To mercy, though he sterve for the peyn.
  So hath youre beaute, &c.

III. 1.

Syn I fro love escaped am so fat
I nere thinke to ben in his prison lene;
Syn I am fre, I counte him not a bene.

2.

He may answere, and sey this and that,
I do no fors, I speak ryght as I mene;
Syn I fro love escaped am so fat.

3.

Love hath my name i-strike out of his sclat,
And he is strike out of my bokes clene:
For ever mo 'ther'* is non other mene.
Syn I fro love escaped, &c.

IV.

The Turnament of Tottenham:

"OR THE WOOEING, WINNING, AND WEDDING OF TIBBE, THE REEV'S DAUGHTER THERE."

It does honour to the good sense of this nation that while all Europe was captivated with the bewitching charms of Chivalry and Romance, two of our writers in the rudest times could see through the false glare that surrounded them, and discover whatever was absurd in them both. Chaucer wrote his Rhyme of Sir Thopas in ridicule of the latter; and in the following poem we have a humorous burlesque of the former. Without pretending to decide whether the institution of chivalry was upon the whole useful or pernicious in the rude ages, a question that has lately employed many good writers,* it evidently encouraged a vindictive spirit, and gave such force to the custom of duelling, that there is little hope of its being abolished. This, together with the fatal consequences which often attended the diversion of the Turnament, was sufficient to render it obnoxious to the graver part of mankind. Accordingly the church early denounced its censures against it, and the state was often prevailed on to attempt its suppression. But fashion and opinion are superior to authority: and the proclamations against tilting were as little regarded in those times, as the laws against duelling are in these. This did not escape the discernment of our poet, who easily perceived that inveterate opinions must be attacked by other weapons, besides proclamations and censures; he accordingly made use of the keen one of Ridicule. With this view he has here introduced with admirable humour a parcel of clowns, imitating all the solemnities of the Tourney. Here we have the regular challenge—the appointed day—the lady for the prize—the formal preparations—the display of armour—the scutcheons and devices—the oaths taken on entering the lists—the various accidents of the encounter—the victor leading off the prize—and the magnificent feasting—with all the other solemn fopperies that usually attended the pompous Turnament. And how acutely the sharpness of the author's humour must have been felt in those days, we may learn from what we can perceive of its keenness now, when time has so much blunted the edge of his ridicule.

The Turnament of Tottenham was first printed from an ancient MS. in 1631, 4to., by the Rev. Wilhem Bedwell, rector of Tottenham, who was one of the translators of the Bible, and afterwards Bishop of Kilmore in Ireland, where he lived and died with the highest reputation of sanctity, in 1641. He tells us, it was written by Gilbert Pilkington, thought to have been some time parson of the same parish, and author of another piece, entitled *Passio Domini Jesu Christi*. Bedwell, who was eminently skilled in the oriental and other languages, appears to have been but little conversant with the ancient writers in his own; and he so little entered into the spirit of the poem he was publishing, that he contends for its being a serious narrative of a real event, and thinks it must have been written before the time of Edward III., because Turnaments were prohibited in that

* See [Mr. Hurd's] Letters on Chivalry, 8vo. 1762. Mémoires de la Chevalerie, par M. de la Curne des Palais, 1759, 2 tom. 12mo., &c.

* This, MS.

reign. "I do verily believe," says he, "that this Turnament was acted before this proclamation of King Edward. For how durst any to attempt to do that, although in sport, which was so straightly forbidden, both by the civill and ecclesiasticall power? For although they fought not with lances, yet, as our author sayth, 'It was no childrens game.' And what would have become of him, thinke you, which should have slayne another in this manner of geasting? Would he not, trow you, have been hang'd for it in earnest? yea, and have bene buried like a dogge?" It is, however, well known that Turnaments were in use down to the reign of Elizabeth.

In the first editions of this work, Bedwell's copy was reprinted here, with some few conjectural emendations; but as Bedwell seemed to have reduced the orthography at least, if not the phraseology, to the standard of his own time, it was with great pleasure that the Editor was informed of an ancient MS. copy preserved in the Museum [Harl. MSS. 5396], which appeared to have been transcribed in the reign of King Hen. VI. about 1456. This obliging information the Editor owed to the friendship of Thomas Tyrwhit, Esq., and he has chiefly followed that more authentic transcript, improved however by some readings from Bedwell's Book.

Of all thes kene conquerours to carpe it were kynde;
Of fele feyztyng folk ferly we fynde,
The Turnament of Totenham have we in mynde;
It were harme sych hardynes were holden byhynde,
In story as we rede
Of Hawkyn, of Herry,
Of Tomkyn, of Terry,
Of them that were dughty
And stalworth in dede.

It befel in Totenham on a dere day,
Ther was mad a shurtyng be the hy-way:
Theder com al the men of the contray,
Of Hyssylton, of Hy-gate, and of Hakenay,
And all the swete swynkers.
Ther hopped Hawkyn,
Ther daunsed Dawkyn,
Ther trumped Tomkyn,
And all were trewe drynkers.

Tyl the day was gon and evyn-song past,
That thay schuld reckyn ther scot and ther counts cast;
Perkyn the potter into the press past,
And sayd Randol the refe, a dozter thou hast,
Tyb the dere:
Therfor faine wyt wold I,
Whych of all thys bachelery
Were best worthye
To wed hur to hys fere.

Upstyrt thos gadelyngys wyth ther lang staves,
And sayd, Randol the refe, lo! thys lad raves;
Boldely amang us thy dozter he craves;
We er rycher men than he, and more gode haves
Of cattell and corn;
Then sayd Perkyn, To Tybbe I have hyzt
That I schal be alway redy in my ryzt,
If that it schuld he thys day sevenyzt,
Or elles zet to morn.

Then sayd Randolfe the refe, Ever be he waryd
That about thys carpyng lenger wold be taryd:
I wold not my dozter, that scho were miscaryd,
But at hur most worschip I wold scho were maryd;
Therfor a Turnament schal begynne
Thys day sevenyzt,—
Wyth a flayl for to fyzt:
And 'he,' that is most of myght
Schal brouke hur wyth wynne.

Whoso berys hym best in the turnament,
Hym schal be granted the gre be the comon assent,
For to wynne my dozter wyth 'dughtynesse' of dent,
And 'coppell' my brode-henne 'that' was brozt out of Kent:
And my dunnyd kowe
For no spens wyl I spare,
For no cattell wyl I care,
He schall have my gray mare,
And my spottyd sowe.

Ver. 20, It is not very clear in the MS. whether it should be cont or conters. Ver. 48, dozty, MS. Ver. 49, coppled. We still use the phrase, "a copple-crowned hen."

Ther was many 'a' bold lad ther bodyes to bede:
Than thay toke thayr leve, and homward they zede;
And all the weke afterward graythed ther wede,
Tyll it come to the day, that thay suld do ther dede.
They armed ham in matts;
Thay set on ther nollys,
For to kepe ther pollys,
Gode blake bollys,
For batryng of bats.

Thay sowed them in schepeskynnes, for thay schuld not brest:
Ilk-on toke a blak hat, insted of a crest:
'A basket or a panyer before on ther brest,'
And a flayle in ther hande; for to fyght prest,
Furth gon thay fare:
Ther was kyd mekyl fors
Who schuld best fend hys cors:
He that had no gode hors,
He gat hym a mare.

Sych another gadryng have I not sene oft,
When all the gret company com rydand to the croft.
Tyb on a gray mare was set up on loft
On a sek ful of fedyrs, for scho schuld syt soft,
And led 'till the gap.'
For cryeng of the men
Forther wold not Tyb then,
Tyl scho had hur brode hen
Set in hur Lap.

A gay gyrdyl Tyb had on, borowed for the nonys,
And a garland on hur hed ful of rounde bonys,
And a broche on hur brest ful of 'sapphyre' stonys;
Wyth the holy-rode tokenyng, was wrotyn for the nonys;
For no 'spendings' thay had spared.

When joly Gyb saw hur thare,
He gyrd so hys gray mare,
'That scho lete a fowkin' fare
At the rereward.

I wow to God, quoth Herry, I schal not lefe behynde,
May I mete wyth Bernard on Bayard the blynde,
Ich man kepe hym out of my wynde,
For whatsoever that he be, before me I fynde,
I wot I schall hym greve.
Wele sayd, quoth Hawkyn.
And I wow, quoth Dawkyn,
May I mete wyth Tomkyn,
Hys flayle I schal hym reve.

I make a vow, quoth Hud, Tyb, son schal thou se,
Whych of all thys bachelery 'granted' is the gre:
I schal scomfet thaym all, for the love of the;
In what place so I come they schal have dout of me,
Myn armes ar so clere:
I bere a reddyl, and a rake,
Poudred wyth a brenand drake,
And three cantells of a cake
In ycha cornere.

I vow to God, quoth Hawkyn, yf 'I' have the gowt,
Al that I fynde in the felde 'thrustand here aboute,
Have I twyes or thryes redyn thurgh the route,
In ycha stede ther thay me se, of me thay schal have doute.
When I begyn to play.
I make avowe that I ne schall,
But yf Tybbe wyl me call,
Or I be thryes don fall,
Ryzt onys com away.

Then sayd Terry, and he swore be hys crede;
Saw thou never yong boy forther hys body bede,
For when thay fyzt fastest and most ar in drede,
I schall take Tyb by the hand, and hur away lede:

Ver. 57, gayed, P. C. V. 66 is wanting in MS., and supplied from, P. C. V. 72, He borrowed him, P. C. V. 76, The MS. had once sedys, i. e. seeds, which appears to have been altered to fedyrs, or feathers. Bedwell's copy has Senvy, i. e. Mustard-seed. V. 77, And led hur to cap, MS. V. 83, Bedwell's P. C. has "Ruel-Bones." V. 84, safer stones, MS. V. 85, wrotyn, i. e. wrought, P. C. reads written. V. 86, No catel [perhaps chatel] they had spared, MS.

V. 89, Then . . . faucon, MS. V. 101, grant, MS. V. 109, yf he have, MS. V. 110, the MS. literally has thr. sand here.

I am armed at the full;
In myn armys I bere wele
A doz trogh, and a pele,
A sadyll wythout a panell,
Wyth a fles of woll.

I make a vow, quoth Dudman, and swore be the stra,
Whyls me ys left my 'mare,' thou gets hurr not swa;
For scho ys wele schapen, and lizt as the rae,
Ther is no capul in thys myle befor hur schal ga;
Sche wul ne nozt begyle:
Sche wyl me bere, I dar say,
On a lang somerys day,
Fro Hyssylton to Hakenay,
Nozt other half myle.

I make a vow, quoth Perkyn, thow speks of cold rost,
I schal wyrch 'wyselyer' without any bost:
Five of the best capulys, that ar in thys ost,
I wot I schal thaym wynne, and bryng thaym to my cost,
And here I grant thaym Tybbe.
Wele boyes here ys he,
That wyl fyzt, and not fle,
For I am in my jolyte,
Wyth so forth, Gybbe.

When thay had ther vowes made, furth can thay hie,
Wyth flayles, and hornes, and trumpes mad of tre:
Ther were all the bachelerys of that contre;
Thay were dyzt in aray, as thaymselfes wold be:
Thayr baners were ful bryzt
Of an old rotten fell;
The cheveron of a plow-mell;
And the schadow of a bell,
Poudred wyth the mone lyzt.

I wot yt 'was' ne chylder game, whan thay togedyr met,
When icha freke in the feld on hys feloy bet,
And layd on styfly, for nothyng wold thay let,
And foght ferly fast, tyll ther horses swet,
And few wordys spoken.
Ther were flayles al to slatred,
Ther wer scheldys al to flatred,
Bollys and dysches al to schatred,
And many hedys brokyn.

There was clynkyng of cart-sade lys, and clatteryng of cannes;
Of fele frekys in the feld brokyn were their fannes;
Of sum were the hedys brokyn, of sum the brayn-pannes,
And yll were thay besene, or tnay went thanns,
Wyth swyppyng of swepyls:
Thay were so wery for-foght,
Thay myzt not fyzt mare oloft,
But creped about in the 'croft,'
As thay were croked crepyls.

Perkyn was so wery, that he began to loute;
Help, Hud, I am ded in thys ylk rowte:
An hors for forty pens, a gode and a stoute!
That I may lyztly come of my noye oute,
For no cost wyl I spare.
He styrt up as a snale,
And hent a capul be the tayle,
And 'reft' Dawkin hys flayle,
And wan there a mare.

Perkyn wan five, and Hud wan twa:
Glad and blythe thay ware, that they had don sa;
Thay wold have tham to Tyb, and present hur with tha:
The Capulls were so wery, that thay myzt not ga,
But styl gon they stond.
Alas! quoth Hudde, my joye I lese;
Mee had lever then a ston of chese,
That dere Tyb had al these,
And wyst it were my sond.

Perkyn turnyd hym about in that ych thrang
Among thos wery boyes he wrest and he wrang;
He threw tham doun to the erth, and thrast tham amang,
When he saw Tyrry away wyth Tyb fang,
And after hym ran;
Off his horse he hym drogh,
And gaf hym of hys flayl inogh:
We te he! quoth Tyb, and lugh,
Ye er a dughty man.

Ver. 128, merth, MS. V. 137, swyselior, MS. V. 146, flailes, and harnisse, P. C. V. 151, The Chiefe, P. C. V. 154, yt ys, MS.

Ver. 168, The boyes were, MS. V. 170, creped then about in the croft, MS. V. 179, razt, MS. V. 185, stand, MS. V. 189, sand, MS.

'Thus' thay tugged, and rugged, tyl yt was nere nyzt:
All the wyves of Tottenham came to se that syzt
Wyth wyspes, and kexis, and ryschys there lyzt,
To fetch hom ther husbandes, that were tham trouth plyzt;
And sum brozt gret harwos,
Ther husbandes hom to fetch,
Sum on dores, and sum on hech,
Sum on hyrdyllys, and som on crech,
And sum on whele-barows.

Thay gaderyd Perkyn about, 'on' everych syde,
And grant hym ther 'the gre,' the more was hys pryde:
Tyb and he, wyth gret 'mirth' homward con thay ryde,
And were al nyzt togedyr, tyl the morn tyde;
And thay 'to church went:'
So wele hys nedys he has sped,
That dere Tyb he 'hath' wed;
The prayse-folk, that hur led,
Were of the Turnament.

To that ylk fest com many for the nones;
Some come hyphalte, and some trippand 'thither' on the stonys:
Sum a staf in hys hand, and sum two at onys;
Of sum where the hedes broken, of some the schulder bonys;
With sorrow come thay thedyr.
Wo was Hawkyn, wo was Herry,
Wo was Tomkyn, wo was Terry,
And so was all the bachelary,
When thay met togedyr.

*At that fest thay wer servyd with a ryche aray,
Every fyve & fyve had a cokenay;
And so thay sat in jolyte al the lung day;
And at the last thay went to bed with ful gret deray:
Mekyl myrth was them among;
In every corner of the hous
Was melody delycyous
For to here precyus
Of six menys song.†

Ver. 199, Thys, MS. V. 204, hom for to fetch, MS. V. 208, about everych side, MS. V. 209, the gre, is wanting in MS. V. 210, mothe, MS. V. 212, And they ifere assent, MS. V. 214, had wed, MS. V. 215, The cheefemen, P. C.

Ver. 218, trippand on, MS.

* In the former impressions, this concluding stanza was only given from Bedwell's printed edition; but it is here copied from the old MS. wherein it has been since found separated from the rest of the poem, by several pages of a money-account, and other heterogeneous matter.

† *Six-men's song*, i. e. a song for six voices. So Shakspeare uses *Three-man song-men*, in his Winter's Tale, A. III. sc. 3, to denote men that could sing catches composed for three voices. Of this sort are Weelkes's Madrigals mentioned below, Book II. Song 9. So again Shakspeare has *Three-men Beetle*; i. e. a Beetle or Rammer worked by three men. 2 Hen. IV. A. I. sc. 3.

V.

For the Victory at Agincourt.

That our plain and martial ancestors could wield their swords much better than their pens, will appear from the following homely rhymes, which were drawn up by some poet laureat of those days to celebrate the immortal victory gained at Agincourt, Oct. 25, 1415. This song or hymn is given merely as a curiosity, and is printed from a MS. copy in the Pepys collection, vol. I. folio.

Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria!

Owre kynge went forth to Normandy,
With grace and myzt of chivalry;
The God for hym wrouzt marvelously,
Wherefore Englonde may calle, and cry
Deo gratias:
Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria.

He sette a sege, the sothe for to say,
To Harflue toune with ryal aray;
That toune he wan, and made a fray,
That Fraunce shall rywe tyl domes day.
Deo gratias: &c.

Then went owre kynge, with alle his oste,
Thorowe Fraunce for all the Frenshe boste;
He spared 'for' drede of leste, ne most,
Tyl he come to Agincourt coste.
Deo gratias, &c.

Than for sothe that knyzt comely
In Agincourt feld he fauzt manly,
Thorow grace of God most myzty
He had bothe the felde, and the victory.
Deo gratias, &c.

Ther dukys, and erlys, lorde and barone,
Were take, and slayne, and that wel sone,
And some were ledde in to Lundone
With joye, and merthe, and grete renone.
Deo gratias, &c.

Now gracious God he save owre kynge,
His peple, and all his wel wyllynge,
Gef him gode lyfe, and gode endynge,
That we with merth mowe savely synge
Deo gratias:
Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria.

VI.

The Not-Browne Mayd.

The sentimental beauties of this ancient ballad have always recommended it to readers of taste, notwithstanding the rust of antiquity which obscures the style and expression. Indeed, if it had no other merit than the having afforded the ground-work to Prior's "Henry and Emma," this ought to preserve it from oblivion. That we are able to give it in so correct a manner, is owing to the great care and exactness of the accurate Editor of the "Prolusions," 8vo., 1760; who has formed the text from two copies found in two different editions of Arnolde's Chronicle, a book supposed to be first printed about 1521. From the copy in the Prolusions the following is printed, with a few additional improvements gathered from another edition of Arnolde's book* preserved in the Public Library at Cambridge. All the various readings of this copy will be found here, either received into the text, or noted in the margin. The references to the Prolusions will show where they occur. In our ancient folio MS. described in the preface, is a very corrupt and defective copy of this ballad, which yet afforded a great improvement in one passage. See v. 310.

It has been a much easier task to settle the text of this poem, than to ascertain its date. The ballad of the "Nutbrowne Mayd" was first revived in "The Muses Mercury for June, 1707," 4to., being prefaced with a little "Essay on the old English Poets and Poetry:" in which this poem is concluded to be "near 300 years old," upon reasons which, though they appear inconclusive to us now, were sufficient to determine Prior; who there first met with it. However, this opinion had the approbation of the learned Wanley, an excellent judge of ancient books. For that whatever related to the reprinting of this old piece was referred to Wanley, appears from two letters of Prior's preserved in the British Museum. [Harl. MSS. No. 3777.] The Editor of the Prolusions thinks it cannot be older than the year 1500, because, in Sir Thomas More's Tale of "The Serjeant," &c., which was written about that time, there appears a sameness of rhythmus and orthography, and a very near affinity of words and phrases, with those of this ballad. But this reasoning is not conclusive; for if Sir Thomas More made this ballad his model, as is very likely, that will account for the sameness of measure, and in some respect for that of words and phrases, even though this had been written long before: and, as for the orthography, it is well known that the old printers reduced that of most books to the standard of their own times. Indeed, it is hardly probable that an antiquary like Arnolde would have inserted it among his historical collections, if it had been then a modern piece; at least, he would have been apt to have named its author. But to show how little can be in-

* This (which my friend Mr. Farmer supposes to be the first edition) is in folio: the folios are numbered at the bottom of the leaf; the Song begins at folio 75. The poem has since been collated with a very fine copy that was in the collection of the late James West, Esq.; the readings extracted thence are denoted thus, 'Mr. W.'

ferred from a resemblance of rhythmus or style, the editor of these volumes has in his ancient folio MS. a poem on the victory of Floddenfield, written in the same numbers, with the same alliterations, and in orthography, phraseology, and style nearly resembling the Visions of Pierce Plowman, which are yet known to have been composed above 160 years before that battle. As this poem is a great curiosity, we shall give a few of the introductory lines:

"Grant, gracious God, grant me this time,
That I may 'say, or I cease, thy selven to please;
And Mary his mother, that maketh this world;
And all the seemlie saints, that sitten in heaven;
I will carpe of kings, that conquered full wide,
That dwelled in this land, that was alyes noble;
Henry the seventh, that soveraigne lord, &c.

With regard to the date of the following ballad, we have taken a middle course, neither placed it so high as Wanley and Prior, nor quite so low as the editor of the Prolusions: we should have followed the latter in dividing every other line into two, but that the whole would then have taken up more room than could be allowed it in this volume.

Be it ryght, or wrong, these men among
On women do complayne;*
Affyrmynge this, how that it is
A labour spent in vayne,
To love them wele; for never a dele
They love a man agayne:
For late a man do what he can,
Theyr favour to attayne,
Yet, yf a newe do them persue,
Theyr first true lover than
Laboureth for nought: for from her thought
He is a banyshed man.

I say nat nay, but that all day
It is bothe writ and sayd
That womans faith is, as who sayth,
All utterly decayd;
But, neverthelesse ryght good wytnèsse
In this case might be layd,
That they love true, and continùe:
Recorde the Not-browne Mayde:
Which, when her love came, her to prove,
To her to make his mone,
Wolde nat depart; for in her hart
She loved but hym alone.

Than betwaine us late us dyscus
What was all the manere
Betwayne them two: we wyll also
Tell all the payne, and fere,
That she was in. Now I begyn
So that ye me answère;
Wherfore, all ye that present be
I pray you, gyve an ere
"I am the knyght; I come by nyght,
As secret as I can;
Sayinge, Alas! thus standeth the case,
I am a banyshed man."

SHE.

And I your wyll for to fulfyll
In this wyll nat refuse;
Trustying to shewe, in wordès fewe,
That men have an yll use
(To theyr own shame) women to blame,
And causelesse them accuse;
Therfore to you I answere nowe,
All women to excuse,—
Myne owne hart dere, with you what chere?
I pray you, tell anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

It standeth so; a dede is do
Whereof grete harme shall growe:
My destiny is for to dy
A shamefull deth, I trowe;
Or elles to flè: the one must be.
None other way I knowe,
But to withdrawe as an outlawe,
And take me to my bowe.
Wherfore, adue, my owne hart true!
None other rede I can;
For I must to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

Ver. 2, woman. Prolusions, and Mr. West's copy. V. 11, her, i. e. their.

* My friend, Mr. Farme, proposes to read the first lines thus, as a Latinism:

Be it right or wrong, 'tis men among,
On woman to complayne.

SHE.

O Lord, what is thys worldys blysse,
That changeth as the mone!
My somers day in lusty may
Is derked before the none.
I here you say, farewell: Nay, nay,
We dèpart nat so sone.
Why say ye so? wheder wyll ye go?
Alas! what have ye done?
All my welfàre to sorrowe and care
Sholde chaunge, yf ye were gone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

I can beleve, it shall you greve,
And somewhat you dystrayne;
But, aftyrwarde, your paynes harde
Within a day or twayne
Shall sone aslake; and ye shall take
Comfort to you agayne.
Why sholde ye ought? for, to make thought,
Your labour were in vayne.
And thus I do; and pray you to
As hartely, as I can;
For I must to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Now, syth that ye have shewed to me
The secret of your mynde,
I shall be playne to you agayne,
Lyke as ye shall me fynde.
Syth it is so, that ye wyll go,
I wolle not leve behynde:
Shall never be sayd, the Not-browne Mayd
Was to her love unkynde:
Make you redy, for so am I,
Allthough it were anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Yet I you rede to take good hede
What men wyll thynke, and say:
Of yonge, and olde it shall be tolde,
That ye be gone away,
Your wanton wyll for to fulfill,
In grene wode you to play;
And that ye myght from your delyght
No lenger make delay.
Rather than ye sholde thus for me
Be called an yll womàn,
Yet wolde I to the grene wode go
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Though it be songe of old and yonge,
That I sholde be to blame,
Theyrs be the charge, that speke so large
In hurtynge of my name:
For I wyll prove, that faythfulle love
It is devoyd of shame;
In your dystresse, and hevynesse,
To part with you, the same:
And sure all tho, that do not so,
True lovers are they none;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

I counceyle you, remember howe,
It is no maydens lawe,
Nothynge to dout, but to renne out
To wode with an outlàwe:
For ye must there in your hand bere
A bowe, redy to drawe;
And, as a thefe, thus must you lyve,
Ever in drede and awe;
Wherby to you grete harme myght growe:
Yet had I lever than,
That I had to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

I thinke nat nay, but as ye say,
It is no maydens lore:
But love may make me for your sake,
As I have sayd before
To come on fote, to hunt, and shote
To gete us mete in store;
For so that I your company
May have, I aske no more:
From which to part, it maketh my hart
As colde as ony stone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

For an outlawe this is the lawe,
That men hym take and bynde;

Ver. 63, The somers, Prol. V. 91, Shall it never, Prol. and Mr. W. V. 94, Althought, Mr. W.

Ver. 117, To shewe all, Prol. and Mr. W. V. 133, I say nat, Prol. and Mr. W. V. 138, and store, Camb. copy.

Without pytè, hanged to be,
And waver with the wynde,
If I had nede, (as God forbede!)
What rescous coude ye fynde?
Forsoth, I trowe, ye and your bowe
For fere wolde drawe behynde:
And no mervayle; for lytell avayle
Were in your counceyle than:
Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Ryght wele knowe ye, that women be
But feble for to fyght;
No womanhede it is indede
To be bolde as a knyght:
Yet, in such fere yf that ye were
With enemyes day or nyght,
I wolde withstande, with bowe in hande
To greve them as I myght,
And you to save; as women have
From deth 'men' many one:
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Yet take good hede; for ever I drede
That ye coude nat sustayne
The thornie wayes, the depe vallèies,
The snowe, the frost, the rayne,
The colde, the hete: for dry, or wete,
We must lodge on the playne;
And, us above, none other rofe
But a brake bush, or twayne:
Which sone sholde greve you, I beleve;
And ye wolde gladly than
That I had to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Syth I have here bene partynère
With you of joy and blysse,
I must also parte of your wo
Endure, as reson is:
Yet am I sure of one plesùre
And, shortely, it is this:
That, where ye be, me semeth, pardè,
I coude nat fare amysse.
Without more speche, I you beseche
That we were sone agone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

If ye go thyder, ye must consyder,
Whan ye have lust to dyne,
There shall no mete be for you gete,
Nor drinke, bere, ale, ne wyne.
No schetés clene, to lye betwene,
Made of threde and twyne;
None other house, but leves and bowes,
To cover your hed and myne.
O myne harte swete, this evyll dyéte
Sholde make you pale and wan;
Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Amonge the wylde dere, such an archère,
As men say that ye be,
Ne may nat fayle of good vitayle,
Where is so grete plentè:
And water clere of the ryvére
Shall be full swete to me;
With which in hele I shall ryght wele
Endure, as ye shall see;
And, or we go, a bedde or two
I can provyde anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Lo yet, before, ye must do more,
Yf ye wyll go with me:
As cut your here up by your ere,
Your kyrtel by the kne;
With bowe in hande, for to withstande
Your enemyes yf nede be:
And this same nyght before day-lyght,
To wode-warde wyll I fle.
Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill,
Do it shortely as ye can:
Els wyll I to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

I shall as nowe do more for you
Than longeth to womanhede;
To shote my here, a bowe to bere,
To shote in tyme of nede.

Ver. 150, socours, Prol. and Mr. W. V. 162, and night, Camb. Copy. V. 164, to helpe ye with my myght, Prol. and Mr. W. V. 172, frost and rayne, Mr. W. V. 174, Ye must, Prol. V. 190, shortley gone, Prol. and Mr. W.

Ver. 196, Neyther bere, Prol. and Mr. W. V. 201, Lo myn, Mr. W. V. 207, May ye nat fayle, Prol. Ib. May nat fayle, Mr. W. V. 219, above your ere, Prol. V. 220, above the kne, Prol. and Mr. W. V. 223, the same, Prol. and Mr. W.

O my swete mother, before all other
For you I have most drede:
But nowe, adue! I must ensue,
Where fortune doth me lede.
All this make ye: Now let us fle:
The day cometh fast upon;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Nay, nay, nat so; ye shall nat go,
And I shall tell ye why,——
Your appetyght is to be lyght
Of love, I wele espy:
For, lyke as ye have sayed to me,
In lyke wyse hardely
Ye wolde answére whosoever it were,
In way of company.
It is sayd of olde, Sone hote, sone colde;
And so is a womàn.
Wherfore I to the wode wyll go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Yf ye take hede, it is no nede
Such wordes to say by me;
For oft ye prayed, and longe assayed,
Or I you loved, pardè:
And though that I of auncestry
A barons daughter be,
Yet have you proved howe I you loved
A squyer of lowe degrè;
And ever shall, whatso befall;
To dy therfore* anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

A barons chylde to be begylde!
It were a cursed dede;
To be felàwe with an outlawe!
Almighty God forbede!
Yet beter were, the pore squyère
Alone to forest yede,
Than ye sholde say another day,
That, by my cursed dede,
Ye were betray'd: Wherfore, good mayd,
The best rede that I can,
Is, that I to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Whatever befall, I never shall
Of this thyng you upbrayd:
But yf ye go, and leve me so,
Then have ye me betrayd.
Remember you wele, howe that ye dele;
For, yf ye, as ye sayd,
Be so unkynde, to leve behynde
Your love, the Not-browne Mayd,
Trust me truly, that I shall dy
Sone after ye be gone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Yf that ye went, ye sholde repent;
For in the forest nowe
I have purvayed me of a mayd,
Whom I love more than you;
Another fayrère, than ever ye were,
I dare it wele avowe;
And of ye bothe eche sholde be wrothe
With other, as I trowe:
It were myne ese, to lyve in pese;
So wyll I, yf I can;
Wherfore I to the wode wyll go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Though in the wode I undyrstode
Ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remove my thought,
But that I wyll be your:
And she shall fynde me soft, and kynde,
And courteys every hour;
Glad to fulfyll all that she wyll
Commaunde me to my power:
For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,
'Of them I wolde be one;'
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Myne owne dere love, I se the prove
That ye be kynde, and true:
Of mayde, and wyfe, in all my lyfe,
The best that ever I knewe.

Ver. 251, For I must to the grene wode go, Prol. and Mr. W. V. 253, yet is, Camb. Copy. Perhaps for yt is. V. 262, dy with him. Editor's MS.

* i. e. for this cause . . though I were to die for having loved you.

Ver. 278, outbrayed, Prol. and Mr. W. V. 282, ye be as, Prol. and Mr. W. V. 283, Ye were unkynde to lev me behynde, Prol. and Mr. W. V. 310, So the Editor's MS. All the printed copies read:

Yet wold I be that one.

Ver. 315, of all, Prol. and Mr. W.

Be mery and glad, be no more sad,
The case is chaunged newe;
For it were ruthe, that, for your truthe,
Ye sholde have cause to rewe.
Be nat dismayed; whatsoever I sayd
To you, whan I began;
I wyll nat to the grene wode go,
I am no banyshed man.

SHE.

These tydings be more gladd to me,
Than to be made a quene,
Yf I were sure they sholde endure:
But it is often sene,
Whan men wyll breke promyse, they speke
The wordés on the splene.
Ye shape some wyle me to begyle,
And stele from me, I wene:
Than were the case worse than it was,
And I more wo-begone:
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

HE.

Ye shall nat nede further to drede;
I will nat dysparàge
You, (God defend!) syth ye descend
Of so grete a lynàge.
Nowe undyrstande; to Westmarlande,
Which is myne herytage,
I wyll you brynge; and with a rynge
By way of maryage
I wyll you take, and lady make,
As shortely as I can:
Thus have you won an erlys son
And not a banyshed man.

AUTHOR.

Here may ye se, that women be
In love, meke, kynde, and stable:
Late never man reprove them than,
Or call them variable;
But, rather, pray God, that we may
To them be comfortable;
Which sometyme proveth such, as he loveth,
Yf they be charytable.
For syth men wolde that women sholde
Be meke to them each one,
Moche more ought they to God obey,
And serve but hym alone.

VII.

A Balet by the Earl Rivers.

The amiable light in which the character of Anthony Widville the gallant Earl Rivers has been placed by the elegant Author of the Catalogue of Noble Writers, interests us in whatever fell from his pen. It is presumed therefore that the insertion of this little Sonnet will be pardoned, though it should not be found to have much poetical merit. It is the only original poem known of that nobleman's; his more voluminous works being only translations. And if we consider that it was written during his cruel confinement in Pomfret castle a short time before his execution in 1483, it gives us a fine picture of the composure and steadiness with which this stout Earl beheld his approaching fate.

This ballad we owe to Rouse, a contemporary historian, who seems to have copied it from the Earl's own handwriting: *In tempore*, says this writer, *incarcerationis apud Pontem-fractum edidit unum* Balet *in anglicis, ut mihi monstratum est, quod subsequitur sub his verbis:* Sum what Musing, &c. "*Rossi Hist.* 8vo. 2 *Edit. p.* 213." In Rouse the 2d Stanza, &c., is imperfect, but the defects are here supplied from a more perfect copy printed in "Ancient Songs from the time of King Henry III. to the Revolution," p. 87.

This little piece, which perhaps ought rather to have been printed in stanzas of eight short lines, is written in imitation of a poem

Ver. 325, gladder, Prol. and Mr. W.

Ver. 340, grete lynyage, Prol. and Mr. W. V. 347, Then have, Prol. V. 348, and no banyshed, Prol. and Mr. W. V. 352, This line wanting in Prol. and Mr. W. V. 355, proved—loved, Prol. and Mr. W. Ib. as loveth, Camb. V. 357, Forsoth, Prol. and Mr. W.

of Chaucer's, that will be found in Urry's Edit. 1721, p. 555, beginning thus:

"Alone walkyng, In thought plainyng,
And sore sighying, All desolate,
My remembrying Of my livyng
My death wishyng Bothe erly and late.

"Infortunate Is so my fate
That wote ye what, Out of mesure
My life I hate; Thus desperate
In such pore estate, Doe I endure, &c."

Sumwhat musyng, And more mornyng,
In remembring The unstydfastnes;
This world being Of such whelyng,
Me contrarieng, What may I gesse?
I fere dowtles, Remediles,
Is now to sese My wofull chaunce,
[For unkyndness, Withouten less,
And no redress, Me doth avaunce,

With displesaunce, To my grevaunce,
And no suraunce Of remedy.]
Lo in this traunce, Now in substaunce,
Such is my dawnce, Wyllyng to dye.

Me thynkys truly, Bowndyn am I,
And that gretly, To be content;
Seyng playnly, Fortune doth wry
All contrary From myn entent.

My lyff was lent Me to on intent,
Hytt is ny spent. Welcome fortune!
But I ne went Thus to be shent,
But sho hit ment; such is hur won.

VIII.

Cupid's Assault: By Lord Vaux.

The reader will think that infant Poetry grew apace between the times of Rivers and Vaux, though nearly contemporaries; if the following song is the composition of that Sir Nicholas (afterwards Lord) Vaux, who was the shining ornament of the court of Henry VII., and died in the year 1523.

And yet to this Lord is attributed by Puttenham in his "Art of Eng. Poesie, 1589, 4to.," a writer commonly well informed: take the passage at large. "In this figure [Counterfait Action] the Lord Nicholas Vaux, a noble gentleman and much delighted in vulgar making, and a man otherwise of no great learning, but having herein a marvelous facilitie, made a dittie representing the Battayle and Assaulte of Cupide, so excellently well, as for the gallant and propre application of his fiction in every part I cannot choose but set downe the greatest part of his ditty, for in truth it cannot be amended. When Cupid Scaled, &c." p. 200.—For a farther account of Nicholas Lord Vaux, see Mr. Walpole's Noble Authors, Vol. I.

The following copy is printed from the first Edit. of Surrey's Poems, 1557, 4to.—See another Song of Lord Vaux's in the preceding Vol. Book II. No. II.

When Cupide scaled first the fort,
Wherein my hart lay wounded sore;
The batry was of such a sort,
That I must yelde or die therfore.

There sawe I Love upon the wall,
How he his banner did display;
Alarme, alarme, he gan to call:
And bad his souldiours kepe aray.

The armes, the which that Cupide bare
Were pearced hartes with teares besprent,
In silver and sable to declare
The stedfast love, he alwayes ment.

There might you se his band all drest
In colours like to white and blacke,
With powder and with pelletes prest
To bring the fort to spoile and sacke.

Good-wyll, the maister of the shot,
Stode in the rampire brave and proude,
For spence of pouder he spared not
Assault! assault! to crye aloude.

There might you heare the cannons rore;
Eche pece discharged a lovers loke;
Which had the power to rent, and tore
In any place wheras they toke.

Ver. 15, That fortune, Rossi Hist. V. 19, went, i. e. weened.

And even with the trumpettes sowne
The scaling ladders were up set,
And Beautie walked up and downe,
With bow in hand, and arrowes whet.

Then first Desire began to scale,
And shrouded him under 'his' targe;
As one the worthiest of them all,
And aptest for to geve the charge.

Then pushed souldiers with their pikes.
And halberdes with handy strokes;
The argabushe in fleshe it lightes,
And duns the ayre with misty smokes.

And, as it is the souldiers use
When shot and powder gins to want,
I hanged up my flagge of truce,
And pleaded up for my lives grant.

When Fansy thus had mode her breche,
And Beauty entred with her band,
With bagge and baggage, sely wretch,
I yelded into Beauties hand.

Then Beautie bad to blow retrete,
And every souldier to retire,
And mercy wyll'd with spede to fet
Me captive bound as prisoner.

Madame, quoth I, sith that this day
Hath served you at all assayes,
I yeld to you without delay
Here of the fortresse all the kayes.

And sith that I have ben the marke,
At whom you shot at with your eye;
Nedes must you with your handy warke
Or salve my sore, or let me die.

*** Since the foregoing song was first printed off, reasons have occurred, which incline me to believe that Lord Vaux the poet was not the Lord Nicholas Vaux, who died in 1523, but rather a successor of his in the title.—For in the first place it is remarkable that all the old writers mention Lord Vaux, the poet, as contemporary or rather posterior to Sir Thomas Wyat, and the Earl of Surrey, neither of which made any figure till long after the death of the first Lord Nicholas Vaux. Thus Puttenham, in his "Art of English Poesie, 1589," in p. 48, having named Skelton, adds, "In the latter end of the same kings raigne [Henry VIII.] sprong up a new company of courtly makers [poets], of whom Sir Thomas Wyat th' elder, and Henry Earl of Surrey, were the two chieftaines, who having travailed into Italie, and there tasted the sweet and stately measures and stile of the Italian poesie . . greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar poesie . . In the *same time*, or not *long after*, was the Lord Nicholas Vaux, a man of much facilitie in vulgar making."*—Webbe, in his Discourse of English Poetrie, 1586, ranges them in the following order, "The Earl of Surrey, the Lord Vaux, Norton, Bristow." And Gascoigne, in the place quoted in the 1st vol. of this work [B. II. No. II.] mentions Lord Vaux after Surrey.—Again, the style and measure of Lord Vaux's pieces seem too refined and polished for the age of Henry VII. and rather resemble the smoothness and harmony of Surrey and Wyat, than the rude metre of Skelton and Hawes.—But what puts the matter out of all doubt, in the British Museum is a copy of his poem, *I lothe that I did love*, [vid. vol. I. ubi supra] with this title, "A dyttye or sonet made by the Lord Vaus, in the time of the noble Quene Marye, representing the image of Death." Harl. MSS. No. 1703, § 25.

It is evident then that Lord Vaux the poet was not he that flourished in the reign of Henry VII., but either his son, or grandson: and yet according to Dugdale's Baronage, the former was named Thomas, and the latter William: but this difficulty is not great, for none of the old writers mention the Christian name of the poetic Lord Vaux,† except Puttenham; and it is more likely that he might be mistaken in that lord's name, than in the time in which he lived, who was so nearly his contemporary.

Thomas Lord Vaux, of Harrowden in Northamptonshire, was summoned to parliament in 1531. When he died does not appear; but he probably lived till the latter end of Queen Mary's reign, since his son. William was not summoned to parliament till the last year of that reign, in 1558. This Lord died in 1595. See Dugdale, vol. ii. p. 304. —Upon the whole I am inclined to believe that Lord Thomas was the poet.

V. 30, her, Ed. 1557, so Ed. 1585.

* i. e. Compositions in English.

† In the Paradise of Dainty Devises, 1596, he is called simply "Lord Vaux the elder."

IX.

Sir Aldingar.

This old fabulous legend is given from the editor's folio MS. with conjectural emendations, and the insertion of some additional stanzas to supply and complete the story.

It has been suggested to the editor, that the author of this poem seems to have had in his eye the story of Gunhilda, who is sometimes called Eleanor, and was married to the emperor (here called King) Henry.

Our king he kept a false stewàrde,
Sir Aldingar they him call;
A falser steward than he was one,
Servde not in bower nor hall.

He wolde have layne by our comelye queene,
Her deere worshippe to betraye:
Our queene she was a good womàn,
And evermore said him naye.

Sir Aldingar was wrothe in his mind,
With her hee was never content,
Till traiterous meanes he colde devyse,
In a fyer to have her brent.

There came a lazar to the kings gate,
A lazar both blinde and lame:
He tooke the lazar upon his backe,
Him on the queenes bed has layne.

"Lye still, lazàr, wheras thou lyest,
Looke thou goe not hence away;
Ile make thee a whole man and a sound
In two howers of the day."*

Then went him forth Sir Aldingar,
And hyed him to our king:
"If I might have grace, as I have space
Sad tydings I could bring."

Say on, say on, sir Aldingar,
Saye on the soothe to mee,
"Our queene hath chosen a new new love,
And shee will have none of thee.

"If shee had chosen a right good knight,
The lesse had beene her shame;
But she hath chose her a lazar man,
A lazar both blinde and lame."

If this be true, thou Aldingar,
The tyding thou tellest to me,
Then will I make thee a rich rich knight,
Rich both of golde and fee.

But if it be false, sir Aldingar,
As God nowe grant it bee!
Thy body, I sweare by the holye rood,
Shall hang on the gallows tree.

He brought our king to the queenes chambèr,
And opend to him the dore.
A lodlye love, king Harry says,
For our queene dame Elinore!

If thou were a man, as thou art none,
Here on my sword thoust dye;
But a payre of new gallowes shall be built,
And there shalt thou hang on hye.

Forth then hyed our king, I wysse,
And an angry man was hee;
And soone he found queene Elinore,
That bride so bright of blee.

Now God you save, our queene, madame,
And Christ you save and see;
Heere you have chosen a newe newe love,
And you will have none of mee.

If you had chosen a right good knight,
The lesse had been your shame:
But you have chose you a lazer man,
A lazer both blinde and lame.

Therfore a fyer there shall be built,
And brent all shalt thou bee. ——
"Now out alack! said our comly queene,
Sir Aldingar's false to mee.

Now out alacke! sayd our comlye queene,
My heart with griefe will brast.

* He probably insinuates that the king should heal him by his power of touching for the King's Evil.

I had thought swevens had never been true;
I have proved them true at last.

I dreamt in my sweven on thursday eve,
In my bed wheras I laye,
I dreamt a grype and a grimlie beast
Had carryed my crowne awaye;

My gorgett and my kirtle of golde,
And all my faire head-geere;
And he wold worrye me with his tush
And to his nest y-bare:

Saving there came a little 'gray' hawke,
A merlin him they call,
Which untill the grounde did strike the grype,
That dead he downe did fall.

Giffe I were a man, as now I am none,
A battell wold I prove,
To fight with that traitor Aldingar;
Att him I cast my glove.

But seeing Ime able noe battell to make,
My liege, grant me a knight
To fight with that traitor sir Aldingar,
To maintaine me in my right."

"Now forty dayes I will give thee
To seeke thee a knight therin:
If thou find not a knight in forty dayes
Thy bodye it must brenn."

Then shee sent east, and shee sent west,
By north and south bedeene:
But never a champion colde she find,
Wolde fight with that knight soe keene.

Now twenty dayes were spent and gone,
Noe helpe there might be had;
Many a teare shed our comelye queene
And aye her hart was sad.

Then came one of the queenes damsèlles,
And knelt upon her knee,
"Cheare up, cheare up, my gracious dame,
I trust yet helpe may be:

And here I will make mine avowe,
And with the same me binde;
That never will I return to thee,
Till I some helpe may finde."

Ver. 77, see below, ver. 137.

Then forth she rode on a faire palfrâye
Oer hill and dale about:
But never a champion colde she finde
Wolde fighte with that knight so stout.

And nowe the daye drewe on a pace,
When our good queene must dye;
All woe-begone was that faire damsèlle,
When she found no helpe was nye.

All woe-begone was that faire damsèlle,
And the salt teares fell from her eye:
When lo! as she rode by a rivers side,
She met with a tinye boye.

A tinye boye she mette, God wot,
All clad in mantle of golde;
He seemed noe more in mans likenèsse,
Then a childe of four yeere olde.

Why grieve you, damselle faire, he sayd,
And what doth cause you moane?
The damselle scant wolde deigne a looke,
But fast she pricked on.

Yet turne againe, thou faïre damsèlle,
And greete thy queene from mee:
When bale is att hyest, boote is nyest,
Nowe helpe enoughe may bee.

Bid her remember what she dreamt
In her bedd, wheras shee laye;
How when the grype and the grimly beast
Wolde have carried her crowne awaye,

Even then there came the little gray hawke,
And saved her from his clawes:
Then bidd the queene be merry at hart,
For heaven will fende her cause.

Back then rode that faire damsèlle,
And her hart it lept for glee:
And when she told her gracious dame
A gladd woman then was shee.

But when the appointed day was come,
No helpe appeared nye:
Then woeful, woeful was her hart,
And the teares stood in her eye.

And nowe a fyer was built of wood;
And a stake was made of tree;
And nowe Queene Elinor forth was led,
A sorrowful sight to see

Three times the herault he waved his hand,
And three times spake on hye:
Giff any good knight will fende this dame,
Come forth, or shee must dye.

No knight stood forth, no knight there came,
No helpe appeared nye:
And now the fyer was lighted up,
Queen Elinor she must dye.

And now the fyer was lighted up,
As hot as hot might bee;
When riding upon a little white steed,
The tinye boy they see.

"Away with that stake, away with those brands,
And loose our comelye queene:
I am come to fight with Sir Aldingar,
And prove him a traitor keene."

Forthe then stood Sir Aldingar,
But when he saw the chylde,
He laughed, and scoffed and turned his back,
And weened he had been beguylde.

"Now turne, now turne thee, Aldingar,
And eyther fighte or flee;
I trust that I shall avenge the wronge,
Though I am so small to see."

The boye pulld forth a well good sworde,
So gilt it dazzled the ee;
The first stroke stricken at Aldingar
Smote off his leggs by the knee.

"Stand up, stand up, thou false traitòr,
And fight upon thy feete,
For and thou thrive, as thou begin'st,
Of height wee shall be meete."

A priest, a priest, sayes Aldingàr,
While I am a man alive.

A priest, a priest, sayes Aldingàr,
Me for to houzle and shrive.

I wolde have laine by our comlie queene,
Bot shee wolde never consent;
Then I thought to betraye her unto our kinge,
In a fyer to have her brent.

There came a lazar to the kings gates,
A lazar both blind and lame;
I tooke the lazar upon my backe,
And on her bedd had him layne.

Then ranne I to our comlye king,
These tidings sore to tell.
But ever alacke! sayes Aldingar,
Falsing never doth well.

Forgive, forgive me, queene, madame,
The short time I must live,
"Nowe Christ forgive thee, Aldingar,
As freely I forgive."

Here take thy queene, our King Harryè,
And love her as thy life,
For never had a king in Christentye,
A truer and fairer wife.

King Henrye ran to claspe his queene,
And loosed her full sone;
Then turnd to look for the tinye boye;
——The boye was vanisht and gone.

But first he had touchd the lazar man,
And stroakt him with his hand:
The lazar under the gallowes tree
All whole and sounde did stand.

The lazar under the gallowes tree
Was comelye, straight and tall;
King Henrye made him his head stewàrde
To wayte withinn his hall. ***

X.

The Gaberlunzie Man.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

Tradition informs us that the author of this song was King James V. of Scotland. This prince (whose character for wit and libertinism bears a great resemblance to that of his gay successor Charles II.) was noted for strolling about his dominions in disguise,* and for his frequent gallantries with country girls. Two adventures of this kind he hath celebrated with his own pen, viz., in this ballad of "The Gaberlunzie Man;" and in another, entitled "The Jolly Beggar," beginning thus:

"Thair was a jollie beggar, and a begging he was boun,
And he tuik up his quarters into a land'art toun.
Fa, la, la, &c."

It seems to be the latter of these ballads (which was too licentious to be admitted into this collection) that is meant in the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors,† where the ingenious writer remarks, that there is something very ludicrous in the young woman's distress when she thought her first favour had been thrown away upon a beggar.

Bishop Tanner has attributed to James V. the celebrated ballad of "Christ's Kirk on the Green," which is ascribed to King James I. in Bannatyne's MS. written in 1568: and notwithstanding that authority, the editor of this book is of opinion that Bishop Tanner was right.

King James V. died December 13th, 1542, aged 33.

The pauky auld Carle came ovir the lee
Wi' mony good-eens and days to mee,
Saying, Goodwife, for zour courtesie,
Will ze lodge a silly poor man?
The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
And down azout the ingle he sat,
My dochters shoulders he gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow! quo he, were I as free,
As first when I saw this countrie,
How blyth and merry wad I bee!
And I wad nevir think lang.
He grew canty, and she grew fain;
But little did her auld minny ken
What thir slee twa togither were say'n,
When wooing they were sa thrang.

And O! quo he, ann ze were as black,
As evir the crown of your dadyes hat,
Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
And awa wi' me thou sould gang.
And O! quoth she, ann I were as white,
As evir the snaw lay on the dike,
Ild clead me braw, and lady-like,
And awa with thee Ild gang.

Between the twa was made a plot;
They raise a wee before the cock,
And wyliely they shot the lock,
And fast to the bent are they gane.
Up the morn the auld wife raise,
And at her leisure put on her claiths,
Syne to the servants bed she gaes
To speir for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed, whair the beggar lay
The strae was cauld, he was away,
She clapt her hands, cryd, Dulefu' day!
For some of our geir will be gane.
Some ran to coffer, and some to kist,
But nought was stown that could be mist.
She dancid her lane, cryd, Praise be blest,
I have lodgd a leal poor man.

Since naithings awa, as we can learn,
The kirns to kirn, and milk to earn,
Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben.
The servant gaed where the dochter lay,
The sheets was cauld, she was away,
And fast to her goodwife can say,
Shes aff with the gaberlunzie-man.

* sc. of a tinker, beggar, &c. Thus he used to visit a smith's daughter at Niddry, near Edinburgh.

† Vol. II. p. 203.

Ver. 29, The Carline. Other copies.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And hast ze, find these traitors agen;
For shees be burnt, and hees be slein,
The wearyfou gaberlunzie-man.
Some rade upo horse, some ran a fit,
The wife was wood, and out o' her wit;
She could na gang, nor yet could she sit,
But ay did curse and did ban.

Mean time far hind out owre the lee,
For snug in a glen, where nane could see,
The twa, with kindlie sport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheese a whang.
The priving was gude, it pleas'd them baith,
To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.
Quo she, to leave thee, I will be laith,
My winsome gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my minny I were wi' zou,
Illfardly wad she crook her mou,
Sic a poor man sheld nevir trow,
Aftir the gaberlunzie-mon.
My dear, quo he, zee're zet owre zonge;
And hae na learnt the beggars tonge,
To follow me frae toun to toun,
And carrie the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' kauk and keel, Ill win zour bread,
And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentil trade indeed
The gaberlunzie to carrie—o.
Ill bow my leg and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout owre my ee,
A cripple or blind they will cau me:
While we sall sing and be merrie—o.

XI.

On Thomas Lord Cromwell.

It is ever the fate of a disgraced minister to be forsaken by his friends, and insulted by his enemies, always reckoning among the latter the giddy inconstant multitude. We have here a spurn at fallen greatness from some angry partisan of declining Popery, who could never forgive the downfall of their Diana, and loss of their craft. The ballad seems to have been composed between the time of Cromwell's commitment to the Tower, June 11, 1540, and that of his being beheaded July 28, following. A short interval! but Henry's passion for Catherine Howard would admit of no delay. Notwithstanding our libeller, Cromwell had many excellent qualities: his great fault was too much obsequiousness to the arbitrary *will* of his master; but let it be considered that this master had raised him from obscurity, and that the high-born nobility had shown him the way in every kind of mean and servile compliance. —The original copy printed at London in 1540, is entitled, "A newe ballade made of Thomas Crumwel, called Trolle on away." To it is prefixed this distich by way of burthen,

Trolle on away, trolle on awaye.
Synge heave and howe rombelowe trolle on away.

Both man and chylde is glad to here tell
Of that false traytoure Thomas Crumwell,
Now that he is set to learne to spell.
Synge trolle on away.

When fortune lokyd the in thy face,
Thou haddyst fayre tyme, but thou lackydyst grace;
Thy cofers with golde thou fyllydst a pace.
Synge, &c.

Both plate and chalys came to thy fyst,
Thou lockydst them vp where no man wyst,
Tyll in the kynges treasoure suche thinges were myst.
Synge, &c.

Both crust and crumme came thorowe thy handes,
Thy marchaundyse sayled over the sandes,
Therfore nowe thou art layde fast in bandes.
Synge, &c.

Fyrste when kynge Henry, God saue his grace?
Perceyud myschefe kyndlyd in thy face,
Then it was tyme to purchase the a place.
Synge, &c.

Hys grace was euer of gentyll nature,
Mouyd with petye, and made the hys seruy-
ture;
But thou, as a wretche, suche thinges dyd
procure.
Synge, &c.

Thou dyd not remembre, false heretyke,
One God, one fayth, and one kynge catholyke,
For thou hast bene so long a scysmatyke.
Synge, &c.

Thou woldyst not learne to knowe these thre;
But euer was full of iniquite:
Wherfore all this lande hathe ben troubled
with the.
Synge, &c.

All they, that were of the new trycke,
Agaynst the churche thou baddest them
stycke;
Wherfore nowe thou haste touchyd the
quycke.
Synge, &c.

Bothe sacramentes and sacramentalles
Thou woldyst not suffre within thy walles;
Nor let vs praye for all chrysten soules.
Synge, &c.

Of what generacyon thou were no tonge can
tell,
Whyther of Chayme, or Syschemell,
Or else sent vs frome the deuyll of hell.
Synge, &c.

Tho woldest neuer to vertue applye,
But couetyd euer to clymme to hye,
And nowe haste thou trodden thy shoo awrye,
Synge, &c.

Ver. 32, i. e. Cain or Ishmael.

Who-so-euer dyd winne thou wolde not lose;
Wherfore all Englande doth hate the, as I
suppose
Bycause thou wast false to the redolent rose.
Synge, &c.

Thou myghtest have learned thy clothe to
flocke
Upon thy gresy fullers stocke:
Wherfore lay downe thy heade vpon this
blocke.
Synge, &c.

Yet saue that soule, that God hath bought,
And for thy carcas care thou nought,
Let it suffre payne, as it hath wrought.
Synge, &c.

God saue kyng Henry with all his power,
And prynce Edwarde that goodly flowre,
With al hys lordes of great honoure.
Synge trolle on awaye, syng trolle on away
Hevye and how rombelowe trolle on awaye.

†‡† The foregoing Piece gave rise to a poetic controversy, which was carried on through a succession of seven or eight Ballads written for and against Lord Cromwell. These are all preserved in the archives of the Antiquarian Society, in a large folio Collection of Proclamations, &c., made in the reigns of King Henry VIII., King Edward VI., Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, King James I., &c.

V. 41, Cromwell's father is generally said to have been a blacksmith at Putney; but the author of this Ballad would insinuate that either he himself or some of his ancestors were Fullers by trade.

XII.

Harpalus.

AN ANCIENT ENGLISH PASTORAL.

This beautiful poem, which is perhaps the first attempt at pastoral writing in our language, is preserved among the "Songs and Sonnettes" of the Earl of Surrey, &c., 4to., in that part of the collection which consists of pieces by "Uncertain Auctours." These poems were first published in 1557, ten years after that accomplished nobleman fell a victim to the tyranny of Henry VIII., but it is presumed most of them were composed before the death of Sir Thomas Wyatt in 1541. See Surrey's poems, 4to., fol. 19, 49.

Though written perhaps near half a century before the "Shepherd's Calender,"* this will be found far superior to any of those Eclogues, in natural unaffected sentiments, in simplicity of style, in easy flow of versification, and all other beauties of pastoral poetry. Spenser ought to have profited more by so excellent a model.

Phylida was a faire mayde,
As fresh as any flowre;
Whom Harpalus the Herdman prayde
To be his paramour.

Harpalus, and eke Corin,
Were herdmen both yfere:
And Phylida could twist and spinne,
And thereto sing full clere.

But Phylida was all tò coye,
For Harpalus to winne:
For Corin was her onely joye,
Who forst her not a pinne.

How often would she flowers twine?
How often garlandes make
Of couslips and of colombine?
And al for Corin's sake.

But Corin, he had haukes to lure,
And forced more the field:
Of lovers lawe he toke no cure;
For once he was begilde.

Harpalus prevailed nought,
His labour all was lost;
For he was fardest from her thought,
And yet he loved her most.

Therefore waxt he both pale and leane,
And drye as clot of clay:
His fleshe it was consumed cleane:
His colour gone away.

His beard it had not long be shave;
His heare hong all unkempt:
A man most fit even for the grave,
Whom spitefull love had spent.

His eyes were red, and all 'forewacht'
His face besprent with teares:
It semde unhap had him long 'hatcht,'
In mids of his dispaires.

His clothes were blacke, and also bare;
As one forlorne was he;
Upon his head alwayes he ware
A wreath of wyllow tree.

His beastes he kept upon the hyll,
And he sate in the dale;
And thus with sighes and sorrowes shril,
He gan to tell his tale.

Oh Harpalus! (thus would he say)
Unhappiest under sunne!
The cause of thine unhappy day,
By love was first begunne.

For thou wentest first by sute to seeke
A tigre to make tame,
That settes not by thy love a leeke;
But makes thy griefe her game.

As easy it were for to convert
The frost into 'a' flame;
As for to turne a frowarde hert,
Whom thou so faine wouldst frame.

* First published in 1579.

Ver. 33, &c. The corrections are from Ed. 1574.

Corin he liveth carèlesse:
He leapes among the leaves:
He eates the frutes of thy redresse:
Thou 'reapst,' he takes the sheaves.

My beastes, a whyle your foode refraine,
And harke your herdmans sounde;
Whom spitefull love, alas! hath slaine,
Through-girt with many a wounde.

O happy be ye, beastès wilde,
That here your pasture takes:
I se that ye be not begilde
Of these your faithfull makes.

The hart he feedeth by the hinde:
The bucke harde by the do:
The turtle dove is not unkinde
To him that loves her so.

The ewe she hath by her the ramme;
The young cow hath the bull:
The calfe with many a lusty lambe
Do fede their hunger full.

But, well-away! that nature wrought
The, Phylida, so faire:
For I may say that I have bought
Thy beauty all tò deare.

What reason is that crueltie
With beautie should have part?
Or els that such great tyranny
Should dwell in womans hart?

I see therefore to shape my death
She cruelly is prest;
To th' ende that I may want my breath:
My dayes been at the best.

O Cupide, graunt this my request,
And do not stoppe thine eares,
That she may feele within her brest
The paines of my dispaires:

Of Corin 'who' is carèlesse,
That she may crave her fee:
As I have done in great distresse,
That loved her faithfully.

But since that I shal die her slave;
Her slave, and eke her thrall:
Write you, my frendes, upon my grave
This chaunce that is befall.

"Here lieth unhappy Harpalus
By cruell love now slaine:
Whom Phylida unjustly thus
Hath murdred with disdaine."

XIII.

Robin and Makyne.

AN ANCIENT SCOTTISH PASTORAL.

The palm of pastoral poesy is here contested by a contemporary writer with the author of the foregoing. The critics will judge of their respective merits; but must make some allowance for the preceding ballad, which is given simply as it stands in the old editions: whereas this, which follows, has been revised and amended throughout by Allan Ramsay, from whose "Ever-Green," Vol. I., it is here chiefly printed. The curious reader may however compare it with the more original copy, printed among "Ancient Scottish Poems, from the MS. of George Bannatyne, 1568, Edinb. 1770, 12mo." Mr. Robert Henryson (to whom we are indebted for this poem) appears to so much advantage among the writers of eclogue, that we are sorry we can give little other account of him besides what is contained in the following eloge, written by W. Dunbar, a Scottish poet who lived about the middle of the 16th century:

"In Dumferling, he [Death] hath tane Broun,
With gude Mr. Robert Henryson."

Indeed some little further insight into the history of this Scottish bard is gained from

the title prefixed to some of his poems preserved in the British Museum; viz., "The morall Fabillis of Esop compylit be Maister Robert Henrisoun, Scolmaister of Dumfermling, 1571." Harleian MSS. 3865, § 1.

In Ramsay's "Ever-Green," Vol. I., whence the above distich is extracted, are preserved two other little Doric pieces by Henryson; the one entitled "The Lyon and the Mouse," the other "The Garment of Gude Ladyis." Some other of his poems may be seen in the "Ancient Scottish Poems printed from Bannatyne's MS.," above referred to.

Robin sat on the gude grene hill,
Keipand a flock of fie,
Quhen mirry Makyne said him till,
"O Robin, rew on me:
I haif thee luivt baith loud and still,
Thir towmonds twa or thre;
My dule in dern bot giff thou dill,
Doubtless but dreid Ill die."

Robin replied, Now by the rude,
Naithing of luve I knaw,
But keip my sheip undir yon wod:
Lo quhair they raik on raw.
Quhat can have mart thee in thy mude,
Thou Makyne to me schaw;
Or quhat is luve, or to be lude?
Fain wald I leir that law.

"The law of luve gin thou wald leir,
Tak thair an A, B, C;
Be heynd, courtas, and fair of feir,
Wyse, hardy, kind and frie,
Sae that nae danger do the deir,
Quhat dule in dern thou drie;
Press ay to pleis and blyth appeir,
Be patient and privie."

Robin, he answert her againe,
I wat not quhat is luve;
But I haif marvel in certaine
Quhat makes thee thus wanrufe.
The wedder is fair, and I am fain;
My sheep gais hail abuve;
And sould we pley us on the plain.
They wald us baith repruve.

"Robin, tak tent unto my tale,
And wirk all as I reid;
And thou sall haif my heart all hale
Eik and my maiden-heid:
Sen God, he sendis bute for bale,
And for murning remeid,
I'dern with thee bot gif I dale,
Doubtless I am but deid."

Makyne, to-morn be this ilk tyde,
Gif ye will meit me heir,
Maybe my sheip may gang besyde,
Quhyle we have liggd full neir;
But maugre haif I, gif I byde,
Frae thay begin to steir,
Quhat lyes on heart I will nocht hyd,
Then Makyne mak gude cheir.

"Robin, thou reivs me of my rest;
I luve bot thee alane."
Makyne, adieu! the sun goes west,
The day is neir-hand gane.
"Robin, in dule I am so drest,
That luve will be my bane."
Makyne, gae luve quhair-eir ye list,
For leman I luid nane.

"Robin, I stand in sic a style,
I sich and that full sair."
Makyne, I have bene here this quyle;
At hame I wish I were.
"Robin, my hinny, talk and smyle,
Gif thou will do nae mair."
Makyne, som other man beguyle,
For hameward I will fare.

Syne Robin on his ways he went,
As light as leif on tree:
But Makyne murnt and made lament,
Scho trow'd him neir to see.
Robin he brayd attowre the bent:
Then Makyne cried on hie,
"Now may thou sing, for I am shent!
Quhat ailis luve at me?"

Makyne went hame withouten fail,
And weirylie could weip;
Then Robin in a full fair dale
Assemblit all his sheip.
Be that some part of Makyne's ail,
Out-throw his heart could creip;
Hir fast he followt to assail,
And till her tuke gude keip.

Ver. 19, Bannatyne's MS. reads as above, heynd, not keynd, as in the Edinb. edit. 1770. V. 21, So that no danger. Bannatyne's MS.

Abyd, abyd, thou fair Makyne,
A word for ony thing;
For all my luve, it sall be thyne,
Withouten departing.
All hale thy heart for till have myne,
Is all my coveting;
My sheip to morn quhyle houris nyne,
Will need of nae keiping.

"Robin, thou hast heard sung and say,
In gests and storys auld,
The man that will not when he may,
Sall have nocht when he wald.
I pray to heaven baith nicht and day,
Be eiked their cares sae cauld,
That presses first with thee to play,
Be forrest, firth, or fauld."

Makyne, the nicht is soft and dry,
The wether warm and fair,
And the grene wod richt neir-hand by,
To walk attowre all where:
There may nae janglers us espy,
That is in luve contrair;
Therin, Makyne, baith you and I
Unseen may mak repair.

"Robin, that warld is now away,
And quyt brocht till an end:
And nevir again thereto, perfay,
Sall it be as thou wend;
For of my pain thou made but play;
I words in vain did spend:
As thou hast done, sae sall I say,
Murn on, I think to mend."

Makyne, the hope of all my heil,
My heart on thee is set;
I'll evermair to thee be leil,
Quhyle I may live but lett,
Never to fail as uthers feill,
Quhat grace so eir I get.
"Robin, with thee I will not deill;
Adieu, for this we met."

Makyne went hameward blyth enough,
Outowre the holtis hair;
Pure Robin murnd, and Makyne leugh;
Scho sang, and he sicht sair:
And so left him bayth wo and wreuch,
In dolor and in care,
Keipand his herd under a heuch,
Amang the rushy gair.

XIV.

Gentle Herdsman, Tell to Me.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PILGRIM AND HERDSMAN.

The scene of this beautiful old ballad is laid near Walsingham, in Norfolk, where was anciently an image of the Virgin Mary, famous over all Europe for the numerous pilgrimages made to it, and the great riches it possessed. Erasmus has given a very exact and humorous description of the superstitions practised there in his time. (See his account of the "Virgo Parathalasia," in his colloquy entitled, "Peregrinatio Religionis Ergo." He tells us, the rich offerings in silver, gold, and precious stones, that were there shown him, were incredible, there being scarce a person of any note in England, but what some time or other paid a visit or sent a present to "Our Lady of Walsingham."* At the dissolution of the monasteries in 1538, this splendid image, with another from Ipswich, was carried to Chelsea, and there burnt in the presence of commissioners; who, we trust, did not burn the jewels and the finery.

This poem is printed from a copy in the editor's folio MS. which had greatly suffered by the hand of time; but vestiges of several of the lines remaining, some conjectural supplements have been attempted, which, for greater exactness, are in this one ballad distinguished by italics.

Ver. 99, Bannatyne's MS. has woid, not woud, as in Ed. 1770.

V. 117, Bannatyne's MS. reads as above feill, no faill, as in Ed. 1770.

* See at the end of this Ballad an account of the annual offerings of the Earls of Northumberland.

Gentle heardsman, tell to me,
Of curtesy I thee pray,
Unto the towne of Walsingham
Which is the right and ready way.

"Unto the towne of Walsingham
The way is hard for to be gon;
And verry crooked are those pathes
For you to find out all alone."

Weere the miles doubled thrise,
And the way never so ill,
Itt were not enough for mine offence,
Itt is soe grievous and soe ill.

"Thy yeeares are young, thy face is faire,
Thy witts are weake, thy thoughts are greene;
Time hath not given thee leave, as yett,
For to committ so great a sinne."

Yes, heardsman, yes, soe woldest thou say,
If thou knewest soe much as I;
My witts, and thoughts, and all the rest,
Have well deserved for to dye.

I am not what I seeme to bee,
My clothes and sexe doe differ farr:
I am a woman, woe is me!
Born to greeffe and irksome care.

For my beloved, and well-beloved,
My wayward cruelty could kill:
And though my teares will nought avail,
Most dearely I bewail him still.

He was the flower of noble wights,
None ever more sincere colde bee;
Of comely mien and shape hee was,
And tenderlye hee loved mee.

*When thus I saw he lo*ved me well,
*I grewe so proud his pa*ine to see,
That I, who did not know myselfe,
Thought scorne of *such a youth* as hee.

*And grew soe coy and nice to please,
As women's lookes are often soe,
He might not kisse, nor hand forsooth,
Unlesse I willed him soe to doe.

Thus being wearyed with delayes
To see I pittyed not his greeffe,
He gott him to a secrett place,
And there he dyed without releeffe.

And for his sake these weeds I weare,
And sacriffice my tender age;
And every day Ile begg my bread,
To undergo this pilgrimage.

Thus every day I fast and pray
And ever will doe till I dye;
And gett me to some secrett place,
For soe did hee, and soe will I.

Now, gentle heardsman, aske no more,
But keepe my secretts I thee pray:
Unto the towne of Walsingham
Show me the right and readye way.

"Now goe thy wayes, and God before!
For he must ever guide thee still:
Turne downe that dale, the right hand path,
And soe, faire pilgrim, fare thee well!"

*** To show what constant tribute was paid to "Our Lady of Walsingham," I shall give a few extracts from the "Household Book of Henry Algernon Percy, 5th Earl of Northumberland." Printed 1770, 8vo.

Sect. XLIII., page 337, &c.

Item, My Lorde usith yerly to send afor Michaelmas for his Lordschip's Offerynge to our Lady of Walsyngeham.—*iiij* d.

Item, My Lorde usith ande accustumyth to sende yerely for the unholdynge of the Light of Wax which his Lordschip fyndith birnynge yerly befor our Lady of Walsyngham, contenynge *xj* lb. of Wax in it

* Three of the following stanzas have been finely paraphrased by Dr. Goldsmith, in his charming ballad of "Edwin and Emma;" the reader of taste will have a pleasure in comparing them with the original.

'And' still I try'd each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

'Till quite dejected with my scorn
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he dy'd.

But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

And there forlorn despairing hid,
I'll lay me down and die:
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I.

after *vij* d. ob. for the fyndynge of every lb. redy wrought by a covenaunt maid with the Channon by great, for the hole yere, for the fyndinge of the said Lyght byrnning,—*vi* s. *viiij* d.

Item, My Lorde usith and accustomith to syende yerely to the Channon that kepith the Light before our Lady of Walsyngham, for his reward for the hole yere, for kepynge of the said Light, lightynge of it at all service tymes dayly thorowt the yere,—*xij* d.

Item, My Lorde usith and accustomyth yerely to send to the Prest that kepith the Light, lyghtynge of it at all service tymes daily thorowt the yere,—*iij* s. *iiij* d.

XV.

King Edward IV. and the Tanner of Tamworth

Was a story of great fame among our ancestors. The author of the "Art of English Poesie," 1589, 4to., seems to speak of it as a real fact. Describing that vicious mode of speech, which the Greeks called Acyron, i. e. "When we use a dark and obscure word, utterly repugnant to that we should express;" he adds, "Such manner of uncouth speech did the Tanner of Tamworth use to King Edward the Fourth; which Tanner, having a great while mistaken him, and used very broad talke with him, at length perceiving by his traine that it was the king, was afraide he should be punished for it, [and] said thus, with a certain rude repentance,

"I hope I shall be hanged to-morrow,"

for [*I feare me*] *I shall be hanged;* whereat the king laughed a good,* not only to see the Tanner's vaine feare, but also to heare his illshapen terme: and gave him for recompence of his good sport, the inheritance of Plumpton-parke. 'I am afraid,'" concludes this sagacious writer, "'the poets of our times that speake more finely and correctedly, will come too short of such a reward,'" p. 214. The phrase here referred to, is not found in this ballad at present,† but occurs with some variation in another old poem, entitled, "John the Reeve," described in the following volume (see the Preface to "The King and the Miller"), viz.:

"Nay, sayd John, by Gods grace,
And Edward wer in this place,
Hee shold not touch this tonne:
He wold be wroth with John I *hope*,
Thereffore I beshrewe the soupe,
That in his mouth shold come."
Pt. 2, st. 24.

The following text is selected (with such other corrections as occurred) from two copies in black letter. The one in the Bodleyan library, entitled, "A merrie, pleasant, and delectable historie betweene King Edward the Fourth, and a Tanner of Tamworth, &c., printed at London, by John Danter, 1596." This copy, ancient as it now is, appears to have been modernized and altered at the time it was published; and many vestiges of the more ancient readings were recovered from another copy (though more recently printed) in one sheet folio, without date, in the Pepys collection.

But these are both very inferior in point of antiquity to the old ballad of "The King and the Barker," reprinted with other "Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry from Authentic Manuscripts, and old Printed Copies, &c., London, 1791, 8vo." As that very antique Poem had never occurred to the Editor of the Reliques, till he saw it in the above collection, he now refers the curious reader to it, as an imperfect and incorrect copy of the old original ballad.

In summer time, when leaves grow greene,
And blossoms bedecke the tree,
King Edward wolde a hunting ryde,
Some pastime for to see.

With hawke and hounde he made him bowne,
With horne, and eke with bowe;

* Vid. Gloss.

† Nor in that of the Barker mentioned below.

To Drayton Basset he tooke his waye,
With all his lordes a rowe.

And he had ridden ore dale and downe
By eight of clocke in the day,
When he was ware of a bold tannèr,
Come ryding along the waye.

A fayre russet coat the tanner had on
Fast buttoned under his chin,
And under him a good cow-hide,
And a mare of four shilling.*

Nowe stand you still, my good lordes all,
Under the grene wood spraye;
And I will wend to yonder fellowe,
To weet what he will saye.

God speede, God speede thee, sayd our king.
Thou art welcome, sir, sayd hee.
"The readyest waye to Drayton Basset
I praye thee to shewe to mee."

"To Drayton Basset woldst thou goe,
Fro the place where thou dost stand?
The next payre of gallowes thou comest unto,
Turne in upon thy right hand."

That is an unreadye waye, sayd our king,
Thou doest but jest I see;
Nowe shewe me out the nearest waye,
And I pray the wend with mee.

Awaye with a vengeaunce! quoth the tanner:
I hold thee out of thy witt:
All daye have I rydden on Brocke my mare,
And I am fasting yett.

"Go with me downe to Drayton Basset,
No daynties we will spare;
All daye shalt thou eate and drinke of the best,
And I will paye thy fare."

Gramercye for nothing, the tanner replyde,
Thou payest no fare of mine:
I trowe I've more nobles in my purse,
Than thou hast pence in thine.

God give thee joy of them, sayd the king,
And send them well to priefe.
The tanner wolde faine have beene away,
For he weende he had beene a thiefe.

What art thou, hee sayde, thou fine fellòwe,
Of thee I am in great feare,
For the cloathes, thou wearest upon thy backe,
Might beseeme a lord to weare.

I never stole them, quoth our king,
I tell you, sir, by the roode.
"Then thou playest, as many an unthrift doth,
And standest in midds of thy goode."*

What tydinges heare you, sayd the kynge,
As you ryde farre and neare?
"I heare no tydinges, sir, by the masse,
But that cowe-hides are deare."

"Cowe-hides! cowe-hides! what things are those?
I marvell what they bee?"
What art thou a foole? the tanner reply'd;
I carry one under mee.

What craftsman art thou, said the king,
I praye thee tell me trowe.
"I am a barker,† sir, by my trade;
Nowe tell me what art thou?"

I am a poore courtier, sir, quoth he,
That am forth of service worne;
And faine I wolde thy prentise bee,
Thy cunninge for to learne.

Marrye heaven forfend, the tanner replyde,
That thou my prentise were:
Thou woldst spend more good than I shold winne
By fortye shilling a yere.

Yet one thing wolde I, sayd our king,
If thou wilt not seeme strange:
Thoughe my horse be better than thy mare,
Yet with thee I faine wold change.

"Why if with me thou faine wilt change,
As change full well maye wee,

* In the reign of Edward IV. Dame Cecili, lady of Torboke, in her will dated March 7, A.D. 1466, among many other bequests, has this, "Also I will that my sonne Thomas of Torboke have 13*s.* 4*d.* to buy him an horse." Vid. Harleian Catalog. 2176, 27.—Now if 13*s.* 4*d.* would purchase a steed fit for a person of quality, a tanner's horse might reasonably be valued at four or five shillings.

* i. e. hast no other wealth, but what thou carriest about thee.

† i. e. a dealer in bark.

By the faith of my bodye, thou proude fellòwe,
I will have some boot of thee."

That were against reason, sayd the king,
I sweare, so mote I thee:
My horse is better than thy mare,
And that thou well mayst see.

"Yea, sir, but Brocke is gentle and mild,
And softly she will fare:
Thy horse is unrulye and wild, I wiss;
Aye skipping here and theare."

What boote wilt thou have? our king reply'd;
Now tell me in this stound.
"Noe pence, nor half-pence, by my faye,
But a noble in gold so round."

"Here's twentye groates of white moneyè,
Sith thou wilt have it of mee."
I would have sworne now, quoth the tanner,
Thou hadst not had one penniè.

But since we two have made a change,
A change we must abide,
Although thou hast gotten Brocke my mare,
Thou gettest not my cow-hide.

I will not have it, sayd the kynge,
I sweare, so mought I thee;
Thy foule cowe-hide I wolde not beare,
If thou woldst give it to mee.

The tanner hee tooke his good cowe-hide,
That of the cow was hilt;
And threwe it upon the king's sadèlle,
That was soe fayrelye gilte.

"Now help me up, thou fine fellòwe,
'Tis time that I were gone:
When I come home to Gyllian my wife,
Sheel say I am a gentilmon."

The king he tooke him up by the legge;
The tanner a f * * lett fall.
Nowe marrye, good fellowe, sayd the kyng,
Thy courtesye is but small.

When the tanner he was in the kinges sadèlle,
And his foote in his stirrup was;
He marvelled greatlye in his minde,
Whether it were golde or brass.

But when his steede saw the cows taile wagge,
And eke the blacke cowe-horne:
He stamped, and stared, and awaye he ranne,
As the devill had him borne.

The tanner he pulld, the tanner he sweat,
And held by the pummil fast:
At length the tanner came tumbling downe;
His necke he had well-nye brast.

Take thy horse again with a vengeance, he sayd,
With mee he shall not byde.
"My horse wolde have borne thee well enoughe,
But he knewe not of thy cowe-hide.

"Yet if agayne thou fayne woldst change,
As change full well may wee,
By the faith of my bodye, thou jolly tannèr,
I will have some boote of thee."

What boote wilt thou have, the tanner replyd,
Nowe tell me in this stounde?
"Noe pence nor halfpence, sir, by my faye,
But I will have twentye pound."

"Here's twentye groates out of my purse;
And twentye I have of thine:
And I have one more, which we will spend
Together at the wine."

The king set a bugle horne to his mouthe,
And blewe both loude and shrille:
And soone came lords, and soone came knights,
Fast ryding over the hille.

Nowe, out alas! the tanner he cryde,
That ever I sawe this daye!
Thou art a strong thiefe, yon come thy fellowes
Will beare my cowe-hide away.

They are no thieves, the king replyde,
I sweare, soe mote I thee:
But they are the lords of the north countrèy,
Here come to hunt with mee.

And soone before our king they came,
And knelt downe on the grounde:
Then might the tanner have beene awaye,
And had lever than twentye pounde.

A coller, a coller, here: sayd the king,
A coller he loud gan crye:
Then woulde he lever then twentye pound,
He had not beene so nighe.

A coller, a coller, the tanner he sayd,
I trowe it will breed sorrowe:
After a coller commeth a halter,
I trow I shall be hanged to-morrowe.

Be not afraid, tanner, said our king;
I tell thee, so mought I thee,
Lo here I make thee the best esquire
That is in the North countrie.*

For Plumpton-parke I will give thee,
With tenements faire beside:
'Tis worth three hundred markes by the yeare,
To maintaine thy good cowe-hide.

Gramercye, my liege, the tanner replyde,
For the favour thou hast me showne;
If ever thou comest to merry Tamwòrth,
Neates leather shall clout thy shoen.

***

XVI.

As ye came from the Holy Land.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PILGRIM AND TRAVELLER.

The scene of this song is the same as in Num. XIV. The pilgrimage to Walsingham suggested the plan of many popular pieces. In the Pepys collection, vol. I., p. 226, is a kind of interlude in the old ballad style, of which the first stanza alone is worth reprinting.

As I went to Walsingham,
To the shrine with speede,
Met I with a jolly palmer
In a pilgrimes weede.
Now God you save, you jolly palmer!
"Welcome, lady gay,
Oft have I sued to thee for love."
—Oft have I said you nay.

The pilgrimages undertaken on pretence of religion, were often productive of affairs of gallantry, and led the votaries to no other shrine than that of Venus.*

The following ballad was once very popular; it is quoted in Fletcher's "Knight of the burning pestle," Act. II., sc. ult., and in another old play, called, "Hans Beer-pot, his invisible Comedy, &c." 4to. 1618: Act I. The copy below was communicated to the Editor by the late Mr. Shenstone as corrected by him from an ancient copy, and supplied with a concluding stanza.

We have placed this, and "Gentle Herdsman," &c., thus early in the work, upon a presumption that they must have been written, if not before the dissolution of the monasteries, yet while the remembrance of them was fresh in the minds of the people.

As ye came from the holy land
Of blessed Walsingham,
O met you not with my true love
As by the way ye came?

* Even in the time of Langland, pilgrimages to Walsingham were not unfavourable to the rites of Venus. Thus in his Visions of Pierce Plowman, fo. I.

"Hermets on a heape, with hoked staves,
Wenten to Walsingham, and her † wenches after."

† i. e. their.

* This stanza is restored from a quotation of this Ballad in Selden's "Titles of Honour," who produces it as a good authority to prove, that one mode of creating Esquires at that time, was by the imposition of a collar. His words are, "Nor is that old pamphlet of the Tanner of Tamworth and King Edward the Fourth so contemptible, but that wee may thence note also an observable passage, wherein the use of making Esquires, by giving collars, is expressed." (Sub Tit. Esquire; & vide in Spelmanni Glossar. Armiger.) This form of creating Esquires actually exists at this day among the Sergeants at Arms, who are invested with a collar (which they wear on Collar Days) by the King himself.

This information I owe to Samuel Pegge, Esq., to whom the Public is indebted for that curious work, the "Curialia," 4to.

"How should I know your true love,
That have met many a one,
As I came from the holy land,
That have both come, and gone?"

My love is neither white,* nor browne,
But as the heavens faire;
There is none hath her form divine,
Either in earth, or ayre.

"Such an one did I meet, good sir,
With an angelicke face;
Who like a nymphe, a queene appeard
Both in her gait, her grace."

Yes: she hath cleane forsaken me,
And left me all alone;
Who some time loved me as her life,
And called me her owne.

"What is the cause she leaves thee thus,
And a new way doth take,
That some times loved thee as her life,
And thee her joy did make?"

I that loved her all my youth,
Growe old now as you see;
Love liketh not the falling fruite,
Nor yet the withered tree.

For love is like a carelesse childe,
Forgetting promise past:
He is blind, or deaf, whenere he list;
His faith is never fast.

His fond desire is fickle found,
And yieldes a trustlesse joye;
Wonne with a world of toil and care,
And lost ev'n with a toye.

Such is the love of womankinde,
Or Loves faire name abusde,
Beneathe which many vaine desires,
And follyes are excusde.

'But true love is a lasting fire,
Which viewless vestals* tend,
That burnes for ever in the soule,
And knowes nor change, nor end.'

* sc. pale.

XVII.

Hardyknute.

A SCOTTISH FRAGMENT.

As this fine morsel of heroic poetry hath generally passed for ancient, it is here thrown to the end of our earliest pieces; that such as doubt of its age, may the better compare it with other pieces of genuine antiquity. For after all, there is more than reason to suspect, that it owes most of its beauties (if not its whole existence) to the pen of a lady, within the present century. The following particulars may be depended on. Mrs. Wardlaw, whose maiden name was Halket (aunt to the late Sir Peter Halket, of Pitferran, in Scotland, who was killed in America, along with General Braddock, in 1755), pretended she had found this poem, written on shreds of paper, employed for what is called the bottoms of clues. A suspicion arose that it was her own composition. Some able judges asserted it to be modern. The lady did in a manner acknowledge it to be so. Being desired to show an additional stanza, as a proof of this, she produced the two last, beginning with *"There's nae light,"* &c., which were not in the copy that was first printed. The late Lord President Forbes, and Sir Gilbert Elliot, of Minto (late Lord Justice Clerk for Scotland), who had believed it ancient, contributed to the expense of publishing the first Edition, in folio, 1719. This account was transmitted from Scotland by Sir David Dalrymple, the late Lord Hailes, who yet was of opinion, that part of the ballad may be ancient; but retouched and much enlarged by the lady above mentioned. Indeed he had been in-

* sc. Angels.

formed, that the late William Thompson, the Scottish musician, who published the "Orpheus Caledonius," 1733, 2 vols. 8vo., declared he had heard Fragments of it repeated in his infancy, before Mrs. Wardlaw's copy was heard of.

The Poem is here printed from the original Edition, as it was prepared for the press with the additional improvements. (See below, page 208.)

I.

STATELY stept he east the wa',
And stately stept he west,
Full seventy years he now had seen,
Wi' scarce seven years of rest.
He liv'd when Britons breach of faith
Wrought Scotland mickle wae:
And ay his sword tauld to their cost,
He was their deadlye fae

II.

High on a hill his castle stood,
With ha's and tow'rs a height
And goodly chambers fair to se,
Where he lodged mony a knight.
His dame sae peerless anes and fair,
For chast and beauty deem'd
Nae marrow had in all the land,
Save Elenor the queen.

III.

Full thirteen sons to him she bare,
All men of valour stout:
In bloody fight with sword in hand
Nine lost their lives bot doubt:
Four yet remain, lang may they live
To stand by liege and land;
High was their fame, high was their might,
And high was their command.

IV.

Great love they bare to Fairly fair
Their sister saft and dear,
Her girdle shaw'd her middle gimp,
And gowden glist her hair.
What waefu' wae her beauty bred!
Waefu' to young and auld,
Waefu' I trow to kyth and kin,
As story ever tauld.

V.

The King of Norse in summer tyde,
Puff'd up with pow'r and might,
Landed in fair Scotland the isle
With mony a hardy knight.
The tydings to our good Scots king
Came, as he sat at dine,
With noble chiefs in brave aray,
Drinking the blood-red wine.

VI.

"To horse, to horse, my royal liege,
Your faes stand on the strand,
Full twenty thousand glittering spears
The king of Norse commands."
Bring me my steed Mage dapple gray,
Our good king rose and cry'd,
A trustier beast in a' the land
A Scots king nevir try'd.

VII.

Go little page, tell Hardyknute,
That lives on hill sae hie,
To draw his sword, the dread of faes,
And haste and follow me.
The little page flew swift as dart
Flung by his master's arm,
"Come down, come down, lord Hardyknute,
And rid your king frae harm."

VIII.

Then red red grew his dark brown cheeks,
Sae did his dark-brown brow;
His looks grew keen as they were wont
In dangers great to do;
He's ta'en a horn as green as glass,
And gi'en five sounds sae shill,
That trees in green wood shook thereat,
Sae loud rang ilka hill.

IX.

His sons in manly sport and glee,
Had past that summer's morn,
When low down in a grassy dale,
They heard their father's horn.
That horn, quo' they, ne'er sounds in peace,
We've other sport to bide.
And soon they hy'd them up the hill,
And soon were at his side.

X.

"Late late the yestreen I ween'd in peace
To end my lengthened life,
My age might well excuse my arm
Frae manly feats of strife,
But now that Norse do's proudly boast
Fair Scotland to inthrall,

It's ne'er be said of Hardyknute,
He fear'd to fight or fall.

XI.

"Robin of Rothsay, bend thy bow,
Thy arrows shoot sae leel,
That mony a comely countenance
They've turned to deadly pale.
Brade Thomas, take you but your lance,
You need nae weapons mair,
If you fight wi't as you did anes
'Gainst Westmoreland's fierce heir.

XII.

"And Malcolm, light of foot as stag
That runs in forest wild,
Get me my thousands three of men
Well bred to sword and shield:
Bring me my horse and harnisine,
My blade of mettal clear.
If faes but ken'd the hand it bare,
They soon had fled for fear.

XIII.

"Farewell my dame sae peerless good,
(And took her by the hand),
Fairer to me in age you seem,
Than maids for beauty fam'd.
My youngest son shall here remain
To guard these stately towers,
And shut the silver bolt that keeps
Sae fast your painted bowers."

XIV.

And first she wet her comely cheiks,
And then her boddice green,
Her silken cords of twirtle twist,
Well plett with silver sheen;
And apron set with mony a dice
Of needle-wark sae rare,
Wove by nae hand, as ye may guess,
Save that of Fairly fair.

XV.

And he has ridden o'er muir and moss,
O'er hills and mony a glen,
When he came to a wounded knight
Making a heavy mane;
"Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,
By treacherie's false guiles;
Witless I was that e'er ga faith
To wicked woman's smiles."

XVI.

"Sir knight, gin you were in my bower,
To lean on silken seat,
My lady's kindly care you'd prove,
Who ne'er knew deadly hate.
Herself wou'd watch you a' the day,
Her maids a dead of night;
And Fairly fair your heart wou'd chear,
As she stands in your sight.

XVII.

"Arise, young knight, and mount your stead;
Full lowns the shynand day:
Choose frae my menzie whom ye please
To lead you on the way."
With smileless look, and visage wan,
The wounded knight reply'd,
"Kind chieftain, your intent pursue,
For here I maun abyde.

XVIII.

To me nae after day nor night
Can e're be sweet or fair,
But soon beneath some draping tree,
Cauld death shall end my care."
With him nae pleading might prevail;
Brave Hardyknute to gain
With fairest words, and reason strong,
Strave courteously in vain.

XIX.

Syne he has gane far hynd out o'er
Lord Chattan's land sae wide;
That lord a worthy wight was ay
When faes his courage sey'd:
Of Pictish race by mother's side,
When Picts rul'd Caledon,
Lord Chattan claim'd the princely maid,
When he sav'd Pictish crown.

XX.

Now with his fierce and stalwart train,
He reach'd a rising hight,
Quhair braid encampit on the dale,
Norss menzie lay in sicht.
"Yonder my valiant sons and feirs
Our raging revers wait
On the unconquert Scottish sward
To try with us their fate.

XXI.

Make orisons to him that sav'd
Our sauls upon the rude;

Syne bravely shaw your veins are fill'd
With Caledonian blude."
Then furth he drew his trusty glave,
While thousands all around
Drawn frae their sheaths glanc'd in the sun;
And loud the bougles sound.

XXII.

To joyn his king adoun the hill
In hast his merch he made,
While, playand pibrochs, minstralls meit
Afore him stately strade.
"Thrice welcome valiant stoup of weir,
Thy nations shield and pride;
Thy king nae reason has to fear
When thou art by his side."

XXIII.

When bows were bent and darts were thrawn;
For thrang scarce cou'd they flee;
The darts clove arrows as they met,
The arrows dart the tree.
Lang did they rage and fight fu' fierce,
With little skaith to mon,
But bloody bloody was the field,
Ere that lang day was done.

XXIV.

The King of Scots, that sindle brook'd
The war that look'd like play,
Drew his braid sword, and brake his bow,
Sin bows seem'd but delay.
Quoth noble Rothsay, "Mine I'll keep,
I wat it's bled a score.
Haste up my merry men, cry'd the king
As he rode on before.

XXV.

The King of Norse he sought to find,
With him to mense the faught,
But on his forehead there did light
A sharp unsonsie shaft;
As he his hand put up to feel
The wound, an arrow keen,
O waefu' chance! there pinn'd his hand
In midst between his een.

XXVI.

"Revenge, revenge, cry'd Rothsay's heir,
Your mail-coat sha' na bide
The strength and sharpness of my dart:"
Then sent it through his side.

Another arrow well he marked,
It pierced his neck in twa,
His hands then quat the silver reins,
He low as earth did fa'.

XXVII.

"Sair bleids my liege, sair, sair he bleids!"
Again wi' might he drew
And gesture dread his sturdy bow,
Fast the braid arrow flew:
Wae to the knight he ettled at;
Lament now Queen Elgreed;
High dames too wail your darling's fall,
His youth and comely meed.

XXVIII.

"Take aff, take aff his costly jupe
(Of gold well was it twin'd,
Knit like the fowler's net, through quhilk
His steelly harness shin'd)
Take, Norse, that gift frae me, and bid
Him venge the blood it bears;
Say, if he face my bended bow,
He sure nae weapon fears."

XXIX.

Proud Norse with giant body tall,
Braid shoulders and arms strong,
Cry'd, "Where is Hardyknute sae fam'd
And fear'd at Britain's throne:
Tho' Britons tremble at his name
I soon shall make him wail,
That e'er my sword was made sae sharp,
Sae saft his coat of mail."

XXX.

That brag his stout heart cou'd na bide,
It lent him youthfu' micht:
"I'm Hardyknute; this day, he cry'd,
To Scotland's king I heght
To lay thee low, as horses hoof;
My word I mean to keep."
Syne with the first stroke e'er he strake,
He garr'd his body bleed.

XXXI.

Norss' een like gray gosehawk's stair'd wyld,
He sigh'd wi' shame and spite;
"Disgrac'd is now my far-fam'd arm
That left thee power to strike:"
Then ga' his head a blow sae fell,
It made him doun to stoup,

As laigh as he to ladies us'd
In courtly guise to lout.

XXXII.

Fu' soon he rais'd his bent body,
His bow he marvell'd sair,
Sin blows till then on him but darr'd
As touch of Fairly fair:
Norse marvell'd too as sair as he
To see his stately look;
Sae soon as e'er he strake a fae,
Sae soon his life he took.

XXXIII.

Where like a fire to heather set
Bauld Thomas did advance,
Ane sturdy fae with look enrag'd
Up toward him did prance;
He spurr'd his steid through thickest ranks
The hardy youth to quell,
Wha stood unmov'd at his approach
His fury to repell.

XXXIV.

"That short brown shaft sae meanly trimm'd,
Looks like poor Scotlands gear,
But dreadfull seems the rusty point!"
And loud he leugh in jear.
"Oft Britons blood has dimm'd its shine;
This point cut short their vaunt:"
Syne pierc'd the boasters bearded cheek;
Nae time he took to taunt.

XXXV.

Short while he in his saddle swang,
His stirrup was nae stay,
Sae feeble hang his unbent knee
Sure taiken he was fey:
Swith on the harden't clay he fell,
Right far was heard the thud:
But Thomas look't nae as he lay
All waltering in his blud:

XXXVI.

With careless gesture, mind unmov't,
On roade he north the plain;
His seem in throng of fiercest strife,
When winner ay the same:
Not yet his heart dames dimplet cheek
Could mease soft leve to bruik,
Till vengefu' Ann return'd his scorn,
Then languid grew his luik.

XXXVII.

In thraws of death, with walowit cheik,
All panting on the plain,
The fainting corps of warriours lay,
Ne're to arise again;
Ne're to return to native land,
Nae mair with blithsome sounds
To boast the glories of the day,
And shaw their shining wounds.

XXXVIII.

On Norways coast the widowit dame
May wash the rocks with tears,
May lang luik ow'r the shipless seas
Before her mate appears.
Cease, Emma, cease to hope in vain;
Thy lord lyes in the clay;
The valiant Scots nae revers thole
To carry life away.

XXXIX.

Here on a lee, where stands a cross
Set up for monument,
Thousands fu' fierce that summer's day
Fill'd keen war's black intent.
Let Scots, while Scots, praise Hardyknute
Let Norse the name ay dread,
Ay how he faught, aft how he spar'd
Shall latest ages read.

XL.

Now loud and chill blew th' westlin wind,
Sair beat the heavy shower,
Mirk grew the night ere Hardyknute
Wan near his stately tower.
His tow'r that us'd wi' torches blaze
To shine sae far at night,
Seem'd now as black as mourning weed,
Nae marvel sair he sighed.

XLI.

"There's nae light in my lady's bower,
There's nae light in my ha';
Nae blink shines round my Fairly fair,
Nor ward stands on my wa'.
"What bodes it? Robert, Thomas, say;"—
Nae answer fitts their dread.
"Stand back, my sons, I'le be your guide!"
But by they past with speed.

XLII.

"As fast I've sped o'er Scotlands faes,"—
There ceas'd his brag of weir,

Sair sham'd to mind ought but his dame,
And maiden Fairly fair.
Black fear he felt, but what to fear
He wist nae yet; wi' dread
Sair shook his body, sair his limbs,
And a' the warrior fled.
* * * * *

*** In an elegant publication, entitled "Scottish Tragic Ballads, printed by and for J. Nichols, 1781, 8vo.," may be seen a continuation of the ballad of Hardyknute, by the addition of a "Second Part," which hath since been acknowledged to be his own composition, by the ingenious Editor—To whom the late Sir D. Dalrymple communicated (subsequent to the account drawn up above in p. 203) extracts of a letter from Sir John Bruce, of Kinross, to Lord Binning, which plainly proves the pretended discoverer of the fragment of Hardyknute to have been Sir John Bruce himself. His words are, "To perform my promise, I send you a true copy of the Manuscript I found some weeks ago in a vault at Dumferline. It is written on vellum in a fair Gothic character, but so much defaced by time, as you'll find, that the tenth part is not legible." He then gives the whole fragment as it was first published in 1719, save one or two stanzas, marking several passages as having perished by being illegible in the old MS. Hence it appears that Sir John was the author of Hardyknute, but afterwards used Mrs. Wardlaw to be the midwife of his poetry, and suppressed the story of the vault; as is well observed by the Editor of the Tragic Ballads, and of Maitland's Scot. Poets, vol. I. p. cxxvii.

To this gentleman we are indebted for the use of the copy, whence the second edition was afterwards printed, as the same was prepared for the press by John Clerk, M. D., of Edinburgh, an intimate companion of Lord President Forbes.

The title of the first edition was, "Hardyknute, a Fragment. Edinburgh, printed for James Watson, &c., 1719," folio, 12 pages.

Stanzas not in the first edition are, Nos. 17, 18, 20, 21, 22, 23, 34, 35, 36, 37, 41, 42.

In the present impression the orthography of Dr. Clerk's copy has been preserved, and his readings carefully followed, except in a few instances, wherein the common edition appeared preferable: viz. He had in ver. 20, *but*,—v. 56, *of harm*,—v. 64, *every*,—v. 67, *lo down*,—v. 83, *That* omitted,—v. 89, *And* omitted,—v. 143, *With argument but vainly strave Lang.*—v. 148, *say'd.*—v. 155, *incampit on the plain.*—v. 156, *Norse squadrons.*—v. 158, *regand revers.*—v. 170, *his strides he bent.*—v. 171, *minstrals play and Pibrochs fine.*—v. 172, *stately went.*—v. 182, *mon.*—v. 196, *sharp and fatal.*—v. 219, *which.*—v. 241, *stood wyld.*—Stanza 39 preceded stanza 38. —v. 305, *There.*—v. 313, *blew wrestling.*—v. 336 had originally been, *He fear'd a' cou'd be fear'd.*

The editor was also informed, on the authority of Dr. David Clerk, M. D., of Edinburgh (son of the aforesaid Dr. John Clerk), that between the present stanzas 36 and 37, the two following had been intended, but were on maturer consideration omitted, and do not now appear among the MS. additions:

Now darts flew wavering through slaw speede,
Scarce could they reach their aim;
Or reach'd, scarce blood the round point drew,
'Twas all but shot in vain:
Righ strengthy arms forfeebled grew,
Sair wreck'd wi' that day's toils:
E'en fierce-born minds now lang'd for peace,
And cur'd war's cruel broils.

Yet still wars horns sounded to charge,
Swords clash'd and harness rang;
But saftly sae ilk blaster blew
The hills and dales fraemang.
Nae echo heard in double dints,
Nor the lang-winding horn,
Nae mair she blew out brade as she
Did eir that summers morn.

THE END OF BOOK THE FIRST.

SERIES THE SECOND.

BOOK II.

I.

A Ballad of Luther, the Pope, a Cardinal, and a Husbandman.

In the former Book we brought down this second Series of poems as low as about the middle of the sixteenth century. We now find the Muses deeply engaged in religious controversy. The sudden revolution wrought in the opinions of mankind by the Reformation, is one of the most striking events in the history of the human mind. It could not but engross the attention of every individual in that age, and therefore no other writings would have any chance to be read, but such as related to this grand topic. The alterations made in the established religion by Henry VIII., the sudden changes it underwent in the three succeeding reigns within so short a space as eleven or twelve years, and the violent struggles between expiring Popery and growing Protestantism, could not but interest all mankind. Accordingly every pen was engaged in the dispute. The followers of the Old and New Profession (as they were called) had their respective ballad-makers; and every day produced some popular sonnet for or against the Reformation. The following ballad, and that entitled "Little John Nobody," may serve for specimens of the writings of each party. Both were written in the reign of Edward VI.; and are not the worst that were composed upon the occasion. Controversial divinity is no friend to poetic flights. Yet this ballad of "Luther and the Pope," is not altogether devoid of spirit; it is of the dramatic kind, and the characters are tolerably well sustained; especially that of Luther, which is made to speak in a manner not unbecoming the spirit and courage of that vigorous reformer. It is printed from the original black-letter copy (in the Pepys collection, vol. I., folio), to which is prefixed a large wooden cut, designed and executed by some eminent master.

We are not to wonder that the ballad-writers of that age should be inspired with the zeal of controversy, when the very stage teemed with polemic divinity. I have now before me two very ancient quarto black-letter plays: the one published in the time of Henry VIII., entitled "Every Man;" the other called "Lusty Juventus," printed in the reign of Edward VI. In the former of these, occasion is taken to inculcate great reverence for old mother church and her superstitions:* in the other, the poet (one R. Wever) with great success attacks both. So that the stage in those days literally was, what wise men have always wished it—a supplement to the pulpit:—this was so much the case, that in the play of "Lusty Juventus," chapter and verse are every where quoted as formally as in a sermon; take an instance:

"The Lord by his prophet Ezechiel sayeth in
this wise playnlye,
As in the xxxiij chapter it doth appere:
Be converted, O ye children, &c."

* Take a specimen from his high encomiums on the priesthood:

"There is no emperour, kyng, duke, ne baron.
That of God hath commissyon,
As hath the leest preest in the world beynge.
* * *
God hath to them more power gyven,
Than to any aungell, that is in heven;
With v. words he may consecrate
Goddes body in flesshe, and blode to take,
And handeleth his maker bytweene his handes.
The preest byndeth and unbindeth all bandes,
Both in erthe and in heven.—
Thou ministers all the sacramentes seven.
Though we kyst thy fete thou were worthy;
Thou art the surgyan that cureth synne dedly:
No remedy may we fynde under God,
But alone on preesthode.
——— God gave preest that dignité,
And letteth them in his stede amonge us be,
Thus be they above aungels in degre."

See Hawkins's Orig. of Eng. Drama, Vol. I. p. 61.

From this play we learn that most of the young people were New Gospellers, or friends to the Reformation, and that the old were tenacious of the doctrines imbibed in their youth: for thus the devil is introduced lamenting the downfall of superstition:

"The olde people would believe stil in my lawes,
But the yonger sort leade them a contrary way,
They wyl not beleve, they playnly say,
In olde traditions, and made by men, &c."

And in another place Hypocrisy urges,

"The worlde was never meri
Since chyldren were so boulde;
Now every boy will be a teacher,
The father a foole, the chylde a preacher."

Of the plays above mentioned, to the first is subjoined the following, Printer's Colophon, ¶ "Thus endeth this moral playe of Every Man. ¶ Imprinted at London in Powles chyrche yarde by me John Skot." In Mr. Garrick's collection is an imperfect copy of the same play, printed by Richarde Pynson.

The other is intitled, "An interlude called Lufty Juventus:" and is thus distinguished at the end: "Finis. quod R. Wever. Imprynted at London in Paules churche yeard by Abraham Dele at the signe of the Lambe." Of this, too, Mr. Garrick has an imperfect copy of a different edition.

Of these two plays the reader may find some further particulars in Series the First, Book II., see "The Essay on the Origin of the English Stage;" and the curious reader will find the plays themselves printed at large in Hawkins's "Origin of the English Drama," 3 vols., Oxford, 1773, 12mo.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

Let us lift up our hartes all,
And prayse the Lordes magnificence,
Which hath given the wolues a fall,
And is become our strong defence:
For they thorowe a false pretens
From Christes bloude dyd all us leade,*
Gettynge from every man his pence,
As satisfactours for the deade.

For what we with our Flayles coulde get
To kepe our house, and survauntes;
That did the Freers from us fet,
And with our soules played the merchauntes:
And thus they with theyr false warrantes
Of our sweate have easelye lyved,
That for fatnesse theyr belyes pantes,
So greatlye have they us deceaued.

They spared not the fatherlesse,
The carefull, nor the pore wydowe;
They wolde have somewhat more or lesse,
If it above the ground did growe:
But now we husbandmen do knowe
Al their subteltye, and theyr false caste;
For the Lorde hath them overthrowe
With his swete word now at the laste.

DOCTOR MARTIN LUTHER.

Thou antichrist, with thy thre crownes,
Has usurped kynges powers,
As having power over realmes and townes,
Whom thou oughtest to serve all houres.
Thou thinkest by thy jugglyng colours
Thou maist lykewise Gods word oppresse;
As do the deceatful foulers,
When they theyr nettes craftelye dresse.

Thou flatterest every prince, and lord,
Thretening poore men with swearde and fyre;
All those, that do followe Gods worde,
To make them cleve to thy desire,
Theyr bokes thou burnest in flaming fire;
Cursing with boke, bell, and candell,
Such as to reade them have desyre,
Or with them are wyllynge to meddell.

Thy false power wyl I bryng down,
Thou shalt not raygne many a yere,
I shall dryve the from citye and towne,
Even with this pen that thou seyste here:
Thou fyghtest with swerd, shylde, and speare,
But I wyll fyght with Gods worde;
Which is now so open and cleare,
That it shall brynge the under the borde.*

* i. e. denied us the Cup, see below, ver. 94.

* i. e. Make thee knock under the table.

THE POPE.

Though I brought never so many to hel,
And to utter dampnacion,
Throughe myne ensample, and consel,
Or thorow any abhominacion,
Yet doth our lawe excuse my fashion.
And thou, Luther, arte accursed;
For blamynge me, and my condicion,
The holy decres have the condempned.

Thou stryvest against my purgatory,
Because thou findest it not in scripture;
As though I by myne auctorite
Myght not make one for myne honoure.
Knowest thou not, that I have power
To make, and mar, in heaven and hell,
In erth, and every creature?
Whatsoever I do it must be well.

As for scripture, I am above it;
Am not I Gods hye vicare?
Shulde I be bounde to followe it,
As the carpenter his ruler?*
Nay, nay, hereticks ye are,
That will not obey my auctoritie.
With this sworde I wyll declare,
That ye shal al accursed be.

THE CARDINAL.

I am a Cardinall of Rome,
Sent from Christes hye vicary,
To graunt pardon to more, and sume,
That wil Luther resist strongly:
He is a greate hereticke treuly,
And regardeth to much the scripture;
For he thinketh onely thereby
To subdue the popes high honoure:

Receive ye this pardon devoutely,
And loke that ye agaynst him fight;
Plucke up your herts, and be manlye,
For the pope sayth ye do but ryght:
And this be sure, that at one flyghte,
Allthough ye be overcome by chaunce,
Ye shall to heaven go with greate myghte;
God can make you no resistaunce.

But these heretikes for their medlynge
Shal go down to hel every one;
For they have not the popes blessynge,
Nor regard his holy pardòn:
They thinke from all destruction
By Christes bloud to be saved,
Fearynge not our excommunicacion,
Therefore shall they al be dampned.

* i. e. his rule.

II.

John Anderson my Jo.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

While in England verse was made the vehicle of controversy, and Popery was attacked in it by logical argument, or stinging satire; we may be sure the zeal of the Scottish Reformers would not suffer their pens to be idle, but many a pasquil was discharged at the Romish priests, and their enormous encroachments on property. Of this kind perhaps is the following (preserved in Maitland's MS. Collection of Scottish poems in the Pepysian library):

"Tak a Wobster, that is leill,
And a Miller, that will not steill,
With ane Priest, that is not gredy,
And lay ane deid corpse thame by,
And, throw virtue of thame three,
That deid corpse sall qwyknit be."

Thus far all was fair: but the furious hatred of Popery led them to employ their rhymes in a still more licentious manner. It is a received tradition in Scotland, that at the time of the Reformation, ridiculous and obscene songs were composed to be sung by the rabble to the tunes of the most favourite hymns in the Latin service. *Green sleeves and pudding pies* (designed to ridicule the popish clergy) is said to have been one of these metamorphosed hymns: *Maggy Lauder*

was another: *John Anderson my jo* was a third. The original music of all these burlesque sonnets was very fine. To give a specimen of their manner, we have inserted one of the least offensive. The reader will pardon the meanness of the composition for the sake of the anecdote, which strongly marks the spirit of the times.

In the present edition this song is much improved by some new readings communicated by a friend; who thinks by the "Seven Bairns," in st. 2d, are meant the Seven Sacraments; five of which were the spurious offspring of Mother Church: as the first stanza contains a satirical allusion to the luxury of the popish clergy.

The adaptation of solemn church music to these ludicrous pieces, and the jumble of ideas, thereby occasioned, will account for the following fact.—From the Records of the General Assembly in Scotland, called "The Book of the Universal Kirk," p. 90, 7th July, 1568, it appears, that Thomas Bassendyne, printer in Edinburgh, printed "a psalme buik, in the end whereof was found printit ane baudy sang, called 'Welcome Fortunes.'"*

WOMAN.

John Anderson my jo, cum in as ze gae by,
And ze sall get a sheips heid weel baken in a pye:
Weel baken in a pye, and the haggis in a pat;
John Anderson my jo, cum in, and ze's get that.

MAN.

And how doe ze, Cummer? and how hae ze threven?
And how mony bairns hae ze? Wom. Cummer, I hae seven.
Man. Are they to zour awin gude man?
Wom. Na, Cummer, na;
For five of tham were gotten, quhan he was awa'.

III.

Little John Nobody.

We have here a witty libel on the Reformation under King Edward VI., written about the year 1550, and preserved in the Pepys collection, British Museum, and Strype's Memoirs of Cranmer. The author artfully declines entering into the merits of the cause, and wholly reflects on the lives and actions of many of the reformed. It is so easy to find flaws and imperfections in the conduct of men, even the best of them, and still easier to make general exclamations about the profligacy of the present times, that no great point is gained by arguments of that sort, unless the author could have proved that the principles of the reformed religion had a natural tendency to produce a corruption of manners; whereas he indirectly owns, that their Reverend Father [Archbishop Cranmer] had used the most proper means to stem the torrent, by giving the people access to the Scriptures, by teaching them to pray with understanding, and by publishing homilies and other religious tracts. It must however be acknowledged, that our libeller had at that time sufficient room for just satire. For under the banners of the reformed had enlisted themselves, many concealed papists, who had private ends to gratify; many that were of no religion; many greedy courtiers, who thirsted after the possessions of the church; and many dissolute persons, who wanted to be exempt from all ecclesiastical censures: and as these men were loudest of all others in their cries for Reformation, so in effect none obstructed the regular progress of it so much, or by their vicious lives brought vexation and shame more on the truly venerable and pious Reformers.

The reader will remark the fondness of our satirist for alliteration: in this he was guilty of no affectation or singularity; his versification is that of Pierce Plowman's Visions, in

* See also Biograph. Briant. 1st ed. vol. i. p. 177.

which a recurrence of similar letters is essential: to this he has only superadded rhyme, which in his time began to be the general practice. See an Essay on this very peculiar kind of metre, prefixed to Book III. in this Series.

In december, when the dayes draw to be short,
After november, when the nights wax noysome and long;
As I past by a place privily at a port,
I saw one sit by himself making a song:
His last* talk of trifles, who told with his tongue
That few were fast i' th' faith. I 'freyned'† that freake,
Whether he wanted wit, or some had done him wrong.
He said, he was little John Nobody, that durst not speake.

John Nobody, quoth I, what news? thou soon note and tell
What maner men thou meane, thou are so mad.
He said, These gay gallants, that wil construe the gospel,
As Solomon the sage, with semblance full sad;
To discusse divinity they nought adread;
More meet it were for them to milk kye at a fleyke.
Thou lyest, quoth I, thou losel, like a leud lad.
He said he was little John Nobody, that durst not speake.

Its meet for every man on this matter to talk,
And the glorious gospel ghostly to have in mind;
It is sothe said, that sect but much unseemly skalk,
As boyes babble in books, that in scripture are blind:
Yet to their fancy soon a cause will find;
As to live in lust, in lechery to leyke:
Such caitives count to be come of Cains kind;‡
But that I little John Nobody durst not speake.

For our reverend father hath set forth an order,
Our service to be said in our seignours tongue;
As Solomon the sage set forth the scripture;
Our suffrages, and services, with many a sweet song,
With homilies, and godly books us among,
That no stiff, stubborn stomacks we should freyke:
But wretches nere worse to do poor men wrong;
But that I little John Nobody dare not speake.

For bribery was never so great, since born was our Lord,
And whoredom was never les hated, sith Christ harrowed hel,
And poor men are so sore punished commonly through the world,
That it would grieve any one, that good is, to hear tel.
For al the homilies and good books, yet their hearts be so quel,
That if a man do amisse, with mischiefe they wil him wreake;
The fashion of these new fellows it is so vile and fell:
But that I little John Nobody dare not speake.

Thus to live after their lust, that life would they have,
And in lechery to leyke al their long life;
For al the preaching of Paul, yet many a proud knave
Wil move mischiefe in their mind both to maid and wife
To bring them in advoutry or else they wil strife,
And in brawling about baudery, Gods commandments breake:
But of these frantic il fellowes, few of them do thrife;
Though I little John Nobody dare not speake.

If thou company with them, they wil currishly carp, and not care
According to their foolish fantacy; but fast wil they naught:
Prayer with them is but prating; therefore they it forbear:
Both almes deeds, and holiness, they hate it in their thought:

* Perhaps He left talk. † feigned, MSS. and P. C.

‡ Cain's kind.] So in Pierce the Plowman's creed, the proud friars are said to be

——— "Of Caymes kind." Vid. Sig. C. *ij.* b.

Therefore pray we to that prince, that with
his bloud us bought,
That he wil mend that is amiss: for many a
manful freyke
Is sorry for these sects, though they say little
or nought;
And that I little John Nobody dare not
once speake.

Thus in NO place, this NOBODY, in NO time I
met,
Where NO man, 'ne'* NOUGHT was, nor NO-
THING did appear;
Through the sound of a synagogue for sor-
row I swett,
That 'Aeolus'* though the eccho did cause
me to hear.
Then I drew me down into a dale, whereas
the dumb deer
Did shiver for a shower; but I shunted from
a freyke:
For I would no wight in this world wist who
I were,
But little John Nobody, that dare not once
speake.

IV.

Queen Elizabeth's Verses, while Prisoner at Woodstock,

WRIT WITH CHARCOAL ON A SHUTTER,

—are preserved by Hentzner, in that part of his Travels, which has been reprinted in so elegant a manner at Strawberry-Hill. In Hentzner's book they were wretchedly corrupted, but are here given as amended by his ingenious Editor. The old orthography, and one or two ancient readings of Hentzner's copy, are here restored.

OH, Fortune! how thy restlesse wavering
state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt!
Witnes this present prisonn, whither fate
Could beare me, and the joys I quit.
Thou causedest the guiltie to be losed
From bandes, wherein are innocents in-
closed:
Causing the guiltles to be straite reserved,
And freeing those that death hath well de-
served.
But by her envie can be nothing wroughte,
So God send to my foes all they have thoughte.

A. D. MDLV. ELIZABETHE, PRISONNER.

V.

The Heir of Linne.

THE original of this Ballad is found in the Editor's folio MS., the breaches and defects in which, rendered the insertion of supplemental stanzas necessary. These it is hoped the Reader will pardon, as indeed the completion of the story was suggested by a modern ballad on a similar subject.

From the Scottish phrases here and there discernible in this poem, it would seem to have been originally composed beyond the Tweed.

The heir of Linne appears not to have been a Lord of Parliament, but a Laird, whose title went along with his estate.

* then, MSS. and P. C.

* Hercules, MS. and P. C.

Ver. 4, Could beare, is an ancient idiom, equivalent to Did bear or Hath borne. See below the Beggar of Bednal Green, ver. 57, Could say.

PART THE FIRST.

LITHE and listen, gentlemen,
To sing a song I will beginne:
It is of a lord of faire Scotlànd,
Which was the unthrifty heire of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
His mother a lady of high degree;
But they, alas! were dead, him froe,
And he lov'd keeping companie.

To spend the daye with merry cheare,
To drinke and revell every night,
To card and dice from eve to morne,
It was, I ween, his hearts delighte.

To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare,
To alwaye spend and never spare,
I wott, an' it were the king himselfe,
Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

Soe fares the unthrifty Lord of Linne
Till all his gold is gone and spent;
And he maun sell his landes so broad,
His house, and landes, and all his rent.

His father had a keen stewàrde,
And John o' the Scales was called hee:
But John is become a gentel-man,
And John has gott both gold and fee.

Sayes, Welcome, welcome, Lord of Linne,
Let nought disturb thy merry cheere;
Iff thou wilt sell thy landes soe broad,
Good store of gold Ile give thee heere.

My gold is gone, my money is spent;
My lande nowe take it unto thee:
Give me the golde, good John o' the Scales,
And thine for aye my lande shall bee.

Then John he did him to record draw,
And John he cast him a gods-pennie;*
But for every pounde that John agreed,
The lande, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the borde.
He was right glad his land to winne;
The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now Ile be the Lord of Linne.

Thus he hath sold his land soe broad,
Both hill and holt, and moore and fenne,
All but a poore and lonesome lodge,
That stood far off in a lonely glenne.

For soe he to his father hight.
My sonne, when I am gonne, sayd hee,
Then thou wilt spend thy lande so broad,
And thou wilt spend thy gold so free:

But sweare me nowe upon the roode,
That lonesome lodge thou'lt never spend;
For when all the world doth frown on thee,
Thou there shalt find a faithful friend.

The heire of Linne is full of golde:
And come with me, my friends, sayd hee,
Let's drinke, and rant, and merry make,
And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee.

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it waxed thinne;
And then his friendes they slunk away;
They left the unthrifty heire of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse,
Never a penny left but three,
And one was brass, another was lead,
And another it was white monèy.

Nowe well-aday, sayd the heire of Linne,
Nowe well-adaye, and woe is mee,
For when I was the Lord of Linne,
I never wanted gold nor fee.

But many a trustye friend have I,
And why shold I feel dole or care?
Ile borrow of them all by turnes,
Soe need I not be never bare.

But one, I wis, was not at home;
Another had payd his gold away;
Another call'd him thriftless loone,
And bade him sharpely wend his way.

Now well-aday, sayd the heire of Linne,
Now well-aday, and woe is me;
For when I had my landes so broad,
On me they liv'd right merrilee.

To beg my bread from door to door,
I wis, it were a brenning shame:
To rob and steal it were a sinne:
To worke my limbs I cannot frame.

* i. e. earnest-money; from the French "Denier à Dieu." At this day, when application is made to the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle to accept an exchange of the tenant under one of their leases, a piece of silver is presented by the new tenant, which is still called a God's-penny.

Ver. 63, 4, 5, &c. Sic MS.

Now Ile away to lonesome lodge,
For there my father bade me wend:
When all the world should frown on mee
I there shold find a trusty friend.

PART THE SECOND.

Away then hyed the heire of Linne
Oer hill and holt, and moor and fenne,
Untill he came to lonesome lodge,
That stood so lowe in a lonely glenne.

He looked up, he looked downe,
In hope some comfort for to winne:
But bare and lothly were the walles.
Here's sorry cheare, quo' the heire of Linne.

The little windowe dim and darke
Was hung with ivy, brere, and yewe;
No shimmering sunn here ever shone,
No halesome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, ne table he mote spye,
No chearful hearth, ne welcome bed,
Nought save a rope with renning noose,
That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad letters,
These words were written so plain to see:
"Ah! gracelesse wretch, hast spent thine all
And brought thyselfe to penurie?

"All this my boding mind misgave,
I therefore left this trusty friend:
Let it now sheeld thy foule disgrace,
And all thy shame and sorrows end."

Sorely shent wi' this rebuke,
Sorely shent was the heire of Linne;
His heart, I wis, was near to brast
With guilt and sorrowe, shame and sinne.

Never a word spake the heire of Linne,
Never a word he spake but three:
"This is a trusty friend indeed,
And is right welcome unto mee."

Then round his necke the corde he drewe,
And sprang aloft with his bodie:
When lo! the ceiling burst in twaine,
And to the ground come tumbling hee.

Astonyed lay the heire of Linne,
Ne knewe if he were live or dead:
At length he looked, and sawe a bille,
And in it a key of gold so redd.

He took the bill, and lookt it on,
Strait good comfort found he there:
Itt told him of a hole in the wall,
In which there stood three chests in-fere.*

Two were full of the beaten golde,
The third was full of white monèy;
And over them in broad letters
These words were written so plaine to see:

"Once more, my sonne, I sette thee clere;
Amend thy life and follies past;
For but thou amend thee of thy life,
That rope must be thy end at last."

And let it bee, sayd the heire of Linne;
And let it bee, but if I amend:†
For here I will make mine avow,
This reade‡ shall guide me to the end.

Away then went with a merry cheare,
Away then went the heire of Linne;
I wis, he neither ceas'd ne blanne,
Till John o' the Scales house he did winne.

And when he came to John o' the Scales,
Upp at the speere§ then looked hee;
There sate three lords upon a rowe,
Were drinking of the wine so free.

And John himselfe sate at the bord-head,
Because now lord of Linne was hee.
I pray thee, he said, good John o' the Scales,
One forty pence for to lend mee.

Away, away, thou thriftless loone;
Away, away, this may not bee:
For Christs curse on my head, he sayd,
If ever I trust thee one pennie.

Ver. 60, an old northern phrase.

* in-fere, i. e. together.

† i. e. unless I amend. ‡ i. e. advice, counsel.

§ Perhaps the Hole in the door or window, by which it was *speered*, i. e. sparred, fastened, or shut.—In Bale's 2d Part of the Acts of Eng. Votaries, we have this phrase (fol. 38). "The dore therof oft tymes opened and *speared* agayen.

Then bespake the heire of Linne,
To John o' the Scales wife then spake he:
Madame, some almes on me bestowe,
I pray for sweet saint Charitìe.

Away, away, thou thriftless loone,
I sweare thou gettest no almes of mee;
For if we should hang any losel heere,
The first we wold begin with thee.

Then bespake a good fellòwe,
Which sat at John o' the Scales his bord;
Sayd, Turn againe, thou heire of Linne;
Some time thou wast a well good lord:

Some time a good fellow thou hast been,
And sparedst not thy gold and fee;
Therefore Ile lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need bee.

And ever, I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
To let him sit in thy companie:
For well I wot thou hadst his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee.

Up then spake him John o' the Scales,
All wood he answer'd him againe:
Now Christs curse on my head, he sayd,
But I did lose by that bargàine.

And here I proffer thee, heire of Linne,
Before these lords so faire and free,
Thou shalt have it backe again better cheape,
By a hundred markes, than I had it of thee.

I drawe you to record, lords, he said.
With that he cast him a gods pennie:

Now by my fay, sayd the heire of Linne,
And here, good John, is thy monèy.

And he pull'd forth three bagges of gold,
And layd them down upon the bord:
All woe begone was John o' the Scales,
Soe shent he cold say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
He told it forth mickle dinne.
The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now Ime againe the Lord of Linne.

Sayes, Have thou here, thou good fellòwe,
Forty pence thou didst lend mee:
Now I am againe the Lord of Linne,
And forty pounds I will give thee.

Ile make the keeper of my forrest,
Both of the wild deere and the tame;
For but I reward thy bounteous heart,
I wis, good fellowe, I were to blame.

Now welladay! sayth Joan o' the Scales;
Now welladay! and woe is my life!
Yesterday I was lady of Linne,
Now Ime but John o' the Scales his wife.

Now fare thee well, sayd the heire of Linne;
Farewell now, John o' the Scales, said hee:
Christs curse light on me, if ever again
I bring my lands in jeopardy. ***

†‡† In the present edition of this ballad several ancient readings are restored from the folio MS.

Ver. 34, of Part I., and 102, of Part II., *cast* is the reading of the MS.

VI.

Gascoigne's Praise of the Fair Bridges, afterwards Lady Sandes,

ON HER HAVING A SCAR IN HER FOREHEAD.

George Gascoigne was a celebrated poet in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and appears to great advantage among the miscellaneous writers of that age. He was author of three or four plays, and of many smaller poems; one of the most remarkable of which is a satire in blank verse, called the "Steele-glass," 1576, 4to.

Gascoigne was born in Essex, educated in both universities, whence he removed to Gray's Inn; but, disliking the study of the law, became first a dangler at court, and afterwards a soldier in the wars of the Low Countries. He had no great success in any of these pursuits, as appears from a poem of his, entitled, "Gascoigne's Wodmanship, written to Lord Gray of Wilton." Many of his epistles dedicatory are dated in 1575, 1576, from "his poore house in Walthamstoe:" where he died, a middle-aged man, in 1578, according to Anth. Wood: or rather in 1577, if he is the person meant in an old tract, entitled, "A remembrance of the well-employed life and godly end of George Gascoigne, Esq., who deceased at Stamford in Lincolnshire, Oct. 7, 1577, by Geo. Whetstone, Gent., an eye-witness of his godly and charitable end in this world," 4to., no date.—[From a MS. of Oldys.]

Mr. Thomas Warton thinks "Gascoigne has much exceeded all the poets of his age, in smoothness and harmony of versification."* But the truth is, scarce any of the earlier poets of Queen Elizabeth's time are found deficient in harmony and smoothness, though those qualities appear so rare in the writings of their successors. In the "Paradise of Dainty Devises"† (the Dodsley's Miscellany of those times), will hardly be found one rough or inharmonious line:‡ whereas the numbers of Jonson, Donne, and most of their contemporaries, frequently offend the ear, like the filing of a saw.—Perhaps this is in some measure to be accounted for from the growing pedantry of that age, and from the writers affecting to run their lines into one another, after the manner of the Latin and Greek poets.

The following poem (which the elegant writer above quoted hath recommended to notice, as possessed of a delicacy rarely to be seen in that early state of our poetry) properly consists of alexandrines of twelve and fourteen syllables, and is printed from two quarto black-letter collections of Gascoigne's pieces; the first entitled, "A hundreth sundrie flowres, bounde up in one small posie, &c., London, imprinted for Richarde Smith:" without date, but from a letter of H. W. (p. 202), compared with the printer's epist. to the reader, it appears to have been published in 1572, or '3. The other is entitled, "The Posies of George Gascoigne, Esq., corrected, perfected, and augmented by the author, 1575.—Printed at London, for Richard Smith, &c." No year, but the epist. dedicat. is dated 1576.

In the title page of this last (by way of printer's* or bookseller's device) is an ornamental wooden cut, tolerably well executed, wherein Time is represented drawing the figure of Truth out of a pit or cavern, with this legend, "Occulta veritas tempore patet" [R. S.]. This is mentioned because it is not improbable, but the accidental sight of this or some other title page containing the same device, suggested to Rubens that well-known design of a similar kind, which he has introduced into the Luxemburgh gallery,† and which has been so justly censured for the unnatural manner of its execution.

In court whoso demaundes
What dame doth most excell;
For my conceit I must needes say,
Faire Bridges beares the bel.

* Observation on the Faerie Queen, Vol. II. p. 168.

† Printed in 1578, 1596, and perhaps oftener, in 4to. black-letter.

‡ The same is true of most of the poems in the "Mirrour of Magistrates," 1563, 4to., and also of "Surrey's Poems," 1557.

* Henrie Binneman.

† Le Tems découvre la Verité.

Upon whose lively cheeke,
To prove my judgment true,
The rose and lillie seeme to strive
For equall change of hewe:

And therewithall so well
Hir graces all agree;
No frowning cheere dare once presume
In hir sweet face to bee.

Although some lavishe lippes,
Which like some other best,
Will say, the blemishe on hir browe
Disgraceth all the rest.

Thereto I thus replie;
God wotte, they little knowe
The hidden cause of that mishap,
Nor how the harm did growe:

For when dame Nature first
Had framde hir heavenly face,
And thoroughly bedecked it
With goodly gleames of grace;

It lyked hir so well:
Lo here, quod she, a peece
For perfect shape, that passeth all
Appelles' worke in Greece.

This bayt may chaunce to catche
The greatest God of love,
Or mightie thundring Jove himself,
That rules the roast above.

But out, alas! those wordes
Were vaunted all in vayne:
And some unseen wer present there,
Pore Bridges, to thy pain.

For Cupide, crafty boy,
Close in a corner stoode,
Not blyndfold then, to gaze on hir:
I gesse it did him good.

Yet when he felte the flame
Gan kindle in his brest,
And herd dame Nature boast by hir
To break him of his rest,

His hot newe-chosen love
He chaunged into hate,
And sodeynly with mightie mace
Gan rap hir on the pate.

It greeved Nature muche
To see the cruell deede:
Mee seemes I see hir, how she wept
To see hir dearling bleede.

Wel yet, quod she, this hurt
Shal have some helpe I trowe:
And quick with skin she coverd it,
That whiter is than snowe.

Wherwith Dan Cupide fled,
For feare of further flame,
When angel-like he saw hir shine,
Whome he had smit with shame.

Lo, thus was Bridges hurt
In cradel of hir kind.
The coward Cupide brake hir browe
To wreke his wounded mynd.

The skar still there remains;
No force, there let it bee:
There is no cloude that can eclipse
So bright a sunne, as she.

*** The lady here celebrated was Catharine, daughter of Edmond second Lord Chandos, wife of William Lord Sands. See Collins's Peerage, vol. ii., p. 133, ed. 1779.

Ver. 62, In cradel of hir kind: i. e. in the cradle of her family. See Warton's Observations, vol. II. p. 137.

VII.

Fair Rosamond.

Most of the circumstances in this popular story of King Henry II., and the beautiful Rosamond have been taken for fact by our English Historians; who, unable to account for the unnatural conduct of Queen Eleanor in stimulating her sons to rebellion, have attributed it to jealousy, and supposed that Henry's amour with Rosamond was the object of that passion.

Our old English annalists seem, most of them, to have followed Higden the monk of Chester, whose account, with some enlargements, is thus given by Stow. "Rosamond, the fayre daughter of Walter Lord Clifford, concubine to Henry II. (poisoned by Queen Elianor, as some thought), dyed at Woodstocke [A. D. 1177], where King Henry had made for her a house of wonderfull working; so that no man or woman might come to her, but he that was instructed by the King, or such as were right secret with him touching the matter. This house after some was named Labyrinthus, or Dedalus worke, which was wrought like unto a knot in a garden, called a Maze;* but it was commonly said, that lastly the Queene came to her by a clue of thridde, or silke, and so dealt with her, that she lived not long after: but when she was dead, she was buried at Godstow in an house of nunnes, beside Oxford, with these verses upon her tombe:

"Hic jacit in tumbâ, Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda;
Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet."

"In English thus:

"The rose of the world, but not the cleane flowre,
Is now here graven; to whom beauty was lent:
In this grave full darke nowe is her bowre,
That by her life was sweete and redolent:
But now that she is from this life blent,
Though she were sweete, now foully doth she stinke.
A mirrour good for all men, that on her thinke."

Stowe's Annals, ed. 1631, p. 154.

How the queen gained admittance into Rosamond's bower is differently related. Holinshed speaks of it as "the common report of the people, that the queene .... founde hir out by a silken thread, which the king had drawne after him out of hir chamber with his foot, and dealt with hir in such sharpe and cruell wise, that she lived not long after." Vol. III., p. 115. On the other hand, in Speede's Hist., we are told that the jealous queen found her out "by a clew of silke, fallen from Rosamund's lappe, as shee sate to take ayre, and suddenly fleeing from the sight of the searcher, the end of her silke fastened to her foot, and the clew still unwinding, remained behinde: which the queene followed, till shee had found what she sought, and upon Rosamund so vented her spleene, as the lady lived not long after." 3d edit. p. 509. Our ballad maker with more ingenuity, and probably as much truth, tells us the clue was gained by surprise, from the knight, who was left to guard her bower.

It is observable that none of the old writers attribute Rosamond's death to poison (Stowe, above, mentions it merely as a slight conjecture); they only give us to understand, that the queen treated her harshly; with furious menaces, we may suppose, and sharp expostulations, which had such effect on her spirits that she did not long survive it. Indeed on her tomb-stone, as we learn from a person of credit,* among other fine sculptures, was engraven the figure of a *cup*. This, which perhaps at first was an accidental ornament (perhaps only the Chalice), might in after-times suggest the notion that she was poisoned; at least this construction was put upon it, when

* Consisting of vaults under ground, arched and walled with brick and stone, according to Drayton. See note on his Epistle of Rosamond.

* Tho. Allen of Gloc. Hall, Oxon. who died in 1632, aged 90. See Hearne's rambling discourse concerning Rosamond, at the end of Gul. Neubrig. Hist. vol. iii. p. 739.

the stone came to be demolished after the nunnery was dissolved. The account is, that "the tombstone of Rosamund Clifford was taken up at Godstow, and broken in pieces, and that upon it were interchangeable weavings drawn out and decked with roses red and green, and the picture of the *cup*, out of which she drank the poison given her by the queen, carved in stone."

Rosamond's father having been a great benefactor to the nunnery of Godstow, where she had also resided herself in the innocent part of her life, her body was conveyed there, and buried in the middle of the choir; in which place it remained till the year 1191, when Hugh bishop of Lincoln caused it to be removed. The fact is recorded by Hovedon, a contemporary writer, whose words are thus translated by Stowe: "Hugh bishop of Lincolne came to the abbey of nunnes, called Godstow, ... and when he had entred the church to pray, he saw a tombe in the middle of the quire, covered with a pall of silke, and set about with lights of waxe: and demanding whose tomb it was, he was answered, that it was the tombe of Rosamond, that was some time lemman to Henry II. . . . . who for the love of her had done much good to that church. Then, quoth the bishop, take out of this place the harlot, and bury her without the church, lest Christian religion should grow in contempt, and to the end that, through the example of her, other women being made afraid may beware, and keepe themselves from unlawfull and advouterous company with men." Annals, p. 159.

History further informs us that king John repaired Godstow nunnery, and endowed it with yearly revenues, "that these holy virgins might releeve with their prayers, the soules of his father King Henrie, and of Lady Rosamund there interred."* In what situation her remains were found at the dissolution of the nunnery, we learn from Leland, "Rosamundes tumbe at Godstowe nunnery was taken up [of] late; it is a stone with this inscription, TUMBA ROSAMUNDÆ. Her bones were closid in lede, and withyn that bones were closyd yn lether. When it was opened a very swete smell came owt of it."* See Hearne's discourse above quoted, written in 1718; at which time he tells us, were still seen by the pool at Woodstock the foundations of a very large building, which were believed to be the remains of Rosamond's labyrinth.

To conclude this (perhaps too prolix) account, Henry had two sons by Rosamond, from a computation of whose ages, a modern historian has endeavoured to invalidate the received story. These were William Longue-espé (or Long-sword) earl of Salisbury, and Geoffrey bishop of Lincolne.† Geoffrey was the younger of Rosamond's sons, and yet is said to have been twenty years old at the time of his election to that see in 1173. Hence this writer concludes that King Henry fell in love with Rosamond in 1149, when in King Stephen's reign he came over to be knighted by the king of Scots; he also thinks it probable that Henry's commerce with this lady "broke off upon his marriage with Eleanor [in 1152], and that the young lady, by a natural effect of grief and resentment at the defection of her lover, entered on that occasion into the nunnery of Godstowe, where she died probably before the rebellion of Henry's sons in 1173." [Carte's Hist. Vol. I., p. 652.] But let it be observed, that Henry was but sixteen years old when he came over to be knighted: that he stayed but eight months in this island, and was almost all the time with the King of Scots; that he did not return back to England till 1153, the year after his marriage with Eleanor; and that no writer drops the least hint of Rosamond's having ever been abroad with her lover, nor indeed is it probable that a boy of sixteen should venture to carry over a mistress to his mother's court. If all these circumstances are considered, Mr. Carte's account will be found more incoherent and improbable than that of the old ballad; which is also countenanced by most of our old historians.

Indeed the true date of Geoffrey's birth, and consequently of Henry's commerce with Rosamond, seems to be best ascertained from an ancient manuscript in the Cotton library; wherein it is thus registered of Geoffrey Plan-

* Vid. Reign of Henry II., in Speed's History, writ by Dr. Barcham, Dean of Bocking.

* This would have passed for miraculous, if it had happened in the tomb of any clerical person, and a proof of his being a saint.

† Afterwards Archbishop of York, temp. Rich. I.

tagenet, "Natus est 5° Henry II. [1159.] Factus est miles 25° Henry II. [1179.] Elect. in Episcop. Lincoln, 28° Henry II. [1182.]" Vid. Chron. de Kirkstall, (Domitian XII.) Drake's Hist. of York, p. 422.

The ballad of Fair Rosamond appears to have been first published in "Strange Histories or Songs and Sonnets, of Kinges, Princes, Dukes, Lords, Ladyes, Knights, and Gentlemen, &c. By Thomas Delone. London, 1612." 4to. It is now printed (with conjectural emendations) from four ancient copies in black-letter; two of them in the Pepys library.

When as King Henry rulde this land,
The second of that name,
Besides the queene, he dearly lovde
A faire and comely dame.

Most peerlesse was her beautye founde,
Her favour, and her face;
A sweeter creature in this worlde
Could never prince embrace.

Her crisped lockes like threads of golde
Appeard to each mans sight;
Her sparkling eyes, like Orient pearles,
Did cast a heavenlye light.

The blood within her crystal cheekes
Did such a colour drive,
As though the lillye and the rose
For mastership did strive.

Yea Rosamonde, fair Rosamonde,
Her name was called so,
To whom our queene, dame Ellinor,
Was known a deadlye foe.

The king therefore, for her defence,
Against the furious queene,
At Woodstocke builded such a bower,
The like was never seen.

Most curiously that bower was built
Of stone and timber strong,
An hundred and fifty doors
Did to this bower belong:

And they so cunninglye contriv'd
With turnings round about,
That none but with a clue of thread
Could enter in or out.

And for his love and ladyes sake,
That was so faire and brighte,
The keeping of this bower he gave
Unto a valiant knighte.

But fortune, that doth often frowne
Where she before did smile,
The kinges delighte and ladyes joy
Full soon shee did beguile:

For why, the kinges ungracious sonne,
Whom he did high advance,
Against his father raised warres
Within the realme of France.

But yet before our comelye king
The English land forsooke,
Of Rosamond, his lady faire,
His farewelle thus he tooke:

"My Rosamonde, my only Rose,
That pleasest best mine eye:
The fairest flower in all the worlde
To feed my fantasye:

The flower of mine affected heart,
Whose sweetness doth excelle;
My royal Rose, a thousand times
I bid thee nowe farwelle!

For I must leave my fairest flower,
My sweetest Rose, a space,
And cross the seas to famous France,
Proud rebelles to abase.

But yet, my Rose, be sure thou shalt
My coming shortlye see,
And in my heart, when hence I am,
Ile beare my Rose with mee."

When Rosamond, that ladye brighte,
Did heare the king saye soe,
The sorrowe of her grieved heart
Her outward lookes did showe;

And from her cleare and crystall eyes
The teares gusht out apace,
Which like the silver-pearled dewe
Ranne down her comely face.

Her lippes, erst like the corall redde,
Did waxe both wan and pale,
And for the sorrowe she conceivde
Her vitall spirits faile;

And falling down all in a swoone
Before king Henryes face,
Full oft he in his princelye armes
Her bodye did embrace;

And twentye times, with watery eyes,
He kist her tender cheeke,
Until he had revivde againe
Her senses milde and meeke.

Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose?
The king did often say.
Because, quoth shee, to bloodye warres
My lord must part awaye.

But since your grace on forrayne coastes
Amonge your foes unkinde
Must goe to hazarde life and limbe,
Why should I staye behinde?

Nay rather, let me, like a page,
Your sworde and target beare;
That on my breast the blowes may lighte,
Which would offend you there.

Or lett mee, in your royal tent,
Prepare your bed at nighte,
And with sweete baths refresh your grace,
At your returne from fighte.

So I your presence may enjoye,
No toil I will refuse;
But wanting you, my life is death:
Nay, death Ile rather choose.

"Content thy self, my dearest love;
Thy rest at home shall bee
In Englandes sweet and pleasant isle;
For travell fits not thee.

Faire ladies brooke not bloodye warres;
Soft peace their sexe delightes:
'Not rugged campes, but courtlye bowers;
Gay feastes, nor cruell fightes.'

My Rose shall safely here abide,
With musicke passe the day;
Whilst I, amonge the piercing pikes,
My foes seeke far awaye.

My Rose shall shine in pearle, and golde,
Whilst Ime in armour dighte;
Gay galliards here my love shall dance,
Whilst I my foes goe fighte.

And you, Sir Thomas, whom I truste
To bee my loves defence;
Be carefull of my gallant Rose
When I am parted hence."

And therewithall he fetcht a sigh,
As though his heart would breake:
And Rosamonde, for very griefe,
Not one plaine word could speake.

And at their parting well they mighte
In heart be grieved sore:
After that daye faire Rosamonde
The king did see no more.

For when his grace had past the seas,
And into France was gone;
With envious heart, Queene Ellinor,
To Woodstocke came anone.

And forth she calls this trustye knighte
In an unhappy houre;
Who with his clue of twined thread,
Came from this famous bower.

And when that they had wounded him,
The queene this thread did gette,
And went where ladye Rosamonde
Was like an angell sette.

But when the queene with stedfast eye
Beheld her beauteous face,
She was amazed in her minde
At her exceeding grace.

Cast off from thee those robes, she said,
That riche and costlye bee:
And drinke thou up this deadlye draught,
Which I have brought to thee.

Then presentlye upon her knees
Sweet Rosamonde did falle;
And pardon of the queene she crav'd
For her offences all.

"Take pitty on my youthfull yeares,
Faire Rosamonde did crye;
And lett mee not with poison stronge
Enforced bee to dye.

I will renounce my sinfull life,
And in some cloyster bide;
Or else be banisht, if you please,
To range the world soe wide.

And for the fault which I have done,
Though I was forc'd theretoe,
Preserve my life, and punish mee
As you thinke meet to doe."

And with these words, her lillie handes
She wrunge full often there;
And downe along her lovely face
Did trickle many a teare.

But nothing could this furious queene
Therewith appeased bee;
The cup of deadlye poyson stronge,
As she knelt on her knee,

Shee gave this comelye dame to drinke;
Who tooke it in her hand,
And from her bended knee arose,
And on her feet did stand:

And casting up her eyes to heaven,
Shee did for mercye calle;
And drinking up the poison stronge,
Her life she lost withalle.

And when that death through everye limbe
Had showde its greatest spite,
Her chiefest foes did plaine confesse
Shee was a glorious wight.

Her body then they did entomb,
When life was fled away,
At Godstowe, neare to Oxford towne,
As may be seene this day.

VIII.

Queen Eleanor's Confession.

"Eleanor, the daughter and heiress of William duke of Guienne, and count of Poictou, had been married sixteen years to Louis VII. king of France, and had attended him in a croisade, which that monarch commanded against the infidels; but having lost the affections of her husband, and even fallen under some suspicions of gallantry with a handsome Saracen, Louis, more delicate than politic, procured a divorce from her, and restored her those rich provinces, which by her marriage she had annexed to the crown of France. The young count of Anjou, afterwards Henry II. King of England, though at that time but in his nineteenth year, neither discouraged by the disparity of age, nor by the reports of Eleanor's gallantry, made such successful courtship to that princess, that he married her six weeks after her divorce, and got possession of all her dominions as a dowery. A marriage thus founded upon interest was not likely to be very happy: it happened accordingly. Eleanor, who had disgusted her first husband by her gallantries, was no less offensive to her second by her jealousy: thus carrying to extremity, in the different parts of her life, every circumstance of female weakness. She had several sons by Henry, whom she spirited up to rebel against him; and endeavouring to escape to them disguised in man's apparel in 1173, she was discovered and thrown into a confinement, which seems to have continued till the death of her husband in 1189. She however survived him many years; dying in 1204, in the sixth year of the reign of her youngest son, John." See Hume's History, 4to. vol. I. pp. 260, 307. Speed, Stowe, &c.

It is needless to observe that the following ballad (given with some corrections, from an old printed copy) is altogether fabulous; whatever gallantries Eleanor encouraged in the time of her first husband, none are imputed to her in that of her second.

Queene Elianor was a sicke womàn,
And afraid that she should dye;
Then she sent for two fryars of France
To speke with her speedilye.

The king calld downe his nobles all,
By one, by two, by three;
"Earl marshall, Ile go shrive the queene,
And thou shalt wend with mee."

A boone, a boone; quoth earl marshàll,
And fell on his bended knee;
That whatsoever Queene Elianor saye,
No harme therof may bee.

Ile pawne my landes, the king then cryd,
My sceptre, crowne, and all,
That whatsoere Queen Elianor sayes,
No harme thereof shall fall.

Do thou put on a fryars coat,
And Ile put on another;
And we will to Queen Elianor goe
Like fryar and his brother.

Thus both attired then they goe:
When they came to Whitehall,
The bells did ring, and the quiristers sing,
And the torches did lighte them all.

When that they came before the queene,
They fell on their bended knee;
A boone, a boone, our gracious queene,
That you sent so hastilee.

Are you two fryars of France, she sayd,
As I suppose you bee?
But if you are two Englishe fryars,
You shall hang on the gallowes tree.

We are two fryars of France, they sayd,
As you suppose we bee,
We have not been at any masse
Sith we came from the sea.

The first vile thing that ever I did,
I will to you unfolde;
Earl marshall had my maidenhead,
Beneath this cloth of golde.

That's a vile sinne, then sayd the king;
May God forgive it thee!
Amen, amen, quoth earl marshall;
With a heavye heart spake hee.

The next vile thing that ever I did,
To you Ile not denye,
I made a boxe of poyson strong,
To poison King Henrye.

Thats a vile sinne, then sayd the king,
May God forgive it thee!
Amen, amen, quoth earl marshall;
And I wish it so may bee.

The next vile thing that ever I did,
To you I will discover;
I poysoned fair Rosamonde,
All in fair Woodstocke bower.

Thats a vile sinne, then sayd the king;
May God forgive it thee!
Amen, amen, quoth earl marshall;
And I wish it so may bee.

Do you see yonders little boye,
A tossing of the balle?
That is earl marshalls eldest sonne,
And I love him the best of all.

Do you see yonders little boye,
A catching of the balle?
That is king Henryes youngest sonne,
And I love him the worst of all.

His head is fashyon'd like a bull;
His nose is like a boare.
No matter for that, king Henrye cryd,
I love him the better therfore.

The king pulled off his fryars coate,
And appeared all in redde:
She shrieked, and cryd, and wrung her hands,
And sayd she was betrayde.

The king lookt over his left shoulder,
And a grimme look looked hee,
Earl marshall, he sayd, but for my oathe
Or hanged thou shouldst bee.

Ver. 63, 67. She means that the eldest of these two was by the Earl Marshall, the youngest by the king.

IX.

The Sturdy Rock.

This poem, subscribed M. T. [perhaps invertedly for T. Marshall*], is preserved in "The Paradise of daintie Devises," quoted above in page 218. The two first stanzas may be found accompanied with musical notes in "An Howres Recreation in Musicke," &c., by Richard Alison, Lond., 1606, 4to.: usually bound up with three or four sets of "Madrigals set to Music by Thomas Weelkes, Lond., 1597, 1600, 1608, 4to." One of these madrigals is so complete an example of the Bathos that I cannot forbear presenting it to the reader.

Thule, the period of cosmographie,
Doth vaunt of Hecla, whose sulphureous fire
Doth melt the frozen clime, and thaw the skie,
Trinacrian Ætna's flames ascend not hier:
These things seeme wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose heart with feare doth freeze, with love doth fry.

The Andelusian merchant, that returnes
Laden with cutchinele and china dishes,
Reports in Spaine, how strangely Fogo burnes
Amidst an ocean full of flying fishes:
These things seeme wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose heart with feare doth freeze, with love doth fry.

Mr. Weelkes seems to have been of opinion with many of his brethren of later times, that nonsense was best adapted to display the powers of musical composure.

The sturdy rock for all his strength
By raging seas is rent in twaine:
The marble stone is pearst at length,
With little drops of drizling rain:
The oxe doth yeeld unto the yoke,
The steele obeyeth the hammer stroke.

The stately stagge, that seemes so stout,
By yalping hounds at bay is set:
The swiftest bird, that flies about,
Is caught at length in fowler's net:
The greatest fish, in deepest brooke,
Is soon deceived by subtill hooke.

Yea man himselfe, unto whose will
All things are bounden to obey,
For all his wit and worthie skill,
Doth fade at length, and fall away.
There is nothing but time doeth waste;
The heavens, the earth consume at last.

But vertue sits triumphing still
Upon the throne of glorious fame:
Though spiteful death mans body kill,
Yet hurts he not his vertuous name:
By life or death what so betides,
The state of vertue never slides.

X.

The Beggar's Daughter of Bednall-Green.

This popular old ballad was written in the reign of Elizabeth, as appears not only from ver. 23, where the arms of England are called the "Queenes armes;" but from its tune's being quoted in other old pieces, written in her time. See the ballad on "Mary Ambree," in this work. The late Mr. Guthrie assured the editor, that he had formerly seen another old song on the same subject, composed in a different measure from this; which was truly beautiful, if we may judge from the only stanza he remembered. In this it was said of the old beggar, that "down his neck

* Vid. Athen. Ox. p. 152, 316.

—— his reverend lockes
In comelye curles did wave;
And on his aged temples grewe
The blossomes of the grave."

The following Ballad is chiefly given from the Editor's folio MS., compared with two ancient printed copies: the concluding stanzas, which contain the old Beggar's discovery of himself, are not, however, given from any of these, being very different from those of the vulgar ballad. Nor yet does the Editor offer them as genuine, but as a modern attempt to remove the absurdities and inconsistencies, which so remarkably prevailed in this part of the song, as it stood before: whereas, by the alteration of a few lines, the story is rendered much more affecting, and is reconciled to probability and true history. For this informs us, that at the decisive battle of Evesham (fought August 4, 1265), when Simon de Montfort, the great Earl of Leicester, was slain at the head of the barons, his eldest son, Henry, fell by his side, and, in consequence of that defeat, his whole family sunk for ever, the king bestowing their great honours and possessions on his second son, Edmund, Earl of Lancaster.

PART THE FIRST.

Itt was a blind beggar, had long lost his sight,
He had a faire daughter of bewty most bright:
And many a gallant brave suiter had shee,
For none was soe comelye as pretty Bessee.

And though shee was of favor most faire,
Yett seeing shee was but a poor beggars heyre,
Of ancyent housekeepers despised was shee,
Whose sonnes came as suitors to prettye Bessee.

Wherefore in great sorrow faire Bessy did say,
Good father, and mother, let me goe away,
To seeke out my fortune, whatever itt bee.
This suite then they granted to prettye Bessee.

Then Bessy, that was of bewtye soe bright,
All cladd in gray russett, and late in the night,
From father and mother alone parted shee;
Who sighed and sobbed for prettye Bessee.

Shee went till shee came to Stratford-le-Bow;
Then knew shee not whither, nor which way to goe:
With teares shee lamented her hard destinie,
So sadd and soe heavy was pretty Bessee.

Shee kept on her journey untill it was day,
And went unto Rumford along the hye way;
Where at the Queenes armes entertained was shee:
Soe faire and wel favoured was pretty Bessee.

Shee had not been there a month to an end,
But master and mistres and all was her friend:
And every brave gallant, that once did her see,
Was straight-way enamourd of pretty Bessee.

Great gifts they did send her of silver and gold,
And in their songs daylye her love was extold;
Her beawtye was blazed in every degree;
Soe faire and soe comelye was pretty Bessee.

The young men of Rumford in her had their joy;
Shee shewed herself curteous, and modestlye coye;
And at her commandment still wold they bee;
Soe fayre and soe comlye was pretty Bessee.

Foure suitors att once unto her did goe;
They craved her favor, but still she sayd noe;
I wold not wish gentles to marry with mee.
Yett ever they honored prettye Bessee.

The first of them was a gallant young knight,
And he came unto her disguisde in the night,
The second a gentleman of good degree,
Who wooed and sued for prettye Bessee.

A merchant of London, whose wealth was not small,
He was the third suiter, and proper withall;
Her masters own sonne the fourth man must bee,
Who swore he would dye for pretty Bessee.

And, if thou wilt marry with mee, quoth the knight,
Ile make thee a ladye with joy and delight;
My hart's so inthralled by thy bewtie,
That soone I shall dye for prettye Bessee.

The gentleman sayd, Come, marry with mee,
As fine as a ladye my Bessy shal bee:
My life is distressed: O heare me, quoth hee;
And grant me thy love, my prettye Bessee.

Let me bee thy husband, the merchant cold say,
Thou shalt live in London both gallant and gay;
My shippes shall bring home rych jewells for thee,
And I will for ever love pretty Bessee.

Then Bessy shee sighed, and thus shee did say,
My father and mother I meane to obey;
First gett there good will, and be faithfull to mee,
And you shall enjoye your prettye Bessee.

To every one this answer shee made,
Wherefore unto her they joyfullye sayd,
This thing to fulfill wee all doe agree;
But where dwells thy father, my prettye Bessee?

My father, shee said, is soone to be seene:
The seely blind beggar of Bednall-greene,
That daylye sits begging for charitie,
He is the good father of pretty Bessee.

His markes and his tokens are knowen very well;
He alwayes is led with a dogg and a bell:
A seely olde man, God knoweth, is hee,
Yett hee is the father of pretty Bessee.

Nay then, quoth the merchant, thou art not for mee:
Nor, quoth the innholder, my wiffe thou shalt bee:
I lothe, sayd the gentle, a beggars degree,
And therefore, adewe, my pretty Bessee!

Why then, quoth the knight, hap better or worse,
I waighe not true love by the waight of the pursse,
And bewtye is bewtye in every degree;
Then welcome unto me, my pretty Bessee.

With thee to thy father forthwith I will goe.
Nay soft, quoth his kinsmen, it must not be soe;
A poor beggars daughter noe ladye shall bee,
Then take thy adew of pretty Bessee.

But soone after this, by breake of the day
The knight had from Rumford stole Bessy away.
The younge men of Rumford, as thicke might bee,
Rode after to feitch againe pretty Bessee.

As swifte as the winde to ryde they were seene,
Untill they came neare unto Bednall-greene;
And as the knight lighted most courteouslie,
They all fought against him for pretty Bessee.

But rescew came speedilye over the plaine,
Or else the young knight for his love had been slaine.
This fray being ended, then straitway he see
His kinsmen come rayling at pretty Bessee.

Then spake the blind beggar, Although I bee poore,
Yett rayle not against my child at my own doore:
Though shee be not decked in velvett and pearle,
Yett will I dropp angells with you for my girle.

And then, if my gold may better her birthe,
And equall the gold that you lay on the earth,
Then neyther rayle nor grudge you to see
The blind beggars daughter a lady to bee.

But first you shall promise, and have itt well knowne,
The gold that you drop shall all be your owne.
With that they replyed, Contented bee wee.
Then here's, quoth the beggar, for pretty Bessee.

With that an angell he cast on the ground,
And dropped in angells full three thousand* pound;
And oftentimes itt was proved most plaine,
For the gentlemens one the beggar droppt twayne:

* In the Editor's folio MS. it is 500*l*.

Soe that the place, wherein they did sitt,
With gold it was covered every whitt.
The gentlemen then having dropt all their store,
Sayd, Now, beggar, hold, for wee have noe more.

Thou hast fulfilled thy promise arright.
Then marry, quoth he, my girle to this knight;
And heere, added hee, I will now throwe you downe
A hundred pounds more to buy her a gowne.

The gentlemen all, that this treasure had seene,
Admired the beggar of Bednall-greene:
And all those, that were her suitors before,
Their fleshe for very anger they tore.

Thus was fair Besse matched to the knight,
And then made a ladye in others despite:
A fairer ladye there never was seene,
Than the blind beggars daughter of Bednall-greene.

But of their sumptuous marriage and feast,
What brave lords and knights thither were prest,
The second fitt* shall set forth to your sight
With marveilous pleasure and wished delight.

PART THE SECOND.

Off a blind beggars daughter most bright,
That late was betrothed unto a younge knight;
All the discourse therof you did see;
But now comes the wedding of pretty Bessee.

Within a gorgeous palace most brave,
Adorned with all the cost they cold have,
This wedding was kept most sumptuouslie,
And all for the creditt of pretty Bessee.

All kind of dainties, and delicates sweete
Were bought for the banquet, as it was most meete;
Partridge, and plover, and venison most free,
Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessee.

This marriage through England was spread by report,
So that a great number thereto did resort
Of nobles and gentles in every degree;
And all for the fame of prettye Bessee.

To church then went this gallant younge knight;
His bride followed after, an angell most bright,
With troopes of ladyes, the like nere was seene
As went with sweete Bessy of Bednall-greene.

This marryage being solempnized then,
With musicke performed by the skilfullest men,
The nobles and gentles sate downe at that tyde,
Each one admiring the beautifull bryde.

Now, after the sumptuous dinner was done,
To talke, and to reason a number begunn:
They talkt of the blind beggars daughter most bright,
And what with his daughter he gave to the knight.

Then spake the nobles, "Much marveil have wee,
This jolly blind beggar wee cannot here see."
My lords, quoth the bride, my father's so base,
He is loth with his presence these states to disgrace.

"The prayse of a woman in questyon to bringe
Before her own face, were a flattering thinge;
But wee thinke thy father's baseness, quoth they,
Might by thy bewtye be cleane put awaye."

They had noe sooner these pleasant words spoke,
But in comes the beggar cladd in a silke cloke;
A faire velvet capp, and a fether had hee,
And now a musicyan forsooth he wold bee.

He had a daintye lute under his arme,
He touched the strings, which made such a charme,

* See an Essay on the word Fit at the end of the Second Part.

Saies, Please you to heare any musicke of mee,
Ile sing you a song of pretty Bessee.

With that his lute he twanged straigtway,
And thereon begann most sweetlye to play;
And after that lessons were playd two or three,
He strayn'd out this song most delicatelie.

"A poore beggars daughter did dwell on a greene,
Who for her faireness might well be a queene:
A blithe bonny lasse, and a daintye was shee,
And many one called her pretty Bessee.

"Her father hee had noe goods, nor noe land,
But beggd for a penny all day with his hand;
And yett to her marriage he gave thousands three,*
And still he hath somewhat for pretty Bessee.

"And if any one here her birth doe disdaine,
Her father is ready, with might and with maine,
To proove shee is come of noble degree:
Therfore never flout att prettye Bessee."

With that the lords and the companye round
With harty laughter were readye to swound:
Att last said the lords, Full well we may see,
The bride and the beggar's behoulden to thee.

On this the bride all blushing did rise,
The pearlie dropps standing within her faire eyes,
O pardon my father, grave nobles, quoth shee,
That throughe blind affection thus doteth on mee.

If this be thy father, the nobles did say,
Well may he be proud of this happy day;
Yett by his countenance well may wee see,
His birth and his fortune did never agree;

And therefore, blind man, we pray thee bewray,
(And looke that the truth thou to us doe say)
Thy birth and thy parentage, what itt may bee;
For the love that thou bearest to pretty Bessee.

"Then give me leave, nobles and gentles, each one,
One song more to sing, and then I have done;
And if that itt may not winn good report,
Then doe not give me a groat for my sport.

"[Sir Simon de Montfort my subject shal bee;
Once chiefe of all the great barons was hee,
Yet fortune so cruelle this lorde did abase,
Now loste and forgotten are hee and his race.

"When the barons in armes did King Henrye oppose,
Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they chose;
A leader of courage undaunted was hee,
And oft-times he made their enemyes flee.

"At length in the battle on Eveshame plaine
The barons were routed, and Montfort was slaine;
Moste fatall that battel did prove unto thee,
Thoughe thou wast not borne then, my prettye Bessee!

"Along with the nobles, that fell at that tyde,
His eldest son Henrye, who fought by his side,
Was felde by a blowe, he receivde in the fight!
A blowe that deprivde him for ever of sight.

"Among the dead bodyes all lifelesse he laye,
Till evening drewe on of the following daye,
When by a yong ladye discoverd was hee;
And this was thy mother my prettye Bessee!

"A barons faire daughter stept forth in the nighte
To search for her father, who fell in the fight,
And seeing yong Montfort, where gasping he laye,
Was moved with pitye, and brought him awaye.

"In secrette she nurst him, and swaged his paine,
While he throughe the realme was beleevd to be slaine:
At length his faire bride she consented to bee,
And made him glad father of prettye Bessee.

"And nowe lest oure foes our lives sholde betraye,
We clothed ourselves in beggars arraye;

* So the folio MS.

Her jewelles shee solde, and hither came wee:
All our comfort and care was our prettye
Bessee.]

"And here have wee lived in fortunes despite,
Thoughe poore, yet contented with humble
delighte:
Full forty winters thus have I beene
A silly blind beggar of Bednall-greene.

"And here, noble lordes, is ended the song
Of one, that once to your own ranke did
belong:
And thus have you learned a secrette from
mee,
That ne'er had beene knowne, but for prettye
Bessee."

Now when the faire companye everye one,
Had heard the strange tale in the song he
had showne,
They all were amazed, as well they might
bee,
Both at the blinde beggar, and pretty Bessee.

With that the faire bride they all did em-
brace,
Saying, Sure thou art come of an honourable
race,
Thy father likewise is of noble degree,
And thou art well worthy a lady to bee.

Thus was the feast ended with joye and de-
lighte,
A bridegroome most happy then was the
younge knighte,
In joy and felicitie long lived hee,
All with his faire ladye, the pretty Bessee.

***

†‡† The word *fit* for *part*, often occurs in our ancient ballads and metrical romances; which being divided into several parts for the convenience of singing them at public entertainments, were in the intervals of the feast sung by fits, or intermissions. So Puttenham in his art of English Poesie, 1589, says, "the Epithalamie was divided by breaches into three partes to serve for three several fits, or times to be sung." P. 41.

From the same writer we learn some curious particulars relative to the state of ballad-singing in that age, that will throw light on the present subject: speaking of the quick returns of one manner of tune in the short measures used by common rhymers; these, he says, "glut the eare, unless it be in small and popular musickes, sung by these Cantabanqui upon benches and barrels heads, where they have none other audience then boys or countrey fellowes, that passe by them in the streete; or else by blind harpers, or such like taverne Minstrels, that gave a fit of mirth for a groat, . . their matter being for the most part stories of old time, as the tale of Sir Topas, the reportes of Bevis of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, Adam Bell and Clymme of the Clough, and such other old romances or historical rimes, made purposely for recreation of the common people at Christmasse dinners and brideales, and in tavernes and alehouses, and such other places of base resorte." P. 69.

This species of entertainment, which seems to have been handed down from the ancient bards, was in the time of Puttenham falling into neglect; but that it was not, even then, wholly excluded more genteel assemblies, he gives us room to infer from another passage, "We ourselves," says this courtly* writer, "have written for pleasure a little brief romance, or historical ditty in the English tong of the Isle of Great Britaine in short and long meetres, and by breaches or divisions [i. e. fits] to be more commodiously sung to the harpe in places of assembly, where the company shal be desirous to heare of old adventures, and valiaunces of noble knights in times past, as are those of King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table, Sir Bevys of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, and others like." P. 33.

In more ancient times no grand scene of festivity was complete without one of these reciters to entertain the company with feats of arms, and tales of knighthood, or, as one of these old minstrels says, in the beginning of an ancient romance on Guy and Colbronde, in the Editors folio MS.

"When meate and drinke is great plentyè,
And lords and ladyes still wil bee,
And sitt and solace lythe;†
Then itt is time for mee to speake
Of keene knightes, and kempès great,
Such carping for to kythe."

* He was one of Queen Elizabeth's gent. pensioners, at a time when the whole band consisted of men of distinguished birth and fortune. Vid. Ath. Ox.

† Perhaps "blythe."

If we consider that a groat in the age of Elizabeth was more than equivalent to a shilling now, we shall find that the old harpers were even then, when their art was on the decline, upon a far more reputable footing than the ballad-singers of our time. The reciting of one such ballad as this of the Beggar of Bednall-grèen, in two parts, was rewarded with half a crown of our money. And that they made a very respectable appearance, we may learn from the dress of the old beggar, in the preceding ballad, p. 229, where he comes into company in the habit and character of one of these minstrels, being not known to be the bride's father, till after her speech, ver. 63. The exordium of his song, and his claiming a groat for his reward, ver. 80, are peculiarly characteristic of that profession.—Most of the old ballads begin in a pompous manner, in order to captivate the attention of the audience, and induce them to purchase a recital of the song: and they seldom conclude the first part without large promises of still greater entertainment in the second. This was a necessary piece of art to incline the hearers to be at the expense of a second groat's worth.—Many of the old romances extend to eight or nine fits, which would afford a considerable profit to the reciter.

To return to the word fit; it seems at one time to have peculiarly signified the pause, or breathing-time, between the several parts (answering to *Passus* in the visions of Pierce Plowman): thus in the ancient ballad of "Chevy-Chase," (p. 55,) the first Part ends with this line,

"The first fit here I fynde:"

i. e. here I come to the first pause or intermission. (See also p. 58.) By degrees it came to signify the whole part or division preceding the pause. (See the concluding verses of the first and second parts of "Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudesly," in this work.) This sense it had obtained so early as the time of Chaucer: who thus concludes the first part of his rhyme of Sir Thopas (writ in ridicule of the old ballad romances):

"Lo! lordis mine, here is a fitt;
If ye woll any more of it,
To tell it woll I fonde."

The word fit indeed appears originally to have signified a poetic strain, verse, or poem: for in these senses it is used by the Anglo-Saxon writers. Thus King Ælfred in his Boetius, having given a version of lib. 3, metr. 5, adds, Dare þyrdom tha thar þitte arungen hæfde p. 65, i. e. "When wisdom had sung these [fitts] verses." And in the Proem to the same book Fon on þitte, "Put into [fitt] verse." So in Cedmon, p. 45, Feond on þitte, seems to mean "composed a song," or "poem." The reader will trace this old Saxon phrase, in the application of the word *fond*, in the foregoing passage of Chaucer. See Gloss.

Spenser has used the word fit to denote "a strain of music:" see his poem entitled "Collin Clout's come home again," where he says,

The Shepherd of the ocean [*Sir W. Raleigh.*]
Provoked me to play some pleasant fit.
And when he heard the music which I made
He found himselfe full greatlye pleas'd at it, &c.

It is also used in the old ballad of King Estmere, p. 16, v. 243.

From being applied to music, this word was easily transferred to dancing; thus in the old play of "Lusty Juventus" (described in p. 117), Juventus says,

By the masse I would fayne go daunce a fitte.

And from being used as a part or division in a ballad, poem, &c., it is applied by Bale to a section or chapter in a book, (though I believe in a sense of ridicule or sarcasm) for thus he entitles two chapters of his "English Dotaryes," part 2, viz.—— fol. 49, "*The first* fytt *of Anselme with Kynge Wyllyam Rufas.*"——fol. 50, "*An other* fytt *of Anselme with Kynge Wyllyam Rufas.*"

Feond on (an) þitte = to endeavor or try a song or stave. Perhaps ditty may have some connection with fitte.

XI.

Fancy and Desire.

BY THE EARL OF OXFORD.

Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, was in high fame for his poetical talents in the reign of Elizabeth: perhaps it is no injury to his reputation that few of his compositions are preserved for the inspection of impartial posterity. To gratify curiosity, we have inserted a sonnet of his, which is quoted with great encomiums for its "excellencie and wit," in Puttenham's "Arte of Eng. Poesie;"* and found entire in the "Garland of Good-will." A few more of his sonnets (distinguished by the initial letters E. O.) may be seen in the "Paradise of Daintie Devises." One of these is entitled, "The Complaint of a Lover, wearing blacke and tawnie." The only lines in it worth notice are these,

A crowne of baies shall that man 'beare'
  Who triumphs over me;
For black and tawnie will I weare,
  Which mourning colours be.

We find in Hall's Chronicle, that when Queen Catharine of Arragon died, Jan. 8, 1536, "Queen Anne [Bullen] ware yellowe for the mourning." And when this unfortunate princess lost her head, May 19, the same year, "on the ascencion day following, the kyng for mourning ware whyte." Fol. 227, 228.

Edward, who was the seventeenth Earl of Oxford, of the family of Vere, succeeded his father in his title and honours in 1562, and died an aged man in 1604. See Mr. Walpole's Noble Authors. Athen. Oxon. &c.

Come hither shepherd's swayne:
  "Sir, what do you require?"
I praye thee, shewe to me thy name.
  My name is "Fond Desire."

When wert thou borne, Desire?
  "In pompe and pryme of may."
By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot?
  "By fond Conceit men say."

Tell me, who was thy nurse?
  "Fresh Youth in sugred joy."
What was thy meate and dayly foode?
  "Sad sighes with great annoy."

What hadst thou then to drinke?
  "Unsavoury lovers teares."
What cradle wert thou rocked in?
  "In hope devoyde of feares."

What lulld thee then asleepe?
  "Sweete speech, which likes me best."
Tell me, where is thy dwelling place?
  "In gentle hartes I rest."

What thing doth please thee most?
  "To gaze on beautye stille."
Whom dost thou thinke to be thy foe
  "Disdayn of my good wille."

Doth companye displease?
  "Yes, surelye, many one."
Where doth Desire delighte to live?
  "He loves to live alone."

Doth either tyme or age
  Bringe him unto decaye?
"No, no, Desire both lives and dyes
  Ten thousand times a daye."

Then, fond Desire, farewelle,
  Thou art no mate for mee;
I sholde be lothe, methinkes, to dwelle
  With such a one as thee.

* Lond. 1589, p. 172.

XII.

Sir Andrew Barton.

I CANNOT give a better relation of the fact, which is the subject of the following ballad, than in an extract from the late Mr. Guthrie's Peerage; which was begun upon a very elegant plan, but never finished. Vol. I., 4to. p. 22.

"The transactions which did the greatest honour to the Earl of Surrey* and his family at this time [A. D. 1511], was their behaviour in the case of Barton, a Scotch sea officer. This gentleman's father having suffered by sea from the Portuguese, he had obtained letters of marque for his two sons to make reprisals upon the subjects of Portugal. It is extremely probable, that the court of Scotland granted these letters with no very honest intention. The council board of England, at which the Earl of Surrey held the chief place, was daily pestered with complaints from the sailors and merchants, that Barton, who was called Sir Andrew Barton, under pretence of searching for Portuguese goods, interrupted the English navigation. Henry's situation at that time rendered him backward from breaking with Scotland, so that their complaints were but coldly received. The Earl of Surrey, however, could not smother his indignation, but gallantly declared at the council board, that while he had an estate that could furnish out a ship, or a son that was capable of commanding one, the narrow seas should not be infested.

"Sir Andrew Barton, who commanded the two Scotch ships, had the reputation of being one of the ablest sea officers of his time. By his depredations, he had amassed great wealth, and his ships were very richly laden. Henry, notwithstanding his situation, could not refuse the generous offer made by the Earl of Surrey. Two ships were immediately fitted out, and put to sea with letters of marque, under his two sons, Sir Thomas† and Sir Edward Howard. After encountering a great deal of foul weather, Sir Thomas came up with the Lion, which was commanded by Sir Andrew Barton in person; and Sir Edward came up with the Union, Barton's other ship [called by Hall, the Bark of Scotland]. The engagement which ensued was extremely obstinate on both sides; but at last the fortune of the Howards prevailed. Sir Andrew was killed, fighting bravely, and encouraging his men with his whistle, to hold out to the last; and the two Scotch ships, with their crews, were carried into the River Thames. [Aug. 2, 1511.]

"This exploit had the more merit, as the two English commanders were in a manner volunteers in the service, by their father's order. But it seems to have laid the foundation of Sir Edward's fortune; for, on the 7th of April, 1512, the king constituted him (according to Dugdale) admiral of England, Wales, &c.

"King James 'insisted' upon satisfaction for the death of Barton, and capture of his ship: 'though' Henry had generously dismissed the crews, and even agreed that the parties accused might appear in his courts of admiralty by their attorneys, to vindicate themselves." This affair was in a great measure the cause of the battle of Flodden, in which James IV. lost his life.

In the following ballad will be found perhaps some few deviations from the truth of history: to atone for which it has probably recorded many lesser facts, which history hath not condescended to relate. I take many of the little circumstances of the story to be real, because I find one of the most unlikely to be not very remote from the truth. In Part 2, v. 156, it is said, that England had before "but two ships of war." Now the "Great Harry" had been built only seven years before, viz., in 1504: which "was properly speaking the first ship in the English navy. Before this period, when the prince wanted a fleet, he had no other expedient but hiring ships from the merchants." Hume.

* Thomas Howard, afterwards created Duke of Norfolk.

† Called by old historians Lord Howard, afterwards created Earl of Surrey in his father's lifetime. He was father of the poetical Earl of Surrey.

This ballad, which appears to have been written in the reign of Elizabeth, has received great improvements from the Editor's folio MS., wherein was an ancient copy, which, though very incorrect, seemed in many respects superior to the common ballad; the latter being evidently modernized and abridged from it. The following text is however in some places amended and improved by the latter (chiefly from a black-letter copy in the Pepys collection), as also by conjecture.

THE FIRST PART.

"When Flora with her fragrant flowers
Bedeckt the earth so trim and gaye,
And Neptune with his daintye showers
Came to present the monthe of Maye;"*
King Henrye rode to take the ayre,
Over the river of Thames past hee;
When eighty merchants of London came,
And downe they knelt upon their knee.

"O yee are welcome, rich merchànts;
Good saylors, welcome unto mee."
They swore by the rood, they were saylors good,
But rich merchànts they cold not bee:
"To France nor Flanders dare we pass:
Nor Borudeaux voyage dare we fare;
And all for a rover that lyes on the seas,
Who robbs us of our merchant ware."

King Henrye frownd, and turned him rounde,
And swore by the Lord, that was mickle of might,
"I thought he had not beene in the world,
Durst have wrought England such unright."
The merchants sighed, and said, alas!
And thus they did their answer frame,
He is a proud Scott, that robbs on the seas,
And Sir Andrewe Barton is his name.

The king lookt over his left shouldèr,
And an angrye look then looked hee:
"Have I never a lorde in my realme,
Will feitch yond traytor unto mee?"
Yea, that dare I; Lord Howard sayes;
Yea, that dare I with heart and hand;
If it please your grace to give me leave,
Myselfe wil be the only man.

Thou art but yong; the kyng replyed:
Yond Scott hath numbred manye a yeare.
"Trust me, my liege, Ile make him quail,
Or before my prince I will never appeare."
Then bowemen and gunners thou shalt have,
And chuse them over my realme so free;
Besides good mariners, and shipp-boyes,
To guide the great shipp on the sea.

The first man, that Lord Howard chose,
Was the ablest gunner in all the realm,
Thoughe he was threescore yeeres and ten;
Good Peter Simon was his name.
Peter, sais hee, I must to the sea,
To bring home a traytor live or dead:
Before all others I have chosen thee;
Of a hundred gunners to be the head.

If you, my lord, have chosen mee
Of a hundred gunners to be the head,
Then hang me up on your maine-mast tree,
If I misse my marke one shilling bread.*
My lord then chose a boweman rare,
"Whose active hands had gained fame."†
In Yorkshire was this gentleman borne,
And William Horseley was his name.‡

Horseley, sayd he, I must with speede
Go seeke a traytor on the sea,
And now of a hundred bowemen brave
To be the head I have chosen thee.
If you, quoth hee, have chosen mee
Of a hundred bowemen to be the head;
On your main-màst Ile hanged bee,
If I miss twelvescore one penny bread.

With pikes and gunnes, and bowemen bold,
This noble Howard is gone to the sea;
With a valyant heart and a pleasant cheare,
Out at Thames mouth sayled he.
And days he scant had sayled three,
Upon the 'voyage,' he tooke in hand,
But there he mett with a noble shipp,
And stoutely made itt stay and stand.

Thou must tell me, Lord Howard said,
Now who thou art, and what's thy name;
And shewe me where thy dwelling is:
And whither bound, and whence thou came.

V. 15, 83, robber, MS. V. 29, Lord Charles Howard, MS.

* From the pr. copy.

Ver. 70, Journey, MS.

* An old English word for breadth. † Pr. copy.

‡ Mr. Lambe, in his Notes to the Poem on the Battle of Flodden Field, contends, that this expert bowman's name was not Horseley, but Hustler, of a family long seated near Stockton, in Cleveland, Yorkshire. Vid. p. 5.

My name is Henry Hunt, quoth hee,
With a heavye heart, and a carefull mind;
I and my shipp doe both belong
To the Newcastle, that stands upon Tyne.

Hast thou not heard, nowe, Henrye Hunt,
As thou hast sayled by daye and by night,
Of a Scottish rover on the seas;
Men call him Sir Andrew Barton, knight?
Then ever he sighed, and sayd alas!
With a grieved mind, and well away!
But over-well I knowe that wight,
I was his prisoner yesterday.

As I was sayling uppon the sea,
A Burdeaux voyage for to fare;
To his hach-borde he clasped me,
And robd me of all my merchant ware:
And mickle debts, God wot, I owe,
And every man will have his owne,
And I am nowe to London bounde,
Of our gracious king to beg a boone.

That shall not need, Lord Howard sais;
Lett me but once that robber see,
For every penny tane thee froe
It shall be doubled shillings three.
Nowe Gode forefend, the merchant said,
That you shold seek soe far amisse!
God keepe you out of that traitors hands!
Full litle ye wott what a man hee is.

Hee is brasse within, and steele without,
With beames on his topcastle stronge;
And eighteen pieces of ordinance
He carries on each side along:
And he hath a pinnace deerlye dight,
St. Andrewes crosse that is his guide;
His pinnace beareth ninescore men,
And fifteen canons on each side.

Were ye twentye shippes, and he but one;
I sweare by kirke, and bower, and hall;
He wold overcome them everye one,
If once his beames they doe downe fall.*

This is cold comfort, sais my lord,
To wellcome a stranger thus to the sea:
Yet Ile bring him and his shipp to shore,
Or to Scottland hee shall carrye mee.

Then a noble gunner you must have,
And he must aim well with his ee,
And sinke his pinnace into the sea,
Or else hee never orecome will bee:
And if you chance his shipp to borde,
This counsel I must give withall,
Let no man to his topcastle goe
To strive to let his beams downe fall.

And seven pieces of ordinance,
I pray your honour lend to mee,
On each side of my shipp along,
And I will lead you on the sea.
A glasse Ile sett, that may be seene,
Whether you sayle by day or night;
And to-morrowe, I sweare, by nine of the clocke,
You shall meet with Sir Andrewe Barton knight.

THE SECOND PART.

THE merchant sett my lorde a glasse
Soe well apparent in his sight,
And on the morrowe, by nine of the clocke,
He shewed him Sir Andrewe Barton knight.
His hachebord it was 'gilt' with gold,
Soe deerlye dight it dazzled the ee:
Nowe by my faith, Lord Howarde sais,
This is a gallant sight to see.

Take in your ancyents, standards eke,
So close that no man may them see;
And put me forth a white willowe wand,
As merchants use to sayle the sea.
But they stirred neither top, nor mast;*
Stoutly they past Sir Andrew by.
What English churles are yonder, he sayd,
That can soe litle curtesye?

V. 91, The MS. has here Arch-borde, but in Part II. v. 5, Hachebord.

* It should seem from hence, that before our marine artillery was brought to its present perfection, some naval commanders had recourse to instruments or machines, similar in use, though perhaps unlike in construction, to the heavy Dolphins made of lead or iron used by the ancient Greeks; which they suspended from beams or yards fastened to the mast, and which they precipitately let fall on the enemies' ships, in order to sink them, by beating holes through the bottoms of their undecked Triremes, or otherwise damaging them. These are mentioned by Thucydides, lib. 7, p. 256, Ed. 1564, folio, and are more fully explained in Scheffer de Militiâ Navali, lib. 2, cap. 5, p. 136, Ed. 1653, 4to.

N. B. It everywhere in the MS. seems to be written *Beanes*.

Ver. 5, 'hached with gold,' MS.

* i. e. did not salute.

Now by the roode, three yeares and more
I have beene admirall over the sea;
And never an English nor Portingall
Without my leave can passe this way.
Then called he forth his stout pinnàce;
"Fetch backe yond pedlars nowe to mee:
I sweare by the masse, yon English churles
Shall all hang att my maine-mast tree."

With that the pinnace itt shott off,
Full well Lord Howard might it ken;
For itt stroke down my lord's fore mast,
And killed fourteen of his men.
Come hither, Simon, sàyes my lord,
Looke that thy word be true, thou said;
For at my maine-mast thou shall hang,
If thou misse thy marke one shilling bread.

Simon was old, but his heart itt was bold,
His ordinance he laid right lowe;
He put in chaine full nine yardes long,
With other great shott lesse, and moe;
And he lette goe his great gunnes shott:
Soe well he settled itt with his ee,
The first sight that Sir Andrew sawe,
He see his pinnace sunke in the sea.

And when he saw his pinnace sunke,
Lord, how his heart with rage did swell!
"Nowe cutt my ropes, itt is time to be gon;
Ile fetch yond pedlars backe mysell."
When my Lord sawe Sir Andrewe loose,
Within his heart hee was full faine:
"Nowe spread your ancyents, strike up drummes,
Sound all your trumpetts out amaine."

Fight on, my men, Sir Andrewe sais,
Weale howsoever this geere will sway;
Itt is my lord admirall of Englànd,
Is come to seeke mee on the sea.
Simon had a sonne, who shott right well,
That did Sir Andrewe mickle scare;
In att his decke he gave a shott,
Killed threescore of his men of warre.

Then Henrye Hunt with rigour hott
Came bravely on the other side,
Soone he drove downe his fore-mast tree,
And killed fourscore men beside.
Nowe, out alas! Sir Andrewe cryed,
What may a man now thinke, or say?
Yonder merchant theefe, that pierceth mee,
He was my prisoner yesterday.

Ver. 35, i. e. discharged chain shot.

Come hither to me, thou Gordon good,
That aye wast readye att my call;
I will give thee three hundred markes,
If thou wilt let my beames downe fall.
Lord Howard hee then calld in haste,
"Horseley see thou be true in stead;
For thou shalt at the maine-mast hang,
If thou misse twelvescore one penny bread."

Then Gordon swarved the maine-mast tree,
He swarved it with might and maine;
But Horseley with a bearing arrowe,
Stroke the Gordon through the braine;
And he fell unto the haches again,
And sore his deadlye wounde did bleede:
Then word went through Sir Andrews men,
How that the Gordon hee was dead.

Come hither to mee, James Hambilton,
Thou art my only sisters sonne,
If thou wilt let my beames downe fall,
Six hundred nobles thou hast wonne.
With that he swarved the maine-mast tree,
He swarved it with nimble art;
But Horseley with a broad arròwe
Pierced the Hambilton thorough the heart:

And downe he fell upon the deck,
That with his blood did streame amaine:
Then every Scott cryed, Well-away!
Alas a comelye youth is slaine!
All woe begone was Sir Andrew then,
With griefe and rage his heart did swell:
"Go fetch me forth my armour of proofe,
For I will to the topcastle mysell."

"Goe fetch me forth my armour of proofe;
That gilded is with gold soe cleare:
God be with my brother John of Barton!
Against the Portingalls hee it ware;
And when he had on this armour of proofe,
He was a gallant sight to see:
Ah! nere didst thou meet with living wight,
My deere brothèr, could cope with thee."

Come hither, Horseley, sayes my lord,
And looke your shaft that itt goe right,
Shoot a good shoote in time of need,
And for it thou shalt be made a knight.
Ile shoot my best, quoth Horseley then,
Your honour shall see, with might and maine;
But if I were hanged at your maine-mast,
I have now left but arrowes twaine.

Ver. 67, 84, pounds, MS. V. 75, bearings, sc. that carries well, &c. But see Gloss.

Sir Andrew he did swarve the tree,
With right good will he swarved then:
Upon his breast did Horsley hitt,
But the arrow bounded back agen.
Then Horseley spyed a privye place
With a perfect eye in a secrette part;
Under the spole of his right arme
He smote Sir Andrew to the heart.

"Fight on, my men, Sir Andrew sayes,
A little Ime hurt, but yett not slaine;
Ile but lye downe and bleede a while,
And then Ile rise and fight againe.
Fight on, my men, Sir Andrew sayes,
And never flinche before the foe;
And stand fast by St. Andrewes crosse
Untill you heare my whistle blowe."

They never heard his whistle blow,—
Which made their hearts waxe sore adread:
Then Horseley sayd, Aboard, my lord,
For well I wott Sir Andrew's dead.
They boarded then his noble shipp,
They boarded it with might and maine;
Eighteen score Scots alive they found,
The rest were either maimed or slaine.

Lord Howard tooke a sword in hand,
And off he smote Sir Andrewes head,
"I must have left England many a daye,
If thou wert alive as thou art dead."
He caused his body to be cast
Over the hatchbord into the sea,
And about his middle three hundred crownes:
"Wherever thou land this will bury thee."

Thus from the warres Lord Howard came,
And backe he sayled ore the maine,
With mickle joy and triumphing
Into Thames mouth he came againe.
Lord Howard then a letter wrote,
And sealed it with seale and ring;
"Such a noble prize have I brought to your grace
As never did subject to a king.

"Sir Andrewes shipp I bring with mee;
A braver shipp was never none:
Nowe hath your grace two shipps of warr,
Before in England was but one."
King Henryes grace with royall cheere
Welcomed the noble Howard home,
And where, said he, is this rover stout,
That I myselfe may give the doome?

"The rover, he is safe, my leige,
Full many a fadom in the sea;
If he were alive as he is dead,
I must have left England many a day:
And your grace may thank four men i' the ship
For the victory wee have wonne,
These are William Horseley, Henry Hunt,
And Peter Simon, and his sonne."

To Henry Hunt, the king then sayd,
In lieu of what was from thee tane,
A noble a day now thou shalt have,
Sir Andrewes jewels and his chayne.
And Horseley thou shalt be a knight,
And lands and livings shalt have store;
Howard shall be Erle Surrye hight,
As Howards erst have beene before.

Nowe, Peter Simon, thou art old,
I will maintaine thee and thy sonne:
And the men shall have five hundred markes
For the good service they have done.
Then in came the queene with ladyes fair
To see Sir Andrewe Barton knight;
They weend that hee were brought on shore,
And thought to have seen a gallant sight.

But when they see his deadlye face,
And eyes soe hollow in his head,
I wold give, quoth the king, a thousand markes,
This man were alive as hee is dead:
Yett for the manfull part hee playd,
Which fought soe well with heart and hand,
His men shall have twelvepence a day,
Till they come to my brother kings high land.

***

Ver. 175, 6 ... Erle of Nottingham, And soe was never &c., MS.

XIII.

Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

The subject of this pathetic ballad the Editor once thought might possibly relate to the Earl of Bothwell, and his desertion of his wife Lady Jean Gordon, to make room for his marriage with the Queen of Scots. But this opinion he now believes to be groundless; indeed Earl Bothwell's age, who was upwards of sixty at the time of that marriage, renders it unlikely that he should be the object of so warm a passion as this elegy supposes. He has been since informed, that it entirely refers to a private story. A young lady of the name of Bothwell, or rather Boswell, having been, together with her child, deserted by her husband or lover, composed these affecting lines herself; which here are given from a copy in the Editor's folio MS., corrected by another in Allan Ramsay's Miscellany.

Balow, my babe, lye still and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe:
If thoust be silent, Ise be glad,
Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.
Balow, my boy, thy mothers joy,
Thy father breides me great annoy.
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,
It grieves me sair to see thee weepe.

Whan he began to court my luve,
And with his sugred wordes* to muve,
His faynings fals, and flattering cheire
To me that time did not appeire:
But now I see, most cruell hee
Cares neither for my babe nor mee.
Balow, &c.

Lye still, my darling, sleipe a while,
And when thou wakest, sweitly smile:
But smile not, as thy father did,
To cozen maids: nay God forbid!
Bot yett I feire, thou wilt gae neire
Thy fatheris hart, and face to beire.
Balow, &c.

I cannae chuse, but ever will
Be luving to thy father still:
Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde,
My luve with him doth still abyde:
In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,
Mine hart can neire depart him frae.
Balow, &c.

But doe not, doe not, pretty mine,
To faynings fals thine hart incline;
Be loyal to thy luver trew,
And nevir change her for a new:
If gude or faire, of hir have care,
For womens banning's wonderous sair.
Balow, &c.

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,
Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine;
My babe and I'll together live,
He'll comfort me when cares doe grieve:
My babe and I right saft will ly,
And quite forgeit man's cruelty.
Balow, &c.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth,
That evir kist a womans mouth!
I wish all maides be warnd by mee
Nevir to trust mans curtesy;
For if we doe bot chance to bow,
They'le use us then they care not how.
Balow, my babe, ly stil, and sleipe,
It grives me sair to see thee weipe.

* When *sugar* was first imported into Europe, it was a very great dainty; and therefore the epithet *sugred* is used by all our old writers metaphorically to express extreme and delicate sweetness. (See above, No. XI. v. 10.) *Sugar* at present is cheap and common; and therefore suggests now a coarse and vulgar idea.

XIV.

The Murder of the King of Scots.

The catastrophe of Henry Stewart, Lord Darnley, the unfortunate husband of Mary Queen of Scots, is the subject of this ballad. It is here related in that partial imperfect manner, in which such an event would naturally strike the subjects of another kingdom; of which he was a native. Henry appears to have been a vain, capricious, worthless young man, of weak understanding, and dissolute morals. But the beauty of his person, and the inexperience of his youth, would dispose mankind to treat him with an indulgence, which the cruelty of his murder would afterwards convert into the most tender pity and regret: and then imagination would not fail to adorn his memory with all those virtues he ought to have possessed. This will account for the extravagant eulogium bestowed upon him in the first stanza, &c.

Henry Lord Darnley was eldest son of the Earl of Lennox, by the Lady Margaret Douglas, niece of Henry VIII., and daughter of Margaret Queen of Scotland by the Earl of Angus, whom that princess married after the death of James IV.—Darnley, who had been born and educated in England, was but in his 21st year when he was murdered, Feb. 9, 1567–8. This crime was perpetrated by the Earl of Bothwell, not out of respect to the memory of Riccio, but in order to pave the way for his own marriage with the queen.

This ballad (printed, with a few corrections, from the Editor's folio MS.) seems to have been written soon after Mary's escape into England in 1568, see v. 65.—It will be remembered, at v. 5, that this princess was Queen Dowager of France, having been first married to Francis II., who died Dec. 4, 1560.

Woe worth, woe worth thee, false Scotlànde!
For thou hast ever wrought by sleight;
The worthyest prince that ever was borne,
You hanged under a cloud by night.

The Queene of France a letter wrote,
And sealed itt with harte and ringe;
And bade him come Scotland within,
And shee wold marry and crowne him kinge.

To be a king is a pleasant thing,
To bee a prince unto a peere:
But you have heard, and soe have I too,
A man may well buy gold too deare.

There was an Italyan in that place,
Was as well beloved as ever was hee,
Lord David was his name,
Chamberlaine to the queene was hee.

If the king had risen forth of his place,
He wold have sate him downe in the cheare,
And tho itt beseemed him not so well,
Altho the kinge had beene present there.

Some lords in Scotlande waxed wrothe,
And quarrelled with him for the nonce;
I shall you tell how it befell,
Twelve daggers were in him att once.

When the queene saw her chamberlaine was slaine,
For him her faire cheeks shee did weete,
And made a vowe for a yeare and a day
The king and shee wold not come in one sheete.

Then some of the lords they waxed wrothe,
And made their vow all vehementlye;
For the death of the queenes chamberlaine,
The king himselfe, how he shall dye.

With gun-powder they strewed his roome,
And layd greene rushes in his way:
For the traitors thought that very night
This worthye king for to betray.

To bedd the king he made him bowne;
To take his rest was his desire;
He was noe sooner cast on sleepe,
But his chamber was on a blasing fire.

Up he lope, and the window brake,
And hee had thirtye foote to fall;
Lord Bodwell kept a privy watch,
Underneath his castle wall.

Ver. 15, sic. MS.

Who have wee here? Lord Bodwell sayd:
Now answer me, that I may know.
"King Henry the eighth my uncle was;
For his sweete sake some pitty show."

Who have we here? Lord Bodwell sayd,
Now answer me when I doe speake.
"Ah, Lord Bodwell, I know thee well;
Some pitty on me I pray thee take."

Ile pitty thee as much he sayd,
And as much favor show to thee,
As thou didst to the queenes chamberlaine,
That day thou deemedst him to die.*

Through halls and towers the king they ledd,
Through towers and castles that were nye,
Through an arbor into an orchàrd,
There on a peare-tree hanged him hye.

When the governor of Scotland heard m,
How that the worthye king was slaine;
He persued the queen so bitterlye,
That in Scotland shee dare not remaine.

But shee is fledd into merry England,
And here her residence hath taine;
And through the Queene of Englands grace,
In England now shee doth remaine.

XV.

A Sonnet by Queen Elizabeth.

The following lines, if they display no rich vein of poetry, are yet so strongly characteristic of their great and spirited authoress, that the insertion of them will be pardoned. They are preserved in Puttenham's "Arte of English Poesie:" a book in which are many sly addresses to the queen's foible of shining as a poetess. The extraordinary manner in which these verses are introduced shows what kind of homage was exacted from the courtly writers of that age, viz.

"I find," says this antiquated critic, "none example in English metre, so well maintaining this figure [*Exargasia*, or the Gorgeous, Lat. *Expolitio*] as that dittie of her majesties owne making, passing sweete and harmonicall; which figure beyng as his very originall name purporteth the most bewtifull and gorgious of all others, it asketh in reason to be reserved for a last complement, and desciphred by a ladies penne, herself beyng the most bewtifull, or rather bewtie of queenes.* And this was the occasion; our soveraigne lady perceiving how the Scottish queenes residence within this realme at so great libertie and ease (as were skarce meete for so great and dangerous a prysoner) bred secret factions among her people, and made many of the nobilitie incline to favour her partie: some of them desirous of innovation in the state: others aspiring to greater fortunes by her libertie and life: the queene our soveraigne ladie, to declare that she was nothing ignorant of those secret practizes, though she had long with great wisdome and pacience dissembled it, writeth this dittie most sweete and sententious, not hiding from all such aspiring minds the danger of their ambition and disloyaltie: which afterwards fell out most truly by th' exemplary chastisement of sundry persons, who in favour of the said Scot. Qu. declining from her majestie, sought to interrupt the quiet of the realme by many evill and undutifull practizes."

This sonnet seems to have been composed in 1569, not long before the Duke of Norfolk, the Earls of Pembroke and Arundel, the Lord Lumley, Sir Nich. Throcmorton, and others, were taken into custody. See Hume, Rapin, &c. It was originally written in long lines or alexandrines, each of which is here divided into two.

The present edition is improved by some readings adopted from a copy printed in a collection from the papers of Sir John Harrington, intituled, "Nugæ Antiquæ," Lond. 1769, 12mo., where the verses are accompanied with a very curious letter, in which this sonnet is said to be "of her Highness own

* Pronounced after the northern manner *dee*.
† She was at this time near three-score.

inditing. . . . . My Lady Willoughby did covertly get it on her Majesties tablet, and had much hazzard in so doing; for the Queen did find out the thief, and chid for her spreading evil bruit of her writing such toyes, when other matters did so occupy her employment at this time—and was fearful of being thought too lightly of for so doing." * * *

The doubt of future foes
  Exiles my present joy;
And wit me warnes to shun such snares,
  As threaten mine annoy.

For falshood now doth flow,
  And subjects faith doth ebbe:
Which would not be, if reason rul'd,
  Or wisdome wove the webbe.

But clowdes of joyes untried
  Do cloake aspiring mindes;
Which turn to raine of late repent,
  By course of changed windes.

The toppe of hope supposed
  The roote of ruthe will be;
And frutelesse all their graffed guiles,
  As shortly all shall see.

Then dazeld eyes with pride,
  Which great ambition blindes,
Shal be unseeld by worthy wights,
  Whose foresight falshood finds.

The daughter of debate,*
  That discord ay doth sowe,
Shal reape no gaine where former rule
  Hath taught stil peace to growe.

No forreine bannisht wight
  Shall ancre in this port;
Our realme it brookes no strangers force,
  Let them elsewhere resort.

Our rusty sworde with rest
  Shall first his edge employ,
To poll the toppes, that seeke such change,
  Or gape for such like joy.

†‡† I cannot help subjoining to the above sonnet another distich of Elizabeth's preserved by Puttenham (p. 197), "which (says he) our soveraigne lady wrote in defiance of fortune."

Never thinke you, Fortune can beare the sway,
Where Vertue's force can cause her to obay.

The slightest effusion of such a mind deserves attention.

Ver. 1, dread, al. ed. V. 9, toyes, al. ed.

* She evidently means here the Queen of Scots.

XVI.

King of Scots and Andrew Browne.

This ballad is a proof of the little intercourse that subsisted between the Scots and English, before the accession of James I. to the crown of England. The tale which is here so circumstantially related, does not appear to have had the least foundation in history, but was probably built upon some confused hearsay report of the tumults in Scotland during the minority of that prince, and of the conspiracies formed by different factions to get possession of his person. It should seem from ver. 97 to have been written during the regency, or at least before the death, of the Earl of Morton, who was condemned and executed June 2, 1581; when James was in his fifteenth year.

The original copy (preserved in the archives of the Antiquarian Society, London) is entitled, "A new ballad, declaring the great treason conspired against the young king of Scots, and how one Andrew Browne an English-man, which was the king's chamberlaine, prevented the same. To the tune of Milfield, or els to Green-sleeves." At the end is subjoined the name of the author, W. Elderton. "Imprinted at London for Yarathe

James, dwelling in Newgate Market, over against Ch. Church," in black-letter folio.

This Elderton, who had been originally an attorney in the sheriff's court of London, and afterwards (if we may believe Oldys) a comedian, was a facetious fuddling companion, whose tippling and rhymes rendered him famous among his contemporaries. He was author of many popular songs and ballads; and probably other pieces in this work, besides the following, are of his composing. He is believed to have fallen a victim to his bottle before the year 1592. His epitaph has been recorded by Camden, and translated by Oldys.

Hic situs est sitiens, atque ebrius Eldertonus,
Quid dico hic situs est? hic potius sitis est.

Dead drunk here Elderton doth lie;
Dead as he is, he still is dry:
So of him it may well be said,
Here he, but not his thirst, is laid.

See Stow's Lond. [Guild-hall.]—Biogr. Brit. ["Drayton," by Oldys, Note B.] Ath. Ox.—Camden's Remains.—The Exale-tation of Ale, among Beaumont's Poems, 8vo. 1653.

"Out alas!" what a griefe is this
That princes subjects cannot be true,
But still the devill hath some of his,
Will play their parts whatsoever ensue;
Forgetting what a grievous thing
It is to offend the anointed king!
Alas for woe, why should it be so,
This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.

In Scotland is a bonnie kinge,
As proper a youth as neede to be,
Well given to every happy thing,
That can be in a kinge to see:
Yet that unluckie country still,
Hath people given to craftie will.
Alas for woe, &c.

On Whitsun eve it so befell,
A posset was made to give the king,
Whereof his ladie nurse hard tell,
And that it was a poysoned thing:
She cryed, and called piteouslie;
Now help, or els the king shall die!
Alas for woe, &c.

One Browne, that was an English man,
And hard the ladies piteous crye,
Out with his sword, and bestir'd him than,
Out of the doores in haste to flie;
But all the doores were made so fast,
Out of a window he got at last.
Alas, for woe, &c.

He met the bishop coming fast,
Having the posset in his hande:
The sight of Browne made him aghast,
Who bad him stoutly staie and stand.
With him were two that ranne awa,
For feare that Browne would make a fray.
Alas, for woe, &c.

Bishop, quoth Browne, what hast thou there?
Nothing at all, my friend, sayde he;
But a posset to make the king good cheere.
Is it so? sayd Browne, that will I see,
First I will have thyself begin,
Before thou go any further in;
Be it weale or woe, it shall be so,
This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.

The bishop sayde, Browne I doo know,
Thou art a young man poore and bare;
Livings on thee I will bestowe:
Let me go on, take thou no care.
No, no, quoth Browne, I will not be
A traitour for all Christiantie:
Happe well or woe, it shall be so,
Drink now with a sorrowfull, &c.

The bishop dranke, and by and by
His belly burst and he fell downe:
A just rewarde for his traitery.
This was a posset indeed, quoth Brown!
He serched the bishop, and found the keyes,
To come to the kinge when he did please.
Alas for woe, &c.

As soon as the king got word of this,
He humbly fell uppon his knee,
And praysed God that he did misse,
To tast of that extremity:
For that he did perceive and know,
His clergie would betray him so:
Alas for woe, &c.

Alas, he said, unhappie realme,
My father, and grandfather slaine:

Ver. 67, His father was Henry Lord Darnley. His grandfather the old Earl of Lenox, regent of Scotland, and father of Lord Darnley, was murdered at Stirling, Sept. 5, 1571.

My mother banished, O extreame!
Unhappy fate, and bitter bayne!
And now like treason wrought for me,
What more unhappie realme can be!
Alas for woe, &c.

The king did call his nurse to his grace,
And gave her twenty poundes a yeere;
And trustie Browne too in like case,
He knighted him with gallant geere:
And gave him 'lands and livings great,
For dooing such a manly feat,
As he did showe, to the bishop's woe,
Which made, &c.

When all this treason done and past,
Tooke not effect of traytery:
Another treason at the last,
They sought against his majestie:
How they might make their kinge away,
By a privie banket on a daye.
Alas for woe, &c.

'Another time' to sell the king
Beyonde the seas they had decreede:
Three noble Earles heard of this thing,
And did prevent the same with speede.
For a letter came, with such a charme,
That they should doo their king no harme:
For further woe, if they did soe,
Would make a sorrowful heigh hoe.

The Earle Mourton told the Douglas then,
Take heede you do not offend the king;
But shew yourselves like honest men
Obediently in every thing;
For his godmother* will not see
Her noble child misus'd to be
With any woe; for if it be so,
She will make, &c.

God graunt all subjects may be true,
In England, Scotland, every where:
That no such daunger may ensue,
To put the prince or state in feare:
That God the highest king may see
Obedience as it ought to be,
In wealth or woe, God graunt it be so
To avoide the sorrowful heigh ho.

XVII.

The Bonny Earl of Murray.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

In December 1591, Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, had made an attempt to seize on the person of his sovereign James VI., but being disappointed, had retired towards the north. The king unadvisedly gave a commision to George Gordon, Earl of Huntley, to pursue Bothwell and his followers with fire and sword. Huntley, under cover of executing that commission, took occasion to revenge a private quarrel he had against James Stewart, Earl of Murray, a relation of Bothwell's. In the night of Feb. 7, 1592, he beset Murray's house, burnt it to the ground, and slew Murray himself; a young nobleman of the most promising virtues, and the very darling of the people. See Robertson's History.

The present Lord Murray hath now in his possession a picture of his ancestor naked and covered with wounds, which had been carried about, according to the custom of that age, in order to inflame the populace to revenge his death. If this picture did not flatter, he well deserved the name of the "Bonny Earl," for he is there represented as a tall and comely personage. It is a tradition in the family, that Gordon of Bucky gave him a wound in the face: Murray, half expiring, said, "you hae spilt a better face than your awin." Upon this, Bucky, pointing his dagger at Huntley's breast, swore, "You shall be as deep as I;" and forced him to pierce the poor defenceless body.

King James, who took no care to punish

* Queen Elizabeth.

the murderers, is said by some to have privately countenanced and abetted them, being stimulated by jealousy for some indiscreet praises which his queen had too lavishly bestowed on this unfortunate youth. See the preface to the next ballad. See also Mr. Walpole's "Catalogue of Royal Authors," vol. I. p. 42.

Ye highlands, and ye lawlands,
Oh! quhair hae ye been?
They hae slaine the Earl of Murray,
And hae laid him on the green.

Now wae be to thee, Huntley!
And quhairfore did you sae!
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to slay.

He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh! he might hae been a king.

He was a braw gallant,
And he played at the ba';
And the bonny Earl of Murray
Was the flower among them a'.

He was a braw gallant,
And he playd at the gluve;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh! he was the Queenes luve.

Oh! lang will his lady
Luke owre the castle downe,*
Ere she see the Earl of Murray
Cum sounding throw the towne.

XVIII.

Young Waters.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

It has been suggested to the Editor, that this ballad covertly alludes to the indiscreet partiality, which Queen Anne of Denmark is said to have shown for the "Bonny Earl of Murray;" and which is supposed to have influenced the fate of that unhappy nobleman. Let the reader judge for himself.

The following account of the murder is given by a contemporary writer, and a person of credit, Sir James Balfour, knight, Lyon King of Arms, whose MS. of the Annals of Scotland is in the Advocate's Library at Edinburgh.

"The seventh of Febry, this zeire, 1592, the Earle of Murray was cruelly murthered by the Earle of Huntley at his house in Dunibrissel in Fyffe-shyre, and with him Dunbar, sherriffe of Murray. It was given out and publickly talkt, that the Earle of Huntley was only the instrument of perpetrating this facte, to satisfie the King's jealousie of Murray, quhum the Queene, more rashly than wisely, some few days before had commendit in the king's hearing, with too many epithets of a proper and gallant man. The reasons of these surmises proceedit from a proclamatione of the Kings, the 13 of Marche following: inhibiteine the zoung Earle of Murray to persue the Earle of Huntley, for his father's slaughter, in respect he being wardeit [imprisoned] in the castell of Blacknesse for the same murther, was willing to abide a tryall, averring that he had done nothing but by the King's majesties commissione; and was neither airt nor part in the murther."†

The following ballad is here given from a copy printed not long since at Glasgow, in one sheet 8vo. The world was indebted for its publication to the Lady Jean Hume, sister to the Earl of Hume, who died at Gibraltar.

About Zule, quhen the wind blew cule,
And the round tables began,
A'! there is cum to our kings court
Mony a well-favoured man.

* Castle downe here has been thought to mean the Castle of Downe, a seat belonging to the family of Murray.

† This extract is copied from the Critical Review.

The queen luikt owre the castle wa,
Beheld baith dale and down,
And then she saw zoung Waters
Cum riding to the town.

His footmen they did rin before,
His horsemen rade behind,
Ane mantel of the burning gowd
Did keip him frae the wind.

Gowden graith'd his horse before
And siller shod behind,
The horse zong Waters rade upon
Was fleeter than the wind.

But than spake a wylie lord,
Unto the queene said he,
O tell me qhua's the fairest face
Rides in the company.

I've sene lord, and I've sene laird,
And knights of high degree;
Bot a fairer face than zoung Watèrs
Mine eyne did never see.

Out then spack the jealous king,
(And an angry man was he)
O, if he had been twice as fair,
Zou micht have excepted me.

Zou're neither laird nor lord, she says,
Bot the king that wears the crown;
Ther is not a knight in fair Scotland
Bot to thee maun bow down.

For a' that she could do or say,
Appeasd he wad nae bee;
Bot for the words which she had said
Zoung Waters he maun dee.

They hae taen zoung Waters, and
Put fetters to his feet;
They hae taen zoung Waters, and
Thrown him in dungeon deep.

Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town
In the wind both and the weit;
Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town
Wi fetters at my feet

Aft have I ridden thro' Stirling town
In the wind both and the rain;
Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town
Neir to return again.

They hae taen to the heiding-hill*
His zoung son in his craddle,
And they hae taen to the heiding-hill
His horse both and his saddle.

They hae taen to the heiding-hill
His lady fair to see.
And for the words the queen had spoke
Zoung Waters he did dee.

XIX.

Mary Ambree.

In the year 1584, the Spaniards, under the command of Alexander Farnese, prince of Parma, began to gain great advantages in Flanders and Brabant, by recovering many strongholds and cities from the Hollanders, as Ghent (called then by the English Gaunt), Antwerp, Mechlin, &c. See Stow's Annals, p. 711. Some attempt made with the assistance of English volunteers to retrieve the former of those places probably gave occasion to this ballad. I can find no mention of our heroine in history, but the following rhymes rendered her famous among our poets. Ben Jonson often mentions her, and calls any remarkable virago by her name. See his Epicæne, first acted in 1609, Act 4, sc. 2. His Tale of a Tub, Act 4, sc. 4. And his masque entitled the Fortunate Isles, 1626, where he quotes the very words of the ballad,

—— Mary Ambree,
(Who marched so free
To the siege of Gaunt,
And death could not daunt,
As the ballad doth vaunt)
Were a braver wight, &c.

She is also mentioned in Fletcher's Scornful Lady, Act 5, *sub finem*.

* Heiding hill; i. e. heading [beheading hill.] The place of execution was anciently an artificial hillock.

"—"My large gentlewoman, my 'Mary Ambree,' had I but seen into you, you should have had another bedfellow."——

It is likewise evident that she is the virago intended by Butler in Hudibras (P. 1, c. 3, v. 365), by her being coupled with *Joan d'Arc*, the celebrated *Pucelle d' Orleans:*

A bold virago stout and tall
As *Joan* of France, or English *Mall.*

This ballad is printed from a black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, improved from the Editor's folio MS., and by conjecture. The full title is, "The valourous acts performed at Gaunt by the brave bonnie lass Mary Ambree, who in revenge of her lovers death did play her part most gallantly. The tune is, The blind beggar, &c."

When captaines couragious, whom death cold not daunte,
Did march to the siege of the citty of Gaunt,
They mustred their souldiers by two and by three,
And the formost in battle was Mary Ambree.

When brave Sir John Major* was slaine in her sight,
Who was her true lover, her joy, and delight,
Because he was slaine most treacherouslie,
Then vowd to revenge him Mary Ambree.

She clothed herselfe from the top to the toe
In buffe of the bravest, most seemelye to showe;
A faire shirt of male† then slipped on shee;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

A helmett of proofe shee strait did provide,
A stronge arminge sword shee girt by her side,
On her hand a goodly faire gauntlett put shee;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Then tooke shee her sworde and her targett in hand;
Bidding all such, as wold, bee of her band;
To wayte on her person came thousand and three:
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

My soldiers, she saith, soe valliant and bold,
Nowe followe your captaine, whom you doe beholde;
Still formost in battell myselfe will I bee:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Then cryed out her souldiers and loude they did say,
Soe well thou becomest this gallant array,
Thy harte and thy weapons so well do agree,
There was none ever like Mary Ambree.

Shee cheared her souldiers, that foughten for life,
With ancyent and standard, with drum and with fife,
With brave clanging trumpetts, that sounded so free;
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Before I will see the worst of you all
To come into danger of death, or of thrall,
This hand and this life I will venture so free:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Shee ledd upp her souldiers in battaile array,
Gainst three times theyr number by breake of the daye;
Seven howers in skirmish continued shee:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

She filled the skyes with the smoke of her shott,
And her enemyes bodyes with bullets so hott;
For one of her owne men a score killed shee:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

And when her false gunner, to spoyle her intent,
Away all her pellets and powder had sent,

* So MS. Serjeant Major, in P. C.

† A peculiar kind of armour, composed of small rings of iron, and worn under the clothes. It is mentioned by Spencer, who speaks of the Irish Gallowglass or Foot-soldier as "armed in a long Shirt of Mayl." (View of the State of Ireland.)

Straight with her keen weapon shee slasht him in three:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Being falselye betrayed for lucre of hyre,
At length she was forced to make a retyre;
Then her souldiers into a strong castle drew shee:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Her foes they besett her on everye side,
As thinking close siege shee cold never abide;
To beate down the walles they all did decree:
But stoutlye deffyd them brave Mary Ambree.

Then tooke shee her sword and her targett in hand,
And mounting the walls all undaunted did stand,
There daring their captaines to match any three:
O what a brave captaine was Mary Ambree!

Now saye, English captaine, what woldest thou give
To ransome thy selfe, which else must not live?
Come yield thy selfe quicklye, or slaine thou must bee,
Then smiled sweetlye brave Mary Ambree.

Ye captaines couragious, of valour so bold,
Whom thinke you before you now you doe behold?
A knight, sir, of England, and captaine soe free,
Who shortleye with us a prisoner must bee.

No, captaine of England; behold in your sight
Two brests in my bosome, and therfore no knight:
Noe knight, sirs, of England, nor captaine you see,
But a poor simple lass called Mary Ambree.

But art thou a woman, as thou dost declare,
Whose valor hath proved so undaunted in warre?
If England doth yield such brave lasses as thee,
Full well may they conquer, faire Mary Ambree.

The prince of Great Parma heard of her renowne
Who long had advanced for England's faire crowne;
Hee wooed her, and sued her his mistress to bee,
And offerd rich presents to Mary Ambree.

But this virtuous mayden despised them all,
Ile nere sell my honour for purple nor pall:
A mayden of England, sir, never will bee
The whore of a monarcke, quoth Mary Ambree.

Then to her owne country shee backe did returne,
Still holding the foes of faire England in scorne;
Therfore English captaines of every degree
Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree.

XX.

Brave Lord Willoughbey.

Peregrine Bertie, Lord Willoughby of Eresby, had, in the year 1586, distinguished himself at the siege of Zutphen, in the Low Countries. He was the year after, made general of the English forces in the United Provinces, in room of the Earl of Leicester, who was recalled. This gave him an opportunity of signalizing his courage and military skill in several actions against the Spaniards. One of these, greatly exaggerated by popular report, is probably the subject of this old ballad, which, on account of its flattering encomiums on English valour, hath always been a favourite with the people.

"My Lord Willoughbie (says a contemporary writer) was one of the queenes best swordsmen: . . . . he was a great master of the art military . . . . I have heard it spoken, that had he not slighted the court, but applied himselfe to the queene, he might have enjoyed a plentifull portion of her grace; and it was his saying, and it did him no good, that he was none of the Reptilia; intimating, that he could not creepe on the ground, and that the court was not his element; for, indeed, as he was a great souldier, so he was of suitable magnanimitie, and could not brooke the obsequiousnesse and assiduitie of the court."—(Naunton.)

Lord Willoughbie died in 1601.—Both Norris and Turner were famous among the military men of that age.

The subject of this ballad (which is printed from an old black-letter copy, with some conjectural emendations) may possibly receive illustration from what Chapman says in the dedication to his version of Homer's Frogs and Mice, concerning the brave and memorable retreat of Sir John Norris, with only 1000 men, through the whole Spanish army, under the Duke of Parma, for three miles together.

The fifteenth day of July,
With glistering spear and shield,
A famous fight in Flanders
Was foughten in the field:
The most couragious officers
Were English captains three;
But the bravest man in battel
Was brave Lord Willoughbèy.

The next was Captain Norris,
A valiant man was hee:
The other Captain Turner,
From field would never flee.
With fifteen hundred fighting men,
Alas! there were no more,
They fought with fourteen thousand then,
Upon the bloody shore.

Stand to it noble pikemen,
And look you round about:
And shoot you right you bow-men,
And we will keep them out:
You musquet and calìver men,
Do you prove true to me,
I'le be the formost man in fight,
Says brave Lord Willoughbèy.

And then the bloody enemy
They fiercely did assail,
And fought it out most furiously,
Not doubting to prevail:
The wounded men on both sides fell
Most pitious for to see,
Yet nothing could the courage quell
Of brave Lord Willoughbèy.

For seven hours, to all men's view,
This fight endured sore,
Until our men so feeble grew
That they could fight no more;
And then upon dead horses,
Full savourly they eat,
And drank the puddle water,
They could no better get.

When they had fed so freely,
They kneeled on the ground,
And praised God devoutly
For the favour they had found;
And beating up their colours,
The fight they did renew,
And turning tow'rds the Spaniard,
A thousand more they slew.

The sharp steel-pointed arrows,
And bullets thick did fly;
Then did our valiant soldiers
Charge on most furiously;
Which made the Spaniards waver,
They thought it best to flee,
They fear'd the stout behaviour
Of brave Lord Willoughbèy.

Then quoth the Spanish general,
Come let us march away,
I fear we shall be spoiled all
If here we longer stay;
For yonder comes Lord Willoughbèy
With courage fierce and fell,
He will not give one inch of way
For all the devils in hell.

And then the fearful enemy
Was quickly put to flight,
Our men persued couragiously,
And caught their forces quite;
But at last they gave a shout,
Which ecchoed through the sky,
God, and St. George for England!
The conquerers did cry.

This news was brought to England
With all the speed might be,
And soon our gracious queen was told
Of this same victory.
O this is brave Lord Willoughbey.
My love that ever won,
Of all the lords of honour
'Tis he great deeds hath done.

To the souldiers that were maimed,
And wounded in the fray,
The queen allowed a pension
Of fifteen pence a day;
And from all costs and charges
She quit and set them free:
And this she did all for the sake
Of brave Lord Willoughbèy.

Then courage, noble Englishmen,
And never be dismaid;
If that we be but one to ten,
We will not be afraid
To fight with foraign enemies,
And set our nation free.
And thus I end the bloody bout
Of brave Lord Willoughbèy.

XXI.

Victorious Men of Earth.

This little moral sonnet hath such a pointed application to the heroes of the foregoing and following ballads, that I cannot help placing it here, though the date of its composition is of a much later period. It is extracted from "Cupid and Death, a masque by J. S. [James Shirley] presented Mar. 26, 1653. London, printed 1653," 4to.

Victorious men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are:
Though you binde in every shore,
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day;
Yet you proud monarchs must obey,
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls yee to the croud of common men.

Devouring famine, plague, and war,
Each able to undo mankind,
Death's servile emissaries are:
Nor to these alone confin'd,
He hath at will
More quaint and subtle wayes to kill:
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

XXII.

The Winning of Cales.

The subject of this ballad is the taking of the city of *Cadiz*, (called by our sailors corruptly *Cales*) on June 21, 1596, in a descent made on the coast of Spain, under the command of the Lord Howard admiral, and the Earl of Essex general.

The valour of Essex was not more distinguished on this occasion than his generosity: the town was carried sword in hand, but he stopped the slaughter as soon as possible, and treated his prisoners with the greatest humanity, and even affability and kindness. The English made a rich plunder in the city, but missed of a much richer, by the resolution which the Duke of Medina the Spanish admiral took, of setting fire to the ships, in order to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. It was computed, that the loss which the Spanish sustained from this enterprise, amounted to twenty millions of ducats. See Hume's History.

The Earl of Essex knighted on this occasion not fewer than sixty persons, which gave rise to the following sarcasm:

A gentleman of Wales, a knight of Cales,
And a laird of the North country;
But a yeoman of Kent with his yearly rent
Will buy them out all three.

The ballad is printed with some corrections, from the Editor's folio MS., and seems to have been composed by some person who was concerned in the expedition. Most of the circumstances related in it will be found supported by history.

Long the proud Spaniards had vaunted to conquer us,
Threatning our country with fyer and sword;
Often preparing their navy most sumptuous
With as great plenty as Spain could afford.
Dub a dub, dub a dub, thus strike their drums:
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes.

To the seas presentlye went our lord admiral,
With knights courageous and captains full good;
The brave Earl of Essex, a prosperous general,
With him prepared to pass the salt flood.
Dub a dub, &c.

At Plymouth speedilye, took they ship valiantlye,
Braver ships never were seen under sayle,
With their fair colours spread, and streamers ore their head,
Now bragging Spaniards, take heed of your tayle.
Dub a dub, &c.

Unto Cales cunninglye, came we most speedilye,
Where the kinges navy securelye did ryde;
Being upon their backs, piercing their butts of sacks,
Ere any Spaniards our coming descryde.
Dub a dub, &c.

Great was the crying, the running and rydding,
Which at that season was made in that place;
The beacons were fyred, as need then required;
To hyde their great treasure they had little space.
Dub a dub, &c.

There you might see their ships, how they were fyred fast,
And how their men drowned themselves in the sea;
There might you hear them cry, wayle and weep piteously,
When they saw no shift to scape thence away.
Dub a dub, &c.

The great St. Phillip, the pryde of the Spaniards,
Was burnt to the bottom, and sunk in the sea;
But the St. Andrew, and eke the St. Matthew,
We took in fight manfullye and brought away.
Dub a dub, &c.

The Earl of Essex most valiant and hardye,
With horsemen and footmen marched up to the town;
The Spanyards, which saw them, were greatly alarmed,
Did fly for their saveguard, and durst not come down.
Dub a dub, &c.

Now, quoth the noble Earl, courage my soldiers all;
Fight and be valiant, the spoil you shall have;
And be well rewarded all from the great to the small;
But looke that the women and children you save.
Dub a dub, &c.

The Spaniards at that sight, thinking it vain to fight,
Hung upp flags of truce and yielded the towne;
Wee marched in presentlye, decking the walls on hye,
With English colours which purchased renowne.
Dub a dub, &c.

Entering the houses then, of the most richest men,
For gold and treasure we searched eche day;
In sòme places wè did find, pyes baking left behind,
Meate at fire rosting, and folkes run away.
Dub a dub, &c.

Full of rich merchandize, every shop catched our eyes,
Damasks and sattens and velvets full fayre;
Whìch soldiers mèasur'd out by the length of their swords;
Of all commodities eche had a share.
Dub a dub, &c.

Thus Cales was taken, and our brave general
March'd to the market-place, where he did stand:
There many prisoners fell to our several shares,
Many crav'd mercye, and mercye they fannd.
Dub a dub, &c.

When our brave General saw they delayed all,
And wold not ransome their towne as they said,
With their fair wanscots, their presses and bedsteds,
Their joint-stools and tables a fire we made;
And when the town burned all in flame,
With tara, tantara, away wee all came.

XXIII.

The Spanish Lady's Love.

This beautiful old ballad most probably took its rise from one of these descents made on the Spanish coasts in the time of Queen Elizabeth; and in all likelihood from that which is celebrated in the foregoing ballad.

It was a tradition in the West of England, that the person admired by the Spanish lady was a gentleman of the Popham family, and that her picture, with the pearl necklace mentioned in the ballad, was not many years ago preserved at Littlecot, near Hungerford, Wilts, the seat of that respectable family.

Another tradition hath pointed out Sir Richard Levison, of Trentham, in Staffordshire, as the subject of this ballad; who married Margaret, daughter of Charles Earl of Nottingham; and was eminently distinguished as a naval officer and commander in all the

expeditions against the Spaniards in the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, particularly in that to Cadiz in 1596, when he was aged 27. He died in 1605, and has a monument, with his effigy in brass, in Wolverhampton church.

It is printed from an ancient black-letter copy, corrected in part by the Editor's folio MS.

Will you hear a Spanish lady,
How shee wooed an English man?
Garments gay as rich as may be
Decked with jewels she had on.
Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
And by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
In his hands her life did lye;
Cupid's bands did tye them faster
By the liking of an eye.
In his courteous company was all her joy,
To favour him in any thing she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment
For to set the ladies free,
With their jewels still adorned,
None to do them injury.
Then said this lady mild, Full woe is me;
O let me still sustain this kind captivity!

Gallant captain, shew some pity
To a ladye in distresse;
Leave me not within this city,
For to dye in heavinesse.
Thou hast set this present day my body free,
But my heart in prison still remains with thee.

"How should'st thou, fair lady, love me,
Whom thou knowst thy country's foe?
Thy fair wordes make me suspect thee:
Serpents lie where flowers grow."
All the harm I wishe to thee, most courteous knight,
God grant the same upon my head may fully light.

Blessed be the time and season,
That you came on Spanish ground;
If our foes you may be termed,
Gentle foes we have you found:
With our city, you have won our hearts eche one,
Then to your country bear away, that is your owne.

"Rest you still, most gallant lady;
Rest you still, and weep no more;
Of fair lovers there is plenty,
Spain doth yield a wonderous store."
Spaniards fraught with jealousy we often find,
But Englishmen through all the world are counted kind.

Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
You alone enjoy my heart;
I am lovely, young, and tender,
Love is likewise my desert:
Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest;
The wife of every Englishman is counted blest.

"It wold be a shame, fair lady,
For to bear a woman hence;
English soldiers never carry
Any such without offence."
I'll quickly change myself, if it be so,
And like a page Ile follow thee, where'er thou go.

"I have neither gold nor silver
To maintain thee in this case,
And to travel is great charges,
As you know in every place."
My chains and jewels every one shal be thy own,
And eke five hundred* pounds in gold that lies unknown.

"On the seas are many dangers,
Many storms do there arise,
Which wil be to ladies dreadful,
And force tears from watery eyes."
Well in troth I shall endure extremity,
For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee.

"Courteous ladye, leave this fancy,
Here comes all that breeds this strife;
I in England have already
A sweet woman to my wife:
I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain."

Ver. 65, Well in worth, MS.

* So the MS.—10,000*l.*, P. C.

O how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend!
Many happy days God send her;
Of my suit I make an end:
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which did from love and true affection first commence.

Commend me to thy lovely lady,
Bear to her this chain of gold;
And these bracelets for a token;
Grieving that I was so bold:
All my jewels in like sort take thou with thee,
For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me.

I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all her laws defye;
In a nunnery will I shroud mee
Far from any companye:
But ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss.

Thus farewell most gallant captain!
Farewell to my heart's content!
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
Though to thee my love was bent:
Joy and true prosperity goe still with thee!
"The like fall ever to thy share, most fair ladie."

XXIV.

Argentile and Curan

—Is extracted from an ancient historical poem in XIII. Books, entitled "Albion's England, by William Warner:" "An author (says a former Editor) only unhappy in the choice of his subject, and measure of his verse. His poem is an epitome of the British history, and written with great learning, sense, and spirit; in some places fine to an extraordinary degree, as I think will eminently appear in the ensuing episode [of Argentile and Curan,]—a tale full of beautiful incidents in the romantic taste, extremely affecting, rich in ornament, wonderfully various in style; and in short, one of the most beautiful pastorals I ever met with." [Muses library, 1738, 8vo.] To his merit nothing can be objected, unless perhaps an affected quaintness in some of his expressions, and an indelicacy in some of his pastoral images.

Warner is said, by A. Wood,* to have been a Warwickshire man, and to have been educated in Oxford, at Magdalene-hall: as also in the latter part of his life to have been retained in the service of Henry Cary Lord Hunsdon, to whom he dedicates his poem. However that may have been, new light is thrown upon his history, and the time and manner of his death are now ascertained, by the following extract from the parish register book of Amwell, in Hertfordshire; which was obligingly communicated to the editor by Mr. Hoole, the very ingenious translator of Tasso, &c.

[1608—1609.] "Master William Warner, a man of good yeares and of honest reputation; by his profession an Atturnye of the Common Pleas; author of Albions England, diynge suddenly in the night in his bedde, without any former complaynt or sicknesse, on thursday night beeinge the 9th daye of March; was buried the satturday following, and lyeth in the church at the corner under the stone of Walter Ffader." *Signed* Tho. Hassall Vicarius.

Though now Warner is so seldom mentioned, his contemporaries ranked him on a level with Spenser, and called them the Homer and Virgil of their age.* But Warner rather resembled Ovid, whose Metamorphosis he seems to have taken for his model, having deduced a perpetual poem from the deluge down to the era of Elizabeth, full of lively digressions and entertaining episodes. And though he is sometimes harsh, affected, and obscure, he often displays a most charming and pathetic simplicity: as where he describes Eleanor's harsh treatment of Rosamond:

* Athen. Oxon.

Ver. 86, So the folio MS. Other editions read his laws.

* Athen. Oxon

With that she dasht her on the lippes
So dyed double red:
Hard was the heart that gave the blow,
Soft were those lippes that bled.

The edition of "Albion's England" here followed was printed in 4to., 1602; said in the title page to have been "first penned and published by William Warner, and now revised and newly enlarged by the same author." The story of "Argentile and Curan" is, I believe, the poet's own invention; it is not mentioned in any of our chronicles. It was, however, so much admired, that not many years after he published it, came out a larger poem on the same subject in stanzas of six lines, entitled, "The most pleasant and delightful historie of Curan a prince of Danske, and the fayre princesse Argentile, daughter and heyre to Adelbright, sometime King of Northumberland, &c., by William Webster, London, 1617," in eight sheets 4to. An indifferent paraphrase of the following poem.—This episode of Warner's has also been altered into the common Ballad, "of the two young Princes on Salisbury Plain," which is chiefly composed of Warner's lines, with a few contractions and interpolations, but all greatly for the worse. See the collection of Historical Ballads, 1727, 3 vols., 12mo.

Though here subdivided into stanzas, Warner's metre is the old-fashioned alexandrine of fourteen syllables. The reader therefore must not expect to find the close of the stanzas consulted in the pauses.

The Bruton's 'being' departed hence
Seaven kingdoms here begonne,
Where diversly in divers broyles
The Saxons lost and wonne.

King Edel and King Adelbright
In Diria jointly reigne;
In loyal concorde during life
These kingly friends remaine.

When Adelbright should leave his life,
To Edel thus he sayes;
By those same bonds of happie love,
That held us friends alwaies;

By our by-parted crowne, of which
The moyetie is mine;
By God, to whom my soule must passe,
And so in time may thine;

I pray thee, nay I cònjure thee,
To nourish, as thine owne,
Thy niece, my daughter Argentile,
Till she to age be growne;
And then, as thou receivest it,
Resigne to her my throne.

A promise had for his bequest,
The testatòr he dies;
But all that Edel undertooke,
He afterwards denies.

Yet well he 'fosters for' a time
The damsell that was growne
The fairest lady under heaven;
Whose beautie being knowne,

A many princes seeke her love;
But none might her obtaine;
For grippell Edel to himselfe
Her kingdome sought to gaine;
And for that cause from sight of such
He did his ward restraine.

By chance one Curan, sonne unto
A prince in Danske, did see
The maid, with whom he fell in love,
As much as man might bee.

Unhappie youth, what should he doe?
His saint was kept in mewe;
Nor he, nor any noble-man
Admitted to her vewe.

One while in melancholy fits
He pines himselfe awaye:
Anon he thought by force of arms
To win her if he maye:

And still against the kings restraint
Did secretly invay.
At length the high controller Love,
Whom none may disobay,

Imbased him from lordlines
Into a kitchen drudge,
That so at least of life or death
She might become his judge.

Accesse so had to see and speake,
He did his love bewray,
And tells his birth: her answer was,
She husbandles would stay.

Meane while the king did beate his braines,
His booty to atchieve,
Nor caring what became of her,
So he by her might thrive;
At last his resolution was
Some pessant should her wive.

And (which was working to his wish)
He did observe with joye
How Curan, whom he thought a drudge,
Scapt many an amorous toye.*

The king, perceiving such his vein,
Promotes his vassal still,
Lest that the basenesse of the man
Should lett, perhaps, his will.

Assured therefore of his love,
But not suspecting who
The lover was, the king himselfe
In his behalf did woe.

The lady resolute from love,
Unkindly takes that he
Should barre the noble, and unto
So base a match agree:

And therefore shifting out of doores,
Departed thence by stealth;
Preferring povertie before
A dangerous life in wealth.

When Curan heard of her escape,
The anguish in his hart
Was more than much, and after her
From court he did depart;

Forgetfull of himselfe, his birth,
His country, friends, and all,
And only minding (whom he mist)
The foundresse of his thrall.

Nor meanes he after to frequent
Or court, or stately townes,
But solitarily to live
Amongst the country grownes.

A brace of years he lived thus,
Well pleased so to live,
And shepherd-like to feed a flocke
Himselfe did wholly give.

So wasting, love, by worke, and want,
Grew almost to the waine:
But then began a second love,
The worser of the twaine.

A country wench, a neatherds maid,
Where Curan kept his sheepe,
Did feed her drove: and now on her
Was all the shepherds keepe.

He borrowed on the working daies
His holy russets oft,
And of the bacon's fat, to make
His startops blacke and soft.

And least his tarbox should offend,
He left it at the folde:
Sweete growte, or wig, his bottle had,
As much as it might holde.

A sheeve of bread as browne as nut
And cheese as white as snow,
And wildings, or the seasons fruit
He did in scrip bestow.

And whilst his py-bald curre did sleepe
And sheep-hooke lay him by,
On hollow quilles of oten straw
He piped melody.

But when he spyed her his saint,
He wip'd his greasie shooes,
And clear'd the drivell from his beard,
And thus the shepheard wooes.

"I have, sweet wench, a peece of cheese,
As good as tooth may chawe,
And bread and wildings souling well,
And therewithall did drawe.

His lardrie) and in 'yeaning' see
"Yon crumpling ewe, quoth he,
Did twinne this fall, and twin shouldst thou,
If I might tup with thee.

"Thou art too elvish, faith thou art,
Too elvish and too coy:
Am I, I pray thee, beggarly,
That such a flocke enjoy?

"I wis I am not: yet that thou
Doest hold me in disdaine
Is brimme abroad, and made a gybe
To all that keepe this plaine.

* The construction is, "How that many an amorous toy, or foolery of love, 'scaped Curan;" i. e. escaped from him, being off his guard.

Ver. 112, i. e. holy-day Russets. V. 135, Eating, P. CC.

"There be as quaint (at least that thinke
Themselves as quaint) that crave
The match, that thou, I wot not why,
Maist, but mislik'st to have.

"How wouldst thou match? (for well I wot,
"Thou art a female) I
Her know not here that willingly
With maiden-head would die.

"The plowmans labour hath no end,
And he a churle will prove:
The craftsman hath more worke in hand
Then fitteth unto love:

"The merchant, traffiquing abroad,
Suspects his wife at home:
A youth will play the wanton; and
An old man prove a mome.

"Then chuse a shepheard: with the sun
He doth his flocke unfold,
And all the day on hill or plaine
He merrie chat can hold;

"And with the sun doth folde againe;
Then jogging home betime,
He turnes a crab, or turnes a round,
Or sings some merry ryme.

"Nor lacks he gleefull tales, whilst round
The nut-brown bowl doth trot;
And sitteth singing care away,
Till he to bed be got:

"Theare sleepes he soundly all the night,
Forgetting morrow-cares:
Nor feares he blasting of his corne,
Nor uttering of his wares;

"Or stormes by seas, or stirres on land,
Or cracke of credit lost:
Not spending franklier than his flocke
Shall still defray the cost.

"Well wot I, sooth they say, that say
More quiet nights and daies
The shepheard sleeps and wakes, than he
Whose cattel he doth graize.

"Beleeve me, lasse, a king is but
A man, and so am I;
Content is worth a monarchie
And mischiefs hit the hie;

"As late it did a king and his
Not dwelling far from hence,
Who left a daughter, save thyselfe,
For fair a matchless wench."——
Here did he pause, as if his tongue
Had done his heart offence.

The neatresse, longing for the rest,
Did egge him on to tell
How faire she was, and who she was.
She bore, quoth he, the bell

"For beautie: though I clownish am,
I know what beautie is;
Or did I not, at seeing thee,
I senceles were to mis.
* * * * *

"Her stature comely, tall; her gate
Well graced; and her wit
To marvell at, not meddle with,
As matchless I omit.

"A globe-like head, a gold-like haire,
A forehead smooth, and hie,
An even nose; on either side
Did shine a grayish eie:

"Two rosie cheeks, round ruddy lips,
White just-set teeth within;
A mouth in meane; and underneathe
A round and dimpled chin.

"Her snowie necke, with blewish veines,
Stood bolt upright upon
Her portly shoulders: beating balles
Her veined breasts, anon

"Adde more to beautie. Wand-like was
Her middle falling still,
And rising whereas women rise:* * *
—Imagine nothing ill.

"And more, her long, and limber armes
Had white and azure wrists;
And slender fingers aunswere to
Her smooth and lillie fists.

Ver. 153, Her know I not her that, 1602. V. 169, i. e. roasts a crab, or apple. V. 171, to tell, whilst round the bole doth trot. Ed. 1597.

"A legge in print, a pretie foot;
Conjecture of the rest:
For amorous eies, observing forme,
Think parts obscured best.

"With these, O raretie! with these
Her tong of speech was spare;
But speaking, Venus seem'd to speake,
The balle from Ide to bear.

"With Phœbe, Juno, and with both
Herselfe contends in face;
Wheare equall mixture did not want
Of milde and stately grace.

"Her smiles were sober, and her lookes
Were chearefull unto all:
Even such as neither wanton seeme
Nor waiward; mell, nor gall.

"A quiet minde, a patient moode,
And not disdaining any;
Not gybing, gadding, gawdy: and
Sweete faculties had many.

"A nimph, no tong, no heart, no eie,
Might praise, might wish, might see;
For life, for love, for forme; more good,
More worth, more faire than shee.

"Yea such an one, as such was none,
Save only she was such:
Of Argentile to say the most,
Were to be silent much."

I knew the lady very well,
But worthles of such praise,
The neatresse said: and muse I do,
A shepheard thus should blaze
The 'coate' of beautie.* Credit me,
Thy latter speech bewraies.

Thy clownish shape a coined shew
But wherefore dost thou weepe?
The shepheard wept, and she was woe,
And both doe silence keepe.

"In troth, quoth he, I am not such,
As seeming I professe:
But then for her, and now for thee,
I from myselfe digresse.

"Her loved I (wretch that I am
A recreant to be)
I loved her, that hated love,
But now I die for thee.

"At Kirkland is my fathers court,
And Curan is my name,
In Edels court sometimes in pompe,
Till love countrould the same:

"But now—what now?—deare heart, how now?
What ailest thou to weepe?"
The damsell wept, and he was woe,
And both did silence keepe.

I graunt, quoth she, it was too much,
That you did love so much:
But whom your former could not move,
Your second love doth touch.

Thy twice-beloved Argentile
Submitteth her to thee,
And for thy double love presents
Herself a single fee,
In passion not in person chang'd,
And I, my lord, am she.

They sweetly surfeiting in joy,
And silent for a space.
When as the extasie had end,
Did tenderly imbrace;
And for their wedding, and their wish
Got fitting time and place.

Not England (for of Hengist then
Was named so this land)
Then Curan had an hardier knight;
His force could none withstand:
Whose sheep-hooke laid apart, he then
Had higher things in hand.

First, making knowne his lawfull claime
In Argentile her right,
He warr'd in Diria,* and he wonne,
Bernicia* too in fight:

And so from trecherous Edel tooke
At once his life and crowne,
And of Northumberland was king,
Long raigning in renowne.

* i. e. emblazon beauty's coat. Ed. 1597, 1602, 1612, read Coote.

* During the Saxon heptarchy, the kingdom of Northumberland (consisting of six northern counties, besides part of Scotland) was for a long time divided into two lesser sovereignties, viz., Deira (called here Diria) which contained the southern parts, and Bernicia, comprehend those which lay north.

XXV.

Corin's Fate.

Only the three first stanzas of this song are ancient: these are extracted from a small quarto MS. in the Editor's possession, written in the time of Queen Elizabeth. As they seemed to want application, this has been attempted by a modern hand.

Corin, most unhappie swaine,
Whither wilt thou drive thy flocke?
Little foode is on the plaine;
Full of danger is the rocke:

Wolfes and beares doe kepe the woodes;
Forests tangled are with brakes:
Meadowes subject are to floodes;
Moores are full of miry lakes.

Yet to shun all plaine, and hill,
Forest, moore, and meadow-ground,
Hunger will as surely kill:
How may then reliefe be found?

Such is hapless Corins fate:
Since my waywarde love begunne,
Equall doubts begett debate
What to seeke, and what to shunne.

Spare to speke, and spare to speed;
Yet to speke will move disdaine:
If I see her not I bleed,
Yet her sight augments my paine.

What may then poor Corin doe?
Tell me, shepherdes, quicklye tell;
For to linger thus in woe
Is the lover's sharpest hell.

XXVI.

Jane Shore.

Though so many vulgar errors have prevailed concerning this celebrated courtesan, no character in history has been more perfectly handed down to us. We have her portrait drawn by two masterly pens; the one has delineated the features of her person, the other those of her character and story. Sir Thomas More drew from the life, and Drayton has copied an original picture of her. The reader will pardon the length of the quotations, as they serve to correct many popular mistakes relating to her catastrophe. The first is from Sir Thomas More's History of Richard III. written in 1513, about thirty years after the death of Edward IV.

"Now then by and by, as it wer for anger, not for covetise, the protector sent into the house of Shores wife (for her husband dwelled not with her) and spoiled her of al that ever she had (above the value of 2 or 3 thousand marks), and sent her body to prison. And when he had a while laide unto her, for the manner sake that she went about to bewitch him, and that she was of counsel with the lord chamberlein to destroy him: in conclusion, when that no colour could fasten upon these matters, then he layd heinously to her charge the thing that herselfe could not deny, that al the world wist was true, and that natheless every man laughed at to here it then so sodainly so highly taken,—that she was naught of her body. And for thys cause, (as a goodly continent prince, clene and fautless of himself, sent out of heaven into this vicious world for the amendment of mens manners), he caused the bishop of London to put her to open pennance, going before the crosse in procession upon a sonday with a taper in her hand. In which she went in countenance and pace demure so womanly; and albeit she was out of al array save her kyrtle only, yet went she so fair and lovely, namelye, while the won-

dering of the people caste a comly rud in her chekes (of which she before had most misse) that her great shame wan her much praise among those that were more amorous of her body, then curious of her soule. And many good folke also, that hated her living, and glad wer to se sin corrected, yet pittied thei more her penance than rejoiced therin, when thei considred that the protector procured it more of a corrupt intent, than any virtuous affeccion.

"This woman was born in London, worshipfully frended, honestly brought up, and very wel maryed, saving somewhat to soone: her husbande an honest citizen, yonge, and goodly, and of good substance. But forasmuche as they were coupled ere she wer wel ripe, she not very fervently loved, for whom she never longed. Which was happely the thinge, that the more easily made her encline unto the king's appetite, when he required her. Howbeit the respect of his royaltie, the hope of gay apparel, ease, plesure, and other wanton welth, was able soone to perse a soft tender hearte. But when the king had abused her, anon her husband (as he was an honest man, and one that could his good, not presuming to touch a kinges concubine) left her up to him al together. When the king died, the lord chamberlen [Hastings] toke her:* which in the kinges daies, albeit he was sore enamoured upon her, yet he forbare her, either for reverence, or for a certain frendly faithfulness.

"Proper she was, and faire: nothing in her body that you wold have changed, but if you would have wished her somewhat higher. Thus say thei that knew her in her youthe. Albeit some that 'now see her (for yet she liveth)' deme her never to have bene wel visaged. Whose jugement seemeth me somewhat like, as though men should gesse the bewty of one longe before departed, by her scalpe taken out of the charnel-house; for now is she old, lene, withered, and dried up, nothing left but ryvllde skin, and hard bone. And yet being even such, whoso wel advise herr visage, might gesse and devise which partes how filled, wold make it a fair face.

"Yet delited not men so much in her bewty, as in her pleasant behaviour. For a proper wit had she, and could both rede wel and write; mery in company, redy and quick of aunswer, neither mute nor ful of bable; sometime taunting without displeasure, and not without disport. The king would say, That he had three concubines, which in three divers properties diversly excelled. One the meriest, another the wiliest, the thirde the holiest harlot in his realme, as one whom no man could get out of the church lightly to any place, but it wer to his bed. The other two wer somwhat greater personages, and natheles of their humilite content to be nameles, and to forbere the praise of those properties; but the meriest was the Shoris wife, in whom the king therfore toke special pleasure. For many he had, but her he loved, whose favour, to sai the trouth (for sinne it wer to belie the devil) she never abused to any mans hurt, but to many a mans comfort and relief. Where the king toke displeasure, she would mitigate and appease his mind: where men were out of favour, she wold bring them in his grace: for many, that had highly offended, shee obtained pardon: of great forfeitures she gate men remission: and finally in many weighty sutes she stode many men in great stede, either for none or very smal rewardes, and those rather gay than rich: either for that she was content with the dede selfe well done, or for that she delited to be sued unto, and to show what she was able to do with the king, or for that wanton women and welthy be not alway covetous.

"I doubt not some shal think this woman too sleight a thing to be written of, and set amonge the remembraunces of great matters: which thei shal specially think, that happely shal esteme her only by that thei 'now see her.' But me semeth the chaunce so much the more worthy to be remembred, in how much she is 'now' in the more beggerly condicion, unfrended and worne out of acquaintance, after good substance, after as grete

* After the death of Hastings, she was kept by the Marquis of Dorset, son to Edward IV.'s queen. In Rymer's Fœdera is a proclamation of Richard's, dated at Leicester, October 23, 1483, wherein a reward of 1000 marks in money, or 100 a year in land is offered for taking "Thomas late Marquis of Dorset," who "not having the fear of God, nor the salvation of his own soul, before his eyes, has damnably debauched and defiled many maids, widows, and wives, and 'lived in actual adultery with the wife of Shore.'" Buckingham was at that time in rebellion, but as Dorset was not with him, Richard could not accuse him of treason, and therefore made a handle of these pretended debaucharies to get him apprehended. Vide Rym. Fœd. tom. xij. page 201.

favour with the prince, after as grete sute and seeking to with al those, that in those days had busynes to spede, as many other men were in their times, which be now famouse only by the infamy of their il dedes. Her doinges were not much lesse, albeit thei be muche lesse remembred because thei were not so evil. *For men use, if they have an evil turne, to write it in marble; and whoso doth us a good tourne, we write it in duste. Which is not worst proved by her; for 'at this daye' shee beggeth of many at this daye living, that at this day had begged, if shee had not bene." See More's Workes, folio, black-letter, 1557, pp. 56, 57.

Drayton has written a poetical epistle from this lady to her royal lover, and in his notes thereto he thus draws her portrait: "Her stature was meane, her haire of a dark yellow, her face round and full, her eye gray, delicate harmony being betwixt each part's proportion, and each proportion's colour, her body fat, white and smooth, her countenance cheerfull and like to her condition. The picture which I have seen of hers was such as she rose out of her bed in the morning, having nothing on but a rich mantle cast under one arme over her shoulder, and sitting on a chaire, on which her naked arm did lie. What her father's name was, or where she was borne, is not certainly knowne: but Shore, a young man of right goodly person, wealth, and behaviour, abandoned her bed after the king had made her his concubine. Richard III., causing her to do open penance in Paul's church-yard, 'commanded that no man should relieve her,' which the tyrant did, not so much for his hatred to sinne, but that by making his brother's life odious, he might cover his horrible treasons the more cunningly." See England's Heroical Epistles, by Michael Drayton, Esq,, London, 1637, 12mo.

The history of Jane Shore receives new illustration from the following letter of King Richard III., which is preserved in the Harl. MSS., Number 433, Article 2378, but of which the copy transmitted to the Editor has been reduced to modern orthography, &c. It is said to have been addressed to Russell bishop of Lincoln, lord chancellor, Anno 1484.

By the KING.

"Right Reverend Father in God, &c., signifying unto you, that it is shewed unto us, that our Servant and Solicitor Thomas Lynom, marvellously blinded and abused with the late Wife of William Shore, now living in Ludgate by our commandment, hath made Contract of Matrimony with her, as it is said, and intendeth to our full great marvel, to effect the same. WE, for many causes, would be sorry that he should be so disposed; pray you therefore to send for him, and in that ye goodly may, exhort, and stir him to the contrary: And if ye find him utterly set for to marry her, and none otherwise would be advertized, then, if it may stand with the laws of the church, we be content that the time of marriage be deferred to our coming next to London; that upon sufficient Surety found of her good abearing, ye do so send for her Keeper, and discharge him of our said commandment, by Warrant of these, committing her to the rule, and guiding of her Father, or any other, by your direction, in the mean season. Given, &c.

"RIC. Rex."

It appears from two articles in the same MS. that King Richard had granted to the said Thomas Linom the office of King's Solicitor (Article 134), and also the Manor of Colmeworth, com Bedf., to him, his heirs male (Article 596).

An original picture of Jane Shore almost naked is preserved in the Provost's Lodgings at Eton; and another picture of her is in the Provost's Lodge at King's College, Cambridge: to both which foundations she is supposed to have done friendly offices with Edward IV. A small quarto mezzotinto print was taken from the former of these by J. Faber.

The following ballad is printed (with some corrections) from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys collection. Its full title is, "The woeful lamentation of Jane Shore, a goldsmith's wife in London, sometime king Edward IV. his concubine. To the tune of 'Live with me,' &c." [See the first volume.] To every stanza is annexed the following burthen:

* These words of Sir Thomas More probably suggested to Shakspeare that proverbial reflection in Hen. VIII., Act 4, sc. 11.

"Men's evill manners live in brass: their virtues
We write in water."

Shakspeare, in his play of Richard III., follows More's History of that reign, and therefore could not but see this passage.

Then maids and wives in time amend
For love and beauty will have end.

If Rosamonde that was so faire,
Had cause her sorrowes to declare,
Then let Jane Shore with sorrowe sing
That was beloved of a king.

In maiden yeares my beautye bright
Was loved dear of lord and knight;
But yet the love that they requir'd,
It was not as my friends desir'd.

My parents they, for thirst of gaine,
A husband for me did obtaine;
And I, their pleasure to fulfille,
Was forc'd to wedd against my wille.

To Matthew Shore I was a wife,
Till lust brought ruine to my life;
And then my life I lewdlye spent,
Which makes my soul for to lament.

In Lombard-street I once did dwelle,
As London yet can witnesse welle;
Where many gallants did beholde
My beautye in a shop of golde.

I spred my plumes, as wantons doe,
Some sweet and secret friende to wooe,
Because chast love I did not finde
Agreeing to my wanton minde.

At last my name in court did ring
Into the eares of Englandes king,
Who came and lik'd, and love requir'd,
But I made coye what he desir'd:

Yet Mistress Blague, a neighbour neare,
Whose friendship I esteemed deare,
Did saye, It was a gallant thing
To be beloved of a king.

By her persuasions I was led
For to defile my marriage-bed,
And wronge my wedded husband Shore,
Whom I had married yeares before.

In heart and mind I did rejoyce,
That I had made so sweet a choice;
And therefore did my state resigne,
To be king Edward's concubine.

From city then to court I went,
To reape the pleasures of content;
There had the joyes that love could bring,
And knew the secrets of a king.

When I was thus advanc'd on highe
Commanding Edward with mine eye,
For Mrs. Blague I in short space
Obtainde a livinge from his grace.

No friende I had but in short time
I made unto a promotion climbe;
But yet for all this costlye pride,
My husbande could not mee abide.

His bed, though wronged by a king,
His heart with deadlye griefe did sting;
From England then he goes away
To end his life beyond the sea.

He could not live to see his name
Impaired by my wanton shame;
Although a prince of peerlesse might
Did reape the pleasure of his right.

Long time I lived in the courte,
With lords and ladies of great sorte;
And when I smil'd all men were glad,
But when I frown'd my prince grewe sad.

But yet a gentle minde I bore
To helplesse people, that were poore;
I still redrest the orphan's crye,
And sav'd their lives condemned to dye.

I still had ruth on widowes tears,
I succour'd babes of tender yeares;
And never look'd for other gaine
But love and thankes for all my paine.

At last my royall king did dye,
And then my dayes of woe grew nighe;
When crook-back Richard got the crowne,
King Edwards friends were soon put downe.

I then was punisht for my sin,
That I so long had lived in;
Yea, every one that was his friend,
This tyrant brought to shamefull end.

Then for my lewd and wanton life,
That made a strumpet of a wife,
I penance did in Lombard-street,
In shamefull manner in a sheet.

Where many thousands did me viewe,
Who late in court my credit knewe;
Which made the teares run downe my face,
To thinke upon my foul disgrace.

Not thus content, they took from mee
My goodes, my livings, and my fee,
And charg'd that none should me relieve,
Nor any succour to me give.

Then unto Mrs. Blague I went,
To whom my jewels I had sent,
In hope therebye to ease my want,
When riches fail'd, and love grew scant:

But she denyed to me the same
When in my need for them I came;
To recompence my former love,
Out of her doores shee did me shove.

So love did vanish with my state,
Which now my soul repents too late;
Therefore example take by mee,
For friendship parts in povertie.

But yet one friend among the rest,
Whom I before had seen distrest,
And sav'd his life, condemn'd to die,
Did give me food to succour me:

For which, by lawe, it was decreed
That he was hanged for that deed;
His death did grieve me so much more,
Than had I dyed myself therefore.

Then those to whom I had done good
Durst not afford mee any food;
Whereby I begged all the day,
And still in streets by night I lay.

My gowns beset with pearl and gold,
Were turn'd to simple garments old;
My chains and gems and golden rings,
To filthy rags and loathsome things.

Thus was I scorn'd of maid and wife,
For leading such a wicked life;
Both sucking babes and children small,
Did make their pastime at my fall.

I could not get one bit of bread,
Whereby my hunger might be fed:
Nor drink, but such as channels yield,
Or stinking ditches in the field.

Thus, weary of my life, at lengthe
I yielded up my vital strength,
Within a ditch of loathsome scent,
Where carrion dogs did much frequent:

The which now since my dying daye,
Is Shoreditch call'd, as writers saye;*
Which is a witness of my sinne,
For being concubine to a king.

You wanton wives, that fall to lust,
Be you assur'd that God is just;
Whoredome shall not escape his hand,
Nor pride unpunish'd in this land.

If God to me such shame did bring,
That yielded only to a king,
How shall they scape that daily run
To practise sin with every one?

You husbands, match not but for love,
Lest some disliking after prove;
Women, be warn'd when you are wives,
What plagues are due to sinful lives:
Then, maids and wives, in time amend,
For love and beauty will have end.

* But it had this name long before; being so called from its being a common Sewer (vulgarly Shore) or drain. See Stow.

XXVII.

Corydon's Doleful Knell.

This little simple elegy is given, with some corrections, from two copies, one of which is in "The Golden Garland of Princely Delights."

The burthen of the song, "Ding Dong, &c.," is at present appropriated to burlesque subjects, and, therefore, may excite only ludicrous ideas in a modern reader; but, in the time of our poet, it usually accompanied the most solemn and mournful strains. Of this kind is that fine aërial dirge in Shakspeare's Tempest:

"Full fadom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are corrall made;
Those are pearles that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange:
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell,
Harke now I heare them, Ding dong bell.
"Burthen, Ding dong."

I make no doubt but the poet intended to conclude the above air in a manner the most solemn and expressive of melancholy.

My Phillida, adieu love!
For evermore farewell!
Ay me! I've lost my true love,
And thus I ring her knell,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
My Phillida is dead!
I'll stick a branch of willow
At my fair Phillis' head.

For my fair Phillida,
Our bridal bed was made:
But 'stead of silkes so gay,
She in her shroud is laid.
Ding, &c.

Her corpse shall be attended,
By maides in fair array,
Till the obsequies are ended,
And she is wrapt in clay.
Ding, &c.

Her herse it shall be carried
By youths that do excell;
And when that she is buried,
I thus will ring her knell,
Ding, &c.

A garland shall be framed
By art and natures skill,
Of sundry-colour'd flowers,
In token of good-will.*
Ding, &c.

And sundry-colour'd ribbands
On it I will bestow!
But chiefly black and yellowe:†
With her to grave shall go.
Ding, &c.

I'll decke her tombe with flowers,
The rarest ever seen,
And with my tears, as showers,
I'll keepe them fresh and green.
Ding, &c.

Instead of fairest colours,
Set forth with curious art,‡
Her image shall be painted
On my distressed heart.
Ding, &c.

And thereon shall be graven
Her epitaph so faire,
"Here lies the loveliest maiden,
That e'er gave shepheard care."
Ding, &c.

In sable will I mourne;
Blacke shall be all my weede
Ay me! I am forlorne,
Now Phillida is dead!
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
My Phillida is dead!
I'll stick a branch of willow
At my fair Phillis' head.

* It is a custom in many parts of England, to carry a flowery garland before the corpse of a woman who dies unmarried.

† See above, preface to No. XI. Book II.

‡ This alludes to the painted effigies of Alabaster, anciently erected upon tombs and monuments.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

SERIES THE SECOND.

BOOK III.

I.

The Complaint of Conscience.

I SHALL begin this Third Book with an old allegoric satire: a manner of moralizing, which, if it was not first introduced by the author of "Pierce Plowman's Visions," was at least chiefly brought into repute by that ancient satirist. It is not so generally known that the kind of verse used in this ballad hath any affinity with the peculiar metre of that writer, for which reason I shall throw together some cursory remarks on that very singular species of versification, the nature of which has been so little understood.

ON THE ALLITERATIVE METRE, WITHOUT RHYME, IN PIERCE PLOWMAN'S VISIONS.

WE learn from Wormius,* that the ancient Islandic poets used a great variety of measures: he mentions 136 different kinds, without including rhyme, or a correspondence of final syllables: yet this was occasionally used, as appears from the Ode of Egil, which Wormius hath inserted in his book.

He hath analyzed the structure of one of these kinds of verse, the harmony of which neither depended on the quantity of the syllables, like that of the ancient Greeks or Romans; nor on the rhymes at the end, as in modern poetry; but consisted altogether in alliteration, or a certain artful repetition of the sounds in the middle of the verses. This was adjusted according to certain rules of their prosody, one of which was, that every distich should contain at least three words beginning with the same letter or sound. Two of these corresponding sounds might be placed either in the first or second line of the distich, and one in the other; but all three were not regularly to be crowded into one line. This will be the best understood by the following examples.*

"*M*eire og *M*inne
*M*ogu heimdaller."

"*G*ab *G*inunga
Enn *G*ras huerge."

There were many other little niceties observed by the Islandic poets, who, as they retained their original language and peculiarities longer than the other nations of Gothic race, had time to cultivate their native poetry more, and to carry it to a higher pitch of refinement than any of the rest.

Their brethren, the Anglo-Saxon poets, occasionally used the same kind of alliteration, and it is common to meet in their writings with similar examples of the foregoing rules. Take an instance or two in modern characters:†

"*Sk*eop tha and *Sk*yrede
*Sk*yppend ure."

"*H*am and *H*eahsetl
*H*eofena rikes."

I know not, however, that there is anywhere extant an entire Saxon poem all in this measure. But distichs of this sort perpetually occur in all their poems of any length.

Now, if we examine the versification of "Pierce Plowman's Visions," we shall find it constructed exactly by these rules; and therefore each line, as printed, is in reality a distich of two verses, and will, I believe, be found distinguished as such, by some mark or other in all the ancient MSS., viz.

"In a *S*omer *S*eason, | when 'hot'‡ was the *S*unne,
I *Sh*ope me into *Sh*roubs, | as I a *Sh*epe were;
In *H*abite as an *H*armet, | un*H*oly of werkes,
*W*ent *W*yde in thys world | *W*onders to heare," &c.

* Literatura Runica. Hafniæ 1636, 4to.—1651, fol. The Islandic language is of the same origin as our Anglo-Saxon, being both dialects of the ancient Gothic or Teutonic. Vid Hickesii Præfat. in Grammat. Anglo-Saxon & Moeso-Goth. 4to. 1689.

* Vid. Hickes Antiq. Literatur. Septentrional. Tom. I. p. 217.

† Ibid.

‡ So I would read with Mr. Warton, rather than either "soft," as in MS., or "set," as in P. CC.

So that the author of this poem will not be found to have invented any new mode of versification, as some have supposed, but only to have retained that of the old Saxon and Gothic poets; which was probably never wholly laid aside, but occasionally used at different intervals: though the ravages of time will not suffer us now to produce a regular series of poems entirely written in it.

There are some readers, whom it may gratify to mention, that these "Visions of Pierce [i. e. Peter] the Plowman," are attributed to Robert Langland, a secular priest, born at Mortimer's Cleobury in Shropshire, and fellow of Oriel college in Oxford, who flourished in the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II., and published his poem a few years after 1350. It consists of xx *Passus* or Breaks,* exhibiting a series of visions, which he pretends happened to him on Malvern hills in Worcestershire. The author excels in strong, allegoric painting, and has with great humour, spirit, and fancy, censured most of the vices incident to the several professions of life; but he particularly inveighs against the corruptions of the clergy, and the absurdities of superstition. Of this work, I have now before me four different editions in black-letter quarto. Three of them are printed in 1550 *by Robert Crowley, dwelling in Elye rentes in Holburne.* It is remarkable that two of these are mentioned in the title-page as both of the second impression, though they contain evident variations in every page.† The other is said to be *newlye imprynted after the authors olde copy . . . . . by Owen Rogers,* Feb. 21, 1561.

As Langland was not the first, so neither was he the last that used this alliterative species of versification. To Rogers's edition of the Visions is subjoined a poem, which was probably writ in imitation of them, entitled, "Pierce the Ploughman's Crede." It begins thus:

"*C*ros, and *C*urteis *C*hrist, this beginning spede
For the *F*aders *F*rendshipe, that *F*ourmed heaven.
And through the *Sp*ecial *Sp*irit, that *Sp*rong of hem tweyne,
And al in one godhed endles dwelleth."

The author feigns himself ignorant of his Creed, to be instructed in which he applies to the four religious orders, viz., the gray friars of St. Francis, the black friars of St. Dominic, the Carmelites or white friars, and the Augustines. This affords him occasion to describe in very lively colours, the sloth, ignorance, and immorality of those reverend drones. At length he meets with Pierce, a poor ploughman, who resolves his doubts, and instructs him in the principles of true religion. The author was evidently a follower of Wiccliff, whom he mentions (with honour) as no longer living.* Now that reformer died in 1384. How long after his death this poem was written, does not appear.

In the Cotton library is a volume of ancient English poems,† two of which are written in this alliterative metre, and have the division of the lines into distichs distinctly marked by a point, as is usual in old poetical MSS. That which stands first of the two (though perhaps the latest written) is entitled, "The sege of I erlam," [i. e. Jerusalem] being an old fabulous legend, composed by some monk, and stuffed with marvellous figments concerning the destruction of the holy city and temple. It begins thus:

"In *T*yberius *T*yme . the *T*rewe emperour
*S*yr *S*esar hymself . be*S*ted in Rome
Whyll *P*ylat was *P*rovoste . under that *P*rynce ryche
And *J*ewes *J*ustice also . of *J*udeas londe
*H*erode under empere . as *H*erytage wolde
*K*yng," &c.

The other is entitled, "Chevalere Assigne" [or De Cigne], that is, "The Knight of the Swan," being an ancient Romance, beginning thus:

"All-*W*eldynge God . *W*hene it is his *W*ylle
*W*ele he *W*ereth his *W*erke . *W*ith his owene honde

* The poem properly contains xxi parts; the word *passus*, adopted by the author, seems only to denote the break or division between two parts, though by the ignorance of the printer applied to the parts themselves. See Series III., preface to ballad III., where *Passus* seems to signify *pause.*

† That which seems the first of the two, is thus distinguished in the title-page, *nowe the seconde tyme imprinted by Roberte Crowlye;* the other thus, *nowe the seconde time imprinted by Robert Crowley.* In the former the folios are thus erroneously numbered, 39, 39, 41, 63, 43, 42, 45, &c. The booksellers of those days did not ostentatiously affect to multiply editions.

* Signature: Tii.

† Caligula A. ij. fol. 109, 123.

For ofte *H*armes were *H*ente . that *H*elpe we
ne myzte
Nere the *H*yznes of *H*ym . that lengeth in
*H*evene
For this," &c.

Among Mr. Garrick's collection of old plays* is a prose narrative of the adventures of this same Knight of the Swan, "newly translated out of Frenshe into Englyshe, at thinstigacion of the puyssant and illustryous prynce, lorde Edward duke of Buckynghame." This lord, it seems, had a peculiar interest in the book, for in the preface the translator tells us, that this, "highe dygne and illustryous prynce my lorde Edwarde by the grace of god Duke of Buckyngham, erle of Hereforde, Stafforde, and Northampton, desyrynge cotydyally to encrease and augment the name and fame of such as were relucent in vertuous feates and triumphaunt actes of chyvalry, and to encourage and styre every lusty and gentell herte by the exemplyficacyon of the same, havyng a goodli booke of the highe and miraculous histori of a famous and puyssaunt kynge, named Oryant sometime reynynge in the parties of beyonde the sea, havynge to his wife a noble lady; of whome she conceyved sixe sonnes and a daughter, and chylded of them at one only time; at whose byrthe echone of them had a chayne of sylver at their neckes, the which were all tourned by the provydence of god into whyte swannes, save one, of the whiche this present hystory is compyld, named Helyas, the knight of the swanne, 'of whome linially is dyscended my sayde lorde.' The whiche ententifly to have the sayde hystory more amply and unyversally knowen in thys hys natif countrie, as it is in other, hath of hys hie bountie by some of his faithful and trusti servauntes cohorted mi mayster Wynkin de Worde† to put the said vertuous hystori in prynte . . . . . at whose instigacion and stiring I (Roberte Copland) have me applied, moiening the helpe of god, to reduce and translate it into our maternal and vulgare english tonge after the capacitè and rudenesse of my weke entendement."—A curious picture of the times! While in Italy literature and the fine arts were ready to burst forth with classical splendour under Leo X., the first peer of this realm was proud to derive his pedigree from a fabulous "Knight of the Swan."‡

To return to the metre of Pierce Plowman: In the folio MS. so often quoted in this work, are two poems written in that species of versification. One of these is an ancient allegorical poem, entitled "Death and Life" (in 2 fitts or parts, containing 458 distichs), which, for aught that appears, may have been written as early, if not before the time of Langland. The first forty lines are broke as they should be into distichs, a distinction that is neglected in the remaining part of the transcript, in order, I suppose, to save room. It begins,

"*Chr*ist *Chr*isten king
that on the *Cr*osse tholed;
Hadd *Pa*ines and *Pa*ssyons
to defend our soules;
Give us *Gr*ace on the *Gr*ound
the *Gr*eatlye to serve,
For that *R*oyal *R*ed blood
that *R*ann from thy side."

The subject of this piece is a vision, wherein the poet sees a contest for superiority between "our lady Dame Life," and the "ugly fiend Dame Death;" who with their several attributes and concomitants are personified in a fine vein of allegoric painting. Part of the description of Dame Life is,

"Shee was *B*righter of her *B*lee,
then was the *B*right sonn:
Her *R*udd *R*edder then the *R*ose,
that on the *R*ise hangeth:
*M*eekely smiling with her *M*outh,
And *M*erry in her lookes;
Ever *L*aughing for *L*ove,
as shee *L*ike would.
And as shee came by the *B*ankes,
the *B*oughes eche one
They *L*owted to that *L*adye,
And *L*ayd forth their branches;
*B*lossomes and *B*urgens
*B*reathed full sweete;
*F*lowers *F*lourished in the *F*rith,
where shee *F*orth stepped;

* K. vol. X.

† W. de Worde's edit. is in 1512. See Ames, p. 92. Mr. G.'s copy is "¶ *Imprinted at London by me William Copland.*"

‡ He is said in the story book to be the grandfather of Godfrey of Boulogne, through whom I suppose the duke made out his relation to him. This duke was beheaded May 17, 1521, 13 Henry VIII.

And the *Gr*asse, that was *Gr*ay,
*Gr*eened belive."

Death is afterwards sketched out with a no less bold and original pencil.

The other poem is that which is quoted in the 181st page of this work, and which was probably the last that was ever written in this kind of metre in its original simplicity, unaccompanied with rhyme. It should have been observed above in page 181, that in this poem the lines are throughout divided into distichs, thus:

*Gr*ant *Gr*acious God,
*Gr*ant me this time, &c.

It is entitled, "Scottish Feilde" (in 2 fitts, 420 distichs,) containing a very circumstantial narrative of the battle of Flodden, fought Sept. 9, 1513: at which the author seems to have been present, from his speaking in the first person plural:

"Then WE *T*ild downe OUR *T*ents,
that *T*old were a thousand."

In the conclusion of the poem he gives this account of himself:

"He was a *G*entleman by *J*esu,
that this *G*est* made:
Which *S*ay but as he *S*ayd†
for *S*ooth and noe other.
At *B*agily that *B*earne
his *B*iding place had;
And his ancestors of old time
have yearded‡ theire longe,
Before William *C*onquerour
this *C*untry did inhabitt.
Jesus *B*ring 'them'§ to *B*lisse,
that *B*rought us forth of BALE,
That hath *H*earkned me *H*eare
Or *H*eard my TALE."

The village of Bagily or Baguleigh is in Cheshire, and had belonged to the ancient family of Legh for two centuries before the battle of Flodden. Indeed, that the author was of that country appears from other passages in the body of the poem, particularly from the pains he takes to wipe off a stain from the Cheshiremen, who it seems ran away in that battle, and from his encomiums on the Stanleys Earls of Derby, who usually headed that county. He laments the death of James Stanley, bishop of Ely, as what had recently happened when this poem was written; which serves to ascertain its date, for that prelate died March 22, 1514–5.

Thus have we traced the Alliterative Measure so low as the sixteenth century. It is remarkable that all such poets as used this kind of metre, retained along with it many peculiar Saxon idioms, particularly such as were appropriated to poetry: this deserves the attention of those who are desirous to recover the laws of the ancient Saxon Poesy, usually given up as inexplicable: I am of opinion that they will find what they seek in the metre of Pierce Plowman.*

About the beginning of the sixteenth century this kind of versification began to change its form: the author of "Scottish Field," we see, concludes his poem with a couplet in rhyme: this was an innovation that did but prepare the way for the general admission of that more modish ornament: till at length the old uncouth verse of the ancient writers would no longer go down without it. Yet when Rhyme began to be superadded, all the niceties of Alliteration were at first retained along with it; and the song of "Little John Nobody" exhibits this union very clearly. By degrees the correspondence of final sounds engrossing the whole attention of the poet, and fully satisfying the reader, the internal embellishment of Alliteration was no longer studied, and thus was this kind of metre at length swallowed up and lost in our common Burlesque Alexandrine, or Anapestic verse,†

* Jest, MS.

† Probably corrupted for—"*Says* but as he Saw."

‡ Yearded, i. e. buried, earthed, earded. It is common to pronounce "Earth," in some parts of England "Yearth," particularly in the North.—Pitscottie, speaking of James III., slain at Bannockbourn, says, "Nae man wot whar they yearded him."

§ "us," MS. In the second line above, the MS. has "bidding."

* And in that of Robert of Gloucester. See the next note.

† Consisting of four Anapests (⏑ ⏑ –) in which the accent rests upon every third syllable. This kind of verse, which I also call the Burlesque Alexandrine to distinguish it from the other Alexandrines of eleven and fourteen syllables, the parents of our lyric measure (See examples, pp. 151, 152, &c.) was early applied by Robert of Gloucester to serious subjects. That writer's metre, like this of Langland's, is formed on the Saxon models (each verse of his containing a Saxon distich); only instead of the internal alliterations adopted by Langland, he rather chose final rhymes, as the French poets have done since. Take a specimen.

now never used but in ballads and pieces of light humour, as in the following song of "Conscience," and in that well-known doggrel,

"A cobler there was, and he lived in a stall."

But although this kind of measure hath with us been thus degraded, it still retains among the French its ancient dignity; their grand heroic verse of twelve syllables* is the same genuine offspring of the old alliterative metre of the ancient Gothic and Francic poets, stript like our Anapestic of its alliteration, and ornamented with rhyme. But with this difference, that whereas this kind of verse hath been applied by us only to light and trivial subjects, to which by its quick and lively measure it seemed best adapted, our poets have let it remain in a more lax unconfined state,† as a greater degree of severity and strictness would have been inconsistent with the light and airy subjects to which they have applied it. On the other hand, the French having retained this verse as the vehicle of their epic and tragic flights, in order to give it a stateliness and dignity were obliged to confine it to more exact laws of Scansion; they have therefore limited it to the number of twelve syllables; and by making the Cæsura or Pause as full and distinct as possible, and by other severe restrictions, have given it all the solemnity of which it was capable. The harmony of both, however, depends so much on the same flow of cadence and disposal of the pause, that they appear plainly to be of the same original; and every French heroic verse evidently consists of the ancient Distich of their Francic ancestors: which, by the way, will account to us why this verse of the French so naturally resolves itself into two complete hemistichs. And indeed by making the cæsura or pause always to rest on the last syllable of a word, and by making a kind of pause in the sense, the French poets do in effect reduce their hemistichs to two distinct and independent verses: and some of their old poets have gone so far as to make the two hemistichs rhyme to each other.*

After all, the old alliterative and anapestic metre of the English poets being chiefly used in a barbarous age, and in a rude unpolished language, abounds in verses defective in length, proportion, and harmony; and therefore cannot enter into a comparison with the correct versification of the best modern French writers; but making allowances for these defects, that sort of metre runs with a cadence so exactly resembling the French heroic Alexandrine, that I believe no peculiarities of their versification can be produced, which cannot be exactly matched in the alliterative metre. I shall give by way of example a few lines from the modern French poets accommodated with parallels from the ancient poem of "Life and Death;" in these I shall denote the Cæsura or Pause by a perpendicular line, and the cadence by the marks of the Latin quantity.

Lĕ sŭccĕs fut toŭjoūrs | ŭn ĕnfānt dĕ l'ăudāce;
All shāll dryē with thĕ dīnts | thāt I dēal with my hānds.
D'hŏmmĕ prūdĕnt vŏit trōp | l'illūsion lĕ sūit,
Yŏndĕr dāmsĕl ĭs dēath | thāt drēssĕth hĕr tŏ smīte.
L'ĭntrĕpĭdĕ vŏit mieux | ĕt lĕ fāntŏme fuit.†
Whĕn shĕ dōlefŭlly sāw | hŏw shĕ dāng dŏwne hĭr fōlke.
Mĕme aŭx yeŭx dĕ l'ĭnjūste | ŭn ĭnjūste ĕst hŏrrĭblĕ.‡
Thĕn shĕ cāst ŭp ă cryē | tŏ thĕ hĭgh kĭng ŏf hēavĕn.

"The Saxons tho in their power, tho thii were so rive,
Seve kingdoms made in Engelonde, and sutlie but vive:
The king of Northomberlond, and of Eastangle also,
Of Kent, and of Westsex, and of the March, therto."

Robert of Gloucester wrote in the western dialect, and his language differs exceedingly from that of other contemporary writers, who resided in the metropolis, or in the midland counties. Had the heptarchy continued, our English language would probably have been as much distinguished for its different dialects as the Greek; or at least as that of the several independent states of Italy.

* Or of thirteen syllables, in what they call a feminine verse. It is remarkable that the French alone have retained this old Gothic metre for their serious poems; while the English, Spaniards, &c., have adopted the Italic verse of ten syllables, although the Spaniards, as well as we, anciently used a short-lined metre. I believe the success with which Petrarch, and perhaps one or two others, first used the heroic verse of ten syllables in Italian Poesy, recommended it to the Spanish writers; as it also did to our Chaucer, who first attempted it in English; and to his successors Lord Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyat, &c.; who afterwards improved it and brought it to perfection. To Lord Surrey we also owe the first introduction of blank verse in his versions of the second and fourth books of the Æneid, 1557, 4to.

† Thus our poets use this verse indifferently with twelve, eleven, and even ten syllables. For though regularly it consists of four anapests (⏑ ⏑ –) or twelve syllables, yet they frequently retrench a syllable from the first or third anapest; and sometimes from both; as in these instances from Prior and from the following song of Conscience:

Whŏ hās eēr beēn ăt Pārĭs mŭst nēeds knŏw thē Grēve,
Thē fātāl rētrēat ŏf th' ūnfōrtūnāte brāve.
Hē stēpt tŏ hĭm strāight, ănd dīd hĭm rēquīre.

* See instances in *L'Hist. de la Poesie Françoise par* Massieu, &c. In the same book are also specimens of alliterative French verses.

† Catalina, A. 3.

‡ Boileau Sat.

Dŭ mĕnsŭngĕ toŭjoūrs | lĕ vrāi dĕmĕurĕ māitrĕ,
Thŏu shālt bĭttĕrlyŏ byō | ŏr ēlse thĕ bōokĕ fāileth.
*Poŭr pārōitre hōnnête hŏmme | ĕn ŭn mōt, il fāut l'ĕtre**
Thūs I fared throughe ā frythh | whĕre thĕ flōwĕrs wĕre mānyŏ.

To conclude; the metre of Pierce Plowman's Visions has no kind of affinity with what is commonly called Blank Verse; yet has it a sort of harmony of its own, proceeding not so much from its alliteration, as from the artful disposal of its cadence, and the contrivance of its pause; so that when the ear is a little accustomed to it, it is by no means unpleasing; but claims all the merit of the French heroic numbers, only far less polished; being sweetened, instead of their final rhymes, with the internal recurrence of similar sounds.

This Essay will receive illustration from another specimen in Warton's "History of English Poetry," Vol. I., p. 309, being the fragment of a MS. poem on the subject of "Alexander the Great," in the Bodleian Library, which he supposes to be the same with Number 44, in the Ashmol. MSS., containing twenty-seven pasus, and beginning thus:

Whener folk fastid [feasted, *qu.*] and fed,
fayne wolde thei her [i. e. *hear*]
Some farand thing, &c.

It is well observed by Mr. Tyrwhitt, on Chaucer's sneer at this old alliterative metre (Vol. iii. p. 305), viz.:

——— I am a Sotherne [i. e. *Southern*] man,
I cannot geste, rom, ram, raf, by my letter.

That the fondness for this species of versification, &c., was retained longest in the northern provinces: and that the author of "Pierce Plowman's Visions" is in the best MSS. called "William," without any surname. (See vol. iv. p. 74.)

ADDITIONS TO THE ESSAY ON THE ALLITERATIVE METRE.

Since the foregoing Essay was first printed, the Editor hath met with some additional examples of the old alliterative metre.

The first is in MS.,† which begins thus:

Crist Crowned Kyng, that on Cros didest,*
And art Comfort of all Care, thow,† kind go out of Cours
With thi Halwes in Heven Heried mote thu be,
And thy Worshipful Werkes Worshiped evre,
That suche Sondry Signes Shewest unto man,
In Dremyng, in Drecchyng,‡ and in Derke swevenes.

The author from this proemium takes occasion to give an account of a dream that happened to himself; which he introduces with the following circumstances:

Ones y me Ordayned, as y have Ofte doon,
With Frendes, and Felawes, Frendemen, and other;
And Caught me in a Company on Corpus Christi even,
Six, other§ Seven myle, out of Southampton,
To take Melodye, and Mirthes, lamong my Makes;
With Redyng of *Romaunces*, and Revelyng among,
The Dym of the Derknesse Drewe me into the west;
And be Gon for to spryng in the Grey day.
Than Lift up my Lyddes, and Loked in the sky,
And Knewe by the Kende Cours, hit clered in the est:
Blyve y Busked me down, and to Bed went,
For to Comforte my Kynde, and Cacche a slepe.

He then describes his dream:

Methought that y Hoved on High on an Hill,
And loked Doun on a Dale Depest of othre;
Ther y Sawe in my Sighte a Selcouthe peple;
The Multitude was so Moche, it Mighte not be nombred.
Methoughte y herd a Crowned Kyng, of his Comunes axe
A Soleyne‖ Subsidie, to Susteyne his werres.
* * * * *
With that a Clerk Kneled adowne and Carped these wordes,
Liege Lord; yif it you Like to Listen a while,
Som Sawes of Salomon y shall you shewe sone.

* Boil. Sat. 11.

† In a small 4to. MS. containing 38 leaves, in private hands.

* Didst dye. † though. ‡ being overpowered.
§ i. e. either, or.
‖ Solemn.

The writer then gives a solemn lecture to kings on the art of governing. From the demand of subsidies "to susteyne his werres," I am inclined to believe this poem composed in the reign of King Henry V., as the MS. appears from a subsequent entry to have been written before the 9th of Henry VI. The whole poem contains but 146 lines.

The alliterative metre was no less popular among the old Scottish poets, than with their brethren on this side the Tweed. In Maitland's Collection of ancient Scottish Poems, MS. in the Pepysian library, is a very long poem in this species of versification, thus inscribed:

HEIR begins the Tretis of the Twa Marriit Wemen, and the Wedo, compylit be Maister William Dunbar.*

"Upon the *M*idsummer evven *M*irriest of nichtis
I *M*uvit furth alane quhen as *M*idnight was past
Besyd ane *G*udlie *G*rene *G*arth,† full of *G*ay flouris
*H*egeit‡ of ane *H*uge *H*icht with *H*awthorne treeis
Quairon ane *B*ird on ane *B*ransehe so *B*irst out hir notis
That nevir ane Blythfuller *B*ird was on the Benche§ hard, &c."

The author pretends to overhear three gossips sitting in an arbour, and revealing all their secret methods of alluring and governing the other sex; it is a severe and humorous satire on bad women, and nothing inferior to "Chaucer's Prologue to his Wife of Bath's Tale." As Dunbar lived till about the middle of the sixteenth century, this poem was probably composed after "Scottish Field" (described above in p. 268), which is the latest specimen I have met with written in England. This poem contains about five hundred lines.

But the current use of the Alliterative Metre in Scotland, appears more particularly from those popular vulgar prophecies, which are still printed for the use of the lower people in Scotland, under the names of "Thomas the Rymer," "Marvellous Merling," &c. This collection seems to have been put together after the accession of James I. to the crown of England, and most of the pieces in it are in the metre of "Pierce Plowman's Visions." The first of them begins thus:

"Merling sayes in his book, who will *R*ead *R*ight,
Although his *S*ayings be uncouth, they *S*hall be true found,
In the seventh chapter, read *W*hoso *W*ill,
One thousand and more after Christ's birth, &c."

And the "Prophesie of Beid:"

"Betwixt the chief of *S*ummer and the *S*ad winter;
Before the *H*eat of summer *H*appen shall a war
That *E*urop's lands *E*arnestly shall be wrought
And *E*arnest *E*nvy shall last but a while, &c."

So again the "Prophesie of Berlington:"

"When the *R*uby is *R*aised, *R*est is there none,
But much *R*ancour shall *R*ise in *R*iver and plain,
Much *S*orrow is *S*een through a *S*uth-hound
That beares *H*ornes in his *H*ead like a wyld *H*art, &c."

In like metre is the "Prophesie of Waldhave:"

"Upon *L*owdon *L*aw alone as I *L*ay,
*L*ooking to the *L*ennox, as me *L*ief thought,
The first *M*orning of *M*ay, *M*edicine to seek
For *M*alice and *M*elody that *M*oved me sore, &c."

And lastly, that entitled "The Prophesie of Gildas:"

"When holy kirk is *W*racked and *W*ill has no *W*it
And *P*astors are *P*luckt, and *P*il'd without *P*ity
When *I*dolatry *I*s *I*n ENS and RE
And spiritual pastours are vexed away, &c."

* Since the above was written, this poem hath been printed in "Ancient Scottish Poems, &c., from the MS. collections of Sir R. Maitland, of Lethington, knight of London, 1786," 2 vols. 12mo. The two first lines are here corrected by that edition.

† Garden. ‡ Hedged. § Bough.

It will be observed in the foregoing specimens, that the alliteration is extremely neglected, except in the third and fourth instances; although all the rest are written in imitation of the cadence used in this kind of metre. It may perhaps appear from an attentive perusal, that the poems ascribed to Burlington and Waldhave are more ancient than the others: indeed the first and fifth appear evidently to have been new modelled, if not entirely composed about the beginning of the last century, and are probably the latest attempts ever made in this species of verse.

In this and the foregoing Essay are mentioned all the specimens I have met with of the Alliterative Metre without rhyme: but instances occur sometimes in old manuscripts, of poems written both with final rhymes in the internal cadence and alliterations of the Metre of Pierce Plowman.

The following song, entitled "The Complaint of Conscience," is printed from the Editor's folio manuscript: some corruptions in the old copy are here corrected; but with notice to the reader wherever it was judged necessary, by enclosing the corrections between inverted 'commas.'

As I walked of late by 'an' wood side,
To God for to meditate was my entent;
Where under a hawthorne I suddenlye spyed
A silly poore creature ragged and rent,
With bloody teares his face was besprent,
His fleshe and his color consumed away,
And his garments they were all mire, mucke, and clay.

This made me muse, and much 'to' desire
To know what kind of man hee shold bee;
I stept to him straight, and did him require
His name and his secretts to shew unto mee.
His head he cast up, and wooful was hee,
My name, quoth he, is the cause of my care,
And makes me scorned, and left here so bare.

Then straightway he turned him, and prayd 'me' sit downe,
And I will, saithe he, declare my whole greefe;

Ver. 1, one, MS. V. 15, him, MS.

My name is called "Conscience:"—whereatt he did frowne,
He pined to repeat it, and grinded his teethe,
'Though now, silly wretche, I'm denyed all releef,'
'Yet' while I was young, and tender of yeeres,
I was entertained with kinges, and with peeres.

There was none in the court that lived in such fame,
For with the kings councell 'I' sate in commission;
Dukes, earles, and barrons esteem'd of my name;
And how that I liv'd there needs no repetition:
I was ever holden in honest condition,
For howsoever the lawes went in Westminster-hall,
When sentence was given, for me they wold call.

No incomes at all the landlords wold take,
But one pore peny, that was their fine;
And that they acknowledged to be for my sake.
The poore wold doe nothing without councell mine:
I ruled the world with the right line:
For nothing was passed betweene foe and friend,
But Conscience was called to bee at 'the' end.

Noe bargaines, nor merchandize merchants wold make
But I was called a wittenesse therto:
No use for noe money, nor forfett wold take,
But I wold controule them, if that they did soe:
'And' that makes me live now in great woe.
For then came in Pride, Sathan's disciple,
That is now entertained with all kind of people.

He brought with him three, whose names 'thus they call'
That is Covetousnes, Lecherye, Usury, beside:

Ver. 19, not in MS. V. 23, he sate, MS. V. 35, an end. MS. V. 43, they be these, MS.

They never prevail'd, till they had wrought
my downe-fall;
Soe Pride was entertained, but Conscience
decried,
And 'now ever since' abroad have I tryed
To have had entertainment with some one
or other;
But I am rejected, and scorned of my
brother.

Then went I to the court the gallants to winn,
But the porter kept me out of the gate:
To Bartlemew Spittle to pray for my sinne,
They bade me goe packe, it was fitt for my
state;
Goe, goe, threed-bare Conscience, and seeke
thee a mate.
Good Lord, long preserve my king, prince,
and queene,
With whom evermore I esteemed have been.

Then went I to London, where once I did
'dwell:'
But they bade away with me, when they
knew my name;
For he will undoe us to bye and to sell!
They bade me goe packe me, and hye me for
shame:
They lought at my raggs, and there had
good game;
This is old threed-bare Conscience, that
dwelt with saint Peter;
But they wold not admitt me to be a chim-
ney-sweeper.

Not one wold receive me, the Lord 'he' doth
know;
I having but one poor pennye in my purse,
On an awle and some patches I did it bestow;
'For' I thought better cobble shooes than
doe worse.
Straight then all the coblers began for to
curse,
And by statute wold prove me a rogue, and
forlorne,
And whipp me out of towne to 'seeke'
where I was borne.

Then did I remember, and call to my minde,
The Court of Conscience where once I did sit:
Not doubting but there I some favor shold
find,
For my name and the place agreed soe fit;

But there of my purpose I fayled a whit,
For 'thoughe' the judge us'd my name in
everye 'commission,'
The lawyers with their quillets wold get
'my' dismission.

Then Westminster-hall was noe place for me;
Good lord! how the lawyers began to assemble,
And fearfull they were, lest there I shold bee;
The silly poore clarkes began for to tremble;
I showed them my cause, and did not dis-
semble;
Soe they gave me some money my charges
to beare,
But swore me on a booke I must never
come there.

Next the merchants said, Counterfeite, get
thee away,
Dost thou remember how wee thee fond?
We banisht thee the country beyond the salt
sea,
And sett thee on shore in the New-found land;
And there thou and wee most friendly shook
hand,
And we were right glad when thou didst
refuse us;
For when we wold reape profitt here thou
woldst accuse us.

Then had I noe way, but for to goe on
To gentlemens houses of an ancyent name;
Declaring my greeffes, and there I made
moane,
'Telling' how their forefathers held me in
fame:
And at letting their farmes 'how always I
came.'
They sayd, Fye upon thee! we may thee
curse:
'Theire' leases continue, and we fare the
worse.

And then I was forced a begging to goe
To husbandmens houses, who greeved right
sore,
And sware that their landlords had plagued
them so,
That they were not able to keepe open doore,
Nor nothing had left to give to the poore:
Therefore to this wood I doe me repayre,
Where hepps and hawes, that is my best
fare.

Ver. 46, was derided, MS. V. 53, packe me, MS. V. 57, wonne, MS. V. 70, see.

V. 76, condicion, MS. —V. 77, get a, MS. V. 95, And how MS. V. 101, so sore, MS.

Yet within this same desert some comfort I have
Of Mercy, of Pittye, and of Almes-deeds;
Who have vowed to company me to my grave.
Wee are 'all' put to silence, and live upon weeds,
'And hence such cold house-keeping proceeds;'
Our banishment is its utter decay,
The which the riche glutton will answer one day.

Why then, I said to him, me-thinks it were best
To goe to the clergie; for dailye they preach
Eche man to love you above all the rest;
Of Mercye, and Pittie, and Almes-'deeds', they teach.
O, said he, noe matter of a pin what they preach,
For their wives and their children soe hange them upon,
That whosoever gives almes they will* give none.

Then laid he him down, and turned him away,
And prayd me to goe, and leave him to rest.
I told him, I haplie might yet see the day
For him and his fellowes to live with the best.
First, said he, banish Pride, then all England were blest;
For then those wold love us, that now sell their land,
And then good 'house-keeping wold revive' out of hand.

II.

Plain Truth and Blind Ignorance.

This excellent old ballad is preserved in the little ancient miscellany, entitled, "The Garland of Good-will." Ignorance is here made to speak in the broad Somersetshire dialect. The scene we may suppose to be Glastonbury Abbey.

TRUTH.

God speed you, ancient father,
And give you a good daye;
What is the cause, I praye you,
So sadly here you staye?
And that you keep such gazing
On this decayed place,
The which, for superstition,
Good princes down did raze?

IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee, by my vazen,*
That zometimes che have knowne
A vair and goodly abbey
Stand here of bricke and stone;
And many a holy vrier,
As ich may say to thee,
Within these goodly cloysters
Che did full often zee.

TRUTH.

Then I must tell thee, father,
In truthe and veritiè,
A sorte of greater hypocrites
Thou couldst not likely see;
Deceiving of the simple
With false and feigned lies:
But such an order truly
Christ never did devise.

IGNORANCE.

Ah! ah! che zmell thee now, man;
Che know well what thou art;
A vellow of mean learning,
Thee was not worth a vart:
Vor when we had the old lawe,
A merry world was then;

Ver. 109, ill, MS. V. 110, not in MS.

* i. e. faithen: as in the Midland counties they say housen, closen, for houses, closes. A.

Ver. 119, almes-deeds. V. 126, houses every where wold be kept, MS.

* We ought in justice and truth to read "can."

And every thing was plenty
Among all zorts of men.

TRUTH.

Thou givest me an answer,
As did the Jewes sometimes
Unto the prophet Jeremye,
When he accus'd their crimes:
'Twas merry, sayd the people,
And joyfull in our rea'me,
When we did offer spice-cakes
Unto the queen of heav'n.

IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee what, good vellowe,
Before the vriers went hence,
A bushell of the best wheate
Was zold vor vourteen pence;
And vorty egges a penny,
That were both good and newe;
And this che zay my zelf have zeene,
And yet ich am no Jewe.

TRUTH.

Within the sacred bible
We find it written plain,
The latter days should troublesome
And dangerous be, certaine;*
That we should be self-lovers,
And charity wax colde;
Then 'tis not true religion
That makes thee grief to holde.

IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee my opinion plaine,
And choul'd that well ye knewe,
Ich care not for the bible booke;
Tis too big to be true.
Our blessed ladyes psalter
Zhall for my money goe;
Zuch pretty prayers, as there bee,*
The bible cannot zhowe.

TRUTH.

Nowe hast thou spoken trulye,
For in that book indeede
No mention of our lady,
Or Romish saint we read:
For by the blessed Spirit
That book indited was,
And not by simple persons,
As was the foolish masse.

IGNORANCE.

Cham zure they were not voolishe
That made the masse, che trowe;
Why, man, 'tis all in Latine,
And vools no Latine knowe.
Were not our fathers wise men,
And they did like it well;
Who very much rejoyced
To heare the zacring bell?

TRUTH.

But many kinges and prophets,
As I may say to thee,
Have wisht the light that you have,
And could it never see:
For what art thou the better
A Latin song to heare,
And understandest nothing,
That they sing in the quiere?

IGNORANCE.

O hold thy peace, che pray thee,
The noise was passing trim
To heare the vriers zinging,
As we did enter in:
And then to zee the rood-loft
Zo bravely zet with zaints;—
But now to zee them wandring
My heart with zorrow vaints.

TRUTH.

The Lord did give commandment,
No image thou shouldst make,*
Nor that unto idolatry
You should your self betake;
The golden calf of Israel
Moses did therefore spoile;
And Baal's priests and temple
Were brought to utter foile.

IGNORANCE.

But our lady of Walsinghame
Was a pure and holy zaint,
And many men in pilgrimage
Did shew to her complaint.
Yea with zweet Thomas Becket,
And many other moe:
The holy maid of Kent* likewise
Did many wonders zhowe.

* Probably alluding to the illuminated psalters, missals, &c.

* What if it is in the Bible? Who said that that was authority.

* By name Eliz. Barton, executed April 21, 1534. Stow, p. 570.

* The Lord gave no such commandment, he said "thou shalt not make unto thyself &c"

TRUTH.

Such saints are well agreeing
To your profession sure;
And to the men that made them
So precious and so pure;
The one for being a traytoure,
Met an untimely death;
The other eke for treason
Did end her hateful breath.*

IGNORANCE.

Yea, yea, it is no matter,
Dispraise them how you wille:
But zure they did much goodnesse;
Would they were with us stille!
We had our holy water,
And holy bread likewise,
And many holy reliques
We zaw before our eyes.

* Evidently the "truth" here is really "ignorance," for Thomas à Becket was no traitor. Neither was the Holy Maid of Kent guilty of Treason.

TRUTH.

And all this while they fed you
With vaine and empty showe,
Which never Christ commanded,
As learned doctors knowe:
Search then the holy scriptures,
And thou shalt plainly see
That headlong to damnation
They alway trained thee. *

IGNORANCE.

If it be true, good vellowe,
As thou dost zay to mee,
Unto my heavenly fader
Alone then will I flee:
Believing in the Gospel,
And passion of his Zon,
And with the zubtil papistes
Ich have for ever done. †

* How about going to damnation themselves?
† How easily he was converted!

III.

The Wandering Jew.

THE story of the Wandering Jew is of considerable antiquity: it had obtained full credit in this part of the world before the year 1228, as we learn from Matthew Paris. For in that year, it seems, there came an Armenian archbishop into England, to visit the shrines and reliques preserved in our churches; who, being entertained at the monastery of St. Albans, was asked several questions relating to his country, &c. Among the rest a monk, who sat near him, inquired "if he had ever seen or heard of the famous person named Joseph, that was so much talked of; who was present at our Lord's crucifixion and conversed with him, and who was still alive in confirmation of the Christian faith." The archbishop answered, That the fact was true. And afterwards one of his train, who was well known to a servant of the abbot's, interpreting his master's words, told them in French, "That his lord knew the person they spoke of very well: that he had dined at his table but a little while before he left the East: that he had been Pontius Pilate's porter, by name Cartaphilus; who, when they were dragging Jesus out of the door of the Judgment-hall, struck him with his fist on the back, saying, 'Go faster, Jesus, go faster, why dost thou linger?' Upon which Jesus looked at him with a frown, and said, 'I indeed am going, but thou shalt tarry till I come.' Soon after he was converted, and baptized by the name of Joseph. He lives for ever, but at the end of every hundred years falls into an incurable illness, and at length into a fit or ecstasy, out of which when he recovers, he returns to the same state of youth he was in when Jesus suffered, being then about thirty years of age. He remembers all the circumstances of the death and resurrection of Christ, the saints that arose with him, the composing of the apostles' creed, their preaching, and dispersion; and is himself a very grave and holy person." This is the substance of Matthew Paris's account, who was himself a monk of St. Al

bans, and was living at the time when the Armenian archbishop made the above relation.

Since his time several impostors have appeared at intervals under the name and character of the "Wandering Jew;" whose several histories may be seen in Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible. See also the Turkish Spy, Vol. II., Book 3, Let. 1. The story that is copied in the following ballad is of one, who appeared at Hamburgh in 1547, and pretended he had been a Jewish shoemaker at the time of Christ's crucifixion.—The ballad however seems to be of a later date. It is preserved in black-letter in the Pepys collection.

When as in faire Jerusalem
Our Saviour Christ did live,
And for the sins of all the worlde
His own deare life did give;
The wicked Jewes with scoffes and scornes
Did dailye him molest,
That never till he left his life,
Our Saviour could not rest.

When they had crown'd his head with thornes,
And scourg'd him to disgrace,
In scornfull sort they led him forthe
Unto his dying place,
Where thousand thousands in the streete
Beheld him passe along,
Yet not one gentle heart was there,
That pityed this his wrong.

Both old and young reviled him,
As in the streete he wente,
And nought he found but churlish tauntes,
By every ones consente:
His owne deare crosse he bore himselfe,
A burthen far too great,
Which made him in the streete to fainte,
With blood and water sweat.

Being weary thus, he sought for rest,
To ease his burthened soule,
Upon a stone; the which a wretch
Did churlishly controule;
And sayd, Awaye, thou King of Jewes,
Thou shalt not rest thee here;
Pass on; thy execution place
Thou seest nowe draweth neare.

And thereupon he thrust him thence;
At which our Saviour sayd,
I sure will rest, but thou shalt walke,
And have no journey stayed.
With that this cursed shoemaker,
For offering Christ this wrong,
Left wife and children, house and all,
And went from thence along.

Where after he had seene the bloude
Of Jesus Christ thus shed,
And to the crosse his bodye nail'd,
Awaye with speed he fled,
Without returning backe againe
Unto his dwelling place,
And wandred up and downe the worlde,
A runnagate most base.

No resting could he finde at all,
No ease, nor hearts content;
No house, nor home, nor biding place:
But wandring forth he went
From towne to towne in foreigne landes,
With grieved conscience still,
Repenting for the heinous guilt
Of his fore-passed ill.

Thus after some fewe ages past
In wandring up and downe;
He much again desired to see
Jerusalems renowne,
But finding it all quite destroyd,
He wandred thence with woe,
Our Saviours wordes, which he had spoke,
To verifie and showe.

"I'll rest, sayd hee, but thou shalt walke,"
So doth this wandring Jew
From place to place, but cannot rest
For seeing countries newe;
Declaring still the power of him,
Whereas he comes or goes,
And of all things done in the east,
Since Christ his death, he showes.

The world he hath still compast round
And seene those nations strange,
That hearing of the name of Christ,
Their idol gods doe change:
To whom he hath told wondrous thinges
Of time forepast, and gone,
And to the princes of the worlde
Declares his cause of moane:

Desiring still to be dissolv'd,
And yeild his mortal breath;
But, if the Lord hath thus decreed,
He shall not yet see death.
For neither lookes he old nor young,
But as he did those times,
When Christ did suffer on the crosse
For mortall sinners crimes.

He hath past through many a foreigne place,
Arabia, Egypt, Africa,
Grecia, Syria, and great Thrace,
And throughout all Hungaria,
Where Paul and Peter preached Christ,
Those blest apostles deare;
There he hath told our Saviours wordes,
In countries far and neare.

And lately in Bohemia,
With many a German towne;
And now in Flanders, as tis thought,
He wandreth up and downe:
Where learned men with him conferre
Of those his lingering dayes,
And wonder much to heare him tell
His journeyes, and his wayes.

If people give this Jew an almes,
The most that he will take
Is not above a groat a time:
Which he, for Jesus' sake,
Will kindlye give unto the poore,
And thereof make no spare,
Affirming still that Jesus Christ
Of him hath dailye care.

He ne'er was seene to laugh nor smile,
But weepe and make great moane;
Lamenting still his miseries,
And dayes forepast and gone:
If he heare any one blaspheme,
Or take God's name in vaine,
He telles them that they crucifie
Their Saviour Christe againe.

If you had seene his death, saith he,
As these mine eyes have done,
Ten thousand thousand times would yee
His torments think upon:
And suffer for his sake all paine
Of torments, and all woes.
These are his wordes and eke his life
Whereas he comes or goes.

IV.

The Lye,

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

—Is found in a very scarce miscellany entitled "Davidson's Poems, or a poeticall Rapsodie divided into sixe books. . . . . The 4th impression newly corrected and augmented, and put into a forme more pleasing to the reader. Lond. 1621, 12mo." This poem is reported to have been written by its celebrated author the night before his execution, Oct. 29, 1618. But this must be a mistake, for there were at least two editions of Davidson's poems before that time, one in 1608,* the other in 1611.† So that unless this poem was an after-insertion in the 4th edit. it must have been written long before the death of Sir Walter: perhaps it was composed soon after his condemnation in 1603. See Oldys's Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, p. 173, fol.

Goe, soule, the bodies guest,
Upon a thankelesse arrant;
Feare not to touche the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant:
Goe, since I needs must dye,
And give the world the lye.

Goe tell the court, it glowes
And shines like rotten wood;
Goe tell the church it showes
What's good, and doth no good:
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lye.

* Catalogue of T. Rawlinson, 1727.

† Catalogue of Sion coll. library. This is either lost or mislaid.

Tell potentates they live
Acting by others actions;
Not lov'd unlesse they give,
Not strong but by their factions;
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lye.

Tell men of high condition,
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practise onely hate;
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lye.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost
Seek nothing but commending;
And if they make reply,
Spare not to give the lye.

Tell zeale, it lacks devotion;
Tell love, it is but lust;
Tell time, it is but motion;
Tell flesh, it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lye.

Tell age, it daily wasteth;
Tell honour, how it alters;
Tell beauty, how she blasteth;
Tell favour, how she falters;
And as they shall reply,
Give each of them the lye.

Tell wit, how much it wrangles
In tickle points of nicenesse;
Tell wisedome, she entangles
Herselfe in over-wisenesse;
And if they do reply,
Straight give them both the lye.

Tell physicke of her boldnesse;
Tell skill, it is pretension;
Tell charity of coldness;
Tell law, it is contention;
And as they yield reply,
So give them still the lye.

Tell fortune of her blindnesse;
Tell nature of decay;
Tell friendship of unkindnesse;
Tell justice of delay:
And if they dare reply,
Then give them all the lye.

Tell arts, they have no soundnesse,
But vary by esteeming;
Tell schooles, they want profoundnesse,
And stand too much on seeming:
If arts and schooles reply,
Give arts and schooles the lye.

Tell faith, it's fled the citie;
Tell how the countrey erreth;
Tell, manhood shakes off pitie;
Tell, vertue least preferreth:
And if they doe reply,
Spare not to give the lye.

So, when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing,
Although to give the lye
Deserves no less than stabbing,
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soule can kill.

V.

Verses by King James I.

In the first edition of this book were inserted, by way of specimen of his Majesty's poetic talents, some punning verses made on the disputations at Sterling; but it having been suggested to the Editor, that the king only gave the quibbling commendations in prose, and that some obsequious court-rhymer put them into metre;* it was thought proper to exchange them for two sonnets of King James's own composition. James was a great versifier, and therefore out of the multitude of his poems, we have here selected

* See a folio, intituled, "The Muses welcome to King James."

two, which (to show our impartiality) are written in his best and his worst manner. The first would not dishonour any writer of that time; the second is a most complete example of the Bathos.

A SONNET ADDRESSED BY KING JAMES TO HIS SON PRINCE HENRY.

From King James's Works in folio: where is also printed another called his Majesty's "own Sonnet;" it would perhaps be too cruel to infer from thence that this was *not* his Majesty's *own* sonnet.

God gives not kings the stile of Gods in vaine,
For on his throne his scepter do they swey:
And as their subjects ought them to obey,
So kings should feare and serve their God againe.

If then ye would enjoy a happie reigne,
Observe the statutes of our heavenly King;
And from his law make all your laws to spring;
Since his lieutenant here ye should remaine.

Rewarde the just, be stedfast, true, and plaine;
Represse the proud, maintayning aye the right;
Walke always so, as ever in His sight,
Who guardes the godly, plaguing the prophane.

And so ye shall in princely vertues shine,
Resembling right your mightie King divine.

A SONNET OCCASIONED BY THE BAD WEATHER WHICH HINDERED THE SPORTS AT NEWMARKET, IN JANUARY, 1616.

This is printed from Drummond of Hawthornden's Works, folio: where also may be seen some verses of Lord Stirling's upon this sonnet, which concludes with the finest Anticlimax I remember to have seen.

How cruelly these catives do conspire!
What loathsome love breeds such a baleful band
Betwixt the cankred King of Creta land,*
That melancholy old and angry sire,

And him, who wont to quench debate and ire
Among the Romans, when his ports were clos'd?†
But now his double face is still dispos'd,
With Saturn's help, to freeze us at the fire.

The earth ore-covered with a sheet of snow,
Refuses food to fowl, to bird, and beast:
The chilling cold lets every thing to grow,
And surfeits cattle with a starving feast.
Curst be that love and mought‡ continue short,
Which kills all creatures, and doth spoil our sport.

VI.

King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.

The common popular ballad of "King John and the Abbot" seems to have been abridged and modernized about the time of James I., from one much older, entitled, "King John and the Bishop of Canterbury." The Editor's folio MS. contains a copy of this last, but in too corrupt a state to be reprinted; it however afforded many lines worth reviving, which will be found inserted in the ensuing stanzas.

The archness of the following questions and answers hath been much admired by our old ballad-makers; for besides the two copies above mentioned, there is extant another ballad on the same subject (but of no great antiquity or merit), entitled, "King Olfrey and the Abbot."§ Lastly, about the time of the civil wars, when the cry ran against the bishops, some puritan worked up the same story into

* Saturn. † Janus. ‡ i. e. may it.

§ See the collection of Historical Ballads, 3 vols. 1727. Mr. Wise supposes Olfrey to be a corruption of Alfred, in his pamphlet concerning the White Horse in Berkshire, 6, 15.

a very doleful ditty, to a solemn tune, concerning "King Henry and a Bishop;" with this stinging moral:

"Unlearned men hard matters out can find,
When learned bishops princes eyes do blind."

The following is chiefly printed from an ancient black-letter copy, to "The tune of Derry down."

An ancient story Ile tell you anon
Of a notable prince, that was called King John;
And he ruled England with maine and with might,
For he did great wrong, and maintein'd little right.

And Ile tell you a story, a story so merrye,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbùrye;
How for his house-keeping, and high renowne,
They rode poste for him to fair London towne.

An hundred men, the king did heare say,
The abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty golde chaynes, without any doubt,
In velvet coates waited the abbot about.

How now, father abbot, I heare it of thee,
Thou keepest a farre better house than mee,
And for thy house-keeping and high renowne,
I feare thou work'st treason against my crown.

My liege, quo' the abbot, I would it were knowne,
I never spend nothing, but what is my owne;
And I trust, your grace will doe me no deere,
For spending of my owne true-gotten geere.

Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is highe,
And now for the same thou needest must dye;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

And first, quo' the king, when I'm in this stead,
With my crowne of golde so faire on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worthe.

Secondlye, tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride the whole world about.
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think.

O, these are hard questions for my shallow witt,
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet:
But if you will give me but three weekes space,
Ile do my endeavour to answer your grace.

Now three weeks space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to mee.

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
And he mett his shepheard a going to fold:
How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home;
What newes do you bring us from good King John?

"Sad newes, sad newes, shepheard, I must give;
That I have but three days more to live:
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crowne of golde so fair on his head,
Among all his liege men so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth.

The seconde, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soone he may ride this whole world about:
And at the third question I must not shrinke,
But tell him there truly what he does thinke."

Now cheare up, sire abbot, did you never hear yet,
That a fool he may learne a wise man witt?
Lend me horse, and serving men, and your apparel,
And Ile ride to London to answer your quarrel.

Nay frowne not, if it hath bin told unto mee,
I am like your lordship, as ever may bee:
And if you will but lend me your gowne,
There is none shall knowe us in fair London towne.

Now horses, and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave;
With crozier, and miter, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to appear 'fore our fader the pope.

Now welcome, sire abbot, the king he did say,
Tis well thou'rt come back to keepe thy day;
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall bee.

And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crowne of golde so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth.

"For thirty pence our Saivour was sold
Among the false Jewes, as I have bin told:
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I thinke, thou art one penny worser than hee."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,*
I did not think I had been worth so littel!
—Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride this whole world about.

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
Until the next morning he riseth againe;
And then your grace need not make any doubt,
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,
I did not think, it could be gone so soone!
—Now from the third question thou must not shrinke,
But tell me here truly what I do thinke.

"Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry:
You thinke I'm the abbot of Canterbury;
But I'm his poor shepheard, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for mee."

The king he laughed, and swore by the masse,
Ile make thee lord abbot this day in his place!
"Now naye, my liege, be not in such speede,
For alacke I can neither write, ne reade."

Four nobles a week, then I will give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast showne unto mee;
And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,
Thou has brought him a pardon from good King John.

***

* Meaning probably St. Botolph.

VII.

You Meaner Beauties.

This little sonnet was written by Sir Henry Wotton, knight, on that amiable princess, Elizabeth daughter of James I. and wife of the Elector Palatine, who was chosen King of Bohemia, Sept. 5, 1619. The consequences of this fatal election are well known: Sir Henry Wotton, who in that and the following year was employed in several embassies in Germany on behalf of this unfortunate lady, seems to have had an uncommon attachment to her merit and fortunes, for he gave away a jewel worth a thousand pounds, that was presented to him by the emperor, "because it came from an enemy to his royal mistress the queen of Bohemia." See Biog. Britan.

This song is printed from the *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, 1651, with some corrections from an old MS. copy.

You meaner beauties of the night,
  That poorly satisfie our eies
More by your number, than your light;
  You common people of the skies,
  What are you when the moon shall rise?

Ye violets that first appeare,
  By your pure purple mantles known
Like the proud virgins of the yeare,
  As if the spring were all your own;
  What are you when the rose is blown?

Ye curious chaunters of the wood,
  That warble forth dame Nature's layes,
Thinking your passions understood
  By your weak accents: what's your praise,
  When Philomell her voyce shall raise?

So when my mistris shal be seene
  In sweetnesse of her looks and minde;
By virtue first, then choyce a queen;
  Tell me, if she was not design'd
  Th' eclypse and glory of her kind?

VIII.

The Old and Young Courtier.

This excellent old song, the subject of which is a comparison between the manners of the old gentry, as still subsisting in the times of Elizabeth, and the modern refinements affected by their sons in the reigns of her successors, is given, with corrections, from an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, compared with another printed among some miscellaneous "poems and songs" in a book entitled, "Le Prince d'Amour," 1660, 8vo.

An old song made by an aged old pate,
Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a greate estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;
  Like an old courtier of the queen's,
  And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word asswages;
They every quarter paid their old servants their wages,
And never knew what belong'd to coachmen, footmen, nor pages,
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges;
  Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him by his looks,
With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the hooks,
And an old kitchen, that maintain'd half a dozen old cooks.
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns, and bows,
With old swords, and bucklers, that had borne many shrewde blows,
And an old frize coat, to cover his worship's trunk hose,
And a cup of old sherry, to comfort his copper nose;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With a good old fashion, when Christmasse was come,
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe and drum,
With good chear enough to furnish every old room,
And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and man dumb.
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel of hounds,
That never hawked, nor hunted, but in his own grounds,
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own bounds,
And when he dyed gave every child a thousand good pounds;
Like an old courtier, &c.

But to his eldest son his house and land he assign'd,
Charging him in his will to keep the old bountifull mind,
To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbours be kind:
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was inclin'd;
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his land,
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his command,
And takes up a thousand pound upon his father's land,
And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither go nor stand;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice, and spare,
Who never knew what belonged to good housekeeping, or care,
Who buyes gaudy-colored fans to play with wanton air,
And seven or eight different dressings of other women's hair;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fashion'd hall, built where the old one stood,
Hung round with new pictures, that do the poor no good,
With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns neither coal nor wood,
And a new smooth shovelboard, whereon no victuals ne'er stood;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new study, stuft full of pamphlets, and plays,
And a new chaplain, that swears faster than he prays,
With a new buttery hatch, that opens once in four or five days,
And a new French cook, to devise fine kickshaws, and toys;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,
On a new journey to London straight we all must begone,
And leave none to keep house, but our new porter John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a stone;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new gentleman-usher, whose carriage is compleat,
With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to carry up the meat.
With a waiting-gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat,
Who when her lady has din'd, lets the servants not eat;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With new titles of honour bought with his father's old gold,
For which sundry of his ancestors old manors are sold;
And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,
Which makes that good house-keeping is now grown so cold,
Among the young courtiers of the king,
Or the king's young courtiers. ***

IX.

Sir John Suckling's Campaigne.

When the Scottish Covenanters rose up in arms, and advanced to the English borders in 1639, many of the courtiers complimented the king by raising forces at their own expense. Among these none were more distinguished than the gallant Sir John Suckling, who raised a troop of horse, so richly accoutred, that it cost him 12,000*l.* The like expensive equipment of other parts of the army, made the king remark, that "the Scots would fight stoutly, if it were but for the Englishmen's fine cloaths." [Lloyd's Memoirs.] When they came to action, the rugged Scots proved more than a match for the fine showy English: many of whom behaved remarkably ill, and among the rest this splendid troop of Sir John Suckling's.

This humorous pasquil has been generally supposed to have been written by Sir John, as a banter upon himself. Some of his contemporaries, however, attributed it to Sir John Mennis, a wit of those times, among whose poems it is printed in a small poetical miscellany, entitled, "Musarum deliciæ: or the Muses recreation, containing several pieces of poetique wit, 2d edition.—By Sir J. M. [Sir John Mennis] and Ja. S. [James Smith]. London, 1656, 12mo."—[See Wood's Athenæ, II., 397, 418.] In that copy is subjoined an additional stanza, which probably was written by this Sir John Mennis, viz.:

"But now there is peace, he's return'd to increase
His money, which lately he spent-a,
But his lost honour must lye still in the dust;
At Barwick away it went-a."

Sir John he got him an ambling nag,
To Scotland for to ride-a,
With a hundred horse more, all his own he swore,
To guard him on every side-a.

No Errant-knight ever went to fight
With halfe so gay a bravada,
Had you seen but his look, you'ld have sworn on a book,
Hee'ld have conquer'd a whole armada.

The ladies ran all to the windows to see
So gallant and warlike a sight-a,
And as he pass'd by, they said with a sigh,
Sir John, why will you go fight-a?

But he, like a cruel knight, spurr'd on;
His heart would not relent-a,
For, till he came there, what had he to fear?
Or why should he repent-a?

The king (God bless him!) had singular hopes
Of him and all his troop-a:
The borderers they, as they met him on the way,
For joy did hollow, and whoop-a.

None lik'd him so well, as his own colonell,
Who took him for John de Wert-a;
But when there were shows of gunning and blows,
My gallant was nothing so pert-a.

For when the Scots army came within sight,
And all prepared to fight-a,
He ran to his tent, they ask'd what he meant,
He swore he must needs goe sh*te-a.

The colonell sent for him back agen,
To quarter him in the van-a,
But Sir John did swear, he would not come there,
To be kill'd the very first man-a.

To cure his fear, he was sent to the reare,
Some ten miles back, and more-a;
Where Sir John did play at trip and away,
And ne'er saw the enemy more-a.

X.

To Althea from Prison.

This excellent sonnet, which possessed a high degree of fame among the old cavaliers, was written by Colonel Richard Lovelace, during his confinement in the gate-house Westminster: to which he was committed by the House of Commons, in April, 1642, for presenting a petition from the county of Kent, requesting them to restore the king to his rights, and to settle the government. See Wood's Athenæ, Vol. II., p. 228, and Lysons's Environs of London, Vol. I., p. 109; where may be seen at large the affecting story of this elegant writer, who after having been distinguished for every gallant and polite accomplishment, the pattern of his own sex, and the darling of the ladies, died in the lowest wretchedness, obscurity, and want, in 1658.

This song is printed from a scarce volume of his poems entitled, "Lucasta, 1649, 12mo.," collated with a copy in the Editor's folio MS.

When love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lye tangled in her haire;
And fetter'd with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the aire,
Know no such libertye.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our carelesse heads with roses crown'd,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty griefe in wine we steepe,
When healths and draughts goe free,
Fishes, that tipple in the deepe,
Know no such libertie.

When, linnet-like, confined I
With shriller note shall sing
The mercye, sweetness, majestye,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voyce aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Th' enlarged windes, that curle the flood,
Know no such libertie.

Stone walls doe not a prison make,
Nor iron barres a cage,
Mindes, innocent, and quiet, take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soule am free,
Angels alone, that soare above,
Enjoy such libertie.

Ver. 22, John de Wert was a German general of great reputation, and the terror of the French in the reign of Louis XIII. Hence his name became proverbial in France, where he was called *De Vert*. See Bayle's Dictionary.

Ver. 10, with woe-allaying themes, MS. Thames is used for water in general.

XI.

The Downfall of Charing-Cross.

Charing-Cross. as it stood before the civil wars, was one of those beautiful Gothic obelisks erected to conjugal affection by Edward I., who built such a one wherever the hearse of his beloved Eleanor rested in its way from Lincolnshire to Westminster. But neither its ornamental situation, the beauty of its structure, nor the noble design of its erection (which did honour to humanity), could preserve it from the merciless zeal of the times: For, in 1647, it was demolished by order of the House of Commons, as popish and superstitious. This occasioned the following not unhumorous sarcasm which has been often printed among the popular sonnets of those times.

The plot referred to in verse 17, was that entered into by Mr. Waller the poet, and others, with a view to reduce the city and tower to the service of the king; for which two of them, Nathaniel Tomkins and Richard Chaloner, suffered death, July 5, 1643. Vid. Athen. Ox. II. 24.

Undone, undone the lawyers are,
They wander about the towne,
Nor can find the way to Westminster,
Now Charing-cross is downe:
At the end of the Strand, they make a stand,
Swearing they are at a loss,
And chaffing say, that's not the way,
They must go by Charing-cross.

The parliament to vote it down
Conceived it very fitting,
For fear it should fall, and kill them all,
In the house, as they were sitting.
They were told, god-wot, it had a plot,
Which made them so hard-hearted,
To give command, it should not stand,
But be taken down and carted.

Men talk of plots, this might have been worse
For anything I know,
Than that Tomkins, and Chaloner
Were hang'd for long agoe.
Our parliament did that prevent,
And wisely them defended,
For plots they will discover still
Before they were intended.

But neither man, woman, nor child,
Will say, I'm confident,
They ever heard it speak one word
Against the parliament.
An informer swore, it letters bore,
Or else it had been freed;
I'll take, in troth, my Bible oath,
It could neither write, nor read.

The committee said, that verily
To popery it was bent;
For ought I know it might be so,
For to church it never went.
What with excise, and such device,
The kingdom doth begin
To think you'll leave them ne'er a cross,
Without doors nor within.

Methinks the common-council shou'd
Of it have taken pity,
'Cause, good old cross, it always stood
So firmly to the city.
Since crosses you so much disdain,
Faith, if I were as you,
For feare the king should rule again,
I'd pull down Tyburn too.

*** Whitelocke says, "May 3, 1643, Cheapside-cross and other crosses were voted down," &c.—But this vote was not put in execution with regard to "Charing-Cross," till four years after, as appears from Lilly's Observations on the Life, &c., of King Charles, viz., "Charing-Cross, we know, was pulled down, 1647, in June, July, and August. Part of the stones were converted to pave before Whitehall. I have seen knife-hafts made of some of the stones, which, being well polished, looked like marble." Ed. 1715, p. 18, 12mo.

See an account of the pulling down Cheapside Cross, in the Supplement to Gent. Mag. 1764.

XII.

Loyalty Confined.

This excellent old song is preserved in David Lloyd's "Memoires of those that suffered in the cause of Charles I." London, 1668, fol. p. 96. He speaks of it as the composition of a worthy personage, who suffered deeply in those times, and was still living with no other reward than the conscience of having suffered. The author's name he has not mentioned, but, if tradition may be credited, this song was written by Sir Roger L'Estrange.—Some mistakes in Lloyd's copy are corrected by two others, one in MS., the other in the "Westminster Drollery, or a choice Collection of Songs and Poems, 1671," 12mo.

Beat on, proud billows; Boreas blow;
Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof;
Your incivility doth show,
That innocence is tempest proof;
Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are calm;
Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,
A private closet is to me:
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty:
Locks, bars, and solitude, together met,
Make me no prisoner, but an anchoret.

I, whilst I wisht to be retir'd,
Into this private room was turn'd;
As if their wisdoms had conspir'd
The salamander should be burn'd:
Or like those sophists, that would drown a fish,
I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish.

The cynick loves his poverty;
The pelican her wilderness;
And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
Naked on frozen Caucasus:
Contentment cannot smart, Stoicks we see
Make torments easie to their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm
I, as my mistress' favours, wear;
And for to keep my ancles warm,
I have some iron shackles there:
These walls are but my garrison; this cell,
Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel.

I'm in the cabinet lockt up,
Like some high-prized margarite,
Or, like the great mogul or pope,
Am cloyster'd up from publick sight:
Retiredness is a piece of majesty,
And thus, proud sultan, I'm as great as thee.

Here sin for want of food must starve,
Where tempting objects are not seen!
And these strong walls do only serve
To keep vice out, and keep me in:
Malice of late's grown charitable sure,
I'm not committed, but am kept secure.

So he that struck at Jason's life,*
Thinking t' have made his purpose sure,
By a malicious friendly knife
Did only wound him to a cure:
Malice, I see, wants wit; for what is meant
Mischief, oft-times proves favour by th' event.

When once my prince affliction hath,
Prosperity doth treason seem;
And to make smooth so rough a path,
I can learn patience from him:
Now not to suffer shews no loyal heart,
When kings want ease subjects must bear a part.

What though I cannot see my king
Neither in person nor in coin;
Yet contemplation is a thing
That renders what I have not, mine:
My king from me what adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart!

Have you not seen the nightingale,
A prisoner like, coopt in a cage,
How doth she chaunt her wonted tale,
In that her narrow hermitage!
Even then her charming melody doth prove,
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

* See this remarkable story in Cicero de Nat. Deorum, Lib. 3, c. 28. Cic. de Offic. Lib. I. c. 30; see also Val. Max. 1, 8.

I am that bird, whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty;
But though they do my corps confine,
Yet maugre hate, my soul is free:
And though immur'd, yet can I chirp, and sing
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king.

My soul is free, as ambient air,
Although my baser part's immew'd,
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
T' accompany my solitude:
Although rebellion do my body binde,
My king alone can captivate my minde.

XIII.

Verses by King Charles I.

"This prince, like his father, did not confine himself to prose: Bishop Burnet has given us a pathetic elegy, said to be written by Charles in Carisbrook castle [in 1648]. The poetry is most uncouth and unharmonious, but there are strong thoughts in it, some good sense, and a strain of majestic piety." Mr. Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors, vol. I.

It is in his "Memoirs of the Duke of Hamilton," p. 379, that Burnet hath preserved this elegy, which he tells us he had from a gentleman who waited on the king at the time it was written, and copied it out from the original. It is there entitled, "Majesty in Misery: or an Imploration to the King of Kings."

Hume hath remarked of these stanzas, "that the truth of the sentiment, rather than the elegance of the expression, renders them very pathetic." See his History, 1763, 4to. Vol. V. pp. 437, 442, which is no bad comment upon them.—These are almost the only verses known of Charles's composition. Indeed a little poem "On a Quite Conscience," printed in the Poetical Calender, 1763, vol. VIII., is attributed to King Charles I.; being reprinted from a thin 8vo., published by Nahum Tate, called "Miscellanea Sacra, or Poems on Divine and Moral Subjects."

Great monarch of the world, from whose power springs
The potency and power of kings,
Record the royal woe my suffering sings;

And teach my tongue, that ever did confine
Its faculties in truth's seraphick line,
To track the treasons of thy foes and mine.

Nature and law, by thy divine decree,
(The only root of righteous royaltie)
With this dim diadem invested me:

With it, the sacred scepter, purple robe,
The holy unction, and the royal globe:
Yet am I levell'd with the life of Job.

The fiercest furies, that do daily tread
Upon my grief, my grey discrowned head,
Are those that owe my bounty for their bread.

They raise a war, and christen it *the cause*,
While sacrilegious hands have best applause,
Plunder and murder are the kingdom's laws;

Tyranny bears the title of taxation,
Revenge and robbery are reformation,
Oppression gains the name of sequestration.

My loyal subjects, who in this bad season
Attend me (by the law of God and reason),
They dare impeach and punish for high treason.

Next at the clergy do their furies frown,
Pious episcopacy must go down,
They will destroy the crosier and the crown.

Churchmen are chain'd, and schismaticks are freed,
Mechanicks preach, and holy fathers bleed,
The crown is crucified with the creed.

The church of England doth all factions foster,
The pulpit is usurpt by each impostor,
Extempore excludes the *Paternoster*.

The Presbyter, and Independent seed
Springs with broad blades. To make religion bleed
Herod and Pontius Pilate are agreed.

The corner stone's misplac'd by every pavier:
With such a bloody method and behaviour
Their ancestors did crucifie our Saviour.

My royal consort, from whose fruitful womb
So many princes legally have come,
Is forc'd in pilgrimage to seek a tomb.

Great Britain's heir is forc'd into France,
Whilst on his father's head his foes advance:
Poor child! he weeps out his inheritance.

With my own power my majesty they wound,
In the king's name the king himself's uncrown'd;
So doth the dust destroy the diamond.

With propositions daily they enchant
My people's ears, such as do reason daunt,
And the Almighty will not let me grant.

They promise to erect my royal stem,
To make me great, t' advance my diadem,
If I will first fall down, and worship them!

But for refusal they devour my thrones,
Distress my children, and destroy my bones;
I fear they'll force me to make bread of stones.

My life they prize at such a slender rate,
That in my absence they draw bills of hate,
To prove the king a traytor to the state.

Felons obtain more privilege than I,
They are allowed to answer ere they die;
'Tis death for me to ask the reason, why.

But sacred Saviour, with thy words I woo
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to
Such, as thou know'st do not know what they do.

For since they from their lord are so disjointed,
As to contemn those edicts he appointed,
How can they prize the power of his anointed?

Augment my patience, nullifie my hate,
Preserve my issue, and inspire my mate;
Yet, though we perish, *bless this church* and *state.*

XIV.

The Sale of Rebellious Household-Stuff.

This sarcastic exultation of triumphant loyalty is printed from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, corrected by two others, one of which is preserved in "A choice collection of 120 loyal songs, &c." 1684, 12mo.—To the tune of Old Simon the king.

Rebellion hath broken up house,
And hath left me old lumber to sell;
Come hither, and take your choice,
I'll promise to use you well:
Will you buy the old speaker's chair?
Which was warm and easie to sit in,
And oft hath been clean'd I declare,
When as it was fouler than fitting.
Says old Simon the king, &c.

Will you buy any bacon-flitches,
The fattest, that ever were spent?
They're the sides of the old committees,
Fed up in the long parliament.
Here's a pair of bellows, and tongs,
And for a small matter I'll sell ye 'um;
They are made of the presbyters lungs,
To blow up the coals of rebellion.
Says old Simon, &c.

I had thought to have given them once
To some black-smith for his forge;
But now I have considered on't,
They are consecrate to the church:
So I'll give them unto some quire,
They will make the big organs roar,
And the little pipes to squeeke higher
Than ever they could before.
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's a couple of stools for sale,
One's square, and t'other is round;
Betwixt them both the tail
Of the Rump fell down to the ground.
Will you buy the states council-table,
Which was made of the good wain Scot?
The frame was a tottering Babel
To uphold the Independent plot.
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's the beesom of Reformation,
Which should have made clean the floor,
But it swept the wealth out of the nation,
And left us dirt good store.
Will you buy the states spinning-wheel,
Which spun for the roper's trade?
But better it had stood still,
For now it has spun a fair thread.
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's a glyster-pipe well try'd,
Which was made of a butcher's stump,*
And has been safely apply'd,
To cure the colds of the rump.
Here's a lump of Pilgrim's-Salve,
Which once was a justice of peace,
Who Noll and the Devil did serve;
But now it is come to this.
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's a roll of the states tobacco,
If any good fellow will take it;
No Virginia had e'er such a smack-o,
And I'll tell you how they did make it:
'Tis th' Engagement, and Covenant cookt
Up with the Abjuration oath;
And many of them, that have tookt,
Complain it was foul in the mouth.
Says old Simon, &c.

Yet the ashes may happily serve
To cure the scab of the nation,
Whene'er 't has an itch to swerve
To Rebellion by innovation.
A Lanthorn here is to be bought,
The like was scarce ever gotten,
For many plots it has found out
Before they ever were thought on.
Says old Simon, &c.

Will you buy the Rump's great saddle,
With which it jocky'd the nation?
And here is the bitt, and the bridle,
And curb of Dissimulation:
And here's the trunk-hose of the Rump,
And their fair dissembling cloak,
And a Presbyterian jump,
With an Independent smock,
Says old Simon, &c.

Will you buy a Conscience oft turn'd,
Which serv'd the high-court of justice,
And stretch'd until England it mourn'd:
But hell will buy that if the worst is.
Here's Joan Cromwell's kitching-stuff tub,
Wherein is the fat of the Rumpers,
With which old Noll's horns she did rub,
When he was got drunk with false bumpers.
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's the purse of the public faith;
Here's the model of the Sequestration,
When the old wives upon their good troth,
Lent thimbles to ruine the nation.
Here's Dick Cromwell's Protectorship,
And here are Lambert's commissions,
And here is Hugh Peters his scrip
Cramm'd with the tumultuous petitions.
Says old Simon, &c.

And here are old Noll's brewing vessels,
And here are his dray, and his slings;
Here are Hewson's awl, and his bristles;
With diverse other odd things:
And what is the price doth belong
To all these matters before ye?
I'll sell them all for an old song,
And so I do end my story.
Says old Simon, &c.

* Alluding probably to Major-General Harrison, a butcher's son, who assisted Cromwell in turning out the Long Parliament, April 20, 1653.

Ver. 86, This was a cant name given to Cromwell's wife by the Royalists, though her name was Elizabeth. She was taxed with exchanging the kitchen-stuff for the candles used in the Protector's household, &c. See Gent. Mag. for March, 1788, p. 242.

Ver. 94, See Grey's Hudibras, Pt. I. Cant. 2, ver. 570, &c. V. 100, 102, Cromwell had in his younger years followed the brewing trade at Huntingdon. Col. Hewson is said to have been originally a cobler.

XV.

The Baffled Knight, or Lady's Policy.

Given (with some corrections) from a MS. copy, and collated with two printed ones in Roman character in the Pepy collection.

There was a knight was drunk with wine,
A riding along the way, sir;
And there he met with a lady fine,
Among the cocks of hay, sir.

Shall you and I, O lady faire,
Among the grass lye down-a:
And I will have a special care
Of rumpling of your gowne-a.

Upon the grass there is a dewe,
Will spoil my damask gowne, sir:
My gowne and kirtle they are newe,
And cost me many a crowne, sir.

I have a cloak of scarlet red,
Upon the ground I'll throwe it;
Then, lady faire, come lay thy head;
We'll play, and none shall knowe it.

O yonder stands my steed so free
Among the cocks of hay, sir;
And if the pinner should chance to see,
He'll take my steed away, sir.

Upon my finger I have a ring
Its made of finest gold-a,
And, lady, it thy steed shall bring
Out of the pinner's fold-a.

O go with me to my father's hall;
Fair chambers there are three, sir;
And you shall have the best of all,
And I'll your chamberlaine bee, sir.

He mounted himself on his steed so tall,
And her on her dapple gray, sir:
And there they rode to her father's hall,
Fast pricking along the way, sir.

To her father's hall they arrived strait;
'Twas moated round about-a;
She slipped herself within the gate,
And lockt the knight without-a.

Here is a silver penny to spend,
And take it for your pain, sir;
And two of my father's men I'll send
To wait on you back again, sir.

He from his scabbard drew his brand,
And wiped it upon his sleeve-a!
And cursed, he said, be every man,
That will a maid believe-a!

She drew a bodkin from her haire,
And whip'd it upon her gown-a;
And cursed be every maiden faire,
That will with men lye down-a!

A herb there is, that lowly grows,
And some do call it rue, sir:
The smallest dunghill cock that crows,
Would make a capon of you, sir.

A flower there is, that shineth bright,
Some call it mary-gold-a:
He that wold not when he might,
He shall not when he wold-a.

The knight was riding another day,
With cloak and hat and feather:
He met again with that lady gay,
Who was angling in the river.

Now, lady faire, I've met with you,
You shall no more escape me;
Remember, how not long agoe
You falsely did intrap me.

The lady blushed scarlet red,
And trembled at the stranger:
How shall I guard my maidenhead
From this approaching danger?

He from his saddle down did light,
In all his riche attyer;
And cryed, As I am a noble knight,
I do thy charms admyer.

He took the lady by the hand,
Who seemingly consented;
And would no more disputing stand:
She had a plot invented.

Looke yonder, good sir knight, I pray,
Methinks I now discover
A riding upon his dapple gray,
My former constant lover.

On tip-toe peering stood the knight,
Fast by the rivers brink-a;
The lady pusht with all her might:
Sir knight, now swim or sink-a.

O'er head and ears he plunged in,
The bottom faire he sounded;
Then rising up, he cried amain,
Help, helpe, or else I'm drownded!

Now, fare-you-well, sir knight, adieu!
You see what comes of fooling:
That is the fittest place for you;
Your courage wanted cooling.

Ere many days, in her fathers park,
Just at the close of eve-a,
Again she met with her angry sparke;
Which made this lady grieve-a.

False lady, here thou'rt in my powre,
And no one now can hear thee:
And thou shalt sorely rue the hour,
That e'er thou dar'dst to jeer me.

I pray, sir knight, be not so warm
With a young silly maid-a:
I vow and swear I thought no harm,
'Twas a gentle jest I playd-a.

A gentle jest, in soothe he cry'd,
To tumble me in and leave me!
What if I had in the river dy'd?——
That fetch will not deceive me.

Once more I'll pardon thee this day,
Tho' injured out of measure;
But thou prepare without delay
To yield thee to my pleasure.

Well then, if I must grant your suit,
Yet think of your boots and spurs, sir:
Let me pull off both spur and boot,
Or else you cannot stir, sir.

He set him down upon the grass,
And begg'd her kind assistance;
Now, smiling thought this lovely lass,
I'll make you keep your distance.

Then pulling off his boots half-way;
Sir knight, now I'm your betters:
You shall not make of me your prey;
Sit there like a knave in fetters.

The knight, when she had served him soe,
He fretted, fum'd, and grumbled:
For he could neither stand nor goe,
But like a cripple tumbled.

Farewell, sir knight, the clock strikes ten,
Yet do not move nor stir, sir:
I'll send you my father's serving men,
To pull off your boots and spurs, sir.

This merry jest you must excuse,
You are but a stingless nettle:
You'd never have stood for boots or shoes,
Had you been a man of mettle.

All night in grievous rage he lay,
Rolling upon the plain-a;
Next morning a shepherd past that way,
Who set him right again-a.

Then mounting upon his steed so tall,
By hill and dale he swore-a:
I'll ride at once to her father's hall;
She shall escape no more-a.

I'll take her father by the beard,
I'll challenge all her kindred;
Each dastard soul shall stand affeard;
My wrath shall no more be hindred.

He rode unto her father's house,
Which every side was moated:
The lady heard his furious vows,
And all his vengeance noted.

Thought shee, sir knight, to quench your rage,
Once more I will endeavour:
This water shall your fury 'swage,
Or else it shall burn for ever.

Then faining penitence and feare,
She did invite a parley:
Sir knight, if you'll forgive me heare,
Henceforth I'll love you dearly.

My father he is now from home,
And I am all alone, sir:
Therefore a-cross the water come;
And I am all your own, sir.

False maid, thou canst no more deceive;
I scorn the treacherous bait-a:
If thou would'st have me thee believe,
Now open me the gate-a.

The bridge is drawn, the gate is barr'd,
My father he has the keys, sir;
But I have for my love prepar'd
A shorter way and easier.

Over the moate I've laid a plank
Full seventeen feet in measure;
Then step a-cross to the other bank,
And there we'll take our pleasure.

These words she had no sooner spoke,
But strait he came tripping over:
The plank was saw'd, it snapping broke;
And sous'd the unhappy lover.

XVI.

Why so Pale?

From Sir John Suckling's Poems. This sprightly knight was born in 1613, and cut off by a fever about the 29th year of his age. See above, Song IX. of this book.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prethee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prethee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prethee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing doe't?
Prethee why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame; this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love
Nothing can make her,
The devil take her!

XVII.

Old Tom of Bedlam.

MAD SONG THE FIRST.

It is worth attention, that the English have more songs and ballads on the subject of madness, than any of their neighbours. Whether there be any truth in the insinuation, that we are more liable to this calamity than other nations, or that our native gloominess hath peculiarly recommended subjects of this cast to our writers; we certainly do not find the same in the printed collections of French, Italian Songs, &c.

Out of a much larger quantity, we have selected half a dozen "Mad Songs" for this work. The three first are originals in their respective kinds; the merit of the three last is chiefly that of imitation. They were written at considerable intervals of time; but we have here grouped them together, that the reader may the better examine their comparative merits. He may consider them as so many trials of skill in a very peculiar subject, as the contest of so many rivals to shoot in the bow of Ulysses. The two first were probably written about the beginning of the last century; the third about the middle of

it; the fourth and sixth towards the end; and the fifth within the eighteenth century.

This is given from the Editor's folio MS. compared with two or three old printed copies.—With regard to the author of this old rhapsody, in Walton's Complete Angler, cap. 3, is a song in praise of angling, which the author says was made at his request "by Mr. William Basse, one that has made the choice songs of the 'Hunter in his Career,' and of 'Tom of Bedlam,' and many others of note," p. 84. See Sir John Hawkins's curious edition, 8vo., of that excellent old book.

Forth from my sad and darksome cell,
Or from the deepe abysse of hell,
Mad Tom is come into the world againe
To see if he can cure his distempered braine.

Feares and cares oppresse my soule;
Harke, howe the angrye Fureys houle!
Pluto laughes, and Proserpine is gladd
To see poore naked Tom of Bedlam madd.

Through the world I wander night and day
To seeke my straggling senses,
In an angry moode I mett old Time,
With his pentarchye of tenses:

When me be spyed,
Away he hyed,
For time will stay for no man:
In vaine with cryes
I rent the skyes,
For pity is not common.

Cold and comfortless I lye:
Helpe, oh helpe! or else I dye!
Harke! I heare Apollo's teame,
The carman 'gins to whistle;
Chast Diana bends her bowe,
The boare begins to bristle.

Come, Vulcan, with tools and with tackles,
To knocke off my troublesome shackles;
Bid Charles make ready his waine
To fetch me my senses againe.

Last night I heard the dog-star bark;
Mars met Venus in the darke;
Limping Vulcan het an iron barr,
And furiouslye made at the god of war:

Mars with his weapon laid about,
But Vulcan's temples had the gout,
For his broad horns did so hang in his light,
He could not see to aim his blows aright:

Mercurye, the nimble post of heaven,
Stood still to see the quarrell;
Gorrel-bellyed Bachus, gyant-like,
Bestryd a strong-beere barrell.

To mee he dranke,
I did him thanke,
But I could get no cyder;
He dranke whole butts
Till he burst his gutts,
But mine were ne'er the wyder.

Poore naked Tom is very drye:
A little drinke for charitye!
Harke, I hear Acteon's horne!
The huntsmen whoop and hallowe:
Ringwood, Royster, Bowman, Jowler,
All the chase do followe:

The man in the moone drinkes clarret,
Eates powder'd beef, turnip, and carret,
But a cup of old Malaga sack
Will fire the bushe at his backe.

XVIII.

The Distracted Puritan,

MAD SONG THE SECOND,

—Was written about the beginning of the seventeenth century by the witty bishop Corbet, and is printed from the third edition of his poems, 12mo. 1672, compared with a more ancient copy in the Editor's folio MS.

Am I mad, O noble Festus,
When zeal and godly knowledge
  Have put me in hope
  To deal with the pope,
As well as the best in the college?
  Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,
    Mitres, copes, and rochets;
  Come hear me pray nine times a day,
    And fill your heads with crochets.

In the house of pure Emanuel* I had my education
  Where my friends surmise
  I dazel'd my eyes
With the sight of revelation.
    Boldly I preach, &c.

They bound me like a bedlam,
They lash'd my four poor quarters;
  Whilst this I endure,
  Faith makes me sure
To be one of Foxes martyrs.
    Boldly I preach, &c.

These injuries I suffer
Through antichrist's perswasion:
  Take off this chain,
  Neither Rome nor Spain
Can resist my strong invasion.
    Boldly I preach, &c.

Of the beast's ten horns (God bless us!)
I have knock'd off three already;
  If they let me alone
  I'll leave him none:
But they say I am too heady.
    Boldly I preach, &c.

* Emanuel College, Cambridge, was originally a seminary of Puritans.

When I sack'd the seven-hill'd city,
I met the great red dragon;
  I kept him aloof
  With the armour of proof,
Though here I have never a rag on.
    Boldly I preach, &c.

With a fiery sword and target,
There fought I with this monster:
  But the sons of pride
  My zeal deride,
And all my deeds misconster.
    Boldly I preach, &c.

I un-hors'd the Whore of Babel,
With the lance of Inspiration;
  I made her stink,
  And spill the drink
In her cup of abomination.
    Boldly I preach, &c.

I have seen two in a vision
With a flying book* between them.
  I have been in despair
  Five times in a year,
And been cur'd by reading Greenham.†
    Boldly I preach, &c.

I observ'd in Perkin's‡ tables
The black line of damnation;
  Those crooked veins
  So stuck in my brains,
That I fear'd my reprobation.
    Boldly I preach, &c.

* Alluding to some visionary exposition of Zech. ch. v. ver. 1; or, if the date of this song would permit, one might suppose it aimed at one *Coppe*, a strange enthusiast, whose life may be seen in Wood's Athen. vol. II., p. 501. He was author of a book, intituled, "The Fiery Flying Roll:" and afterwards published a Recantation, part of whose title is, "The Fiery Flying Roll's Wings clipt," &c.

† See Greenham's Works, fol. 1605, particularly the tract intituled "A sweet Comfort for an Afflicted Conscience."

‡ See Perkin's Works, fol. 1616, vol. I. p. 11; where is a large half sheet folded, containing "A survey, or table, declaring the order of the causes of salvation and damnation," &c., the pedigree of damnation being distinguished by a broad black zig-zag line.

In the holy tongue of Canaan
I plac'd my chiefest pleasure:
Till I prick'd my foot
With a Hebrew root,
That I bled beyond all measure.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I appear'd before the archbishop,*
And all the high commission;
I gave him no grace,
But told him to his face,
That he favour'd superstition.
Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,
Mitres, copes, and rochets:
Come hear me pray nine times a day,
And fill your heads with crotchets.

XIX.

The Lunatic Lover,

MAD SONG THE THIRD,

—Is given from an old printed copy in the British Museum, compared with another in the Pepys collection; both in black-letter.

Grim king of the ghosts, make haste,
And bring hither all your train;
See how the pale moon does waste,
And just now is in the wane.
Come, you night-hags, with all your charms,
And revelling witches away,
And hug me close in your arms;
To you my respects I'll pay.

I'll court you, and think you fair,
Since love does distract my brain:
I'll go, I'll wedd the night-mare,
And kiss her, and kiss her again:
But if she preve peevish and proud,
Then, a pise on her love! let her go;
I'll seek me a winding shroud,
And down to the shades below.

A lunacy sad I endure,
Since reason departs away;
I call to those hags for a cure,
As knowing not what I say.
The beauty, whom I do adore,
Now slights me with scorn and disdain;
I never shall see her more:
Ah! how shall I bear my pain!

I ramble, and range about
To find out my charming saint;
While she at my grief does flout,
And smiles at my loud complaint.
Distraction I see is my doom,
Of this I am now too sure;
A rival is got in my room,
While torments I do endure.

Strange fancies do fill my head,
While wandering in despair,
I am to the desarts lead,
Expecting to find her there.
Methinks in a spangled cloud
I see her enthroned on high;
Then to her I crie aloud,
And labour to reach the sky.

When thus I have raved awhile,
And wearyed myself in vain,
I lye on the barren soil,
And bitterly do complain.
Till slumber hath quieted me,
In sorrow I sigh and weep;
The clouds are my canopy
To cover me while I sleep.

I dream that my charming fair
Is then in my rival's bed,
Whose tresses of golden hair
Are on the fair pillow bespread.
Then this doth my passion inflame,
I start, and no longer can lie:
Ah! Sylvia, art thou not to blame
To ruin a lover? I cry.

Grim king of the ghosts, be true,
And hurry me hence away,
My languishing life to you
A tribute I freely pay.
To the Elysian shades I post,
In hopes to be freed from care,
Where many a bleeding ghost
Is hovering in the air.

* Abp. Laud.

XX.

The Lady Distracted with Love,

MAD SONG THE FOURTH,

—Was originally sung in one of Tom D'Urfey's comedies of Don Quixote, acted in 1694, and 1696; and probably composed by himself. In the several stanzas, the author represents his pretty Mad-woman as, 1. sullenly mad; 2. mirthfully mad: 3. melancholy mad: 4. fantastically mad: and, 5. stark mad. Both this and Num. XXII. are printed from D'Urfey's "Pills to purge Melanchol" 1719, vol. 1.

From rosie bowers, where sleeps the god of love,
Hither ye little wanton cupids fly:
Teach me in soft melodious strains to move
With tender passion my heart's darling joy:
Ah! let the soul of musick tune my voice,
To win dear Strephon, who my soul enjoys.

Or, if more influencing
Is to be brisk and airy,
With a step and a bound,
With a frisk from the ground,
I'll trip like any fairy.

As once on Ida dancing
Were three celestial bodies:
With an air, and a face,
And a shape, and a grace,
I'll charm, like beauty's goddess.

Ah! 'tis in vain! 'tis all, 'tis all in vain!
Death and despair must end the fatal pain:
Cold, cold despair, disguis'd like snow and rain,
Falls on my breast; bleak winds in tempests blow;
My veins all shiver, and my fingers glow:
My pulse beats a dead march for lost repose,
And to a solid lump of ice my poor fond heart is froze.

Or say, ye powers, my peace to crown,
Shall I thaw myself, and drown
Among the foaming billows?
Increasing all with tears I shed,
On beds of ooze, and crystal pillows,
Lay down, lay down my lovesick head?

No, no, I'll strait run mad, mad, mad;
That soon my heart will warm;
When once the sense is fled, is fled,
Love has no power to charm,
Wild thro' the woods I'll fly, I'll fly,
Robes, locks——shall thus——be tore!
A thousand, thousand times I'll dye
Ere thus, thus in vain,—ere thus in vain adore.

XXI.

The Distracted Lover,

MAD SONG THE FIFTH,

—Was written by Henry Carey, a celebrated composer of music in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and author of several little theatrical entertainments, which the reader may find enumerated in the "Companion to the Play-house," &c. The sprightliness of this songster's fancy could not preserve him from a very melancholy catastrophe, which was effected by his own hand. In his Poems, 4to. Lond. 1729, may be seen another mad song of this author, beginning thus:

"Gods, I can never this endure,
Death alone must be my cure," &c.

I go to the Elysian shade,
Where sorrow ne'er shall wound me;
Where nothing shall my rest invade,
But joy shall still surround me.

I fly from Celia's cold disdain,
From her disdain I fly;
She is the cause of all my pain,
For her alone I die.

Her eyes are brighter than the mid-day sun,
When he but half his radiant course has run,
When his meridian glories gaily shine,
And gild all nature with a warmth divine.

See yonder river's flowing tide,
Which now so full appears;
Those streams, that do so swiftly glide,
Are nothing but my tears.

There I have wept till I could weep no more,
And curst mine eyes, when they have wept their store:
Then, like the clouds, that rob the azure main,
I've drain'd the flood to weep it back again.

Pity my pains,
Ye gentle swains!
Cover me with ice and snow,
I scorch, I burn, I flame, I glow!

Furies, tear me,
Quickly bear me
To the dismal shades below!
Where yelling, and howling,
And grumbling, and growling,
Strike the ear with horrid woe.

Hissing snakes,
Fiery lakes
Would be a pleasure, and a cure:
Not all the hells,
Where Pluto dwells,
Can give such pain as I endure.

To some peaceful plain convey me,
On a mossey carpet lay me,
Fan me with ambrosial breeze,
Let me die and so have ease!

XXII.

The Frantic Lady.

MAD SONG THE SIXTH.

This, like Number XX., was originally sung in one of D'Urfey's Comedies of Don Quixote (first acted about the year 1694), and was probably composed by that popular songster, who died Feb. 26, 1723.

This is printed in the "Hive, a Collection of Songs," 4 vols., 1721, 12mo., where may be found two or three other mad songs not admitted into these volumes.

I burn, my brain consumes to ashes!
Each eye-ball too like lightning flashes!
Within my breast there glows a solid fire,
Which in a thousand ages can't expire!

Blow, blow, the winds' great ruler!
Bring the Po, and the Ganges hither,
'Tis sultry weather;
Pour them all on my soul,
It will hiss like a coal,
But be never the cooler.

'Twas pride hot as hell,
That first made me rebell,
From love's awful throne a curst angel I fell;
And mourn now my fate,
Which myself did create:
Fool, fool, that consider'd not when I was well!

Adieu! ye vain transporting joys!
Off ye vain fantastic toys!
That dress this face—this body—to allure!
Bring me daggers, poison, fire!
Since scorn is turn'd into desire.
All hell feels not the rage, which I, poor I, endure.

XXIII.

Lilli Burlero.

The following rhymes, slight and insignificant as they may now seem, had once a more powerful effect than either the Philippics of Demosthenes or Cicero; and contributed not a little towards the great revolution in 1688. Let us hear a contemporary writer.

"A foolish ballad was made at that time, treating the Papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner, which had a burden said to be Irish words, 'Lero, lero, liliburlero,' that made an impression on the [king's] army, that cannot be imagined by those that saw it not. The whole army, and at last the people, both in city and country, were singing it perpetually. And perhaps never had so slight a thing so great an effect."—Burnet.

It was written, or at least republished, on the Earl of Tyrconnel's going a second time to Ireland in October, 1688. Perhaps it is unnecessary to mention, that General Richard Talbot, newly created Earl of Tyrconnel, had been nominated by King James II. to the lieutenancy of Ireland in 1686, on account of his being a furious papist, who had recommended himself to his bigoted master by his arbitrary treatment of the protestants in the preceding year, when only lieutenant-general, and whose subsequent conduct fully justified his expectations and their fears. The violence of his administration may be seen in any of the histories of those times: particularly in Bishop King's "State of the Protestants in Ireland," 1691, 4to.

Lilliburlero and *Bullen-a-lah* are said to have been the words of distinction used among the Irish Papists in their massacre of the Protestants in 1641.

Ho! broder Teague, dost hear de decree?
Lilli burlero, bullen-a-la,
Dat we shall have a new deputie,
Lilli burlero, bullen a-la.
Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la,
Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la.

Ho! by shaint Tyburn, it is de Talbote:
Lilli, &c.
And he will cut de Englishmen's troate.
Lilli, &c.

Dough by my shoul de English do praat,
Lilli, &c.
De law's on dare side, and Creish knows what.
Lilli, &c.

But if dispence do come from de pope,
Lilli, &c.
We'll hang Magna Charta and dem in a rope.
Lilli, &c.

For de good Talbot is made a lord,
Lilli, &c.
And with brave lads is coming aboard:
Lilli, &c.

Who all in France have taken a sware,
Lilli, &c.
Dat dey will have no protestant heir.
Lilli, &c.

Ara! but why does he stay behind?
Lilli, &c.
Ho! by my shoul 'tis a protestant wind.
Lilli, &c.

But see de Tyrconnel is now come ashore,
Lilli, &c.
And we shall have commissions gillore.
Lilli, &c.

And he dat will not go to de mass,
Lilli, &c.
Shall be turn out, and look like an ass.
Lilli, &c.

Now, now de hereticks all go down,
Lilli, &c.
By Chrish and shaint Patrick, de nation's our own.
Lilli, &c.

Ver. 7, Ho by my shoul, al. ed.

Dare was an old prophesy found in a bog,
Lilli, &c.
"Ireland shall be rul'd by an ass and a dog."
Lilli, &c.

And now dis prophesy is come to pass,
Lilli, &c.
For Talbot's de dog, and Ja** is de ass.
Lilli, &c.

*** The foregoing song is attributed to Lord Wharton in a small pamphlet, entitled "A true relation of the several facts and circumstances of the intended riot and tumult on Queen Elizabeth's birth-day, &c.," third edition, London, 1712, price 2d.—See p. 5, viz., "A late Viceroy [of Ireland], who has so often boasted himself upon his talent for mischief, invention, lying, and for making a certain *Lilliburlero Song;* with which, if you will believe himself, he sung a deluded prince out of three kingdoms."

XXIV.

The Braes of Yarrow,

IN IMITATION OF THE ANCIENT SCOTS MANNER,

Was written by William Hamilton, of Bangour, Esq., who died March 25, 1754, aged 50. It is printed from an elegant edition of his Poems, published at Edinburgh, 1760, 12mo. This song was written in imitation of an old Scottish ballad on a similar subject, with the same burden to each stanza.

A. Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?
A. I gat her where I dare na weil be seen,
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow;
Nor let thy heart lament to leive,
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow;
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her luver, luver dear,
Her luver dear, the cause of sorrow;
And I hae slain the comliest swain,
That eir pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why rins thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, reid?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weids
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful rueful flude?
What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
O 'tis he the comely swain I slew
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow;
And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow;
And weep around in waeful wise
His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Ver. 43, What follows is not in some copies.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
His comely breast on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee, not to, not to luve?
And warn from fight? but to my sorrow
Too rashly bauld a stronger arm
Thou mett'st, and fell'st on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae its rocks as mellow.

Fair was thy luve, fair fair indeed thy luve,
In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter;
Tho' he was fair, and weil beluv'd again
Than me he never luv'd thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and luve me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bonny bonny bride?
How can I busk a winsome marrow?
How luve him upon the banks of Tweed,
That slew my luve on the Braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields, may never never rain
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was basely slain my luve,
My luve, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing:
Ah! wretched me! I little, little kenn'd
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow:
But ere the toofall of the night
He lay a corps on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoyc'd that waeful waeful day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning:
But lang e'er night the spear was flown,
That slew my luve, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My luver's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou, barbarous man, then wooe me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud
With cruel and ungentle scoffin',
May bid me seek on Yarrow's Braes
My luver nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
And strive with threatning words to muve me:
My luver's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me luve thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luve,
With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husband lover.

But who the expected husband husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter:
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon
Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after.

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff, take aff these bridal weids,
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best beluv'd,
O could my warmth to life restore thee!
Yet lye all night between my breists,
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O luvely luvely youth!
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter:
And lye all night between my briests;
No youth shall ever lye there after.

A. Return, return, O mournful mournful bride,
Return, and dry thy useless sorrow:
Thy luver heeds none of thy sighs,
He lyes a corps in the Braes of Yarrow.

XXV.

Admiral Hosier's Ghost,

—Was a party song written by the ingenious author of "Leonidas,"* on the taking of Porto Bello from the Spaniards by Admiral Vernon, Nov. 22, 1739.—The case of Hosier, which is here so pathetically represented, was briefly this. In April, 1726, that commander was sent with a strong fleet into the Spanish West-Indies, to block up the galleons in the ports of that country, or should they presume to come out, to seize and carry them into England: he accordingly arrived at the Bastimentos near Porto Bello, but being employed rather to overawe than to attack the Spaniards, with whom it was probably not our interest to go to war, he continued long inactive on that station, to his own great regret. He afterwards removed to Carthagena, and remained cruising in these seas, till far the greater part of his men perished deplorably by the diseases of that unhealthy climate. This brave man, seeing his best officers and men thus daily swept away, his ships exposed to inevitable destruction, and himself made the sport of the enemy, is said to have died of a broken heart. Such is the account of Smollett, compared with that of other less partial writers.

The following song is commonly accompanied with a Second Part, or Answer, which being of inferior merit, and apparently written by another hand, hath been rejected.

As near Porto-Bello lying
On the gently swelling flood,
At midnight with streamers flying
Our triumphant navy rode;
There while Vernon sate all-glorious
From the Spaniards' late defeat:
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet:

On a sudden shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
Then each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appear'd,
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And with looks by sorrow clouded
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands was seen to muster
Rising from their watery grave.
O'er the glimmering wave he hy'd him,
Where the Burford* rear'd her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed, oh heed our fatal story,
I am Hosier's injur'd ghost,
You who now have purchas'd glory
At this place where I was lost!
Tho' in Porto-Bello's ruin
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your joy with tears.

See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping;
These were English captains brave.
Mark those numbers pale and horrid,
Those were once my sailors bold;
Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

I, by twenty sail attended,
Did the Spanish town affright:
Nothing then its wealth defended,
But my orders not to fight.
Oh! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion
To have quell'd the pride of Spain!

For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done,
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast achiev'd with six alone.
Then the bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

* An ingenious correspondent informs the Editor, that this Ballad hath been also attributed to the late Lord Bath.

* Admiral Vernon's ship.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemned for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom,
To have fallen, my country crying,
He has play'd an English part,
Had been better far than dying
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

Hence with all my train attending
From their oozy tombs below,
Thro' the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feed my constant woe:
Here the bastimentos viewing,
We recal our shameful doom,
And our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander thro' the midnight gloom.

O'er these waves for ever mourning
Shall we roam depriv'd of rest,
If to Britain's shores returning
You neglect my just request;
After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England sham'd in me.

XXVI.

Jemmy Dawson.

James Dawson was one of the Manchester rebels who was hanged, drawn, and quartered, on Kennington-common, in the county of Surrey, July 30, 1746. This ballad is founded on a remarkable fact, which was reported to have happened at his execution. It was written by the late William Shenstone, Esq., soon after the event, and has been printed amongst his posthumous works, 2 vols. 8vo. It is here given from a MS. which contained some small variations from that printed copy.

Come listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts, and lovers dear;
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
Nor will you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
Do thou a pensive ear incline;
For thou canst weep at every woe,
And pity every plaint, but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant youth,
A brighter never trod the plain;
And well he lov'd one charming maid,
And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid she lov'd him dear,
Of gentle blood the damsel came,
And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
That led the faithful youth astray
The day the rebel clans appear'd:
O had he never seen that day!

Their colours and their sash he wore,
And in the fatal dress was found;
And now he must that death endure,
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true love's cheek
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear!
For never yet did Alpine snows
So pale, nor yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice she weeping said,
Oh, Dawson, monarch of my heart,
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,
O George, without a prayer for thee
My orisons should never close.

The gracious prince that gives him life
Would crown a never-dying flame,
And every tender babe I bore
Should learn to lisp the giver's name.

But though, dear youth, thou should'st be dragg'd
To yonder ignominious tree,
Thou shalt not want a faithful friend
To share thy bitter fate with thee.

O then her mourning-coach was call'd,
The sledge mov'd slowly on before;
Tho' borne in a triumphal car,
She had not lov'd her favourite more.

She followed him, prepar'd to view
The terrible behests of law;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
With calm and stedfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
Which she had fondly lov'd so long:
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praise had sweetly sung:

And sever'd was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd:
And mangled was that beauteous breast,
On which her love-sick head repos'd:

And ravish'd was that constant heart,
She did to every heart prefer;
For though it could his king forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames
She bore this constant heart to see;
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
Now, now, she cried, I'll follow thee.

My death, my death alone can show
The pure and lasting love I bore:
Accept, O heaven, of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more.

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And sighing forth his name expir'd.

Tho' justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due;
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, and so true.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

SERIES THE THIRD.

BOOK I.

An ordinary song or ballad, that is the delight of the common people, cannot fail to please all such readers as are not unqualified for the entertainment by their affectation or their ignorance; and the reason is plain, because the same paintings of nature which recommend it to the most ordinary reader will appear beautiful to the most refined.

Addison, in Spectator, No. 70.

I.

Poems on King Arthur, &c.

The third series being chiefly devoted to romantic subjects, may not be improperly introduced with a few slight strictures on the old metrical romances: a subject the more worthy attention, as it seems not to have been known to such as have written on the nature and origin of books of chivalry, that the first compositions of this kind were in verse, and usually sung to the harp.

ON THE ANCIENT METRICAL ROMANCES, &c.

I. The first attempts at composition among all barbarous nations are ever found to be poetry and song. The praises of their gods, and the achievements of their heroes, are usually chanted at their festival meetings. These are the first rudiments of history. It is in this manner that the savages of North America preserve the memory of past events;* and the same method is known to have prevailed among our Saxon ancestors, before they quitted their German forests.† The ancient Britons had their bards, and the Gothic nations their scalds or popular poets,‡ whose business it was to record the victories of their warriors, and the genealogies of their princes, in a kind of narrative songs, which were committed to memory, and delivered down from one reciter to another. So long as poetry continued a distinct profession, and while the bard or scald was a regular and stated officer in the prince's court, these men are thought to have performed the functions of the historian pretty faithfully; for though their narrations would be apt to receive a good deal of embellishment, they are supposed to have had at the bottom so much of truth as to serve for the basis of more regular annals. At least succeeding historians have taken up with the relations of these rude men, and, for want of more authentic records, have agreed to allow them the credit of true history.§

After letters began to prevail, and history assumed a more stable form, by being committed to plain simple prose; these songs of the scalds or bards began to be more amusing than useful. And in proportion as it became their business chiefly to entertain and delight, they gave more and more into embellishment, and set off their recitals with such marvellous fictions as were calculated to captivate gross and ignorant minds. Thus began stories of adventurers with giants and dragons, and witches and enchanters, and all the monstrous extravagances of wild imagination, unguided by judgment and uncorrected by art.* This seems to be the true origin of that species of romance which so long celebrated feats of chivalry, and which at first in metre, and afterwards in prose, was the entertainment of our ancestors, in common with their contemporaries on the Continent, till the satire of Cervantes, or rather the increase of knowledge and classical literature, drove them off the stage, to make room for a more refined species of fiction, under the name of French romances, copied from the Greek.†

That our old romances of chivalry may be derived in a lineal descent from the ancient historical songs of the Gothic bards and scalds, will be shown below, and indeed appears the more evident, as many of those songs are still preserved in the north, which exhibit all the seeds of chivalry before it became a solemn institution.‡ "Chivalry, as a distinct military order, conferred in the way of investiture, and accompanied with the solemnity of an oath, and other ceremonies," was of later date, and sprung out of the feudal constitution, as an elegant writer has clearly shown.§ But the ideas of chivalry prevailed long before in all the Gothic nations, and may be discovered as in embryo in the customs, manners, and opinions of every branch of that people. That fondness of going in quest of adventures, that spirit of challenging to single combat, and that respectful complaisance shown to the fair sex (so different from the manners of the Greeks and Romans), all are of Gothic origin, and may be traced up to the earliest times among all the northern nations.‖ These existed long before the feudal ages, though they were called forth and strengthened in a peculiar manner under that constitution, and at length arrived to their full maturity in the times of the Crusades, so replete with romantic adventures.¶

* Vid. Lasiteau Mœurs des Sauvages, t. ii. Dr. Browne's Hist. of the Rise and Progress of Poetry.

† Germani celebrant carminibus antiquis (quod unum apud illos memoriæ et annalium genus est) Tuistonem, &c. Tacit. Germ. c. 2.

‡ Barth. Antiq. Dan. lib. i. cap. 10.—Wormii Literatura Runica, ad finem.

§ See "Northern Antiquities, or a Description of the Manners, Customs, &c., of the ancient Danes and other northern Nations, translated from the French of M. Mallet," 1770, 2 vol. 8vo. (vol. i. p. 49, &c.)

* Vid. infra, pp. 4, 5, &c.

† Viz. Astræa, Cassandra, Clelia, &c.

‡ Mallet, vid. Northern Antiquities, vol. i. p. 318, &c., vol. ii. p. 234, &c.

§ Letters concerning Chivalry, 8vo. 1763.

‖ Mallet.

¶ The seeds of chivalry sprung up so naturally out of the original manners and opinions of the northern nations,

Even the common arbitrary fictions of romance were (as is hinted above) most of them familiar to the ancient scalds of the north, long before the time of the crusades. They believed the existence of giants and dwarfs;* they entertained opinions not unlike the more modern notion of fairies;† they were strongly possessed with the belief of spells and enchantment;‡ and were fond of inventing combats with dragons and monsters.§

The opinion therefore seems very untenable, which some learned and ingenious men have entertained, that the turn for chivalry, and the taste for that species of romantic fiction, were caught by the Spaniards from the Arabians or Moors after their invasion of Spain, and from the Spaniards transmitted to the bards of Armorica,‖ and thus diffused through Britain, France, Italy, Germany, and the north. For it seems utterly incredible that one rude people should adopt a peculiar taste and manner of writing or thinking from another, without borrowing at the same time any of their particular stories and fables, without appearing to know anything of their heroes, history, laws, and religion. When the Romans began to adopt and imitate the Grecian literature, they immediately naturalized all the Grecian fables, histories, and religious stories; which became as familiar to the poets of Rome as of Greece itself. Whereas all the old writers of chivalry, and of that species of romance, whether in prose or verse, whether of the northern nations, or of Britain, France, and Italy, not excepting Spain itself,* appear utterly unacquainted

that it is not credible they arose so late as after the establishment of the feudal system, much less the crusades. Nor again, that the romances of chivalry were transmitted to other nations, through the Spaniards, from the Moors and Arabians. Had this been the case, the first French Romances of chivalry would have been on Moorish or at least Spanish subjects: whereas the most ancient stories of this kind, whether in prose or verse, whether in Italian, French, English, &c., are chiefly on the subjects of Charlemagne, and the Paladins; or of our British Arthur, and his knights of the Round Table, &c., being evidently borrowed from the fabulous Chronicles of the supposed Archbishop Turpin, and of Jeffery of Monmouth. Not but some of the oldest and most popular French romances are also on Norman subjects, as *Richard Sans-peur*, *Robert Le Diable*, &c.; whereas I do not recollect so much as one in which the scene is laid in Spain, much less among the Moors, or descriptive of Mahometan manners. Even in *Amadis de Gaul*, said to have been the first romance printed in Spain, the scene is laid in Gaul and Britain; and the manners are French: which plainly shows from what school this species of fabling was learnt and transmitted to the southern nations of Europe.

* Mallet, North. Antiquities, vol. i. p. 36; vol. ii. passim.

† Olaus Verel. ad Hervarer Saga, pp. 44, 45. Hickes's Thesaur. vol. ii. p. 311. Northern Antiquities, vol. ii. passim.

‡ Ibid. vol. i. pp. 69, 374, &c., vol. ii. p. 216, &c.

§ Rollof's Saga, cap. 35, &c.

‖ It is peculiarly unfortunate that such as maintain this opinion are obliged to take their first step from the Moorish provinces in Spain, without one intermediate resting-place, to Armorica or Bretagne, the province in France from them most remote, not more in situation than in the manners, habits, and language of its Welsh inhabitants, which are allowed to have been derived from this island, as must have been their traditions, songs, and fables; being doubtless all of Celtic original. See p. 3, of the "Dissertation on the Origin of Romantic Fiction in Europe," prefixed to Mr. Thos. Warton's History of English Poetry, vol. i. 1774, 4to. If any pen could have supported this darling hypothesis of Dr. Warburton, that of this ingenious critic would have effected it. But under the general term *Oriental* he seems to consider the ancient inhabitants of the north and south of Asia as having all the same manners, traditions, and fables; and because the secluded people of Arabia took the lead under the religion and empire of Mahomet, therefore everything must be derived from them to the northern Asiatics in the remotest ages, &c. With as much reason under the word *Occidental*, we might represent the early traditions and fables of the north and south of Europe to have been the same; and that the Gothic mythology of Scandinavia or the Druidic or Celtic of Gaul and Britain, differed not from the classic of Greece and Rome.

There is not room here for a full examination of the minuter arguments, or rather slight coincidences, by which our agreeable dissertator endeavours to maintain and defend this favourite opinion of Dr. W., who has been himself so completely confuted by Mr. Tyrwhitt. (See his notes on "Love's Labour Lost," &c.) But some of his positions it will be sufficient to mention: such as the referring the Gog and Magog, which our old Christian bards might have had from Scripture, to the *Jaguiouge* and *Magiouge* of the Arabians and Persians, &c., (p. 13.)—That "we may venture to affirm, that this [Geoffrey of Monmouth's] Chronicle, supposed to contain the ideas of the Welsh bards, entirely consists of Arabian inventions." (p. 13.)—And that, "as Geoffrey's History is the grand repository of the acts of Arthur, so a fabulous history, ascribed to Turpin, is the ground-work of all the chimerical legends which have been related concerning the conquests of Charlemagne and his twelve peers. Its subject is the expulsion of the Saracens from Spain; and it is filled with fictions evidently congenial to those which characterize Geoffrey's History." (p. 17.)—That is, as he afterwards expresses it, "lavishly decorated by the Arabian fablers." (p. 58.)—We should hardly have expected that the Arabian fablers would have been lavish in decorating a history of their enemy; but what is singular, as an instance and proof of this Arabian origin of the fictions of Turpin, a passage is quoted from his fourth chapter, which I shall beg leave to offer, as affording decisive evidence that they could not possibly be derived from a Mahometan source. Sc. "The Christians under Charlemagne are said to have found in Spain, a golden idol, or image of Mahomet, as high as a bird can fly.—It was framed by Mahomet himself of the purest metal, who, by his knowledge in necromancy, had sealed up within it a legion of diabolical spirits. It held in its hand a prodigious club; and the Saracens had a prophetic tradition, that this club should fall from the hand of the image in that year when a certain king should be born in France," &c. Vid. p. 18, Note.

* The little narrative songs on Morisco subjects, which the Spaniards have at present in great abundance, and

with whatever relates to the Mahometan nations. Thus with regard to their religion, they constantly represent them as worshipping idols, as paying adoration to a golden image of Mahomet, or else they confound them with the ancient Pagans, &c. And indeed, in all other respects they are so grossly ignorant of the customs, manners, and opinions of every branch of that people, especially of their heroes, champions, and local stories, as almost amounts to a demonstration that they did not imitate them in their songs or romances: for as to dragons, serpents, necromancies, &c., why should these be thought only derived from the Moors in Spain so late as after the eighth century? since notions of this kind appear too familiar to the northern scalds, and enter too deeply into all the northern mythology, to have been transmitted to the unlettered Scandinavians, from so distant a country, at so late a period. If they may not be allowed to have brought these opinions with them in their original migrations from the north of Asia, they will be far more likely to have borrowed them from the Latin poets after the Roman conquests in Gaul, Britain, Germany, &c. For I believe one may challenge the maintainers of this opinion to produce any Arabian poem or history, that could possibly have been then known in Spain, which resembles the old Gothic romances of chivalry half so much as the Metamorphoses of Ovid.

But we well know that the Scythian nations situate in the countries about Pontus, Colchis, and the Euxine Sea, were in all times infamous for their magic arts; and as Odin and his followers are said to have come precisely from those parts of Asia, we can readily account for the prevalence of fictions of this sort among the Gothic nations of the north, without fetching them from the Moors in Spain, who for many centuries after their irruption lived in a state of such constant hostility with the unsubdued Spanish Christians, whom they chiefly pent up in the mountains, as gave them no chance of learning their music, poetry, or stories; and this, together with the religious hatred of the latter for their cruel invaders, will account for the utter ignorance of the old Spanish romancers in whatever relates to the Mahometan nations, although so nearly their own neighbours.

On the other hand, from the local customs and situations, from the known manners and opinions of the Gothic nations in the North, we can easily account for all the ideas of chivalry, and its peculiar fictions.* For, not to mention their distinguished respect for the fair sex, so different from the manners of the Mahometan nations,† their national and domestic history so naturally assumes all the wonders of this species of fabling, that almost all their historical narratives appear regular romances. One might refer, in proof of this, to the old northern *Sagas* in general: but, to give a particular instance, it will be sufficient to produce the history of King Regner Lodbrog, a celebrated warrior and pirate, who reigned in Denmark about the year 800.‡ This hero signalized his youth by an exploit of gallantry. A Swedish prince had a beautiful daughter, whom he intrusted (probably during some expedition) to the care of one of his officers, assigning a strong castle for their defence. The officer fell in love with his ward, and detained her in his castle, spite of all the efforts of her father. Upon this he published a proclamation, through all the neighbouring countries, that whoever would conquer the ravisher, and rescue the lady, should have her in marriage. Of all that undertook the adventure, Regner alone was so happy as to achieve it; he delivered the fair captive, and obtained her for his prize. It happened that the name of this discourteous officer was Orme, which, in the Islandic language, signifies serpent: wherefore the Scalds, to give the more poetical turn to the adventure, represent the lady as detained from her father by a dreadful dragon, and that Regner slew the monster to set her at liberty. This fabulous account of the exploit is given in a poem still extant, which is even ascribed to Regner himself, who was

which they call peculiarly *romances* (see Series I. Book iii. No. 16, &c.), have nothing in common with their proper romances (or histories) of chivalry; which they call *Historias de Cavallerias:* these are evidently imitations of the French, and show a great ignorance of Moorish manners: and with regard to the Morisco, or *song-romances*, they do not seem of very great antiquity: few of them appear, from their subjects, much earlier than the reduction of Granada, in the fifteenth century: from which period, I believe, may be plainly traced, among the Spanish writers, a more perfect knowledge of Moorish customs, &c.

* See Northern Antiquities, passim.

† Ibid.

‡ Saxon Gram. p. 152, 153.—Mallet, North. Antiq. vol. i. p. 321.

a celebrated poet, and which records all the valiant achievements of his life.*

With marvellous embellishments of this kind, the scalds early began to decorate their narratives: and they were the more lavish of these in proportion as they departed from their original institution; but it was a long time before they thought of delivering a set of personages and adventures wholly feigned. Of the great multitude of romantic tales still preserved in the libraries of the north, most of them are supposed to have had some foundation in truth; and the more ancient they are, the more they are believed to be connected with true history.†

It was not probably till after the historian and the bard had been long disunited, that the latter ventured at pure fiction. At length, when their business was no longer to instruct or inform, but merely to amuse, it was no longer needful for them to adhere to truth. Then succeeded fabulous songs and romances in verse, which for a long time prevailed in France and England, before they had books of chivalry in prose. Yet, in both these countries, the minstrels still retained so much of their original institution as frequently to make true events the subject of their songs;‡ and, indeed, as during the barbarous ages, the regular histories were almost all written in Latin by the monks, the memory of events was preserved and propagated among the ignorant laity, by scarce any other means than the popular songs of the minstrels.

II. The inhabitants of Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, being the latest converts to Christianity, retained their original manners and opinions longer than the other nations of Gothic race: and, therefore, they have preserved more of the genuine compositions of their ancient poets than their southern neighbours. Hence the progress among them, from poetical history to poetical fiction, is very discernible: they have some old pieces, that are in effect complete romances of chivalry.§ They have also (as hath been observed) a multitude of sagas,* or histories on romantic subjects, containing a mixture of prose and verse of various dates, some of them written since the times of the crusades, others long before; but their narratives in verse only are esteemed the more ancient.

Now, as the irruption of the Normans† into France under Rollo did not take place till towards the beginning of the tenth century, at which time the Scaldic art was arrived to the highest perfection in Rollo's native country, we can easily trace the descent of the French and English romances of chivalry from the northern sagas. That conqueror doubtless carried many scalds with him from the north, who transmitted their skill to their children and successors. These, adopting the religion, opinions, and language of the new country, substituted the heroes of Christendom instead of those of their pagan ancestors, and began to celebrate the feats of Charlemagne, Roland, and Oliver; whose true history they set off and embellished with the scaldic figments of dwarfs, giants, dragons, and enchantments. The first mention we have in song of those heroes of chivalry, is in the mouth of a Norman warrior at the conquest of England;‡ and this circumstance alone would sufficiently account for the propagation of this kind of romantic poems among the French and English.

But this is not all; it is very certain that both the Anglo-Saxons and the Franks had brought with them, at their first emigrations into Britain and Gaul, the same fondness for the ancient songs of their ancestors, which prevailed among the other Gothic tribes,§ and that all their first annals were transmitted in these popular oral poems. This fondness they even retained long after their conversion to Christianity, as we learn from the examples of Charlemagne and Alfred.‖ Now

* See a Translation of this poem among "Five Pieces of Runic Poetry," printed for Dodsley, 1764, 8vo.

† Vid. Mallet, Northern Antiquities, passim.

‡ The Editor's MS. contains a multitude of poems of this latter kind. It was probably from this custom of the minstrels that some of our first historians wrote their chronicles in verse, as Robert of Gloucester, Harding, &c.

§ See a specimen in 2d vol. of Northern Antiquities, &c., p. 248, &c.

* Eccardi Hist. Stud. Etym. 1711, p. 179, &c. Hickes's Thesaur. vol. ii. p. 314.

† i. e. Northern Men: being chiefly emigrants from Norway, Denmark, &c.

‡ See the account of Taillefer in Essay and Note.

§ Ipsa carmina memoriæ mandabant, et prælia inituri decantabant: qua memoria tam fortium gestorum à majoribus patratorum ad imitationem animus adderetur. *Jornandes de Gothis.*

‖ Eginhartus de Carolo magno. "Item barbara, et antiquissima carmina, quibus veterum regum actus et bella canebantur, scripsit," c. 29.

Asserius de Ælfredo magno. "Rex inter bella, &c. . . .

poetry, being thus the transmitter of facts, would as easily learn to blend them with fictions in France and England, as she is known to have done in the north, and that much sooner, for the reasons before assigned.* This together with the example and influence of the Normans, will easily account to us why the first romances of chivalry that appeared both in England and France† were composed in metre as a rude kind of epic songs. In both kingdoms, tales in verse were usually sung by minstrels to the harp on festival occasions: and doubtless, both nations derived their relish for this sort of entertainment from their Teutonic ancestors, without either of them borrowing it from the other. Among both people, narrative songs, on true or fictitious subjects, had evidently obtained from the earliest times. But the professed romances of chivalry seem to have been first composed in France, where also they had their name.

The Latin tongue, as is observed by an ingenious writer,‡ ceased to be spoken in France about the ninth century, and was succeeded by what was called the romance tongue, a mixture of the language of the Franks and bad Latin. As the songs of chivalry became the most popular compositions in that language, they were emphatically called Romans or Romants; though this name was at first given to any piece of poetry. The romances of chivalry can be traced as early as the eleventh century.§ I know not if the *Roman de Brut*, written in 1155, was such: But if it was, it was by no means the first poem of the kind; others more ancient are still extant.‖ And we have already seen, that, in the preceding century, when the Normans marched down to the battle of Hastings, they animated themselves, by singing (in some popular romance or ballad) the exploits of Roland and the other heroes of chivalry.*

So early as this I cannot trace the songs of chivalry in English. The most ancient I have seen is that of Hornechild, described below, which seems not older than the 12th century. However, as this rather resembles the Saxon poetry than the French, it is not certain that the first English romances were translated from that language.† We have seen above, that a propensity to this kind of fiction prevailed among all the Gothic nations;‡ and though, after the Norman conquest, this country abounded with French romances, or with translations from the French, there is good reason to believe that the English had original pieces of their own.

The stories of King Arthur and his Round-Table may be reasonably supposed of the growth of this Island; both the French and the Armoricans probably had them from Britain.§ The stories of Guy and Bevis, with some others, were probably the invention of English minstrels.‖ On the other hand,

Saxonicos libros recitare, et maxime carmina Saxonica memoriter discere, aliis imperare, et solus assidue pro viribus, studiosissime non desinebat." Ed. 1722, 8vo. p. 43.

* See above, pp. 307–9, &c.

† The romances on the subject of Perceval, San Graal, Lancelot du Lac, Tristan, &c., were among the first that appeared in the French language in prose, yet these were originally composed in metre: The Editor has in his possession a very old French MS. in verse, containing *L'ancien Roman de Perceval;* and metrical copies of the others may be found in the libraries of the curious. See a note of Wanley's in Harl. Catalog. No. 2252, p. 49, &c. Nicolson's Eng. Hist. Library, 3d Ed. p. 91, &c.—See also a curious collection of old French romances, with Mr. Wanley's account of this sort of pieces, in Harl. MSS. Catal. 978, 106.

‡ The Author of the Essay on the Genius of Pope, p. 282.

§ Ibid. p. 283. Hist. Lit. tom. vi. vii.

‖ Voi Preface aux "Fabliaux et Contes des Poetes François des xii., xiii., xiv., et xv. siecles, &c. Paris, 1756, 3 tom. 12mo.," (a very curious work).

* See the account of Taillefer in Essay, and Note. And see Rapin, Carte, &c.—This song of Roland (whatever it was) continued for some centuries to be usually sung by the French in their marches, if we may believe a modern French writer. "Un jour qu'on chantoit la Chanson de Roland, comme c'etoit l'usage dans les marches. Il y a long temps, dit il [John K. of France, who died in 1634], qu'on ne voit plus de Rolands, parmi les François. On y verroit encore des Rolands, lui repondit un vieux Capitaine, s'ils avoient un Charlemagne à leur tête." Vid. tom. iii. p. 202, des Essaies Hist. sur Paris de M. de Saintefoix, who gives, as his authority, *Boethius in Hist. Scotorum.* This author, however, speaks of the complaint and repartee as made in an assembly of the states (*vocato senatu*), and not upon any march, &c. Vid. Boeth. lib. xv., fol. 327. Ed. Paris, 1574.

† See, on this subject, Notes on the Essay on the Ancient Minstrels (s. 2), and (g g).

‡ The first romances of chivalry among the Germans were in metre: they have some very ancient narrative songs (which they call *Lieder*), not only on the fabulous heroes of their own country, but also on those of France and Britain, as Tristram, Arthur, Gawain, and the Knights *von der Tafelronde.* Vid. Goldasti Not. in Eginhart. Vid. Car. Mag. 4to., 1711, p. 207.

§ The Welsh have still some very old romances about King Arthur; but as these are in prose, they are not probably their first pieces that were composed on that subject.

‖ It is most credible that these stories were originally of English invention, even if the only pieces now extant should be found to be translations from the French. What now pass for the French originals were probably only amplifications, or enlargements of the old English story. That the

the English procured translations of such romances as were most current in France: and in the list given at the conclusion of these remarks, many are doubtless of French original.

The first prose books of chivalry that appeared in our language were those printed by Caxton;* at least, these are the first I have been able to discover, and these are all translations from the French. Whereas romances of this kind had been long current in metre, and were so generally admired in the time of Chaucer, that his rhyme of Sir Thopas was evidently written to ridicule and burlesque them.†

He expressly mentions several of them by name in a stanza, which I shall have occasion to quote more than once in this volume.

Men speken of romaunces of pris
Of Horn-Child, and of Ipotis
Of Bevis, and Sire Guy
Of Sire Libeux, and Pleindamour,
But Sire Thopas, he bereth the flour
Of real chevalrie.‡

Most, if not all of these, are still extant in MS. in some or other of our libraries, as I shall show in the conclusion of this slight essay, where I shall give a list of such metrical histories and romances as have fallen under my observation.

As many of these contain a considerable portion of poetic merit, and throw great light on the manners and opinions of former times, it were to be wished that some of the best of them were rescued from oblivion. A judicious collection of them accurately published, with proper illustrations, would be an important accession to our stock of ancient English literature. Many of them exhibit no mean attempts at epic poetry: and though full of the exploded fictions of chivalry, frequently display great descriptive and inventive powers in the bards who composed them. They are at least generally equal to any other poetry of the same age. They cannot indeed be put in competition with the nervous productions of so universal and commanding a genius as Chaucer; but they have a simplicity that makes them be read with less interruption, and be more easily understood; and they are far more spirited and entertaining than the tedious allegories of Gower, or the dull and prolix legends of Lydgate. Yet, while so much stress was laid upon the writings of these last, by such as treat of English poetry, the old metrical romances, though far more popular in their times, were hardly known to exist. But it has happened, unluckily, that the antiquaries, who have revived the works of our ancient writers, have been, for the most part, men void of taste and genius, and therefore have always fastidiously rejected the old poetical romances, because founded on fictitious or popular subjects, while they have been careful to grub up every petty fragment of the most dull and insipid rhymist, whose merit it was to deform morality or obscure true history. Should the public encourage the revival of some of those ancient epic songs of chivalry, they would frequently see the rich ore of an Ariosto or a Tasso, though buried it may be among the rubbish and dross of barbarous times.

Such a publication would answer many important uses: It would throw new light on the rise and progress of English poetry, the history of which can be but imperfectly understood if these are neglected: It would also serve to illustrate innumerable passages in our ancient classic poets, which, without their help, must be for ever obscure. For, not to mention Chaucer and Spenser, who abound with perpetual allusions to them, I shall give an instance or two from Shakspeare, by way of specimen of their use.

In his play of King John our great dramatic poet alludes to an exploit of Richard I., which the reader will in vain look for in any true history. Faulconbridge says to his mother, act i. sc. 1:

French romancers borrowed some things from the English, appears from the word Termagant, which they took up from our minstrels, and corrupted into Tervagaunte. See p. 19, and Gloss. "Termagaunt."

* Recuyel of the Hystoryes of Troy, 1471. Godfrye of Boloyne, 1481. Le Morte de Arthur, 1485. The Life of Charlemagne, 1485, &c. As the old minstrelsy wore out, prose books of chivalry became more admired, especially after the Spanish romances began to be translated into English, towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign: then the most popular metrical romances began to be reduced into prose, as Sir Guy Bevis, &c.

† See extract from a letter, written by the Editor of these volumes, in Mr. Warton's Observations, vol. ii. p. 139.

‡ Canterbury Tales (Tyrwhitt's Edit.) vol. ii. p. 238. ——In all the former editions, which I have seen, the name at the end of the 4th line is *Blandamoure*.

"Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose . . .
Against whose furie and unmatched force,
The awlesse lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keepe his princely heart from Richard's hand:
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts
May easily winne a woman's:"——

The fact here referred to, is to be traced to its source only in the old romance of Richard Cœur de Lyon,* in which his encounter with a lion makes a very shining figure. I shall give a large extract from this poem, as a specimen of the manner of these old rhapsodists, and to show that they did not in their fictions neglect the proper means to produce the ends, as was afterwards so childlishly done in the prose books of chivalry.

The poet tells us, that Richard, in his return from the Holy Land, having been discovered in the habit of "a palmer in Almaye," and apprehended as a spy, was by the king thrown into prison. Wardrewe, the king's son, hearing of Richard's great strength, desires the jailor to let him have a sight of his prisoners. Richard being the foremost, Wardrewe asks him, "if he dare stand a buffet from his hand?" and that on the morrow he shall return him another. Richard consents, and receives a blow that staggers him. On the morrow, having previously waxed his hands, he waits his antagonist's arrival. Wardrewe accordingly, proceeds the story, "held forth as a trewe man," and Richard gave him such a blow on the cheek, as broke his jaw-bone, and killed him on the spot. The king, to revenge the death of his son, orders, by the advice of one Eldrede, that a lion, kept purposely from food, shall be turned loose upon Richard. But the king's daughter, having fallen in love with him, tells him of her father's resolution, and at his request, procures him forty ells of white silk "kerchers;" and here the description of the combat begins:

The kever-chefes† he toke on honde,
And aboute his arme he wonde;
And thought in that ylke while,
To slee the lyon with some gyle.
And syngle in a kyrtyll he stode,
And abode the lyon fyers and wode,
With that came the jaylere,
And other men that wyth him were,
And the lyon them amonge;
His paws were stiffe and stronge
The chambre dore they undone,
And the lyon to them is gone.
Rycharde sayd, Helpe, Lorde Jesu!
The lyon made to hym venu,
And wolde hym have all to rente;
Kynge Rycharde besyde him glente*
The lyon on the breste him spurned,
That aboute he tourned,
The lyon was hongry and megre,
And bette his tayle to be egre;
He loked aboute as he were madde;
Abrode he all his pawes spradde.
He cryde lowde, and yaned† wyde.
Kynge Rycharde bethought hym that tyde
What hym was beste, and to hym sterte,
In at the throte his honde he gerte,
And rente out the herte with his honde,
Lounge and all that he there fonde.
The lyon fell deed to the grounde:
Rycharde felte no wem,‡ ne wounde.
He fell on his knees on that place,
And thanked Jesu of his grace.

* * * *

What follows is not so well, and therefore I shall extract no more of this poem.—For the above feat the author tells us, the king was deservedly called

Stronge Rycharde Cure de Lyowne.

That distich which Shakespeare puts in the mouth of his madman in King Lear, act 3, sc. 4,

Mice and rats and such small deere
Have been Tom's food for seven long yeare,

has excited the attention of the critics. Instead of *deere*, one of them would substitute *geer;* and another *cheer.*§ But the ancient reading is established by the old romance of

* Dr. Grey has shown that the same story is alluded to in Rastell's Chronicle: As it was doubtless originally had from the romance, this is proof that the old Metrical Romances throw light on our first writers in prose: many of our ancient historians have recorded the fictions of romance.

† i. e. Handkerchiefs. Here we have the etymology of the word, viz., "Couvre le Chef."

* i. e. slipt aside.
† i. e. yawned.
‡ i. e. hurt.
§ Dr. Warburton.—Dr. Grey.

Sir Bevis, which Shakspeare had doubtless often heard sung to the harp. This distich is part of a description there given of the hardships suffered by Bevis, when confined for seven years in a dungeon:

> Rattes and myse and such small dere
> Was his meate that seven yere.
> Sign. F iii.

III. In different parts of this work, the reader will find various extracts from these old poetical legends; to which I refer him for farther examples of their style and metre. To complete this subject, it will be proper at least to give one specimen of their skill in distributing and conducting their fable, by which it will be seen that nature and common sense had supplied to these old simple bards the want of critical art, and taught them some of the most essential rules of epic poetry. I shall select the romance of Libius Disconius,* as being one of those mentioned by Chaucer, and either shorter or more intelligible than the others he has quoted.

If an epic poem may be defined,† "A fable related by a poet, to excite admiration, and inspire virtue, by representing the action of some one hero, favoured by heaven, who executes a great design, in spite of all the obstacles that oppose him:" I know not why we should withhold the name of epic poem from the piece which I am about to analyze.

My copy is divided into nine parts or cantos, the several arguments of which are as follows.

PART I.

Opens with a short exordium to bespeak attention: the hero is described; a natural son of Sir Gawain a celebrated knight of King Arthur's court, who being brought up in a forest by his mother, is kept ignorant of his name and descent. He early exhibits marks of his courage, by killing a knight in single combat, who encountered him as he was hunting. This inspires him with a desire of seeking adventures: therefore clothing himself in his enemy's armour, he goes to King Arthur's court, to request the order of knighthood. His request granted, he obtains a promise of having the first adventure assigned him that shall offer.—A damsel named Ellen, attended by a dwarf, comes to implore King Arthur's assistance, to rescue a young princess, "the Lady of Sinadone," their mistress, who is detained from her rights, and confined in prison. The adventure is claimed by the young knight Sir Lybius: the king assents; the messengers are dissatisfied, and object to his youth; but are forced to acquiesce. And here the first book closes with a description of the ceremony of equipping him forth.

PART II.

Sir Lybius sets out on the adventure: he is derided by the dwarf and the damsel on account of his youth: they come to the bridge of Perill, which none can pass without encountering a knight called William de la Braunch. Sir Lybius is challenged: they just with their spears: De la Braunch is dismounted: the battle is renewed on foot: Sir William's sword breaks: he yields. Sir Lybius makes him swear to go and present himself to King Arthur, as the first fruits of his valour. The conquered knight sets out for King Arthur's court: he is met by three knights, his kinsmen; who, informed of his disgrace, vow revenge, and pursue the conqueror. The next day they overtake him: the eldest of the three attacks Sir Lybius; but is overthrown to the ground. The two other brothers assault him: Sir Lybius is wounded; yet cuts off the second brother's arm: the third yields; Sir Lybius sends them all to King Arthur. In the third evening he is awakened by the dwarf, who has discovered a fire in the wood.

PART III.

Sir Lybius arms himself, and leaps on horseback: he finds two Giants roasting a wild boar, who have a fair lady their captive. Sir Lybius, by favour of the night, runs one of them through with his spear: is assaulted by the other: a fierce battle ensues: he cuts off the giant's arm, and at length his head. The rescued lady (an earl's daughter) tells him her story; and leads him to her father's castle; who entertains him with a great feast; and presents him at parting with a suit of armour and a steed. He sends the giant's head to King Arthur.

* So it is intituled in the Editor's MS. But the true title is *Le baux disconus*, or the Fair Unknown. See a note on the Canterbury Tales, vol. iv. p. 333.

† Vid. "Discours sur la Poesie Epique," prefixed to Telemaque.

PART IV.

Sir Lybius, maid Ellen, and the dwarf, renew their journey: they see a castle stuck round with human heads; and are informed it belongs to a knight called Sir Gefferon, who, in honour of his leman or mistress, challenges all comers: he that can produce a fairer lady, is to be rewarded with a milk-white faulcon, but if overcome, to lose his head. Sir Lybius spends the night in the adjoining town: in the morning goes to challenge the faulcon. The knights exchange their gloves: they agree to just in the market-place: the lady and maid Ellen are placed aloft in chairs; their dresses: the superior beauty of Sir Gefferon's mistress described: the ceremonies previous to the combat. They engage: the combat described at large: Sir Gefferon is incurably hurt; and carried home on his shield. Sir Lybius sends the faulcon to King Arthur; and receives back a large present in florins. He stays forty days to be cured of his wounds, which he spends in feasting with the neighbouring lords.

PART V.

Sir Lybius proceeds for Sinadone: in a forest he meets a knight hunting, called Sir Otes de Lisle: maid Ellen charmed with a very beautiful dog, begs Sir Lybius to bestow him upon her; Sir Otis meets them, and claims his dog: is refused: being unarmed he rides to his castle, and summons his followers: they go in quest of Sir Lybius: a battle ensues: he is still victorious, and forces Sir Otes to follow the other conquered knights to King Arthur.

PART VI.

Sir Lybius comes to a fair city and castle by a river-side, beset round with pavilions or tents: he is informed, in the castle is a beautiful lady besieged by a giant named Maugys, who keeps the bridge, and will let none pass without doing him homage: this Lybius refuses: a battle ensues: the giant described: the several incidents of the battle; which lasts a whole summer's day: the giant is wounded; put to flight; slain The citizens come out in procession to meet their deliverer: the lady invites him into her castle; falls in love with him: and seduces him to her embraces. He forgets the princess of Sinadone, and stays with this bewitching lady a twelvemonth. This fair sorceress, like another Alcina, intoxicates him with all kinds of sensual pleasure; and detains him from the pursuit of honour.

PART VII.

Maid Ellen by chance gets an opportunity of speaking to him; and upbraids him with his vice and folly: he is filled with remorse, and escapes the same evening. At length he arrives at the city and castle of Sinadone: is given to understand that he must challenge the constable of the castle to single combat, before he can be received as a guest. They just: the constable is worsted: Sir Lybius is feasted in the castle: he declares his intention of delivering their lady; and inquires the particulars of her history. "Two Necromancers have built a fine palace by sorcery, and there keep her enchanted, till she will surrender her duchy to them, and yield to such base conditions as they would impose."

PART VIII.

Early on the morrow Sir Lybius sets out for the enchanted palace. He alights in the court: enters the hall: the wonders of which are described in strong Gothic painting. He sits down at the high table: on a sudden all the lights are quenched: it thunders, and lightens; the palace shakes; the walls fall in pieces about his ears. He is dismayed and confounded: but presently hears horses neigh, and is challenged to single combat by the sorcerers. He gets to his steed: a battle ensues, with various turns of fortune: he loses his weapon; but gets a sword from one of the necromancers, and wounds the other with it: the edge of the sword being secretly poisoned, the wound proves mortal.

PART IX.

He goes up to the surviving sorcerer, who is carried away from him by enchantment: at length he finds him, and cuts off his head: he returns to the palace to deliver the lady; but cannot find her: as he is lamenting, a window opens, through which enters a horrible serpent with wings and a woman's face: it coils round his neck, and kisses him; then is suddenly converted into a very beautiful lady. She tells him she is the lady of Sina-

done, and was so enchanted, till she might kiss Sir Gawain, or some one of his blood: that he has dissolved the charm, and that herself and her dominions may be his reward. The knight (whose descent is by this means discovered) joyfully accepts the offer; makes her his bride, and then sets out with her for King Arthur's court.

Such is the fable of this ancient piece: which the reader may observe, is as regular in its conduct, as any of the finest poems of classical antiquity. If the execution, particularly as to the diction and sentiments, were but equal to the plan, it would be a capital performance; but this is such as might be expected in rude and ignorant times, and in a barbarous unpolished language.

IV. I shall conclude this prolix account with a list of such old metrical romances as are still extant; beginning with those mentioned by Chaucer.

1. The romance of "Horne Childe" is preserved in the British Museum, where it is entitled ȝe ȝeste of King Horne. See Catalog. Harl. MSS. 2253, p. 70. The language is almost Saxon, yet from the mention in it of Sarazens, it appears to have been written after some of the Crusades. It begins thus:

All heo ben blyþe
Þat to my songȝ ylyþe:
A songȝ ychulla ou singȝ
Of Allof þe ȝode kynȝe,* &c.

Another copy of this poem, but greatly altered, and somewhat modernized, is preserved in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, in a MS. quarto volume of old English poetry [W. 4, 1], No. xxxiv., in seven leaves or folios,† entitled *Hornchild and Maiden Rinivel*, and beginning thus:

Mi leve frende dere,
Herken and ye may here.

2. The Poem of *Ipotis* (or *Ypotis*) is preserved in the Cotton Library, Calig. A. 2, fo. 77, but is rather a religious legend, than a romance. Its beginning is,

He þat wyll of wysdome here
Herkeneth now ze may here
Of a tale of holy wryte
Seynt Jon the Evangelyste wytnesseth hyt.

3. The Romance of *Sir Guy* was written before that of Bevis, being quoted in it.* An account of this old poem is given in Series I., Book ii., No. I. To which it may be added, that two complete copies in MS. are preserved at Cambridge, the one in the public Library,† the other in that of Caius College, Class A 8.——In Ames's Typog. p. 153, may be seen the first lines of the printed copy.—The first MS. begins,

Sythe the tyme that God was borne.

4. *Guy and Colbronde*, an old romance in three parts, is preserved in the Editor's folio MS. (p. 349). It is in stanzas of six lines, the first of which may be seen in vol. ii. p. 191, beginning thus:

When meate and drinke is great plentye.

In the Edinburgh MS. (mentioned above) are two ancient poems on the subject of *Guy of Warwick:* viz. No. xviii. containing twenty-six leaves, and xx. fifty-nine leaves. Both these have unfortunately the beginnings wanting, otherwise they would perhaps be found to be different copies of one or both the preceding articles.

5. From the same MS. I can add another article to this list, viz. The Romance of *Rembrun* son of Sir Guy; being No. xxi. in nine leaves: this is properly a continuation of the History of *Guy:* and in art. 3, the Hist. of Rembrun follows that of Guy as a necessary part of it. This Edinburgh Romance of Rembrun begins thus:

Jesu that erst of mighte most
Fader and Sone and Holy Ghost.

* i. e. May all they be blithe, that to my song listen: A song I shall you sing, of Allof the good king, &c.

† In each full page of this vol. are forty-four lines, when the poem is in long metre: and eighty-eight when the metre is short, and the page in two columns.

* Sign. K. 2, b.

† For this and most of the following, which are mentioned as preserved in the public Library, I refer the reader to the Oxon Catalogue of MSS., 1697, vol. ii. p. 394; in Appendix to Bishop Moore's MSS. No. 690, 33, since given to the University of Cambridge.

Before I quit the subject of Sir *Guy*, I must observe, that if we may believe Dugdale in his Baronage (vol. i. p. 243, col. 2,) the fame of our English Champion had in the time of Henry IV. travelled as far as the East, and was no less popular among the Sarazens, than here in the West among the nations of Christendom. In that reign a Lord Beauchamp travelling to Jerusalem, was kindly received by a noble person, the Soldan's lieutenant, who hearing he was descended from the famous Guy of Warwick, "whose story they had in books of their own language," invited him to his palace; and royally feasting him, presented him with three precious stones of great value; besides divers cloaths of silk and gold given to his servants.

6. The Romance of *Syr Bevis* is described in Series I. Book iii. No. 1. Two manuscript copies of this poem are extant at Cambridge; viz. in the public library,* and in that of Caius Coll. Class A. 9 (5).—The first of these begins,

Lordyngs lystenyth grete and smale.

There is also a copy of this Romance of *Sir Bevis of Hamptoun*, in the Edinburgh MS. No. XXII. consisting of twenty-five leaves, and beginning thus:

Lordinges herkneth to mi tale,
Is merier than the nightengale.

The printed copies begin different from both, viz.

Lysten, Lordinges, and hold you styl.

7. *Libeaux* (*Libeaus*, or *Lybius*) *Disconius* is preserved in the Editor's folio MS. (pag. 317) where the first stanza is,

Jesus Christ christen kinge,
And his mother that sweete thinge,
Helpe them at their neede,
That will listen to my tale,
Of a Knight I will you tell,
A doughty man of deede.

An older copy is preserved in the Cotton Library (Calig. A. 2, fol. 40), but containing such innumerable variations, that it is apparently a different translation of some old French original, which will account for the title of *Le Beaux Disconus*, or The Fair Unknown, the first line is,

Jesu Christ our Savyour.

As for *Pleindamour*, or *Blandamoure*, no romance with this title has been discovered; but as the word *Blaundemere* occurs in the romance of *Libius Disconius*, in the Editor's folio MS. p. 319, he thought the name of *Blandamoure* (which was in all the editions of Chaucer he had then seen) might have some reference to this. But *Pleindamour*, the name restored by Mr. Tyrrwhitt, is more remote.

8. *Le Morte Arthure* is among the Harl. MSS. 2252, § 49. This is judged to be a translation from the French; Mr. Wanley thinks it no older than the time of Henry VII., but it seems to be quoted in Syr Bevis (Sign K. ij b.) It begins,

Lordinges that are leffe and deare.

In the Library of Bennet College, Cambridge, No. CCCLI. is a MS. entitled, in the catalogue, *Acta Arthuris Metrico Anglicano*, but I know not its contents.

9. In the Editor's folio MS. are many songs and romances about King Arthur and his Knights, some of which are very imperfect, as *King Arthur and the King of Cornwall*, (p. 24) in stanzas of four lines, beginning,

'Come here,' my cozen Gawaine so gay.

The Turke and Gawain (p. 38), in stanzas of six lines, beginning thus:

Listen lords great and small.*

but these are so imperfect that I do not make distinct articles of them. See also Series I. Book I. No. 1, 2, 4, 5.

* No. 690, sec. 31. Vid. Catalog. MSS. p. 394.

* In the former editions; after the above, followed mention of a fragment in the same MS. intituled, *Sir Lionel*, in distichs (p. 32); but this being only a short ballad, and not relating to King Arthur, is here omitted.

In the same MS. (p. 203) is the *Greene Knight*, in two parts, relating a curious adventure of Sir Gawain, in stanzas of six lines, beginning thus:

List: when Arthur he was k:

10. *The Carle of Carlisle* is another romantic tale about Sir Gawain, in the same MS. p. 448, in distichs:

Listen: to me a little stond.

In all these old poems the same set of knights are always represented with the same manners and characters; which seem to have been as well known, and as distinctly marked among our ancestors, as Homer's heroes were among the Greeks; for, as *Ulysses* is always represented crafty, *Achilles* irascible, and *Ajax* rough; so *Sir Gawain* is ever courteous and gentle, *Sir Kay* rugged and disobliging, &c. "*Sir Gawain with his olde curtesie,*" is mentioned by Chaucer as noted to a proverb, in his Squire's Tales. Canterb. Tales, vol. II. p. 104.

11. *Syr Launfal*, an excellent old romance concerning another of King Arthur's knights, is preserved in the Cotton Library, Calig. A. 2, f. 33. This is a translation from the French,* made by one *Thomas Chestre*, who is supposed to have lived in the reign of Henry VI. (See Tanner's Biblioth.) It is in stanzas of six lines, and begins,

Be douzty Artours dawes.

The above was afterwards altered by some minstrel into the romance of *Sir Lambewell*, in three parts, under which title it was more generally known.† This is in the Editor's folio MS. p. 60, beginning thus:

Doughty in King Arthures dayes.

12. *Eger and Grime*, in six parts (in the Editor's folio MS. p. 124), is a well invented tale of chivalry, scarce inferior to any of Ariosto's. This, which was inadvertently omitted in the former editions of this list, is in distichs, and begins thus:

It fell sometimes in the land of Beame.

13. The Romance of *Merline*, in nine parts, (preserved in the same folio MS. p. 145) gives a curious account of the birth, parentage, and juvenile adventures of this famous British prophet. In this poem the *Saxons* are called *Sarazens;* and the thrusting the rebel angels out of Heaven is attributed to "*oure Lady.*" It is in distichs, and begins thus:

He that made with his hand.

There is an old romance *Of Arthour and of Merlin*, in the Edinburgh MS. of old English poems: I know not whether it has anything in common with this last mentioned. It is in the volume numbered xxiii., and extends through fifty-five leaves. The two first lines are,

Jesu Crist, heven king,
Al ous graunt gode ending.

14. *Sir Isenbras* (or as it is in the MS. copies, *Sir Isumbras*) is quoted in Chaucer's R. of Thop. v. 6. Among Mr. Garrick's old plays is a printed copy; of which an account has been already given in Series I. Book iii. No. 8. It is preserved in MS. in the Library of Caius Coll. Camb. Class A. 9. (2) and also in the Cotton Library, Calig. A. 12. (f. 128.) This is extremely different from the printed copy, E. g.

God þat made both erþe and hevene.

15. *Emarè*, a very curious and ancient romance, is preserved in the same volume of the Cotton Library, f. 69. It is in stanzas of six lines, and begins thus:

Jesu þat ys kyng in trone.

16. *Chevelere assigne*, or, The Knight of the Swan, preserved in the Cotton Library, has been already described in the Essay on P. Plowman's Metre, &c. Series II. Book iii. No. 1, as hath also

17. *The Sege of Jêrlam* (or Jerusalem),

* The French original is preserved among the Harl. MSS. No. 978, sec. 112, *Lanval.*

† See Laneham's Letter concerning Queen Elizabeth's entertainment at Killingworth, 1575, 12mo. p. 34.

which seems to have been written after the other, and may not improperly be classed among the romances; as may also the following, which is preserved in the same volume; viz.

18. *Owaine Myles*, (fol. 90), giving an account of the wonders of St. Patrick's Purgatory. This is a translation into verse of the story related in Mat. Paris's Hist. (sub. ann. 1153.)—It is in distichs beginning thus:

God þat ys so full of myght.

In the same manuscript are three or four other narrative poems, which might be reckoned among the romances, but being rather religious legends, I shall barely mention them; as *Tundale* f. 17. *Trentale Sci Gregorii*, f. 84. *Jerome*, f. 133. *Eustache*, f. 136.

19. *Octavian imperator*, an ancient romance of chivalry, is in the same volume of the Cotton Library, f. 20.—Notwithstanding the name, this old poem has nothing in common with the history of the Roman emperors. It is in a very peculiar kind of stanza, whereof 1, 2, 3, and 5, rhyme together, as do 4 and 6. It begins thus

Ihesu þat was with spere ystonge.

In the public Library at Cambridge,* is a poem with the same title, that begins very differently

Lyttyll and mykyll, olde and yonge.

20. *Eglamour of Artas* (or *Artoys*) is preserved in the same volume with the foregoing, both in the Cotton Library, and public Library at Cambridge. It is also in the Editor's folio MS. (p. 295) where it is divided into six parts.—A printed copy is in the Bodleian Library, C. 39, Art. Seld., and also among Mr. Garrick's old plays, K. vol. x. It is in distichs, and begins thus:

Ihesu Crist of heven kyng.

21. *Syr Triamore* (in stanzas of six lines) is preserved in MS. in the Editor's volume (p. 210), and in the public Library at Cambridge, (690, § 29. Vid. Cat. MSS. p. 394).—Two printed copies are extant in the Bodleian Library, and among Mr. Garrick's plays, in the same volumes with the last article. Both the Editor's MS. and the printed copies begin,

Nowe Jesu Chryste our heven kynge.

The Cambridge copy thus:

Heven blys that all shall wynne.

22. *Sir Degree* (*Degare*, or *Degore*, which last seems the true title), in five parts, in distichs, is preserved in the Editor's folio MS. p. 371, and in the public Library at Cambridge (ubi supra).—A printed copy is in the Bod. Library, C. 39, Art. Seld., and among Mr. Garrick's plays, K., vol. ix. The Editor's MS. and the printed copies begin,

Lordinge, and you wyl holde you styl.

The Cambridge MS. has it,

Lystenyth, lordyngis, gente and fre.

23. *Ipomydon* (or *Chylde Ipomydon*) is preserved among the Harl. MSS. 2252, (44.) It is in distichs, and begins,

Mekely, lordyngis, gentylle and fre.

In the Library of Lincoln Cathedral, Kk. 3, 10, is an old imperfect printed copy, wanting the whole first sheet A.

24. *The Squyr of Lowe Degre*, is one of those burlesqued by Chaucer in his Rhyme of Thopas.*—Mr. Garrick has a printed copy of this among his old plays, K. vol. ix. It begins,

It was a squyer of lowe degre,
That loved the kings daughter of Hungre.

25. *Historye of K. Richard Cure* [*Cœur*] *de Lyon* (Impr. W. de Worde, 1528, 4to.) is preserved in the Bodleian Library, C. 39, Art. Selden. A fragment of it is also remaining in the Edinburgh MS. of old English poems,

* No. 690 (30). Vid. Oxon. Catalog. MSS. p. 394.

* This is alluded to by Shakspeare in his Henry V. (Act 5), where Fluellyn tells Pistol, he will make him a squire of low degree, when he means to knock him down

No. xxxvii., in two leaves. A large extract from this romance has been given already above (p. 311.) Richard was the peculiar patron of chivalry, and favourite of the old minstrels and Troubadours. See Warton's Observ. vol. i. p. 29, vol. ii. p. 40.

26. Of the following I have only seen No. xxvii., but I believe they may all be referred to the class of romances.

The *Knight of Courtesy and the Lady of Faguel* (Bodl. Lib. C. 39. Art. Sheld. a printed copy.) This Mr. Warton thinks is the story of Coucy's Heart, related in Fauchet, and in Howel's Letters (v. i. s. 6, l. 20, See Wart. Obs. v. ii. p. 40.) The Editor has seen a very beautiful old ballad on this subject in French.

27. The four following are all preserved in the MS. so often referred to in the public Library at Cambridge (690. Appendix to Bp. More's MSS. in Cat. MSS. tom. ii. p. 394,) viz. *The Lay of Erle of Tholouse*, (No. xxvii.,) of which the Editor hath also a copy from "Cod. MSS. Mus. Ashmol. Oxon." The first line of both is,

Jesu Chryste in Trynyte.

28. *Roberd Kynge of Cysyll* (or Sicily,) showing the fall of pride. Of this there is also a copy among the Harl. MSS. 1703 (3.) The Cambridge MS. begins,

Princis that be prowde in prese.

29. *Le bone Florence of Rome*, beginning thus:

As ferre as men ride or gone.

30. *Dioclesian the Emperour*, beginning,

Sum tyme ther was a noble man.

31. The two knightly brothers *Amys* and *Amelion* (among the Harl. MSS. 2386, § 42) is an old romance of chivalry; as is also, I believe, the fragment of the *Lady Belesant, the duke of Lombardy's fair daughter*, mentioned in the same article. See the Catalog. vol. ii.

32. In the Edinburgh MS. so often referred to (preserved in the Advocates' Library, W. 4, 1,) might probably be found some other articles to add to this list, as well as other copies of some of the pieces mentioned in it; for the whole volume contains not fewer than thirty-seven poems or romances, some of them very long. But as many of them have lost the beginnings, which have been cut out for the sake of the illuminations, and as I have not had an opportunity of examining the MS. myself, I shall be content to mention only the articles that follow;* viz.

An old romance about *Rouland* (not I believe the famous Paladine, but a champion named *Rouland Louth;* query) being in the volume, No. xxvii., in five leaves, and wants the beginning.

33. Another romance, that seems to be a kind of continuation of this last, entitled, *Otuel a Knight* (No. xxviii., in eleven leaves and a half.) The two first lines are,

Herkneth both zinge and old,
That willen heren of battailes bold.

34. *The King of Tars* (No. iv., in five leaves and a half; it is also in the Bodleian Library, MS. Vernon f. 304), beginning thus:

Herkneth to me both eld and zing,
For Maries love that swete thing.

35. A tale or romance (No. i., two leaves) that wants both beginning and end. The first lines now remaining are,

The Erl him graunted his will y-wis. that the knicht him haden y told.
The Baronnis that were of mikle pris. befor him they weren y-cald.

36. Another mutilated tale or romance (No. iii. four leaves). The first lines at present are,

To Mr. Steward will y gon. and tellen him the sothe of the
Reseyved bestow sone anon. gif zou will serve and with hir be.

* Some of these I give, though mutilated and divested of their titles, because they may enable a curious inquirer to complete or improve other copies.

37. A mutilated tale or romance (No. xi. in thirteen leaves). The two first lines that occur are,

That riche Dooke his fest gan hold
With Erls and with Baronns bold.

I cannot conclude my account of this curious manuscript, without acknowledging that I was indebted to the friendship of the Rev. Dr. Blair, the ingenious professor of Belles Lettres in the University of Edinburgh, for whatever I learned of its contents, and for the important additions it enabled me to make to the foregoing list.

To the preceding articles, two ancient metrical romances in the Scottish dialect may now be added, which are published in Pinkerton's "Scottish poems, reprinted from scarce editions." Lond. 1792, in 3 vols. 8vo. viz.

38. *Gawan and Gologras*, a metrical romance, from an edition printed at Edinburgh, 1508, 8vo., beginning,

In the tyme of Arthur, as trew men me tald.

It is in stanzas of thirteen lines.

39. *Sir Gawan and Sir Galaron of Galloway*, a metrical romance, in the same stanzas as No. xxxviii., from an ancient MS. beginning thus:

In the tyme of Arthur an aunter* betydde
By the Turnwathelan, as the boke tells;
Whan he to Carlele was comen, and conqueror
kyd, &c.

Both these (which exhibit the union of the old alliterative metre, with rhyme, &c., and in the termination of each stanza the short triplets of the Turnament of Tottenham) are judged to be as old as the time of our King Henry VI., being apparently the production of an old poet, thus mentioned by Dunbar, in his "Lament for the Death of the Makkaris:"

"Clerk of Tranent eik he hes take,
That made the aventures of Sir Gawane."

It will scarce be necessary to remind the reader, that *Turnewathelan* is evidently *Tearne-Wadling*, celebrated in the old ballad of the Marriage of Sir Gawaine. See the concluding Notes to No. 4, Series I. Book i., and No. 19, Series I. Book iii.

Many new references, and perhaps some additional articles might be added to the foregoing list from Mr. Warton's "History of English Poetry," 3 vols. 4to., and from the notes to Mr. Tyrwhitt's improved edition of "Chaucer's Canterbury Tale," &c., in 5 vols. 8vo., which have been published since this Essay, &c., was first composed; but it will be sufficient once for all to refer the curious reader to those popular works.

The reader will also see many interesting particulars on the subject of these volumes, as well as on most points of general literature, in Sir John Hawkins's curious "History of Music," &c., in 5 vols. 4to., as also in Dr. Burney's History, &c., in 4 vols. 4to.

THE END OF THE ESSAY.

I.

The Boy and the Mantle,

— Is printed verbatim from the old MS. described in the Preface. The Editor believes it more ancient than it will appear to be at first sight; the transcriber of that manuscript having reduced the orthography and style in many instances to the standard of his own times.

The incidents of the "Mantle" and the "Knife" have not, that I can recollect, been borrowed from any other writer. The former of these evidently suggested to Spenser his conceit of "Florimel's Girdle," B. iv. C. 5, St. 3.

That girdle gave the virtue of chaste love
And wivehood true to all that did it beare;

* i. e. Adventure.

But whosoever contrarie doth prove,
Might not the same about her middle weare,
But it would loose or else asunder teare.

So it happened to the false Florimel, st. 16, when

——Being brought, about her middle small
They thought to gird, as best it her became,
But by no means they could it thereto frame,
For ever as they fastned it, it loos'd
And fell away, as feeling secret blame, &c.

That all men wondred at the uncouth sight
And each one thought as to their fancies came.
But she herself did think it done for spight,
And touched was with secret wrath and shame
Therewith, as thing deviz'd her to defame:
Then many other ladies likewise tride
About their tender loynes to knit the same,
But it would not on none of them abide,
But when they thought it fast, eftsoones it was untide.
Thereat all knights gan laugh and ladies lowre,
Till that at last the gentle Amoret
Likewise assayed to prove that girdle's powre.
And having it about her middle set
Did find it fit withouten breach or let,
Whereat the rest gan greatly to envie.
But Florimel exceedingly did fret,
And snatching from her hand, &c.

As for the trial of the Horne, it is not peculiar to our Poet: It occurs in the old Romance, entitled "Morte Arthur," which was translated out of French in the time of King Edward IV., and first printed anno 1484. From that romance Ariosto is thought to have borrowed his tale of the Enchanted Cup, C. 42, &c. See Mr. Warton's Observations on the Faerie Queen, &c.

The story of the Horn in Morte Arthur varies a good deal from this of our Poet, as the reader will judge from the following extract.——"By the way they met with a knight that was sent from Morgan la Faye to King Arthur, and this knight had a fair horne all garnished with gold, and the horne had such a virtue, that there might no ladye or gentlewoman drinke of that horne, but if she were true to her husband: and if shee were false she should spill all the drinke, and if shee were true unto her lorde, shee might drink peaceably: and because of Queene Guenever and in despite of Sir Launcelot du Lake, this horne was sent unto King Arthur." ——This horn is intercepted and brought unto another king named Marke, who is not a whit more fortunate than the British hero, for he makes "his queene drinke thereof and an hundred ladies more, and there were but foure ladies of all those that dranke cleane," of which number the said queen proves not to be one [Book II., chap. 22, Ed. 1632.]

In other respects the two stories are so different, that we have just reason to suppose this Ballad was written before that romance was translated into English.

As for Queen Guenever, she is here represented no otherwise than in the old Histories and Romances. Holinshed observes, that "she was evil reported of, as noted of incontinence and breach of faith to hir husband." Vol. I., p. 93.

*** Such readers as have no relish for pure antiquity, will find a more modern copy of this ballad at the end of the volume.

In the third day of may,
To Carleile did come
A kind curteous child,
That cold much of wisdome

A kirtle and a mantle
This child had uppon,
With 'brouches' and ringes
Full richelye bedone.

He had a sute of silke
About his middle drawne;
Without he cold of curtesye
He thought itt much shame.

God speed thee, King Arthur,
Sitting at thy meate:
And the goodly Queene Guénever,
I cannott her forgett.

I tell you, lords, in this hall;
I hett you all to 'heede;'
Except you be the more surer
Is you for to dread.

Ver. 7, branches, MS. V. 18, heate, MS.

He plucked out of his 'porterner,'
And longer wold not dwell,
He pulled forth a pretty mantle,
Betweene two nut-shells.

Have thou here, King Arthur:
Have thou heere of mee:
Give itt to thy comely queene
Shapen as itt is alreadye

Itt shall never become that wiffe,
That hath once done amisse,
Then every knight in the kings court,
Began to care for 'his.'

Forth came dame Guénever;
To the mantle shee her 'hied;'
The ladye shee was newfangle,
But yett shee was affrayd.

When shee had taken the mantle;
She stoode as shee had beene madd:
It was from the top to the toe
As sheeres had itt shread.

One while was it 'gule:'
Another while was itt greene;
Another while was it wadded:
Ill itt did her beseeme.

Another while was it blacke
And bore the worst hue:
By my troth, quoth King Arthur,
I thinke thou be not trùe.

Shee threw down the mantle,
That bright was of blee;
Fast with a rudd redd,
To her chamber can shee flee.

She curst the weaver and the walker
That clothe that had wrought;
And bade a vengeance on his crowne,
That hither hath itt brought.

I had rather be in a wood,
Under a greene tree;
Then in King Arthurs court
Shamed for to bee.

Kay called forth his ladye,
And bade her come neere;
Saies, Madam, and thou be guiltye,
I pray thee hold thee there.

Forth came his ladye
Shortlye and anon;
Boldlye to the mantle
Then is shee gone.

When she had tane the mantle,
And cast it her about;
Then was she bare
'Before all the rout.'

Then ever knight,
That was in the kings court,
Talked, laughed, and showted
Full oft att that sport.

Shee threw downe the mantle,
That bright was of blee;
Fast, with a red rudd,
To her chamber can shee flee.

Forth came an old knight
Pattering ore a creede,
And he proferred to this litle boy
Twenty markes to his meede;

And all the time of the Christmasse,
Willinglye to ffeede;
For why this mantle might
Doe his wiffe some need.

When she had tane the mantle,
Of cloth that was made,
She had no more left on her,
But a tassell and a threed:
Then every knight in the kings court
Bade evill might shee speed.

Shee threw downe the mantle,
That bright was of blee;
And fast, with a redd rudd,
To her chamber can shee flee.

Craddocke called forth his ladye,
And bade her come in;
Saith, Winne this mantle, ladye,
With a little dinne.

Winne this mantle, ladye,
And it shal be thine,
If thou never did amisse
Since thou wast mine.

Ver. 21, poterver, MS. V. 32, his wiffe, MS. V. 34, bided, MS. V. 41, gaule, MS.

Ver. 75, lauged.

Forth came Craddockes ladye
Shortlye and anon;
But boldlye to the mantle
Then is shee gone.

When she had tane the mantle,
And cast it her about,
Upp at her great toe
It began to crinkle and crowt:
Shee said, bowe downe, mantle,
And shame me not for nought.

Once I did amisse,
I tell you certainlye,
When I kist Craddockes mouth
Under a greene tree;
When I kist Craddockes mouth
Before he marryed mee.

When shee had her shreeven,
And her sines shee had tolde:
The mantle stode about her
Right as shee wold:

Seemelye of coulour
Glittering like gold:
Then every knight in Arthurs court
Did her behold.

Then spake dame Guénever
To Arthur our king;
She hath tane yonder mantle
Not with right, but with wronge.

See you not yonder woman,
That maketh her self soe 'cleane'?
I have seene tane out of her bedd
Of men fiveteene;

Priests, clarkes, and wedded men
From her bedeene:
Yett shee taketh the mantle,
And maketh her self cleane.

Then spake the litle boy,
That kept the mantle in hold;
Sayes, king, chasten thy wiffe,
Of her words shee is to bold:

Shee is a bitch and a witch,
And a whore bold:
King, in thine owne hall
Thou art a cuckold.

Ver. 134, wright, MS. V. 136, cleare, MS. V. 140, by deene, MS.

The litle boy stoode
Looking out a dore;
'And there as he was lookinge
He was ware of a wyld bore.'

He was ware of a wyld bore,
Wold have werryed a man:
He pulld forth a wood kniffe
Fast thither that he ran:
He brought in the bores head,
And quitted him like a man.

He brought in the bores head,
And was wonderous bold:
He said there was never a cuckolds kniffe
Carve itt that cold.

Some rubbed their knives
Uppon a whetstone:
Some threw them under the table,
And said they had none.

King Arthur, and the child
Stood looking upon them;
All their knives edges
Turned backe againe.

Craddocke had a litle knive
Of iron and of steele;
He britled the bores head
Wonderous weele;
That every knight in the kings court
Had a morssell.

The litle boy had a horne,
Of red gold that ronge:
He said there was noe cuckolde
Shall drinke of my horne;
But he shold it sheede
Either behind or beforne.

Some shedd on their shoulder,
And some on their knee;
He that cold not hitt his mouthe,
Put it in his eye:
And he that was a cuckold
Every man might him see.

Craddocke wan the horne,
And the bores head:
His ladie wan the mantle
Unto her meede.
Everye such a lovely ladye
God send her well to speede

Ver. 170, them upon, MS. V. 175, or birtled, MS.

II.

The Marriage of Sir Gawaine,

Is chiefly taken from the fragment of an old ballad in the Editor's MS., which he has reason to believe more ancient than the time of Chaucer, and what furnished that bard with his Wife of Bath's Tale. The original was so extremely mutilated, half of every leaf being torn away, that without large supplements, &c., it was deemed improper for this collection: these it has therefore received, such as they are. They are not here particularly pointed out, because the "Fragment" itself will now be found printed at the end of this volume. Post, pr. 432

PART THE FIRST.

KING Arthur lives in merry Carleile,
And seemely is to see;
And there with him Queene Guenever,
That bride soe bright of blee.

And there with him Queene Guenever,
That bride soe bright in bowre:
And all his barons about him stoode,
That were both stiffe and stowre.

The king a royale Christmasse kept,
With mirth and princelye cheare;
To him repaired many a knighte,
That came both farre and neare.

And when they were to dinner sette
And cups went freely round:
Before them came a faire damsèlle,
And knelt upon the ground.

A boone, a boone, O Kinge Arthùre
I beg a boone of thee;
Avenge me of a carlish knighte,
Who hath shent my love and mee.

At Tearne-Wadling* his castle stands,
Near to that lake so fair,
And proudlye rise the battlements,
And streamers deck the air.

Noe gentle knighte, nor ladye gay,
May pass that castle-walle:
But from that foule discurteous knighte,
Mishappe will them befalle.

Hee's twyce the size of common men,
Wi' thewes, and sinewes stronge,
And on his backe he bears a clubbe,
That is both thicke and longe.

This grimme barône 'twas our harde happe,
But yester morne to see;
When to his bowre he bare my love,
And sore misused mee.

And when I told him, King Arthùre
As lyttle shold him spare;
Goe tell, sayd hee, that cuckold kinge,
To meete mee if he dare.

Upp then sterted King Arthùre,
And sware by hille and dale,
He ne'er wolde quitt that grimme barône
Till he had made him quail.

Goe fetch my sword Excalibar:
Goe saddle mee my steede;
Nowe, by my faye, that grimme barône
Shall rue this ruthfulle deede.

And when he came to Tearne Wadlinge
Benethe the castle walle:
"Come forth; come forth; thou proud barône,
Or yielde thyself my thralle."

On magicke grounde that castle stoode,
And fenc'd with many a spelle:
Noe valiant knighte could tread thereon,
But straite his courage felle.

Forth then rush'd that carlish knight,
King Arthur felte the charme:
His sturdy sinewes lost their strengthe,
Downe sunke his feeble arme.

* *Tearne-Wadling* is the name of a small lake near Hesketh in Cumberland, on the road from Penrith to Carlisle. There is a tradition, that an old castle once stood near the lake, the remains of which were not long since visible. *Tearn*, in the dialect of that country, signifies a small lake, and is still in use.

Nowe yield thee, yield thee, King Arthùre,
Now yield thee, unto mee:
Or fighte with mee, or lose thy lande,
Noe better termes maye bee,

Unlesse thou sweare upon the rood,
And promise on thy faye,
Here to returne to Tearne-Wadling,
Upon the new-yeare's daye:

And bringe me worde what thing it is
All women moste desyre:
This is thy ransome, Arthur, he sayes,
Ile have noe other hyre.

King Arthur then helde up his hande,
And sware upon his faye,
Then tooke his leave of the grimme barone,
And faste hee rode awaye.

And he rode east, and he rode west,
And did of all inquyre,
What thing it is all women crave,
And what they most desyre.

Some told him riches, pompe, or state;
Some rayment fine and brighte;
Some told him mirthe; some flatterye,
And some a jollye knighte.

In letters all King Arthur wrote,
And seal'd them with his ringe:
But still his minde was helde in doubte,
Each tolde a different thinge.

As ruthfulle he rode over a more,
He sawe a ladye sette
Betweene an oke, and a greene holléye,
All clad in red* scarlette.

Her nose was crookt and turnd outwàrde,
Her chin stoode all awrye;
And where as sholde have been her mouthe,
Lo! there was set her eye:

Her haires, like serpents, clung aboute
Her cheekes of deadlye hewe:
A worse-form'd ladye than she was,
No man mote ever viewe.

To hail the king in seemelye sorte
This ladye was fulle faine:
But King Arthùre all sore amaz'd,
No aunswere made againe.

What wight art thou, the ladye sayd,
That wilt not speake to mee;
Sir, I may chance to ease thy paine,
Though I bee foule to see.

If thou wilt ease my paine, he sayd,
And helpe me in my neede;
Ask what thou wilt, thou grimme ladyè,
And it shall bee thy meede.

O sweare mee this upon the roode,
And promise on thy faye;
And here the secrette I will telle,
That shall thy ransome paye.

King Arthur promis'd on his faye,
And sware upon the roode;
The secrette than the ladye told,
As lightlye well shee cou'de.

Now this shall be my paye, sir king,
And this my guerdon bee,
That some yong fair and courtlye knight,
Thou bringe to marrye mee.

Fast then prick'd King Arthùre
Ore hille, and dale, and downe:
And soone he founde the barone's bowre:
And soone the grimme barònne.

He bare his clubbe upon his backe,
Hee stoode bothe stiffe and stronge;
And, when he had the letters reade,
Awaye the lettres flunge.

Nowe yielde thee, Arthur, and thy lands,
All forfeit unto mee;
For this is not thy paye, sir king,
Nor may thy ransome bee.

Yet hold thy hand, thou proude barònne,
I praye thee hold thy hand;
And give mee leave to speake once more
In reskewe of my land.

This morne, as I came over a more,
I sawe a ladye sette
Betwene an oke, and a greene hollèye,
All clad in red scarlètte.

* This was a common phrase in our old writers; so Chaucer in his Prologue to the Cant. Tales, says of the wife of Bath:

Her hosen were of fyne scarlet red.

Shee sayes, all women will have their wille,
This is their chief desyre;
Now yield, as thou art a barone true,
That I have payd mine hyre.

An earlye vengeaunce light on her!
The carlish baron swore:
Shee was my sister tolde thee this,
And shee's a mishapen whore.

But here I will make mine avowe,
To do her as ill a turne:
For an ever I may that foule theefe gette,
In a fyre I will her burne.

PART THE SECONDE.

Homewarde pricked King Arthùre,
And a wearye man was hee;
And soone he mette Queene Guenever,
That bride so bright of blee.

What newes! what newes! thou noble king,
Howe, Arthur, hast thou sped?
Where hast thou hung the carlish knighte?
And where bestow'd his head?

The carlish knight is safe for mee,
And free fro mortal harme:
On magicke grounde his castle stands,
And fenc'd with many a charme.

To bowe to him I was fulle faine,
And yielde mee to his hand:
And but for a lothly ladye, there
I sholde have lost my land.

And nowe this fills my hearte with woe,
And sorrowe of my life;
I swore a yonge and courtlye knight,
Sholde marry her to his wife.

Then bespake him Sir Gawàine
That was ever a gentle knighte:
That lothly ladye I will wed;
Therefore be merrye and lighte.

Nowe naye, nowe naye, good Sir Gawàine;
My sister's sonne yee bee;
This lothlye ladye's all too grimme,
And all too foule for yee.

Her nose is crookt and turn'd outwàrde:
Her chin stands all awrye;
A worse form'd ladye than shee is
Was never seen with eye.

What though her chin stand all awrye,
And shee be foule to see:
I'll marry her, unkle, for thy sake,
And I'll thy ransome bee.

Nowe thankes, nowe thankes, good Sir Gawàine:
And a blessing thee betyde!
To-morrow wee'll have knights and squires,
And wee'll goe fetch thy bride.

And wee'll have hawkes and wee'll have houndes,
To cover our intent;
And wee'll away to the greene forèst,
As wee a hunting went.

Sir Lancelot, Sir Stephen bolde,
They rode with them that daye;
And foremoste of the companye
There rode the stewarde Kaye:

Soe did Sir Banier and Sir Bore,
And eke Sir Garratte keene;
Sir Tristram too, that gentle knight,
To the forest freshe and greene.

And when they came to the greene forrèst,
Beneathe a faire holley tree
There sate that ladye in red scarlètte
That unseemelye was to see.

Sir Kay beheld that lady's face,
And looked upon her sweere;
Whoever kisses that ladye, he sayes,
Of his kisse he stands in feare.

Sir Kay beheld that ladye againe,
And looked upon her snout;
Whoever kisses that ladye, he sayes,
Of his kisse he stands in doubt.

Peace, brother Kay, sayde Sir Gawàine,
And amend thee of thy life:
For there is a knight amongst us all,
Must marry her to his wife.

What marry this foule queane, quoth Kay,
I' the devil's name anone;
Gett mee a wife wherever I maye,
In sooth shee shall be none.

Then some tooke up their hawkes in haste,
And some took up their houndes;
And sayd they wolde not marry her,
For cities, nor for townes.

Then bespake him King Arthùre,
And sware there by this daye;
For a little foule sighte and mislikinge,
Yee shall not say her naye.

Peace, lordlings, peace; Sir Gawaine sayd:
Nor make debate and strife;
This lothlye ladye I will take,
And marry her to my wife.

Now thankes, nowe thankes, good Sir Gawaine,
And a blessinge be thy meede!
For as I am thine owne ladyè,
Thou never shalt rue this deede.

Then up they tooke that lothly dame,
And home anone they bringe:
And there Sir Gawaine he her wed,
And married her with a ringe.

And when they were in wed-bed laid,
And all were done awaye:
"Come turne to mee, mine own wed-lord,
Come turne to mee I praye."

Sir Gawaine scant could lift his head,
For sorrowe and for care;
When, lo! instead of that lothelye dame,
He sawe a young ladye faire.

Sweet blushes stayn'd her rud-red cheeke,
Her eyen were blacke as sloe:
The ripening cherrye swellde her lippe,
And all her necke was snowe.

Sir Gawaine kiss'd that lady faire,
Lying upon the sheete,
And swore, as he was a true knighte,
The spice was never soe sweete.

Sir Gawaine kiss'd that lady brighte,
Lying there by his side:
"The fairest flower is not so faire:
Thou never can'st bee my bride."

I am thy bride, mine owne deare lorde,
The same whiche thou didst knowe,
That was soe lothlye, and was wont
Upon the wild more to goe.

Nowe, gentle Gawaine, chuse, quoth shee,
And make thy choice with care;
Whether by night, or else by daye,
Shall I be foule or faire?

"To have thee foule still in the night,
When I with thee should playe!
I had rather farre, my lady deare,
To have thee foule by daye."

What when gaye ladyes goe with their lordes
To drinke the ale and wine;
Alas! then I must hide myself,
I must not goe with mine?

"My faire ladyè, Sir Gawaine sayd,
I yield me to thy skille;
Because thou art mine owne ladyè
Thou shalt have all thy wille."

Nowe blessed be thou, sweete Gawàine,
And the daye that I thee see;
For as thou seest mee at this time,
Soe shall I ever bee.

My father was an aged knighte,
And yet it chanced soe,
He tooke to a wife a false ladyè,
Whiche broughte me to this woe.

Shee witch'd mee, being a faire yonge maide,
In the greene forèst to dwelle;
And there to abide in lothlye shape,
Most like a fiend of helle.

Midst mores and mosses; woods, and wilds;
To lead a lonesome life;
Till some yong faire and courtlye knighte
Wolde marrye me to his wife:

Nor fully to gaine mine owne trewe shape,
Such was her devilish skille;
Until he wolde yielde to be rul'd by mee,
And let mee have all my wille.

She witchd my brother to a carlish boore,
And made him stiffe and stronge;
And built him a bowre on magicke grounde,
To live by rapine and wronge.

But now the spelle is broken throughe,
And wronge is turnde to righte;
Henceforth I shall bee a faire ladyè,
And hee be a gentle knighte.

III.

King Ryence's Challenge.

This song is more modern than many of those which follow it, but it is placed here for the sake of the subject. It was sung before Queen Elizabeth at the grand entertainment at Kenelworth castle in 1575, and was probably composed for that occasion. In a letter describing those festivities it is thus mentioned: A "Minstral came forth with a sollem song, warranted for story out of King Arthur's acts, whereof I gat a copy, and is this:

"So it fell out on a Pentecost, &c."

After the song the narrative proceeds: "At this the Minstrell made a pause and a curtezy for Primus Passus. More of the song is thear, but I gatt it not."

The story in Morte Arthur, whence it is taken, runs as follows: "Came a messenger hastely from King Ryence of North Wales, saying, that King Ryence had discomfited and overcomen eleaven kings, and everiche of them did him homage, and that was this: they gave him their beards cleane flayne off,—wherefore the messenger come for King Arthur's beard, for King Ryence had purfeled a mantell with kings beards, and there lacked for one a place of the mantell, wherefore he sent for his beard, or else he would enter into his lands, and brenn and slay, and never leave till he have thy head and thy beard. Well, said King Arthur, thou hast said thy message, which is the most villainous and lewdest message that ever man heard sent to a king. Also thou mayest see my beard is full young yet for to make a purfell of, but tell thou the king that—or it be long he shall do to me homage on both his knees, or else he shall leese his head." [B. I. c. 24. See also the same Romance, B. I. c. 92.]

The thought seems to be originally taken from Jeff. Monmouth's Hist. B. X. c. 3, which is alluded to by Drayton in his Poly-Olb. Song 4, and by Spenser in Faer. Qu. 6. 1. 13, 15. See the observations on Spenser, vol. II. p. 223.

The following text is composed of the best readings selected from three different copies. The first in Enderbie's Cambria Triumphans, p. 197. The second in the Letter above mentioned. And the third inserted in MS. in a copy of Morte Arthur, 1632, in the Bodl. Library.

Stow tells us, that King Arthur kept his round table at "diverse places, but especially at Carlion, Winchester, and Camalet, in Somersetshire." This "Camalet," sometimes a famous towne or castle, is situate on a "very high tor or hill, &c." [See an exact description in Stow's Annals, Ed. 1631, p. 55.]

As it fell out on a Pentecost day,
King Arthur at Camelot kept his court royall,
With his faire queene dame Guenever the gay;
And many bold barons sitting in hall;
With ladies attired in purple and pall;
And heraults in hewkes hooting on high,
Cryed, *Largesse, Largesse, Chevaliers tres-hardie.**

A doughty dwarfe to the uppermost deas
Right pertlye gan pricke, kneeling on knee;
With steven fulle stoute amids all the preas,
Sayd, Nowe, sir King Arthur, God save thee, and see!
Sir Ryence of North-gales greeteth well thee,
And bids thee thy beard anon to him send,
Or else from thy jaws he will it off rend.

For his robe of state is a rich scarlet mantle,
With eleven kings beards bordered† about,
And there is room lefte yet in a kantle,
For thine to stande, to make the twelfth out:
This must be done, be thou never so stout;
This must be done, I tell thee no fable,
Maugre the teeth of all thy round table.

* *Largesse, Largesse.* The heralds resounded these words as oft as they received of the bounty of the knights. See "Memoires de la Chevalerie," tom. I. p. 99. The expression is still used in the form of installing knights of the garter.

† i. e. set round the border, as furs are now round the gowns of Magistrates.

When this mortal message from his mouthe past,
Great was the noyse bothe in hall and in bower:
The king fum'd; the queene screecht; ladies were aghast;
Princes puff'd; barons blustred; lords began lower;
Knights stormed; squires startled, like steeds in a stower;
Pages and yeomen yell'd out in the hall,
Then in came Sir Kay, the 'king's' seneschal.

Silence, my soveraignes, quoth this courteous knight,
And in that stound the stowre began still:
'Then' the dwarfe's dinner full deerely was dight;
Of wine and wassal he had his wille:
And when he had eaten and drunken his fill,
An hundred pieces of fine coyned gold
Were given this dwarf for his message bold.

But say to Sir Ryence, thou dwarf, quoth the king,
That for his bold message I do him defye;
And shortlye with basins and pans will him ring
Out of North-gales; where he and I
With swords, and not razors, quicklye shall trye,
Whether he, or King Arthur will prove the best barber;
And therewith he shook his good sword Escalàbor.

* * * * *

*** Strada, in his Prolusions, has ridiculed the story of the Giant's Mantle, made of the beards of kings.

IV.

King Arthur's Death.

A FRAGMENT.

The subject of this ballad is evidently taken from the old romance "Morte Arthur," but with some variations, especially in the concluding stanzas; in which the author seems rather to follow the traditions of the old Welsh Bards, who "believed that King Arthur was not dead, but conveied awaie by the Fairies into some pleasant place, where he should remaine for a time, and then returne againe and reign in as great authority as ever." Holinshed, B. 5, c. 14; or, as it is expressed in an old Chronicle printed at Antwerp, 1493, by Ger. de Leew, "The Bretons supposen, that he [King Arthur] shall come yet and conquere all Bretaigne, for certes this is the prophicye of Merlyn; He sayd, that his deth shall be doubteous; and sayd soth, for men thereof yet have doubte, and shullen for ever more,—for men wyt not whether that he lyveth or is dede." See more ancient testimonies in Selden's Notes on Polyolbion, song 3.

This fragment, being very incorrect and imperfect in the original MS., hath received some conjectural emendations, and even a supplement of three or four stanzas composed from the romance of "Morte Arthur."

* * * * *

On Trinitye Mondaye in the morne,
This sore battayle was doom'd to be:
Where manye a knighte cry'd, Well-awaye!
Alacke, it was the more pittie.

Ere the first crowinge of the cocke,
When as the kinge in his bed laye,
He thoughte Sir Gawaine to him came,*
And there to him these wordes did saye.

Nowe, as you are mine unkle deare,
And as you prize your life, this daye
O meet not with your foe in fighte;
Putt off the battayle, if yee maye.

* Sir Gawaine had been killed at Arthur's landing on his return from abroad. See the next Ballad, ver. 73.

For Sir Launcelot is nowe in Fraunce,
And with him many an hardye knighte:
Who will within this moneth be backe,
And will assiste yee in the fighte.

The kinge then call'd his nobles all,
Before the breakinge of the daye;
And tolde them howe Sir Gawaine came,
And there to him these wordes did saye.

His nobles all this counsayle gave,
That earlye in the morning, hee
Shold send awaye an herauld at armes,
To aske a parley faire and free.

Then twelve good knightes King Arthure chose,
The best of all that with him were:
To parley with the foe in field,
And make with him agreement faire.

The king he charged all his hoste,
In readinesse there for to bee:
But noe man sholde no weapon sturre,
Unlesse a sword drawne they shold see.

And Mordred on the other parte,
Twelve of his knights did likewise bringe;
The beste of all his companye,
To holde the parley with the kinge.

Sir Mordred alsoe charged his hoste,
In readinesse there for to bee;
But noe man sholde noe weapon sturre,
But if a sworde drawne they shold see.

For he durste not his unkle truste,
Nor he his nephewe, sothe to tell;
Alacke! it was a woefulle case,
As ere in Chrystentye befelle.

But when they were together mette,
And both to faire accordance broughte;
And a month's league betweene them sette,
Before the battayle sholde be foughte;

An addere crept forth of a bushe,
Stunge one o' th' king's knightes on the knee:
Alacke! it was a woefulle chance,
As ever was in Christentie.

When the knighte found him wounded sore,
And sawe the wild-worme hanginge there;
His sworde he from his scabberde drewe:
A piteous case, as ye shall heare.

For when the two hostes sawe the sworde,
They joyned battayle instantlye;
Till of so manye noble knightes,
On one side there were left but three.

For all were slaine that durst abide,
And but some fewe that fled awaye:
Ah mee! it was a bloodye fielde,
As ere was foughte on summer's daye.

Upon King Arthur's own partyè,
Onlye himselfe escaped there,
And Lukyn Duke of Gloster free,
And the king's butler Bedevere.

And when the king beheld his knightes,
All dead and scattered on the molde;
The teares fast trickled downe his face;
That manlye face in fight so bolde.

Nowe reste yee all, brave knights, he said,
Soe true and faithful to your trust:
And must yee then, yee valiant hearts,
Be lefte to moulder into dust!

Most loyal have yee been to mee,
Most true and faithful unto deathe:
And, oh! to rayse yee up againe,
How freelye could I yield my breathe!

But see the traitor's yet alive,
Lo where hee stalkes among the deade!
Nowe bitterlye he shall abye:
And vengeance fall upon his head.

O staye, my liege, then sayd the duke;
O staye for love and charitie;
Remember what the vision spake,
Nor meete your foe, if it may bee.

O, staye mee not, thou worthye wight,
This debt my loyal knights I owe:
Betide me life, betide me death,
I will avenge them of their foe.

Then straite he grasp'd his trustye speare,
And on his horse then mounted hee:
As his butler holpe him to his horse,
His bowels gushed to his knee.

Ver. 41, 42, the folio reads father . . . . . sonne.

Alas! then sayd the noble king,
That I should live this sight to see!
To see this good knight here be slaine,
All for his love in helping mee!

He put his speare into his reste,
And to Sir Mordred loud gan crye;
Nowe sette thyself upon thy guarde,
For, traitor, nowe thy death is nye.

Sir Mordred lifted up his sworde,
And fierce to meet the king ran hee:
The king his speare he through him thrust;
And fathom thorow his bodie.

When Mordered felt the stroke of death,
And found that he was wounded soe;
He thruste himselfe upon the speare,
And strucke the king a deadlye blowe.

Then grimmlye dyed Sir Mordered,
Presentlye upon that tree:
And bloody streames ranne from the kinge
Ere to the duke returned hee.

Sir Lukyn then he thus bespake,
Sir knyghte, thou hast beene faithfulle tryde,
Nowe take my sword Excalibar,*
That hangs so freelye by my syde:

O take my sword Excalibar,
And there into the river throwe:
For here, henceforth, benethe this tree,
All use of weapons I foregoe.

And fare thee well, thou trustye sword,
A better neer had valiant knighte,
With thee full ofte, and manye a daye,
Have I withstood my foe in fighte.

With this good fauchion in my hande,
Oft have I reapd the bloody feelde:
But now the fatalle houre is come,
That never more I may thee weelde.

The duke to the river side he went,
And there his owne sword in threwe he:
But he kept back Excalibar,
He kept it back in privitie.

For all of coleyne was the blade;
And all the hilte of precious stone:
And ever alacke! then sayd the knighte,
Must such a sword awaye be throwne?

Then backe he came unto the kinge,
Who sayd, Sir Lukyn, what did yee see?
Nothing, my liege, save that the winde
Blewe oer the waters faire and free.

O goe againe, then sayd the kinge,
O good Sir Lukyn, goe againe:
Into the rivere throwe my sword,
Nor keepe me lingering here in paine.

The duke then to the river went,
And the kings scabbard in threwe hee;
But hee kept backe Excalibar,
And hid it undernethe a tree.

Then backe he came to tell the kinge,
Who sayde, Sir Lukyn, sawe ye oughte?
Nothinge, my liege, save that the winde
Nowe with the angrye waters fought.

O Lukyn, Lukyn, said the kinge,
Twice haste thou dealt deceytfullye:
Alacke, whom may wee ever truste,
When suche a knighte soe false can bee?

Saye, wouldst thou have thy master dead;
All for a sword, that wins thine eye:
Nowe goe againe, and throwe it in,
Or here the one of us shall dye.

The duke, all shent with this rebuke,
No aunswere made unto the kinge:
But to the rivere tooke the sworde,
And threwe it far as he coulde flinge.

A hande and arme did meete the sworde,
And flourishd three times in the air;
Then sunke benethe the renninge streme,
And of the duke was seen noe mair.

All sore astonied stood the duke;
He stood as still, as still mote bee:
Then hastend backe to tell the kinge;
But he was gone from under the tree.

* More commonly called *Caliburn*. In the folio MS., *Escalberd*.

But to what place he cold not tell,
For never after hee did him spye:
But hee sawe a barge goe from the land,
And hee heard ladyes howle and crye.*

And whether the kinge were there, or not,
Hee never knewe, nor ever colde:
For from that sad and direfulle daye,
Hee never more was seene on molde.

***

V.

The Legend of King Arthur.

We have here a short summary of King Arthur's History as given by Jeff. of Monmouth and the old Chronicles, with the addition of a few circumstances from the romance Morte Arthur.—The ancient chronicle of Ger. de Leew (quoted above in p. 329) seems to have been chiefly followed: upon the authority of which we have restored some of the names which were corrupted in the MS., and have transposed one stanza, which appeared to be misplaced, [*viz.* that beginning at v. 49, which in the MS. followed v. 36.]

Printed from the Editor's ancient folio Manuscript.

Of Brutus' blood, in Brittaine borne,
King Arthur I am to name;
Through Christendome, and Heathynesse
Well knowne is my worthy fame.

In Jesus Christ I doe beleeve;
I am a Christyan bore;
The Father, Sone, and Holy Gost
One God, I doe adore.

In the four hundred ninetieth yeere,
Over Brittaine I did rayne,
After my savior Christ his byrth:
What time I did maintaine.

The fellowshipp of the table round,
Soe famous in those dayes;
Whereatt a hundred noble knights,
And thirty sat alwayes:

Who for their deeds and martiall feates,
As bookes done yett record,
Amongst all other nations
Wer feared throwgh the world.

And in the castle off Tyntagill
King Uther mee begate
Of Agyana a bewtyous ladye,
And come of 'hie' estate.

And when I was fifteen yeere old,
Then was I crowned kinge:
All Brittaine that was att an uprore
I did to quiett bringe.

And drove the Saxons from the realme
Who had opprest this land;
All Scotland then throughe manly feats
I conquered with my hand.

Ireland, Denmarke, Norway,
These countryes wan I all;
Iseland, Gotheland, and Swethland;
And made their kings my thrall.

I conquered all Gallya,
That now is called France;
And slew the hardye Froll in feild
My honor to advance.

And the ugly gyant Dynabus
Soe terrible to vewe,
That in Saint Barnards mount did lye,
By force of armes I slew:

Ver. 178, see MS. V. 1, Bruite, MS. V. 9, He began his reign, A. D. 515, according to the Chronicles.

* Not unlike that passage in Virgil:

Summoque ululârunt vertice nymphæ.

Ladies was the word our old English writers used for Nymphs: As in the following lines of an old song in the Editor's folio MS.

"When scorching Phœbus he did mount,
Then Lady Venus went to hunt:
To whom Diana did resort,
With all the Ladyes of hills, and valleys,
Of springs, and floodes, &c."

Ver. 23, She is named *Igerna* in the old Chronicles. V. 24, his, MS. V. 39, Froland field, MS. Froll, according to the Chronicles, was a Roman knight, governor of Gaul. V. 41, Danibus, MS.

And Lucyus the emperour of Rome
I brought to deadlye wracke;
And a thousand more of noble knightes
For feare did turne their backe:

Five kinges of "paynims" I did kill
Amidst that bloody strife;
Besides the Grecian emperour
Who alsoe lost his liffe.

Whose carcasse I did send to Rome
Cladd poorlye on a beere;
And afterward I past Mount-Joye
The next approaching yeere.

Then I came to Rome, where I was mett
Right as a conquerour,
And by all the cardinalls solempnelye
I was crowned an emperour.

One winter there I made abode:
Then word to mee was brought
Howe Mordred had oppressd the crowne:
What treason he had wrought

Att home in Brittaine with my queene;
Therfore I came with speede
To Brittaine backe, with all my power,
To quitt that traiterous deede:

And soone at Sandwiche I arrivde,
Where Mordred me withstoode:
But yett at last I landed there,
With effusion of much blood.

For there my nephew Sir Gawaine dyed,
Being wounded in that sore,
The whiche Sir Lancelot in fight
Had given him before.

Thence chased I Mordered away,
Who fledd to London right,
From London to Winchester, and
To Cornewalle tooke his flyght.

And still I him pursued with speed
Till at the last wee mett:
Wherby an appointed day of fight
Was there agreed and sett.

Where we did fight, of mortal life
Eche other to deprive,
Till of a hundred thousand men
Scarce one was left alive.

There all the noble chivalrye
Of Brittaine tooke their end.
O see how fickle is their state
That doe on feates depend!

There all the traiterous men were slaine,
Not one escapte away;
And there dyed all my vallyant knightes
Alas! that woefull day!

Two and twenty yeere I ware the crowne
In honor and great fame;
And thus by death was suddenlye
Deprived of the same.

VI.

A Dyttie to Hey Downe.

Copied from an old MS. in the Cotton Library, [Vesp. A. 25,] entitled, "Divers things of Hen. viij's time."

Who sekes to tame the blustering winde,
Or causse the floods bend to his wyll,
Or els against dame nature's kinde
To 'change' things frame by cunning skyll:
That man I thinke bestoweth paine,
Thoughe that his laboure be in vaine.

Who strives to breake the sturdye steele,
Or goeth about to staye the sunne;
Who thinks to causse an oke to reele,
Which never can by force be done:
That man likewise bestoweth paine,
Thoughe that his laboure be in vaine.

Who thinks to stryve against the streame,
And for to sayle without a maste;
Unlesse he thinks perhapps to faine,
His travell ys forelorne and waste;
And so in cure of all his paine,
His travell ys his cheffest gaine.

Ver. 49, of Pavye, MS. V. 4, causse, MS.

Ver. 92, perhaps fates.

So he lykewise, that goes about
To please eche eye and every care,
Had nede to have withouten doubt
A golden gyft with hym to beare:
For evyll report shall be his gaine,
Though he bestowe both toyle and paine.

God grant eche man one to amend;
God send us all a happy place;
And let us pray unto the end,
That we may have our princes grace:
Amen, amen! so shall we gaine
A dewe reward for all our paine.

VII.

Glasgerion.

An ingenious Friend thinks that the following old Ditty (which is printed from the Editor's folio MS.) may possibly have given birth to the Tragedy of the "Orphan," in which Polidore intercepts Monimia's intended favours to Castalio.

See what is said concerning the hero of this song (who is celebrated by Chaucer under the name of Glaskyrion) in the Essay prefixed to Series the First, Note H.

Glasgerion was a kings owne sonne,
And a harper he was goode:
He harped in the kinges chambere,
Where cuppe and caudle stoode.

And soe did hee in the queens chamber,
Till ladies waxed 'glad.'
And then bespake the kinges daughter;
And these wordes thus shee sayd.

Strike on, strike on, Glasgèrion,
Of thy striking doe not blinne:
Theres never a stroke comes oer thy harpe,
But it glads my hart withinne.

Faire might he fall, ladye, quoth hee,
Who taught you nowe to speake!
I have loved you, ladye, seven longe yeere
My minde I neere durst breake.

But come to my bower, my Glasgerièn,
When all men are att rest:
As I am a ladie true of my promise,
Thou shalt bee a welcome guest.

Home then came Glasgèrion,
A glad man, lord! was hee.
And, come thou hither, Jacke my boy;
Come hither unto mee.

For the kinges daughter of Normandye
Hath granted mee my boone:
And att her chambere must I bee
Beffore the cocke have crowen.

O master, master, then quoth hee,
Lay your head downe on this stone:
For I will waken you, master deere,
Afore it be time to gone.

But up then rose that lither ladd,
And hose and shoone did on:
A coller he cast upon his necke
Hee seemed a gentleman.

And when he came to the ladies chamber,
He thrild upon a pinn.*
The lady was true of her promise,
Rose up and lett him in.

He did not take the lady gaye
To boulster nor to bed:
'Nor thoughe hee had his wicked wille,
A single word he sed.'

He did not kisse that ladyes mouthe,
Nor when he came, nor youd:
And sore mistrusted that ladye gay,
He was of some churls bloud.

But home then came that lither ladd,
And did off his hose and shoone;
And cast the coller from off his necke:
He was but a churlès sonne.

Ver. 6, wood, MS. Ver. 16, harte, MS.

* This is elsewhere expressed '*twirled the pin*' or '*tirled at the pin*' [See B. II. S. VI. v. 3], and seems to refer to the turning round the button on the outside of a door, by which the latch rises, still used in cottages.

Awake, awake, my deere master,
The cock hath well-nigh crowen.
Awake, awake, my master deere,
I hold it time to be gone.

For I have saddled your horsse, mastèr,
Well bridled I have your steede:
And I have served you a good breakfast
For thereof ye have need.

Up then rose good Glasgeriòn,
And did on hose and shoone;
And cast a coller about his necke:
For he was a kinge his sonne.

And when he came to the ladyes chamber,
He thrild upon the pinne:
The ladye was more than true of promise,
And rose and let him inn.

Saies, whether have you left with me
Your bracelett or your glove?
Or are you returned backe againe
To know more of my love?

Glasgèrion swore a full great othe,
By oake, and ashe, and thorne;
Lady, I was never in your chambèr,
Sith the time that I was borne.

O then it was your lither foot-page,
He hath beguiled mee.
Then shee pulled forth a little pen-knìffe,
That hanged by her knee:

Sayes, there shall never nee churlès blood
Within my bodye spring:
No churlès blood shall ever defile
The daughter of a kinge.

Home then went Glasgèrion,
And woe, good lord, was hee.
Sayes, come thou hither, Jacke my boy,
Come hither unto mee.

If I had killed a man to night,
Jack, I would tell it to thee:
But if I have not killed a man to-night,
Jacke, thou hast killed three.

And he puld out his bright browne sword,
A dryed it on his sleeve,
And he smote off that lither ladds head,
Who did his ladye grieve.

He sett the swords poynt till his brest,
The pummil untill a stone:
Throw the falsenesse of that lither ladd,
These three lives werne all gone.

VIII.

Old Robin of Portingale.

From an ancient copy in the Editor's folio MS., which was judged to require considerable corrections.

In the former Edition the hero of this piece had been called Sir Robin, but that title not being in the MS. is now omitted.

Let never again soe old a man
Marrye soe yonge a wife,
As did old Robin of Portingale;
Who may rue all the dayes of his life

For the mayors daughter of Lin, god wott,
He chose her to his wife,
And thought with her to have lived in love,
But they fell to hate and strife.

They scarce were in their wed-bed laid,
And scarce was hee asleepe,
But upp shee rose, and forth shee goes,
To the steward, and gan to weepe.

Sleepe you, wake you, faire Sir Gyles?
Or be you not within?
Sleepe you, wake you, faire Sir Gyles,
Arise and let me inn.

O, I am waking, sweete, he said,
Sweete ladye, what is your will?
I have unbethought me of a wile
How my wed-lord weell spill.

Ver. 19, unbethought [properly onbethought], this word is still used in the Midland counties in the same sense as bethought.

Ver. 76, litle, MS.

Twenty-four good knights, shee sayes,
That dwell about this towne,
Even twenty-four of my next cozèns
Will helpe to dinge him downe.

All that beheard his litle footepage,
As he watered his masters steed;
And for his masters sad perille
His verry heart did bleed.

He mourned still, and wept full sore
I sweare by the holy roode
The teares he for his master wept
Were blent water and bloude.

And that beheard his deare mastèr
As he stood at his garden pale:
Sayes, Ever alacke, my litle foot-page,
What causes thee to wail?

Hath any one done to thee wronge
Any of thy fellowes here?
Or is any of thy good friends dead,
That thou shedst manye a teare?

Or, if it be my head bookes-man,
Aggrieved he shal bee:
For no man here within my howse,
Shall doe wrong unto thee.

O, it is not your head bookes-man,
Nor none of his degree:
But, on to-morrow ere it be noone
All deemed to die are yee.

And of that bethank your head stewàrd,
And thank your gay ladie.
If this be true, my litle foot-page,
The heyre of my land thoust bee.

If it be not true, my dear mastèr,
No good death let me die.
If it be not true, thou litle foot-page,
A dead corse shalt thou lie.

O call now downe my faire ladye,
O call her downe to mee:
And tell my ladye gay how sicke,
And like to die I bee.

Ver. 32, blend, MS. V. 47, or to-morrow, MS. V. 56, bee, MS.

Downe then came his ladye faire,
All clad in purple and pall:
The rings that were on her fingèrs,
Cast light thorrow the hall.

What is your will, my owne wed-lord?
What is your will with mee?
O see, my ladye deere, how sicke,
And like to die I bee.

And thou be sicke, my own wed-lord,
Soe sore it grieveth me:
But my five maydens and myselfe
Will 'watch thy' bedde for thee.

And at the waking of your first sleepe,
We will a hott drinke make:
And at the waking of your 'next' sleepe,
Your sorrowes we will slake.

He put a silk cote on his backe,
And mail of manye a fold:
And hee putt a steele cap on his head,
Was gilt with good red gold.

He layd a bright browne sword by his side,
And another att his feete:
"And twentye good knights he placed at hand,
To watch him in his sleepe."

And about the middle time of the night,
Came twentye-four traitours inn:
Sir Giles he was the foremost man,
The leader of that ginn.

Old Robin with his bright browne sword,
Sir Gyles head soon did winn:
And scant of all those twenty-four,
Went out one quick agenn.

None save only a litle foot-page,
Crept forth at a window of stone:
And he had two armes when he came in,
And he went back with one.

Upp then came that ladie gaye
With torches burning bright:
She thought to have brought Sir Gyles a drinke,
Butt she found her owne wedd knight.

Ver. 72, make the, MS. V. 75, first, MS.

The first thinge that she stumbled on
It was Sir Gyles his foote:
Sayes, Ever alacke, and woe is mee!
Here lyes my sweete hart-roote.

The next thinge that she stumbled on
It was Sir Gyles his heade:
Sayes, Ever, alacke, and woe is me!
Heere lyes my true love deade.

Hee cutt the pappes beside her brest,
And did her body spille;
Ile cutt the eares beside her heade,
And bade her love her fille.

He called then up his litle foot-page,
And made him there his heyre;
And sayd, henceforth my worldlye goodes
And countrye I forsweare.

He shope the crosse on his right shouldèr,
Of the white 'clothe' and the redde,*
And went into the holy land,
Whereas Christe was quicke and dead.

*** In the foregoing piece, *Giles*, steward to a rich old merchant trading to Portugal, is qualified with the title of *Sir*, not as being a knight, but rather, I conceive, as having received an inferior order of priesthood.

IX.

Child Waters.

Child is frequently used by our old writers, as a Title. It is repeatedly given to Prince Arthur in the "Faerie Queen:" and the son of a king is in the same poem called "Child Tristram." [B. 5, c. 11, st. 8, 13.—B. 6, c. 2, st. 36.—Ibid. c. 8, st. 15.] In an old ballad quoted in "Shakspeare's King Lear," the hero of Ariosto is called *Child Roland*. Mr. Theobald supposes this use of the word was received along with their romances from the Spaniards, with whom *Infante* signifies a "Prince." A more eminent critic tells us, that "in the old times of chivalry, the noble youth, who were candidates for knighthood, during the time of their probation were called *Infans, Varlets, Damoysels, Bacheliers*. The most noble of the youth were particularly called *Infans*." [Vid. Warb. Shakesp.] A late commentator on Spenser observes, that the Saxon word *cnihz* knight, signifies also a "Child." [See Upton's Gloss. to the F. Q.]

The Editor's folio MS., whence the following piece is taken (with some corrections), affords several other ballads, wherein the word Child occurs as a title; but in none of these it signifies "Prince." See the song entitled Gill Morrice, in this volume.

It ought to be observed, that the word Child or Chield is still used in North Britain to denominate a Man, commonly with some contemptuous character affixed to him, but sometimes to denote Man in general.

Childe Waters in his stable stoode
And stroakt his milke white steede:
To him a fayre yonge ladye came
As ever ware womans weede.

Sayes, Christ you save, good Childe Waters;
Sayes, Christ you save, and see:
My girdle of gold that was too longe,
Is now too short for mee.

And all is with one chyld of yours,
I feele sturre att my side:
My gowne of greene it is too straighte;
Before, it was too wide.

If the child be mine, faire Ellen, he sayd,
Be mine as you tell mee;
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
Take them your owne to bee.

If the childe be mine, faire Ellen, he sayd,
Be mine, as you doe sweare:
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
And make that child your heyre.

Ver. 118, fleshe, MS. V. 13, be inne, MS.

* Every person, who went on a Croisade to the Holy Land, usually wore a cross on his upper garment, on the right shoulder, as a badge of his profession. Different nations were distinguished by crosses of different colours: The English wore white; the French red; &c. This circumstance seems to be confounded in the ballad. [V. Spelman, Gloss.]

Shee saies, I had rather have one kisse,
Child Waters, of thy mouth;
Than I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire both,
That lye by north and south.

And I had rather have one twinkling,
Childe Waters, of thine ee:
Then I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire both,
To take them mine owne to bee.

To morrow, Ellen, I must forth ryde
Farr into the north countrie;
The fairest lady that I can find,
Ellen, must goe with mee.

'Thoughe I am not that lady fayre,
Yet let me goe with thee:'
And ever I pray you, Child Watèrs,
Your foot-page let me bee.

If you will my foot-page be, Ellèn,
As you doe tell to mee;
Then you must cut your gowne of greene,
An inch above your knee:

Soe must you doe your yellowe lockes,
An inch above your ee:
You must tell no man what is my name;
My foot-page then you shall bee.

Shee, all the long day Child Waters rode,
Ran barefoote by his side;
Yett was he never soe courteous a knighte,
To say, Ellen, will you ryde?

Shee, all the long day Child Waters rode,
Ran barefoote thorow the broome;
Yett hee was never so curteous a knighte,
To say, put on your shoone.

Ride softlye, shee sayd, O Childe Waters,
Why doe you ryde soe fast?
The childe, which is no mans but thine,
My bodye itt will brast.

Hee sayth, seest thou yonder water, Ellen,
That flows from banke to brimme.—
I trust to God, O Child Waters,
You never will see* mee swimme.

But when shee came to the waters side,
Shee sayled to the chinne:
Except the Lord of heaven be my speed,
Now must I learne to swimme.

The salt waters bare up her clothes;
Our Ladye bare upp her chinne:
Childe Waters was a woe man, good Lord,
To see faire Ellen swimme.

And when shee over the water was,
Shee then came to his knee:
He said, Come hither, thou faire Ellèn,
Loe yonder what I see.

Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellèn?
Of redd gold shines the yate:
Of twenty foure faire ladyes there,
The fairest is my mate.

Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellèn?
Of redd gold shines the towre:
There are twenty four faire ladyes there,
The fairest is my paramoure.

I see the hall now, Child Waters,
Of redd gold shines the yate:
God give you good now of yourselfe,
And of your worthye mate.

I see the hall now, Child Waters,
Of redd golde shines the towre:
God give you good now of yourselfe,
And of your paramoure.

There twenty four fayre ladyes were
A playing att the ball:
And Ellen the fairest ladye there,
Must bring his steed to the stall.

There twenty four fayre ladyes were
A playinge at the chesse;
And Ellen the fayrest ladye there,
Must bring his horse to gresse.

And then bespake Childe Waters sister,
These were the wordes said shee:
You have the prettyest foot-page, brother,
That ever I saw with mine ee.

But that his bellye it is soe bigg,
His girdle goes wondrous hie:
And let him, I pray you, Childe Watèrs,
Goe into the chamber with mee.

* i. e. permit, suffer, &c.

Ver. 84, woldlye, MS.

It is not fit for a little foot-page,
That has run throughe mosse and myre,
To go into the chamber with any ladye,
That weares soe riche attyre.

It is more meete for a little foot-page,
That has run throughe mosse and myre,
To take his supper upon his knee,
And sitt downe by the kitchen fyer.

But when they had supped every one,
To bedd they tooke theyr waye:
He sayd, come hither, my little foot-page,
And hearken what I saye.

Goe thee downe into yonder towne,
And low into the street;
The fayrest ladye that thou can finde,
Hyer her in mine armes to sleepe,
And take her up in thine armes twaine
For filinge* of her feete.

Ellen is gone into the towne,
And low into the streete:
The fairest ladye that shee cold find,
Shee hyred in his armes to sleepe:
And tooke her up in her armes twayne,
For filing of her feete.

I pray you nowe, good Childe Watèrs,
Let me lye at your bedds feete:
For there is noe place about this house,
Where I may 'saye† a sleepe.

'He gave her leave, and faire Ellèn
'Down at his beds feet lay:'
This done the nighte drove on apace,
And when it was neare the daye,

Hee sayd, Rise up, my litle foot-page,
Give my steede corne and haye;

* i. e. defiling. See Warton's Observ. vol. II. p. 158.
† i. e. essay, attempt.

And soe doe thou the good black oats,
To carry mee better awaye.

Up then rose the faire Ellèn,
And gave his steede corne and hay;
And soe shee did the good blacke oates,
To carry him the better away.

Shee leaned her backe to the manger side,
And grievouslye did groane:
She leaned her back to the manger side,
And there shee made her moane.

And that beheard his mother deere,
Shee heard her there monand.*
Shee sayd, Rise up, thou Childe Watèrs,
I think thee a cursed man.

For in thy stable is a ghost,
That grievouslye doth grone:
Or else some woman labours of childe,
Shee is soe woe-begone.

Up then rose Childe Waters soon,
And did on his shirte of silke;
And then he put on his other clothes,
On his body as white as milke.

And when he came to the stable dore,
Full still there he did stand,
That hee mighte heare his fayre Ellèn,
Howe shee made her monànd.

She sayd, Lullabye, mine owne deere child,
Lullabye, dere child, dere;
I wold thy father were a king,
Thy mother layd on a biere.

Peace now, hee said, good faire Ellèn,
Be of good cheere, I praye;
And the bridal and the churching both
Shall bee upon one day.

* Sic in MS. i. e. moaning, bemoaning, &c.

X.

Phillida and Corydon.

This Sonnet is given from a small quarto MS. in the Editor's possession, written in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Another copy of it, containing some variations, is reprinted in the Muses Library, p. 295, from an ancient miscellany, entitled England's Helicon, 1600, 4to. The author was Nicholas Breton, a writer of some fame in the reign of Elizabeth; who also published an interlude, entitled "An old man's lesson and a young man's love," 4to., and many other little pieces in prose and verse, the titles of which may be seen in Winstanley, Ames' Typog., and Osborne's Harl. Catalog., &c.—He is mentioned with great respect by Meres, in his second part of "Wit's Commonwealth," 1598, f. 283, and is alluded to in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Scornful Lady," Act 2, and again in "Wit without Money," Act 3.—See Whalley's Ben Jonson, vol. III., p. 103.

The present Edition is improved by a copy in "England's Helicon," vol. III., edit. 1614, 8vo.

In the merrie moneth of Maye,
In a morne by break of daye,
With a troope of damselles playing
Forthe 'I yode' forsooth a maying:

When anon by a wood side,
Where as Maye was in his pride,
I espied all alone
Phillida and Corydon.

Much adoe there was, god wot;
He wold love, and she wold not.
She sayde, never man was trewe;
He sayes, none was false to you.

He sayde, hee had lovde her longe:
She sayes, love should have no wronge.
Corydon wold kisse her then:
She sayes, maydes must kisse no men,

Tyll they doe for good and all.
When she made the shepperde call
All the heavens to wytnes truthe,
Never loved a truer youthe.

Then with manie a prettie othe,
Yea and nay, and faith and trothe;
Suche as seelie shepperdes use
When they will not love abuse;

Love, that had bene long deluded,
Was with kisses sweete concluded;
And Phillida with garlands gaye
Was made the lady of the Maye.

Ver. 4, the wode, MS.

†‡† The foregoing little pastoral of "Phillida and Corydon" is one of the songs in "The Honourable Entertainment gieven to the Queenes Majestie in Progresse at Elvetham in Hampshire, by the R. H. the Earle of Hertford, 1591," 4to. [Printed by Wolfe. No name of author.] See in that pamphlet,

"The thirde daies entertainment.

"On Wednesday morning about 9 o'clock, as her Majestie opened a casement of her gallerie window, ther were 3 excellent musitians, who being disguised in auncient country attire, did greete her with a pleasant song of 'Corydon and Phillida,' made in three parts of purpose. The song, as well for the worth of the dittie, as the aptnesse of the note thereto applied, it pleased her Highnesse after it had been once sung to command it againe, and highly to grace it with her cheerefull acceptance and commendation.

"The Plowman's Song.

"*In the merrie month of May, &c.*"

The splendour and magnificence of Elizabeth's reign is no where more strongly painted than in these little diaries of some of her summer excursions to the houses of her nobility; nor could a more acceptable present be given to the world, than a republication of a select number of such details as this of the entertainment at Elvetham, that at Killingworth, &c., &c., which so strongly mark the spirit of the times, and present us with scenes so very remote from modern manners.

*** Since the above was written, the Public hath been gratified with a most complete work on the foregoing subject, entitled "The Progresses and Public Processions of Queen Elizabeth, &c. By John Nichols, F. A. S., Edinb. and Perth, 1788," 2 vols., 4to.

XI.

Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard.

This ballad is ancient, and has been popular; we find it quoted in many old plays. See Beaum. and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle, 4to., 1613, Act 5. The Varietie, a comedy, 12mo., 1649, Act 4, &c. In Sir William Davenant's play, "The Witts," Act 3, a gallant thus boasts of himself:

"Limber and sound! besides I sing Musgrave,
And for Chevy-chace no lark comes near mee."

In the Pepys Collection, vol. III., p. 314, is an imitation of this old song, in 33 stanzas, by a more modern pen, with many alterations, but evidently for the worse.

This is given from an old printed copy in the British Museum, with corrections; some of which are from a fragment in the Editor's folio MS. It is also printed in Dryden's Collection of Miscellaneous Poems.

As it fell out on a highe holye daye,
As many bee in the yeare,
When yong men and maides together do goe,
Their masses and mattins to heare,

Little Musgràve came to the church door,
The priest was at the mass;
But he had more mind of the fine womèn,
Then he had of our Ladyes grace.

And some of them were clad in greene,
And others were clad in pall;
And then came in my Lord Barnardes wife,
The fairest among them all.

Shee cast an eye on little Musgràve
As bright as the summer sunne:
O then bethought him little Musgràve,
This ladyes heart I have wonne.

Quoth she, I have loved thee, little Musgràve,
Fulle long and manye a daye.
So have I loved you, ladye faire,
Yet word I never durst saye.

I have a bower at Bucklesford-bury,*
Full daintilye bedight,
If thoult wend thither, my little Musgràve,
Thoust lig in mine armes all night.

Quoth hee, I thanke yee, ladye faire,
This kindness yee shew to mee;
And whether it be to my weale or woe,
This night will I lig with thee.

All this beheard a litle foot-page,
By his ladyes coach as he ranne:
Quoth he, thoughe I am my ladyes page,
Yet Ime my Lord Barnardes manne.

My Lord Barnàrd shall knowe of this,
Although I lose a limbe.
And ever whereas the bridges were broke,
He layd him downe to swimme.

Asleep or awake, thou Lord Barnàrd,
As thou art a man of life,
Lo! this same night at Bucklesford-Bury
Litle Musgrave's in bed with thy wife.

If it be trew, thou litle foote-page,
This tale thou hast told to mee,
Then all my lands in Bucklesford-Bury
I freelye will give to thee.

But and it be a lye, thou litle foot-page,
This tale thou hast told to mee,
On the highest tree in Bucklesford-Bury
All hanged shalt thou bee.

Rise up, rise up, my merry men all,
And saddle me my good steede;
This night must I to Bucklesford-Bury;
God wott, I had never more neede.

Then some they whistled, and some they sang,
And some did loudlye saye,
Whenever Lord Barnardes horne it blewe,
Awaye, Musgràve, away.

* *Bucklefield-berry*, fol. MS.

Methinkes I heare the throstle cocke,
  Methinkes I heare the jay,
Methinkes I heare Lord Barnards horne;
  I would I were awaye.

Lye still, lye still, thou little Musgràve,
  And huggle me from the cold;
For it is but some shephardes boye
  A whistling his sheepe to the fold.

Is not thy hawke upon the pearche,
  Thy horse eating corne and haye?
And thou a gay lady within thine armes:
  And wouldst thou be awaye?

By this Lord Barnard was come to the dore,
  And lighted upon a stone:
And he pulled out three silver keyes,
  And opened the dores eche one.

He lifted up the coverlett,
  He lifted up the sheete;
How now, how now, thou little Musgràve,
  Dost find my gaye ladye sweete?

I find her sweete, quoth little Musgràve,
  The more is my griefe and paine;
Ide gladlye give three hundred poundes
  That I were on yonder plaine.

Arise, arise, thou little Musgràve,
  And put thy cloathes nowe on,
It shall never be said in my countree,
  That I killed a naked man.

I have two swordes in one scabbàrde,
  Full deare they cost my purse;
And thou shalt have the best of them,
  And I will have the worse.

Ver. 64, Is whistling sheepe ore the mold, fol. MS.

The first stroke that little Musgrave strucke,
  He hurt Lord Barnard sore;
The next stroke that Lord Barnard strucke,
  Little Musgrave never strucke more.

With that bespake the ladye faire,
  In bed whereas she laye,
Althoughe thou art dead, my little Musgrave,
  Yet for the I will praye:

And wishe well to thy soule will I,
  So long as I have life;
So will I not do for thee, Barnàrd,
  Thoughe I am thy wedded wife.

He cut her pappes from off her brest;
  Great pitye it was to see
The drops of this fair ladyes bloode
  Run trickling downe her knee.

Wo worth, wo worth ye, my merrye men all,
  You never were borne for my goode:
Why did you not offer to stay my hande,
  When you sawe me wax so woode?

For I have slaine the fairest sir knighte,
  That ever rode on a steede;
So have I done the fairest lady,
  That ever ware womans weede.

A grave, a grave, Lord Barnard cryde,
  To putt these lovers in;
But lay my ladye o' the upper hande,
  For shee comes o' the better kin.

†‡† That the more modern copy is to be dated about the middle of the last century, will be readily conceived from the tenor of the concluding stanza, viz.

"This said Mischief by Lust was wrought;
  Then let us call for Grace
That we may shun the wicked vice,
  And fly from Sin a-pace."

***

XII.

The Ew-Bughts, Marion.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

THIS sonnet appears to be ancient: that and its simplicity of sentiment have recommended it to a place here.

WILL ze gae to the ew-bughts, Marion,
And wear in the sheip wi' mee?
The sun shines sweit, my Marion,
But nae half sae sweit as thee.
O Marion's a bonnie lass;
And the blyth blinks in her ee:
And fain wad I marrie Marion,
Gin Marion wad marrie mee.

Theire's gowd in zour garters, Marion;
And siller on zour white hauss-bane:*
Fou faine wad I kisse my Marion
At eene quhan I cum hame.
Theire's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,
Quha gape and glowr wi' their ee
At kirk, quhan they see my Marion;
Bot nane of them lues like mee.

Ive nine milk-ews, my Marion,
A cow and a brawney quay;
Ise gie tham au to my Marion,
Just on her bridal day.
And zees get a grein sey apron,
And waistcote o' London broun;
And wow bot ze will be vaporing
Quhaneir ze gang to the toun.

Ime yong and stout, my Marion,
None dance lik mee on the greine;
And gin ze forsak me, Marion,
Ise een gae draw up wi' Jeane.
Sae put on zour pearlins, Marion,
And kirtle oth' cramasie,
And sune as my chin has nae haire on,
I sall cum west, and see zee.

XIII.

The Knight, and Shepherd's Daughter.

THIS ballad (given from an old black letter Copy, with some corrections) was popular in the time of Queen Elizabeth, being usually printed with her picture before it, as Hearne informs us in his preface to "Gul. Neubrig, Hist. Oxon, 1719, 8vo., vol. I., p. lxx." It is quoted in Fletcher's comedy of the Pilgrim, Act 4, sc. 1.

THERE was a shepherds daughter
Came tripping on the waye;
And there by chance a knighte shee mett,
Which caused her to staye.

Good morrowe to you, beauteous maide,
These words pronounced hee:
O I shall dye this daye, he sayd,
If Ive not my wille of thee.

The Lord forbid, the maide replyd,
That you shold waxe so wode!
'But for all that shee could do or saye,
He wold not be withstood.'

Sith you have had your wille of mee,
And put me to open shame,
Now, if you are a courteous knighte,
Tell me what is your name?

Some do call mee Jacke, sweet heart,
And some do call mee Jille;
But when I come to the kings faire courte
They call me Wilfulle Wille.

Hauss-bane, i. e. The neck-bone. Marion had probably a silver locket on, tied close to her neck with a ribband, an usual ornament in Scotland; where a sore throat is called "*a sair hause*," properly *halse*.

He sett his foot into the stirrup,
And awaye then he did ride;
She tuckt her girdle about her middle,
And ranne close by his side.

But when she came to the brode watèr,
She sett her brest and swamme;
And when she was got out againe,
She tooke to her heels and ranne.

He never was the courteous knighte,
To saye, faire maide, will ye ride?
And she was ever too loving a maide
To saye, sir knighte abide.

When she came to the kings faire courte,
She knocked at the ring;
So readye was the king himself
To lett this faire maide in.

Now Christ you save, my gracious liege,
Now Christ you save and see,
You have a knighte within your courte
This daye hath robbed mee.

What hath he robbed thee of, sweet heart?
Of purple or of pall?
Or hath he took thy gaye gold ring
From off thy finger small?

He hath not robbed mee, my leige,
Of purple nor of pall:
But he hath gotten my maiden head,
Which grieves mee worst of all.

Now if he be a batchelor,
His bodye Ile give to thee;
But if he be a married man,
High hanged he shall bee.

He called downe his merrye men all,
By one, by two, by three;
Sir William used to bee the first,
But nowe the last came hee.

He brought her downe full fortye pounde,
Tyed up withinne a glove:
Faire maide, Ile give the same to thee;
Go, seeke thee ánother love.

O Ile have none of your gold, she sayde,
Nor Ile have none of your fee;
But your faire bodye I must have,
The king hath granted mee.

Sir William ranne and fetchd her then
Five hundred pound in golde,
Saying, faire maide, take this to thee,
Thy fault will never be tolde.

Tis not the gold that shall mee tempt,
These words then answered shee,
But your own bodye I must have,
The king hath granted mee.

Would I had dranke the water cleare,
When I did drinke the wine,
Rather than any shepherds brat
Shold bee a ladye of mine!

Would I had drank the puddle foule,
When I did drink the ale,
Rather than ever a shepherds brat
Shold tell me such a tale!

A shepherds brat even as I was,
You mote have let me bee,
I never had come othe kings faire courte,
To crave any love of thee.

He sett her on a milk-white steede,
And himself upon a graye;
He hung a bugle about his necke,
And soe they rode awaye.

But when they came unto the place,
Where marriage-rites were done,
She proved herself a dukes daughtèr,
And he but a squires sonne.

Now marrye me, or not, sir knight,
Your pleasure shall be free:
If you make me ladye of one good towne,
Ile make you lord of three.

Ah! curst bee the gold, he sayd,
If thou hadst not been trewe,
I shold have forsaken my sweet love,
And have changed her for a newe.

And now their hearts being linked fast,
They joyned hand in hande:
Thus he had both purse, and person too,
And all at his commande.

Ver. 50, His bodye Ile give to thee.] This was agreeable to the feudal customs: the lord had a right to give a wife to his vassals. See Shakspeare's "All's well that ends well."

XIV.

The Shepherd's Address to his Muse.

This Poem, originally printed from the small MS. volume mentioned above in No. X., has been improved by a more perfect copy in "England's Helicon," where the author is discovered to be N. Breton.

Good Muse, rocke me aslepe
With some sweete harmony:
This wearie eyes is not to kepe
Thy wary company.

Sweete Love, begon a while,
Thou seest my heavines:
Beautie is borne but to beguyle
My harte of happines.

See howe my little flocke,
That lovde to feede on highe,
Doe headlonge tumble downe the rocke,
And in the valley dye.

The bushes and the trees,
That were so fresho and greene,
Doe all their deintie colors leese,
And not a leafe is seene.

The blacke birde and the thrushe,
That made the woodes to ringe,
With all the rest, are now at hushe,
And not a note they singe.

Swete Philomele, the birde
That hath the heavenly throte,
Doth nowe, alas! not once afforde
Recordinge of a note.

The flowers have had a frost,
The herbs have loste their savoure;
And Phillida the faire hath lost
'For me her wonted' favour.

Thus all these careful sights
So kill me in conceit:
That now to hope upon delights,
It is but meere deceite.

And therefore, my sweete muse,
That knowest what helpe is best,
Doe nowe thy heavenlie conninge use
To sett my harte at rest:

And in a dreame bewraie
What fate shal be my frende;
Whether my life shall still decaye,
Or when my sorrowes ende.

XV.

Lord Thomas and Fair Elinor,

—Is given (with corrections) from an ancient copy in black-letter, in the Pepys collection, entitled "A tragical ballad on the unfortunate love of Lord Thomas and fair Ellinor, together with the downfall of the browne girl."—In the same collection may be seen an attempt to modernize this old song, and reduce it to a different measure: a proof of its popularity.

Lord Thomas he was a bold forrestèr,
And a chaser of the kings deere;
Faire Ellinor was a fine womàn,
And Lord Thomas he loved his deare.

Come riddle my riddle, dear mother, he sayd,
And riddle us both as one;
Whether I shall marrye with faire Ellinòr,
And let the browne girl alone?

The browne girl she has got houses and lands,
Fair Ellinor she has got none,
And therefore I charge thee on my blessing,
To bring me the browne girl home.

And as it befelle on a high holidaye,
As many there are beside,
Lord Thomas he went to faire Ellinòr,
That should have been her bride.

And when he came to faire Ellinors bower,
He knocked there at the ring,
And who was so ready as faire Ellinòr,
To lett Lord Thomas withinn.

What newes, what newes, Lord Thomas, she sayd?
What newes dost thou bring to mee?
I am come to bid thee to my weddìng,
And that is bad news for thee.

O God forbid, Lord Thomas, she sayd,
That such a thing should be done;
I thought to have been the bride my selfe,
And thou to have been the bridegrome.

Come riddle my riddle, dear mother, she sayd,
And riddle it all in one;
Whether I shall goe to Lord Thomas his wedding,
Or whether shall tarry at home?

There are manye that are your friendes, daughtèr,
And manye a one your foe,
Therefore I charge you on my blessing,
To Lord Thomas his wedding don't goe.

There are manye that are my friendes, mothèr;
But were every one my foe,
Betide me life, betide me death,
To Lord Thomas his wedding I'ld goe.

She cloathed herself in gallant attire,
And her merrye men all in greene;
And as they rid through every towne,
They took her to be some queene.

But when she came to Lord Thomas his gate,
She knocked there at the ring;

Ver. 29, It should probably be Reade me, read, &c., i. e. Advise me, advise.

And who was so readye as Lord Thomàs,
To lett faire Ellinor in.

Is this your bride, fair Ellinor sayd?
Methinks she looks wonderous browne;
Thou mightest have had as faire a womàn,
As ever trode on the grounde.

Despise her not, fair Ellin, he sayd,
Despise her not unto mee;
For better I love thy little fingèr,
Than all her whole bodèe.

This browne bride had a little penknife,
That was both long and sharpe,
And betwixt the short ribs and the long,
She prick'd faire Ellinor's harte.

O Christ thee save, Lord Thomas hee sayd,
Methinkst thou lookst wondrous wan;
Thou usedst to look with as fresh a colòur,
As ever the sun shone on.

Oh, art thou blind, Lord Thomas? she sayd,
Or canst thou not very well see?
Oh! dost thou not see my owne hearts bloode
Run trickling down my knee.

Lord Thomas he had a sword by his side;
As he walked about the halle,
He cut off his brides head from her shouldèrs,
And threwe it against the walle.

He set the hilte against the grounde,
And the point against his harte.
There never three lovers together did meete,
That sooner againe did parte.

*** The reader will find a Scottish song on a similar subject to this, towards the end of this volume, entitled "Lord Thomas and Lady Annet."

XVI.

Cupid and Campaspe.

This elegant little sonnet is found in the third act of an old play, entitled "Alexander and Campaspe," written by John Lilye, a celebrated writer in the time of Queen Elizabeth. That play was first printed in 1591: but this copy is given from a later edition.

Cupid and my Campaspe playd
At cardes for kisses; Cupid payd:
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mothers doves, and teame of sparrows;
Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lippe, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how),
With these, the crystal of his browe,
And then the dimple of his chinne;
All these did my Campaspe winne.
At last he set her both his eyes,
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love! has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of mee?

XVII.

The Lady turned Serving-Man.

—Is given from a written copy, containing some improvements (perhaps modern ones), upon the popular ballad, entitled, "The famous flower of Serving-men; or the Lady turned Serving-man."

You beauteous ladyes, great and small,
I write unto you one and all,
Whereby that you may understand
What I have suffered in the land.

I was by birth a lady faire,
An ancient barons only heire,
And when my good old father died,
Then I became a young knightes bride.

And there my love built me a bower,
Bedeck'd with many a fragrant flower;
A braver bower you ne'er did see
Than my true love did build for mee.

And there I livde a ladye gay,
Till fortune wrought our loves decay;
For there came foes so fierce a band,
That soon they over-run the land.

They came upon us in the night,
And brent my bower, and slew my knight;
And trembling hid in mans array,
I scant with life escaped away.

In the midst of this extremitie,
My servants all did from me flee:
Thus was I left myself alone,
With heart more cold than any stone.

Yet though my heart was full of care,
Heaven would not suffer me to dispaire,
Wherefore in haste I chang'd my name
From fair Elise, to sweet Williame:

And therewithall I cut my haire,
Resolv'd my man's attire to weare;
And in my beaver, hose and band,
I travell'd far through many a land.

At length all wearied with my toil,
I sate me down to rest awhile;
My heart it was so fill'd with woe,
That downe my cheeke the teares did flow.

It chanc'd the king of that same place
With all his lords a hunting was,
And seeing me weepe, upon the same
Askt who I was, and whence I came.

Then to his grace I did replye,
I am a poore and friendlesse boye,
Though nobly borne, nowe forc'd to bee
A serving-man of lowe degree.

Stand up, faire youth, the king reply'd,
For thee a service I'll provyde;
But tell me first what thou canst do;
Thou shalt be fitted thereunto.

Wilt thou be usher of my hall,
To wait upon my nobles all?
Or wilt be taster of my wine,
To 'tend on me when I shall dine?

Or wilt thou be my chamberlaine,
About my person to remaine?
Or wilt thou be one of my guard,
And I will give thee great reward?

Chuse, gentle youth, said he, thy place.
Then I reply'd, If it please your grace,
To shew such favour unto mee,
Your chamberlaine I faine would bee.

The king then smiling gave consent,
And straitwaye to his court I went;
Where I behavde so faithfullie,
That hee great favour showd to mee.

Now marke what fortune did provide;
The king he would a hunting ride
With all his lords and noble traine,
Sweet William must at home remaine.

Thus being left alone behind,
My former state came in my mind:
I wept to see my mans array;
No longer now a ladye gay.

And meeting with a ladyes vest,
Within the same myself I drest;
With silken robes and jewels rare,
I deckt me, as a ladye faire:

And taking up a lute straitwaye,
Upon the same I strove to play;
And sweetly to the same did sing,
As made both hall and chamber ring.

"My father was as brave a lord,
As ever Europe might afford;
My mother was a lady bright:
My husband was a valiant knight:

"And I myself a ladye gay
Bedeckt with gorgeous rich array;
The happiest lady in the land
Had not more pleasure at command.

"I had my musicke every day
Harmonious lessons for to play;
I had my virgins fair and free
Continually to wait on mee.

"But now, alas! my husband's dead,
And all my friends are from me fled,
My former days are past and gone,
And I am now a serving-man."

And fetching many a tender sigh,
As thinking no one then was nigh,
In pensive mood I laid me lowe,
My heart was full, the tears did flowe.

The king, who had a huntinge gone,
Grewe weary of his sport anone,
And leaving all his gallant traine,
Turn'd on the sudden home againe:

And when he reach'd his statelye tower,
Hearing one sing within his bower,
He stopt to listen, and to see
Who sung there so melodiouslie.

Thus heard he everye word I sed,
And saw the pearlye teares I shed,
And found to his amazement there,
Sweete William was a ladye faire.

Then stepping in, Faire ladye rise,
And dry, said he, those lovelye eyes,
For I have heard thy mournful tale,
The which shall turn to thy availe.

A crimson dye my face orespred,
I blusht for shame, and hung my head,
To find my sex and story knowne,
When as I thought I was alone.

But to be briefe, his royall grace
Grewe so enamour'd of my face,
The richest gifts he proffered mee,
His mistress if that I would bee.

Ah! no, my liege, I firmlye sayd,
I'll rather in my grave be layd,
And though your grace hath won my heart,
I ne'er will act soe base a part.

Faire ladye, pardon me, sayd hee,
Thy virtue shall rewarded bee,
And since it is soe fairly tryde,
Thou shalt become my royal bride.

Then strait to end his amorous strife,
He tooke sweet William to his wife.
The like before was never seene,
A serving-man became a queene.

***

XVIII.

Gil Morrice.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

The following piece hath run through two editions in Scotland: the second was printed at Glasgow in 1755, 8vo. Prefixed to them both is an advertisement, setting forth that the preservation of this poem was owing "to a lady, who favoured the printers with a copy, as it was carefully collected from the mouths of old women and nurses;" and "any reader that can render it more correct or complete," is desired to oblige the public with such improvements. In consequence of this advertisement, sixteen additional verses have been produced and handed about in manuscript, which are here inserted in their proper places: (these are from verse 109 to verse 121, and from verse 124 to verse 129, but are perhaps, after all, only an ingenious interpolation.)

As this poem lays claim to a pretty high antiquity, we have assigned it a place among our early pieces: though, after all, there is reason to believe it has received very considerable modern improvements: for in the Editor's ancient MS. collection is a very old imperfect copy of the same ballad: wherein though the leading features of the story are the same, yet the colouring here is so much improved and heightened, and so many additional strokes are thrown in, that it is evident the whole has undergone a revisal.

N. B. The Editor's MS., instead of "Lord Barnard," has "John Stewart;" and instead of "Gil Morrice," "Child Maurice," which last is probably the original title. See above, p. 337.

Gil Morrice was an erlès son,
His name it waxed wide;
It was nae for his great richès,
Nor zet his mickle pride;
Bot it was for a lady gay,
That livd on Carron side.

Quhair sall I get a bonny boy,
That will win hose and shoen;
That will gae to Lord Barnards ha',
And bid his lady cum?
And ze maun rin my errand, Willie;
And ze may rin wi' pride;
Quhen other boys gae on their foot,
On horse-back ze sall ride.

O no! oh no! my master dear!
I dare nae for my life;
I'll no gae to the bauld barons,
For to triest furth his wife.
My bird Willie, my boy Willie;
My dear Willie, he sayd:
How can ze strive against the stream?
For I sall be obeyd.

Bot, O my master dear! he cryd,
In grene wod ze're zour lain;
Gi owre sic thochts, I walde ze rede,
For fear ze should be tain.
Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha',
Bid hir cum here wi speid:
If ze refuse my heigh command,
Ill gar zour body bleid.

Gae bid hir take this gay mantèl,
'Tis a' gowd bot the hem;
Bid hir cum to the gude grene wode,
And bring nane bot hir lain:
And there it is, a silken sarke,
Hir ain hand sewd the sleive;
And bid hir cum to Gill Morice,
Speir nae bauld barons leave.

Ver. 11, something seems wanting here. V. 32, and 68, perhaps, 'bout the hem.

Yes, I will gae zour black errand,
Though it be to zour cost;
Sen ze by me will nae be warn'd,
In it ze sall find frost.
The baron he is a man of might,
He neir could bide to taunt,
As ze will see before its nicht,
How sma' ze hae to vaunt.

And sen I maun zour errand rin
Sae sair against my will;
I'se mak a vow and keip it trow,
It sall be done for ill.
And quhen he came to broken brigue,
He bent his bow and swam;
And quhen he came to grass growing,
Set down his feet and ran.

And quhen he came to Barnards ha',
Would neither chap nor ca':
Bot set his bent bow to his breist,
And lichtly lap the wa'.
He wauld nae tell the man his errand,
Though he stude at the gait;
Bot straiht into the ha' he cam,
Quhair they were set at meit.

Hail! hail! my gentle sire and dame!
My message winna waite;
Dame, ze maun to the gude grene wod
Before that it be late.
Ze're bidden tak this gay mantèl,
Tis a' gowd bot the hem:
Zou maun gae to the gude grene wode,
Ev'n by your sel alane.

And there it is, a silken sarke,
Your ain hand sewd the sleive;
Ze maun gae speik to Gill Morìce:
Speir nae bauld barons leave.
The lady stamped wi' hir foot,
And winked wi' hir ee;
Bot a' that she coud say or do,
Forbidden he wad nae bee.

Its surely to my bow'r-womàn;
It neir could be to me.
I brocht it to Lord Barnards lady;
I trow that ze be she.
Then up and spack the wylie nurse,
(The bairn upon hir knee)
If it be cum frae Gil Morìce,
It's deir welcum to mee.

Ver. 58, Could this be the wall of the castle?

Ze leid, ze leid, ze filthy nurse,
Sae loud I heird ze lee;
I brocht it to Lord Barnards lady;
I trow ze be nae shee.
Then up and spack the bauld baròn,
An angry man was hee;
He's tain the table wi' his foot,
Sae has he wi' his knee;
Till siller cup and 'mazer'* dish
In flinders he gard flee.

Gae bring a robe of zour clidìng,
That hings upon the pin;
And I'll gae to the gude grene wode,
And speik wi' zour lemmàn.
O bide at hame, now Lord Barnàrd,
I warde ze bide at hame;
Neir wyte a man for violence,
That neir wate ze wi' nane.

Gil Morice state in gude grene wode,
He whistled and he sang:
O what mean a' the folk comìng,
My mother tarries lang.
His hair was like the threeds of gold,
Drawne frae Minerva's loome:
His lipps like roses drapping dew,
His breath was a' perfume.

His brow was like the mountain snae
Gilt by the morning beam:
His cheeks like living roses glow:
His een like azure stream.
The boy was clad in robes of grene,
Sweete as the infant spring:
And like the mavis on the bush,
He gart the vallies ring.

The baron came to the grene wode,
Wi' mickle dule and care,
And there he first spied Gill Morìce
Kameing his zellow hair:
That sweetly wavd around his face,
That face beyond compare:
He sang sae sweet it might dispel
A' rage but fell despair.

V. 88 Perhaps, loud say I heire.
Ver. 128. So Milton,

> Vernal delight and joy: able to drive
> All sadness but despair. B. iv. v. 155.

*i. e. a drinking cup of maple: other edit. read *czar*.

Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gill Morice,
My lady loed thee weel,
The fairest part of my bodie
Is blacker than thy heel.
Zet neir the less now, Gill Morice,
For a' thy great beautiè,
Ze's rew the day ze eir was born;
That head sall gae wi' me.

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
And slaited on the strae;
And thro' Gill Morice' fair body
He's gar cauld iron gae.
And he has tain Gill Morice' head
And set it on a speir;
The meanest man in a' his train
Has gotten that head to bear.

And he has tain Gill Morice up,
Laid him across his steid,
And brocht him to his painted bowr,
And laid him on a bed.
The lady sat on castil wa',
Beheld baith dale and doun;
And there she saw Gill Morice' head
Cum trailing to the toun.

Far better I loe that bluidy head,
Both and that zellow hair,
Than lord Barnard, and a' his lands,
As they lig here and thair.
And she has tain her Gill Morice,
And kissd baith mouth and chin:
I was once as fow of Gill Morice,
As the hip is o' the stean.

I got ze in my father's house,
Wi' mickle sin and shame;
I brocht thee up in gude grene wode,
Under the heavy rain.
Oft have I by thy cradle sitten,
And fondly seen thee sleip;
But now I gae about thy grave,
The saut tears for to weip.

And syne she kissd his bluidy cheik,
And syne his bluidy chin:
O better I loe my Gill Morice
That a' my kith and kin!
Away, away, ze ill womàn,
And an il deith mait ze dee:
Gin I had kend he'd bin zour son,
He'd neir bin slain for mee.

Obraid me not, my Lord Barnard!
Obraid me not for shame!
Wi' that saim speir O pierce my heart!
And put me out o' pain.
Since nothing bot Gill Morice head
Thy jelous rage could quell,
Let that saim hand now tak hir life,
That neir to thee did ill.

To me nae after days nor nichts
Will eir be saft or kind;
I'll fill the air with heavy sighs,
And greet till I am blind.
Enouch of blood by me's bin spilt,
Seek not zour death frae mee;
I rather lourd it had been my sel
Than eather him or thee.

With waefo wae I hear zour plaint;
Sair, sair I rew the deid,
That eir this cursed hand of mine
Had gard his body bleid.
Dry up zour tears, my winsome dame,
Ze neir can heal the wound;
Ze see his head upon the speir,
His heart's blude on the ground.

I curse the hand that did the deid,
The heart that thocht the ill;
The feet that bore me wi' silk speid,
The comely zouth to kill.
I'll ay lament for Gill Morice,
As gin he were mine ain;
I'll neir forget the dreiry day
On which the zouth was slain.

*** This little pathetic tale suggested the plot of the tragedy of "Douglas."

Since it was first printed, the Editor has been assured that the foregoing ballad is still current in many parts of Scotland, where the hero is universally known by the name of "Child Maurice," pronounced by the common people *Cheild* or *Cheeld;* which occasioned the mistake.

It may be proper to mention, that other copies read ver. 110 thus:

"Shot frae the golden sun."

And ver. 116 as follows:

"His een like azure sheene."

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

SERIES THE THIRD.

BOOK II.

I.

The Legend of Sir Guy

—Contains a short summary of the exploits of this famous champion, as recorded in the old story books; and is commonly entitled "A pleasant song of the valiant deeds of chivalry achieved by that noble knight Sir Guy of Warwick, who, for the love of fair Phelis, became a hermit, and dyed in a cave of craggy rocke, a mile distant from Warwick."

The history of Sir Guy, though now very properly resigned to children, was once admired by all readers of wit and taste: for taste and wit had once their childhood. Although of English growth, it was early a favourite with other nations: it appeared in French in 1525; and is alluded to in the old Spanish romance *Tirante el blanco*, which, it is believed, was written not long after the year 1430. See advertisement to the French translation, 2 vols. 12mo.

The original whence all these stories are extracted is a very ancient romance in old English verse, which is quoted by Chaucer as a celebrated piece even in his time (viz.),

"Men speken of romances of price,
Of Horne childe and Ippotis,
Of Bevis, and Sir Guy, &c." (R. of Thop.)

and was usually sung to the harp at Christmas dinners and brideales, as we learn from Puttenham's Art of Poetry, 4to., 1589.

This ancient romance is not wholly lost. An imperfect copy in black letter, "Imprynted at London——for William Copland," in 34 sheets 4to. without date, is still preserved among Mr. Garrick's collection of old plays. As a specimen of the poetry of this antique rhymer, take his description of the dragon mentioned in ver. 105 of the following ballad:

"A messenger came to the king.
Syr king, he sayd, lysten me now,
For bad tydinges I bring you,
In Northumberlande there is no man,
But that they be slayne everychone:
For there dare no man route,
By twenty myle rounde aboute,
For doubt of a fowle dragon,
That sleath men and beastes downe.
He is blacke as any cole
Rugged as a rough fole;
His bodye from the navill upwarde
No man may it pierce it is so harde;
His neck is great as any summere;
He renneth as swifte as any distrere;
Pawes he hath as a lyon:
All that he toucheth he sleath dead downe.
Great winges he hath to flight,
That is no man that bare him might.
There may no man fight him agayne,
But that he sleath him certayne:
For a fowler beast then is he,
Ywis of none never heard ye."

Sir William Dugdale is of opinion that the story of Guy is not wholly apocryphal, though he acknowledges the monks have sounded out his praises too hyperbolically. In particular, he gives the duel fought with the Danish champion as a real historical truth, and fixes the date of it in the year 926, ætat. Guy 67. See his Warwickshire.

The following is written upon the same plan as ballad V. Book I., but which is the original, and which the copy, cannot be decided. This song is ancient, as may be inferred from the idiom preserved in the margin, ver. 94, 102: and was once popular, as appears from Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle, Act 2, sc. ult.

It is here published from an ancient MS. copy in the Editor's old folio volume, collated with two printed ones, one of which is in black letter in the Pepys collection.

Was ever knight for ladyes sake
Soe tost in love, as I Sir Guy
For Phelis fayre, that lady bright
As ever man beheld with eye?

She gave me leave myself to try,
The valiant knight with sheeld and speare,
Ere that her love she wold grant me;
Which made mee venture far and neare.

Then proved I a baron bold,
In deeds of armes the doughtyest knight
That in those dayes in England was,
With sworde and speare in fieild to fight.

An English man I was by birthe:
In faith of Christ a christyan true:
The wicked laws of infidells
I sought by prowesse to subdue.

'Nine' hundred twenty yeere and odde
After our Saviour Christ his birth,
When King Athèlstone wore the crowne,
I lived heere upon the earth.

Sometime I was of Warwicke erle,
And, as I sayd, of very truth
A ladyes love did me constraine
To seeke strange ventures in my youth.

To win me fame by feates of armes
In strange and sundry heathen lands;
Where I atchieved for her sake
Right dangerous conquests with my hands.

For first I sayled to Normandye,
And there I stoutlye wan in fight
The emperours daughter of Almaine,
From manye a vallyant worthye knight.

Then passed I the seas to Greece
To helpe the emperour in his right;
Against the mightye souldans hoaste
Of puissant Persians for to fight.

Where I did slay of Sarazens,
And heathen pagans, manye a man;
And slew the souldans cozen deere,
Who had to name doughtye Coldràn.

Eskeldered a famous knight
To death likewise I did pursue:
And Elmayne King of Tyre alsoe,
Most terrible in fight to viewe.

I went into the souldans hoast,
Being thither on embassage sent,
And brought his head awaye with mee;
I having slaine him in his tent.

There was a dragon in that land
Most fiercely mett me by the waye
As hee a lyon did pursue,
Which I myself did alsoe slay.

Then soon I past the seas from Greece,
And came to Pavye land aright:
Where I the duke of Pavye killed,
His hainous treason to requite.

To England then I came with speede,
To wedd faire Phelis lady bright:
For love of whome I travelled farr
To try my manhood and my might.

But when I had espoused her,
I stayd with her but fortye dayes,
Ere that I left this ladye faire,
And went from her beyond the seas.

All cladd in gray, in pilgrim sort,
My voyage from her I did take
Unto the blessed Holy-land,
For Jesus Christ my Saviours sake.

Where I Erle Jonas did redeeme,
And all his sonnes, which were fifteene,
Who with the cruell Sarazens
In prison for long time had beene.

I slew the gyant Amarant
In battel fiercelye hand to hand:
And doughty Barknard killed I,
A treacherous knight of Pavye land.

Then I to England came againe,
And here with Colbronde fell I fought:
An ugly gyant, which the Danes
Had for their champion hither brought.

I overcame him in the feild,
And slew him soone right valiantlye;
Wherebye this land I did redeeme
From Danish tribute utterlye.

And afterwards I offered upp
The use of weapons solemnlye
At Winchester, whereas I fought,
In sight of manye farr and nye.

Ver. 9, The proud Sir Guy, PC. V. 17, Two hundred, MS. and P.

'But first,' neare Winsor, I did slaye
A bore of passing might and strength;
Whose like in England never was
For hugenesse both in bredth and length.

Some of his bones in Warwicke yett
Within the castle there doe lye:
One of his sheeld-bones to this day
Hangs in the citye of Coventrye.

On Dunsmore heath I alsoe slewe
A monstrous wyld and cruell beast,
Calld the Dun-cow of Dunsmore heath;
Which manye people had opprest.

Some of her bones in Warwicke yett
Still for a monument doe lye,
And there exposed to lookers viewe
As wondrous strange, they may espye.

A dragon in Northumberland
I alsoe did in fight destroye,
Which did bothe man and beast oppresse,
And all the countrye sore annoye.

At length to Warwicke I did come,
Like pilgrim poore, and was not knowne;
And there I lived a hermitts life
A mile and more out of the towne.

Where with my hands I hewed a house
Out of a craggy rocke of stone;
And lived like a palmer poore
Within that cave myself alone:

And daylye came to begg my bread,
Of Phelis att my castle gate;
Not knowne unto my loved wiffe,
Who dailye mourned for her mate.

Till att the last I fell sore sicke,
Yea sicke soe sore that I must dye;
I sent to her a ring of golde,
By which she knew me presentlye.

Then shee repairing to the cave
Before that I gave up the ghost;
Herself closd up my dying eyes:
My Phelis faire, whom I lovd most.

Thus dreadful death did me arrest,
To bring my corpes unto the grave;
And like a palmer dyed I,
Wherby I sought my soule to save.

My body that endured this toyle,
Though now it be consumed to mold;
My statue fair engraven in stone,
In Warwicke still you may behold.

II.

Guy and Amarant.

The Editor found this Poem in his ancient folio manuscript among the old ballads; he was desirous, therefore, that it should still accompany them; and as it is not altogether devoid of merit, its insertion here will be pardoned.

Although this piece seems not imperfect, there is reason to believe that it is only a part of a much larger poem, which contained the whole history of Sir Guy: for, upon comparing it with the common story book 12mo., we find the latter to be nothing more than this poem reduced to prose: which is only effected by now and then altering the rhyme, and throwing out some few of the poetical ornaments. The disguise is so slight, that it is an easy matter to pick complete stanzas in any page of that book.

The author of this poem has shown some invention. Though he took the subject from the old romance quoted before, he has adorned it afresh, and made the story entirely his own.

Guy journeyes towards that sanctifyed ground,
Whereas the Jewes fayre citye sometime stood,
Wherein our Saviours sacred head was crownd,
And where for sinfull man he shed his blood:
To see the sepulcher was his intent,
The tombe that Joseph unto Jesus lent.

Ver. 94, 102, doth lye, MS.

With tedious miles he tyred his wearye feet,
And passed desart places full of danger,
At last with a most woefull wight* did meet,
A man that unto sorrow was noe stranger:
For he had fifteen sonnes, made captives all
To slavish bondage, in extremest thrall.

A gyant called Amarant detaind them,
Whom noe man durst encounter for his strength:
Who in a castle, which he held, had chaind them:
Guy questions, where? and understands at length
The place not farr.—Lend me thy sword, quoth hee,
Ile lend my manhood all thy sonnes to free.

With that he goes, and lays upon the dore,
Like one that sayes, I must, and will come in:
The gyant never was soe rowz'd before:
For noe such knocking at his gate had bin:
Soe takes his keyes, and clubb, and cometh out,
Staring with ireful countenance about.

Sirra, quoth hee, what business hast thou heere?
Art come to feast the crowes about my walls?
Didst never heare, noe ransome can him cleere,
That in the compasse of my furye falls:
For making me to take a porters paines,
With this same clubb I will dash out thy braines.

Gyant, quoth Guy, y'are quarrelsome I see,
Choller and you seem very neere of kin:
Most dangerous at the clubb belike you bee;
I have bin better armd, though nowe goe thin;
But shew thy utmost hate, enlarge thy spight,
Keene is my weapon, and shall doe me right.

Soe draws his sword, salutes him with the same
About the head, the shoulders, and the side:
Whilst his erected clubb doth death proclaime,
Standinge with huge Colossus' spacious stride,
Putting such vigour to his knotty beame,
That like a furnace he did smoke extreame.

But on the ground he spent his strokes in vaine,
For Guy was nimble to avoyde them still,
And ever ere he heav'd his clubb againe,
Did brush his plated coat against his will:
Att such advantage Guy wold never fayle,
To bang him soundlye in his coate of mayle.

Att last through thirst the gyant feeble grewe,
And sayd to Guy, As thou'rt of humane race,
Shew itt in this, give natures wants their dewe,
Let me but goe, and drinke in yonder place:
Thou canst not yeeld to 'me' a smaller thing,
Than to graunt life, thats given by the spring.

I graunt thee leave, quoth Guye, goe drink thy last,
Goe pledge the dragon, and the salvage bore:*
Succeed the tragedyes that they have past,
But never thinke to taste cold water more:
Drinke deepe to death and unto him carouse:
Bid him receive thee in his earthen house.

Soe to the spring he goes, and slakes his thirst;
Takeing the water in extremely like
Some wracked shipp that on a rocke is burst,
Whose forced hulke against the stone does stryke;
Scooping it in soe fast with both his hands,
That Guy admiring to behold it stands.

Come on, quoth Guy, let us to worke againe,
Thou stayest about thy liquor overlong;
The fish, which in the river doe remaine,
Will want thereby; thy drinking doth them wrong:
But I will see their satisfaction made,
With gyants blood they must, and shall be payd.

Villaine, quoth Amarant, Ile crush thee streight;
Thy life shall pay thy daring toungs offence:

* Erle Jonas, mentioned in the foregoing ballad.

Ver. 64, bulke, MS. and PCC.

* Which Guy had slain before.

This clubb, which is about some hundred weight,
Is deathes commission to dispatch thee hence:
Dresse thee for ravens dyett I must needes;
And breake thy bones, as they were made of reedes.

Incensed much by these bold pagan bostes,
Which worthye Guy cold ill endure to heare,
He hewes upon those bigg supporting postes,
Which like two pillars did his body beare:
Amarant for those wounds in choller growes
And desperatelye att Guy his clubb he throwes:

Which did directly on his body light,
Soe violent, and weighty there-withall,
That downe to ground on sudden came the knight;
And, ere he cold recover from the fall,
The gyant gott his clubb againe in fist,
And aimd a stroke that wonderfullye mist.

Traytor, quoth Guy, thy falshood Ile repay,
This coward act to intercept my bloode.
Sayes Amarant, Ile murther any way,
With enemyes all vantages are good:
O could I poyson in thy nostrills blowe,
Besure of it I wold dispatch thee soe.

Its well, said Guy, thy honest thoughts appeare,
Within that beastlye bulke where devills dwell;
Which are thy tenants while thou livest heare,
But will be landlords when thou comest in hell:
Vile miscreant, prepare thee for their den,
Inhumane monster, hatefull unto men.

But breathe thy selfe a time, while I goe drinke,
For flameing Phœbus with his fyerye eye
Torments me soe with burning heat, I thinke
My thirst wold serve to drinke an ocean drye:
Forbear a litle, as I delt with thee.
Quoth Amarant. 'Thou hast noe foole of mee.

Noe, sillye wretch, my father taught more witt,
How I shold use such enemyes as thou;
By all my gods I doe rejoice at itt,
To understand that thirst constraines thee now;
For all the treasure, that the world containes,
One drop of water shall not coole thy vaines.

Releeve my foe! why, 'twere a madmans part:
Refresh an adversarye to my wrong!
If thou imagine this, a child thou art:
Noe, fellow, I have known the world too long
To be soe simple: now I know thy want,
A minutes space of breathing I'll not grant.

And with these words heaving aloft his clubb
Into the ayre, he swings the same about:
Then shakes his lockes, and doth his temples rubb,
And, like the Cyclops, in his pride doth strout:
Sirra, sayes hee, I have you at a lift,
Now you are come unto your latest shift.

Perish forever: with this stroke I send thee
A medicine, that will doe thy thirst much good;
Take noe more care for drinke before I end thee,
And then wee'll have carouses of thy blood;
Here's at thee with a butcher's downright blow,
To please my furye with thine overthrow.

Infernall, false, obdurate feend, said Guy,
That seemst a lump of crueltye from hell;
Ungratefull monster, since thou dost deny
The thing to mee wherin I used thee well:
With more revenge, than ere my sword did make,
On thy accursed head revenge Ile take.

Thy gyants longitude shall shorter shrinke,
Except thy sun-scorcht skin be weapon proof:
Farewell my thirst; I doe disdaine to drinke;
Streames keepe your waters to your owne behoof;
Or let wild beasts be welcome thereunto;
With those pearle drops I will not have to do.

Here, tyrant, take a taste of my good-will,
For thus I doe begin my bloodye bout:

You cannot chuse but like the greeting ill;
It is not that same clubb will beare you out;
And take this payment on thy shaggye crowne—
A blowe that brought him with a vengeance downe.

Then Guy sett foot upon the monsters brest,
And from his shoulders did his head divide;
Which with a yawninge mouth did gape, unblest;
Noe dragons jawes were ever seene soe wide
To open and to shut, till life was spent.
Then Guy tooke keyes, and to the castle went,

Where manye woefull captives he did find,
Which had beene tyred with extremityes;
Whom he in freindly manner did unbind,
And reasoned with them of their miseryes;
Eche told a tale with teares, and sighes, and cryes,
All weeping to him with complaining eyes.

There tender ladyes in darke dungeons lay,
That were surprised in the desart wood,
And had noe other dyett everye day,
But flesh of humane creatures for their food:
Some with their lovers bodyes had beene fed,
And in their wombes their husbands buryed.

Now he bethinkes him of his being there,
To enlarge the wronged brethren from their woes:
And, as he searcheth, doth great clamours heare,
By which sad sound's direction on he goes,
Untill he findes a darksome obscure gate,
Arm'd strongly ouer all with iron plate.

That he unlockes, and enters, where appeares
The strangest object that he ever saw;
Men that with famishment of many yeares,
Were like deathes picture, which the painters draw;
Divers of them were hanged by eche thombe;
Others head-downward: by the middle some.

With diligence he takes them from the walle,
With lybertye their thraldome to acquaint:
Then the perplexed knight their father calls,
And sayes, Receive thy sonnes though poore and faint:
I promisd you their lives, accept of that;
But did not warrant you they shold be fat.

The castle I doe give thee, heere's the keyes,
Where tyranye for many yeeres did dwell:
Procure the gentle tender ladyes ease,
For pittyes sake, use wronged women well:
Men easilye revenge the wrongs men do;
But poore weake women have not strength thereto.

The good old man, even overjoyed with this,
Fell on the ground, and wold have kist Guys feete:
Father, quoth he, refraine soe base a kiss,
For age to honor youth I hold unmeete:
Ambitious pryde hath hurt mee all it can,
I goe to mortifie a sinfull man.

*** The foregoing poem on "Guy and Amarant" has been discovered to be a fragment of "The famous historie of Guy earle of Warwicke, by Samuel Rowlands, London, printed by J. Bell, 1649," 4to., in xii. cantos, beginning thus:

"When dreadful Mars in armour every day."

Whether the edition in 1649 was the first is not known, but the author Sam. Rowlands was one of the minor poets who lived in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James I. and perhaps later. His other poems are chiefly of the religious kind, which makes it probable that the history of Guy was one of his earliest performances.—There are extant of his (1.) "The betraying of Christ, Judas in dispaire, the seven words of our Saviour on the crosse, with other poems on the passion, &c., 1598, 4to." [Ames Typ. p. 428.]—(2.) A Theatre of delightful Recreation. Lond. printed for A. Johnson, 1605," 4to. (Penes editor.) This is a book of poems on subjects chiefly taken from the Old Testament. (3.) "Memory of Christ's Miracles, in verse, Lond. 1618, 4to." (4.) "Heaven's glory, earth's vanity, and hell's horror." Lond. 1638, 8vo. [These two in Bod. Cat.]

In the present edition the foregoing poem has been much improved from the printed copy.

III.

The Auld Good-Man.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

I HAVE not been able to meet with a more ancient copy of this humorous old song, than that printed in the Tea-Table Miscellany, &c., which seems to have admitted some corruptions.

LATE in an evening forth I went
A little before the sun gade down,
And there I chanc't, by accident,
To light on a battle new begun:
A man and his wife wer fawn in a strife,
I canna weel tell ye how it began;
But aye she wail'd her wretched life,
Cryeng, Evir alake, mine auld goodman!

HE.

Thy auld goodman, that thou tells of,
The country kens where he was born,
Was but a silly poor vagabond,
And ilka ane leugh him to scorn:
For he did spend and make an end
Of gear 'his fathers nevir' wan;
He gart the poor stand frae the door:
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

My heart, alake! is liken to break,
Whan I think on my winsome John,
His blinkan ee, and gait sae free,
Was naithing like thee, thou dosend drone;
Wi' his rosie face, and flaxen hair,
And skin as white as ony swan,
He was large and tall, and comely withall;
Thou'lt nevir be like mine auld goodman.

HE.

Why dost thou plein? I thee maintein;
For meal and mawt thou disna want;
But thy wild bees I canna please,
Now whan our gear gins to grow scant.
Of houshold stuff thou hast enough;
Thou wants for neither pot nor pan;
Of sicklike ware he left thee bare;
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

Yes I may tell, and fret my sell,
To think on those blyth days I had,
Whan I and he together ley
In armes into a well-made bed:
But now I sigh and may be sad,
Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan,
Thou falds thy feet, and fa's asleep;
Thou'lt nevir be like mine auld goodman.

Then coming was the night sae dark,
And gane was a' the light of day:
The carle was fear'd to miss his mark,
And therefore wad nae longer stay:
Then up he gat, and ran his way,
I trowe, the wife the day she wan;
And aye the owreword of the fray
Was, Evir alake! mine auld goodman.

IV.

Fair Margaret and Sweet William.

THIS seems to be the old song quoted in Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle," Acts 2d and 3d; although the six lines there preserved are somewhat different from those in the ballad, as it stands at present. The reader will not wonder at this, when he is informed that this is only given from a modern printed copy picked up on a stall. Its full title is, "Fair Margaret's Misfortunes; or Sweet William's frightful dreams on his wedding night, with the sudden death and burial of those noble lovers."—

The lines preserved in the play are this distich,

"You are no love for me, Margaret,
I am no love for you."

And the following stanza,

"When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came Margarets grimly ghost,
And stood at Williams feet.

These lines have acquired an importance by giving birth to one of the most beautiful ballads in our own or any other language. See the song entitled "Margaret's Ghost," at the end of this volume.

Since the first edition some improvements have been inserted, which were communicated by a lady of the first distinction, as she had heard this song repeated in her infancy.

As it fell out on a long summer's day,
Two lovers they sat on a hill;
They sat together that long summer's day,
And could not talk their fill.

I see no harm by you, Margarèt,
And you see none by mee;
Before to-morrow at eight o' the clock
A rich wedding you shall see.

Fair Margarèt sat in her bower-windòw,
Combing her yellow hair;
There she spyed sweet William and his bride,
As they were a riding near.

Then down she layd her ivory combe,
And braided her hair in twain:
She went alive out of her bower,
But ne'er came alive in't again.

When day was gone, and night was come,
And all men fast asleep,
Then came the spirit of fair Marg'ret,
And stood at Williams feet.

Are you awake, sweet William? shee said;
Or, sweet William, are you asleep?
God give you joy of your gay bride-bed,
And me of my winding-sheet.

When day was come, and night was gone,
And all men wak'd from sleep,
Sweet William to his lady sayd,
My dear, I have cause to weep.

I dreamt a dream, my dear ladyè,
Such dreames are never good:
I dreamt my bower was full of red 'wine,'
And my bride-bed full of blood.

Such dreams, such dreams, my honoured sir,
They never do prove good:
To dream thy bower was full of red 'wine,'
And thy bride-bed full of blood.

He called up his merry men all,
By one, by two, and by three;
Saying, I'll away to fair Marg'ret's bower,
By the leave of my ladie.

And when he came to fair Marg'ret's bower
He knocked at the ring;
And who so ready as her seven brethrèn
To let sweet William in.

Then he turned up the covering-sheet,
Pray let me see the dead:
Methinks she looks all pale and wan,
She hath lost her cherry red.

I'll do more for thee, Margarèt,
Than any of thy kin;
For I will kiss thy pale wan lips,
Though a smile I cannot win.

With that bespake the seven brethrèn,
Making most piteous mone:
You may go kiss your jolly brown bride,
And let our sister alone.

If I do kiss my jolly brown bride,
I do but what is right;
I neer made a vow to yonder poor corpse
By day, nor yet by night.

Deal on, deal on, my merry men all,
Deal on your cake and your wine:*
For whatever is dealt at her funeral to-day,
Shall be dealt to-morrow at mine.

Fair Margaret dyed to-day, to-day,
Sweet William dyed the morrow:
Fair Margaret dyed for pure true love,
Sweet William dyed for sorrow.

Margaret was buryed in the lower chancèl,
And William in the higher:
Out of her brest there sprang a rose,
And out of his a briar.

Ver. 31, 35, swine, PCC.

* Alluding to the dole anciently given at funerals.

They grew till they grew unto the church top,
And then they could grow no higher;
And there they tyed in a true lovers knot,
Which made all the people admire.

Then came the clerk of the parish,
As you the truth shall hear,
And by misfortune cut them down,
Or they had now been there.

V.

Barbara Allen's Cruelty.

Given, with some corrections, from an old black-letter copy, entitled, "Barbary Allen's cruelty, or the Young Man's Tragedy."

In Scarlet towne, where I was borne,
There was a faire maid dwellin,
Made every youth crye, Wel-awaye!
Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merrye month of May,
When greene buds they were swellin,
Yong Jemmye Grove on his death-bed lay,
For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,
To the towne where shee was dwellin;
You must come to my master deare,
Giff your name be Barbara Allen.

For death is printed on his face,
And ore his hart is stealin:
Then haste away to comfort him,
O lovelye Barbara Allen.

Though death be printed on his face,
And ore his harte is stealin,
Yet little better shall he bee
For bonny Barbara Allen.

So slowly, slowly, she came up,
And slowly she came nye him;
And all she sayd, when there she came,
Yong man, I think y'are dying.

He turned his face unto her strait,
With deadlye sorrow sighing;
O lovely maid, come pity mee,
Ime on my deth-bed lying.

If on your death-bed you doe lye,
What needs the tale you are tellin;
I cannot keep you from your death;
Farewell, sayd Barbara Allen.

He turnd his face unto the wall,
As deadlye pangs he fell in:
Adieu! adieu! adieu to you all,
Adieu to Barbara Allen.

As she was walking ore the fields,
She heard the bell a knellin;
And every stroke did seem to saye,
Unworthy Barbara Allen.

She turnd her bodye round about,
And spied the corps a coming:
Laye down, laye down the corps, she sayd,
That I may look upon him.

With scornful eye she looked downe,
Her cheeke with laughter swellin:
Whilst all her friends cryd out amaine;
Unworthye Barbara Allen.

When he was dead, and laid in grave,
Her harte was struck with sorrowe,
O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall dye to-morrowe.

Hard-harted creature him to slight,
Who loved me so dearlye:
O that I had beene more kind to him,
When he was alive and neare me!

She, on her death-bed as she laye,
Beg'd to be buried by him;
And sore repented of the daye,
That she did ere denye him.

Farewell, she sayd, ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in:
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen.

VI.

Sweet William's Ghost.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

From Allan Ramsay's Tea-table Miscellany. The concluding stanza of this picce seems modern.

There came a ghost to Margaret's door,
With many a grievous grone,
And ay he tirled at the pin;
But answer made she none.

Is this my father Philip?
Or is't my brother John?
Or is't my true love Willie
From Scotland new come home?

'Tis not thy father Philip;
Nor yet thy brother John:
But 'tis thy true love Willie
From Scotland new come home.

O sweet Margret! O dear Margret!
I pray thee speak to mee:
Give me my faith and troth, Margret,
As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thou'se nevir get,
'Of me shalt nevir win,'
Till that thou come within my bower,
And kiss my cheek and chin.

If I should come within thy bower,
I am no earthly man:
And should I kiss thy rosy lipp,
Thy days will not be lang.

O sweet Margret, O dear Margret,
I pray thee speak to mee:
Give me my faith and troth, Margret,
As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thou'se nevir get,
'Of me shalt nevir win,'
Till thou take me to yon kirk yard,
And wed me with a ring.

My bones are buried in a kirk yard
Afar beyond the sea,
And it is but my sprite, Margret,
That's speaking now to thee.

She stretched out her lily-white hand,
As for to do her best:
Hae there your faith and troth, Willie,
God send your soul good rest.

Now she has kilted her robes of green,
A piece below her knee:
And a' the live-lang winter night
The dead corps followed shee.

Is there any room at your head, Willie,
Or any room at your feet?
Or any room at your side, Willie,
Wherein that I may creep?

There's nae room at my head, Margret,
There's nae room at my feet,
There's no room at my side, Margret,
My coffin is made so meet.

Then up and crew the red red cock,
And up then crew the gray:
Tis time, tis time, my dear Margret,
That 'I' were gane away.

No more the ghost to Margret said,
But, with a grievous grone,
Evanish'd in a cloud of mist,
And left her all alone.

O stay, my only true love, stay,
The constant Margret cried:
Wan grew her cheeks, she closed her een,
Stretch'd her saft limbs, and died.

VII.

Sir John Grehme and Barbara Allan.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

PRINTED, with a few conjectural emendations, from a written copy.

IT was in and about the Martinmas time,
When the greene leaves wer a fallan;
That Sir John Grehme o' the west countrye,
Fell in luve wi' Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down throw the towne,
To the plaice where she was dwellan:
O haste and cum to my maister deare,
Gin ye bin Barbara Allan.

O hooly, hooly raise she up,
To the plaice wher he was lyan;
And whan she drew the curtain by,
Young man I think ye're dyan.*

O its I'm sick, and very very sick,
And its a' for Barbara Allen.
O the better for me ye'se never be,
Though your harts blude wer spillan.

Remember ye nat in the tavern, sir,
Whan ye the cups wer fillan:
How ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allan?

He turn'd his face unto the wa',
And death was with him dealan;
Adiew! adiew! my dear friends a',
Be kind to Barbara Allan.

Then hooly, hooly raise she up,
And hooly, hooly left him;
And sighan said, she could not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
Whan she heard the deid-bell knellan;
And everye jow the deid-bell gied,
Cried, Wae to Barbara Allan!

O mither, mither, mak my bed,
O mak it saft and narrow:
Since my love died for me to day,
Ise die for him to morrowe.

***

VIII.

The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington.

FROM an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, with some improvements communicated by a lady as she had heard the same recited in her youth. The full title is, "True love requited: Or, the Bailiff's daughter of Islington."

Islington in Norfolk is probably the place here meant.

THERE was a youthe, and a well-beloved youthe,
And he was a squires son:
He loved the bayliffes daughter deare,
That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coye, and would not believe
That he did love her soe,
Noe nor at any time would she
Any countenance to him showe.

But when his friendes did understand
His fond and foolish minde,
They sent him up to faire London
An apprentice for to binde.

*An ingenious friend thinks the rhymes Dyand and Lyand ought to be transposed: as the taunt, Young man, I think ye're lyand, would be very characteristical.

And when he had been seven long yeares,
And never his love could see:
Many a teare have I shed for her sake,
When she little thought of mee.

Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and playe,
All but the bayliffes daughter deare:
She secretly stole awaye.

She pulled off her gowne of greene,
And put on ragged attire,
And to faire London she would go
Her true love to enquire.

And as she went along the high road,
The weather being hot and drye,
She sat her downe upon a green bank,
And her true love came riding bye.

She started up, with a colour soe redd,
Catching hold of his bridle-reine;
One penny, one penny, kind sir, she sayd,
Will ease me of much paine.

Before I give you one penny, sweet-heart,
Praye tell me where you were borne.
At Islington, kind sir, sayd shee,
Where I have had many a scorne.

I prythee, sweet-heart, then tell to mee,
O tell me, whether you knowe
The bayliffes daughter of Islington.
She is dead, sir, long agoe.

If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also;
For I will into some farr countrye,
Where noe man shall me knowe.

O staye, O staye, thou goodlye youthe,
She standeth by thy side;
She is here alive, she is not dead,
And readye to be thy bride.

O farewell griefe, and welcome joye,
Ten thousand times therefore;
For nowe I have founde mine owne true love,
Whom I thought I should never see more.

IX.

The Willow Tree.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

From the small black-letter collection, entitled "The Golden Garland of princely Delights," collated with two other copies, and corrected by conjecture.

WILLY.

How now, shepherde, what meanes that?
Why that willowe in thy hat?
Why thy scarffes of red and yellowe
Turn'd to branches of greene willowe?

CUDDY.

They are chang'd, and so am I;
Sorrowes live, but pleasures die:
Phillis hath forsaken mee,
Which makes me weare the willowe-tree.

WILLY.

Phillis! shee that lov'd thee long?
Is shee the lass hath done thee wrong?
Shee that lov'd thee long and best,
Is her love turned to a jest?

CUDDY.

Shee that long true love profest,
She hath robb'd my heart of rest:
For she a new love loves, not mee;
Which makes me wear the willowe-tree.

WILLY.

Come then, shepherde, let us joine,
Since thy happ is like to mine:
For the maid I thought most true
Mee hath also bid adieu.

CUDDY.

Thy hard happ doth mine appease,
Companye doth sorrowe ease:
Yet, Phillis, still I pine for thee,
And still must weare the willowe-tree.

WILLY.

Shepherde, be advis'd by mee,
Cast off grief and willowe-tree:
For thy grief brings her content,
She is pleas'd if thou lament.

CUDDY.

Herdsman, I'll be rul'd by thee,
There lyes grief and willowe-tree:
Henceforth I will do as they,
And love a new love every day. ***

X.

The Lady's Fall,

—Is given (with corrections) from the editor's ancient folio MS., collated with two printed copies in black-letter; one in the British Museum, the other in the Pepys Collection. Its old title is, "A lamentable ballad of the Lady's fall." To the tune of "In Pescod Time, &c."—The ballad here referred to is preserved in the "Muses Library," 8vo., p. 281. It is an allegory or vision, entitled "The Shepherd's Slumber," and opens with some pretty rural images, viz.:

"In pescod time when hound to horn
Gives eare till buck be kil'd,
And little lads with pipes of corne
Sate keeping beasts a-field.

"I went to gather strawberries
By woods and groves full fair, &c."

Marke well my heavy dolefull tale,
You loyall lovers all,
And heedfully beare in your breast
A gallant ladyes fall.
Long was she wooed, ere shee was wonne,
To lead a wedded life,
But folly wrought her overthrowe
Before shee was a wife.

Too soone, alas! shee gave consent
And yeelded to his will,
Though he protested to be true,
And faithfull to her still.
Shee felt her body altered quite,
Her bright hue waxed pale,
Her lovelye cheeks chang'd color white,
Her strength began to fayle.

Soe that with many a sorrowful sigh,
This beauteous ladye milde,
With greeved hart, perceived herselfe
To have conceived with childe.

Shee kept it from her parents sight
As close as close might bee,
And soe put on her silken gowne
None might her swelling see.

Unto her lover secretly
Her greefe shee did bewray,
And, walking with him hand in hand,
These words to him did say;
Behold, quoth shee, a maids distresse
By love brought to thy bowe,
Behold I goe with childe by thee,
Tho none thereof doth knowe.

The litle babe springs in my wombe
To heare its fathers voyce,
Lett it not be a bastard called,
Sith I made thee my choyce:
Come, come, my love, perform thy vowe
And wed me out of hand;
O leave me not in this extreme
Of griefe, alas! to stand.

Think on thy former promises,
Thy oathes and vowes eche one;
Remember with what bitter teares
To mee thou madest thy moane.
Convey mee to some secrett place,
And marye me with speede;
Or with thy rapyer end my life,
Ere further shame proceede.

Alacke! my beauteous love, quoth hee,
My joye, and only dear;
Which way can I convey thee hence,
When dangers are so near?
Thy friends are all of hye degree,
And I of mean estate;
Full hard it is to gett thee forthe
Out of thy fathers gate.

Dread not thy life to save my fame,
For if thou taken bee,
My selfe will step betweene the swords,
And take the harme on mee:
Soe shall I scape dishonour quite;
And if I should be slaine,
What could they say, but that true love
Had wrought a ladyes bane.

But feare not any further harme;
My selfe will soe devise,
That I will ryde away with thee
Unknowen of mortall eyes:
Disguised like some pretty page
Ile meete thee in the darke,
And all alone Ile come to thee
Hard by my fathers parke.

And there, quoth hee, Ile meete my deare
If God so lend me life,
On this day month without all fayle
I will make thee my wife.
Then with a sweet and loving kisse,
They parted presentlye,
And att their partinge brinish teares
Stoode in eche others eye.

Att length the wished day was come,
On which this beauteous mayd,
With longing eyes, and strange attire,
For her true lover stayd.
When any person shee espyed
Come ryding ore the plaine,
She hop'd it was her owne true love:
But all her hopes were vaine.

Then did shee weepe and sore bewayle
Her most unhappy fate;
Then did shee speake these woefull words,
As succourless she sate;
O false, forsworne, and faithlesse man,
Disloyall in thy love,
Hast thou forgott thy promise past,
And wilt thou perjured prove?

And hast thou now forsaken mee
In this my great distresse,
To end my days in open shame,
Which thou mightst well redresse?
Woe worth the time I eer believ'd
That flattering tongue of thine:
Wold God that I had never seene
The teares of thy false eyne.

And thus with many a sorrowful sigh,
Homewards shee went againe:
Noe rest came to her waterye eyes,
She felt such privye paine.
In travail strong shee fell that night,
With many a bitter throwe;
What woefull paines shee then did feel,
Doth eche good woman knowe.

Shee called up her waiting mayd,
That lay at her bedds feete,
Who musing at her mistress woe,
Began full faste to weepe.
Weepe not, said shee, but shutt the dores,
And windowes round about,
Let none bewray my wretched state,
But keepe all persons out.

O mistress, call your mother deare,
Of women you have neede,
And of some skilfull midwifes helpe,
That better may you speed.
Call not my mother for thy life,
Nor fetch no woman here;
The midwifes helpe comes all too late,
My death I doe not feare.

With that the babe sprang from her wombe,
No creature being nye,
And with one sighe, which brake her hart,
This gentle dame did dye.
The lovely litle infant younge,
The mother being dead,
Resigned its new received breath
To him that had it made.

Next morning came her own true love,
Affrighted at the newes,
And he for sorrow slew himselfe,
Whom eche one did accuse.
The mother with her new borne babe,
Were laide both in one grave;
Their parents overworne with woe,
No joy thenceforth cold have.

Take heed, you dayntye damsells all,
Of flattering words beware,
And to the honour of your name
Have an especial care.
Too true, alas! this story is,
As many one can tell:
By others harmes learn to be wise,
And you shall do full well.

XI.

Waly, Waly, Love be Bonny.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

THIS is a very ancient song, but we could only give it from a modern copy. Some editions instead of the four last lines in the second stanza have these, which have too much merit to be wholly suppressed:

"Whan cockle shells turn siller bells,
And muscles grow on every tree,
When frost and snaw sall warm us aw',
Than sall my love prove true to me."
See the Orpheus Caledonius, &c.

Arthur's-seat, mentioned in ver. 17, is a hill near Edinburgh; at the bottom of which is St. Anthony's well.

O WALY waly up the bank,
And waly waly down the brae,
And waly waly yon burn side,
Where I and my love wer wont to gae.
I leant my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree!
But first it bow'd and syne it brak,
Sae my true love did lichtly me.

O waly waly, gin love be bonny,
A little time while it is new;
But when its auld, it waxeth cauld,
And fades awa' like morning dew.

O wherfore shuld I busk my head?
Or wherfore shuld I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he'll never loe me mair.

Now Arthur-seat sall be my bed,
The sheets shall neir be fyl'd by me:
Saint Anton's well sall be my drink,
Since my true love has forsaken me.
Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
O gentle death, whan wilt thou cum?
For of my life I am wearie.

Tis not the frost, that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaws inclemencie;
'Tis not sic cauld, that makes me cry,
But my loves heart grown cauld to me.
When we came in by Glasgowe town,
We were a comely sight to see,
My love was cled in black velvet,
And I my sell in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kisst,
That love had been sae ill to win;
I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd,
And pinnd it with a siller pin.
And, oh! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurses knee,
And I my sell were dead and gane!
For a maid again Ise never be.

XII.

The Bride's Burial.

FROM two ancient copies in black-letter: one in the Pepys Collection; the other in the British Museum.

To the tune of "The Lady's Fall."

COME mourne, come mourne with mee,
You loyall lovers all;
Lament my loss in weeds of woe,
Whom griping grief doth thrall.

Like to the drooping vine,
Cut by the gardener's knife,
Even so my heart, with sorrow slaine,
Doth bleed for my sweet wife.

By death, that grislye ghost,
My turtle dove is slaine,
And I am left, unhappy man,
To spend my dayes in paine.

Her beauty late so bright,
Like roses in their prime,
Is wasted like the mountain snowe,
Before warme Phebus' shine.

Her faire red colour'd cheeks
Now pale and wan; her eyes
That late did shine like crystal stars,
Alas, their light it dies:

Her prettye lilly hands,
With fingers long and small,
In colour like the earthly claye,
Yea, cold and stiff withall.

When as the morning-star
Her golden gates had spred,
And that the glittering sun arose,
Forth from fair Thetis' bed;

Then did my love awake,
Most like a lilly-flower,
And as the lovely queene of heaven,
So shone shee in her bower.

Attired was shee then
Like Flora in her pride,
Like one of bright Diana's nymphs,
So look'd my loving bride.

And as fair Helens face
Did Grecian dames besmirche,
So did my dear exceed in sight
All virgins in the church.

When we had knitt the knott
Of holy wedlock-band,
Like alabaster joyn'd to jett,
So stood we hand in hand.

Then lo! a chilling cold
Strucke every vital part,
And griping griefe, like pangs of death,
Seiz'd on my true love's heart.

Down in a swoon she fell,
As cold as any stone;
Like Venus picture lacking like,
So was my love brought home.

At length her rosye red,
Throughout her comely face,
As Phœbus beames with watry cloudes
Was cover'd for a space.

When with a grievous groane,
And voice both hoarse and drye,
Farewell, quoth she, my loving friend,
For I this daye must dye;

The messenger of God
With golden trumpe I see,
With manye other angels more,
Which sound and call for me.

Instead of musicke sweet,
Go toll my passing-bell;
And with sweet flowers strow my grave,
That in my chamber smell.

Strip off my bride's arraye,
My cork shoes from my feet;
And, gentle mother, be not coye
To bring my winding-sheet.

My wedding-dinner drest,
Bestowe upon the poor,
And on the hungry, needy, maimde,
Now craving at the door.

Instead of virgins yong,
My bride-bed for to see,
Go cause some cunning carpenter,
To make a chest for mee.

My bride laces of silk
Bestow'd, for maidens meet,
May fitly serve, when I am dead,
To tye my hands and feet.

And thou, my lover true,
My husband and my friend,
Let me intreat thee here to staye,
Until my life doth end.

Now leave to talk of love,
And humblye on your knee,
Direct your prayers unto God:
But mourn no more for me.

In love as we have livde,
In love let us depart;
And I, in token of my love,
Do kiss thee with my heart.

O staunch those bootless teares,
Thy weeping tis in vaine;
I am not lost, for wee in heaven
Shall one daye meet againe.

With that shee turn'd aside,
As one dispos'd to sleep,
And like a lamb departed life:
Whose friends did sorely weep.

Her true love seeing this,
Did fetch a grievous groane,
As tho' his heart would burst in twaine,
And thus he made his moane.

O darke and dismal daye,
A daye of grief and care,
That hath bereft the sun so bright,
Whose beams refresht the air.

Now woe unto the world,
And all that therein dwell,
O that I were with thee in heaven,
For here I live in hell.

And now this lover lives
A discontented life,
Whose bride was brought unto the grave
A maiden and a wife.

A garland fresh and faire
Of lillies there was made,
In sign of her virginitye,
And on her coffin laid.

Six maidens all in white,
Did beare her to the ground:
The bells did ring in solemn sort,
And made a dolefull sound.

In earth they laid her then,
For hungrye wormes a preye;
So shall the fairest face alive
At length be brought to claye.

XIII.

Dulcina.

Given from two ancient copies, one in black-print, in the Pepys Collection, the other in the Editor's folio MS. Each of these contained a stanza not found in the other. What seemed the best readings were selected from both.

This song is quoted as very popular in "Walton's Compleat Angler," chap. 2. It is more ancient than the ballad of "Robin Good-Fellow" printed below, which yet is supposed to have been written by Ben Jonson.

As at noone Dulcina rested
In her sweete and shady bower,
Came a shepherd, and requested
In her lapp to sleepe an hour.
But from her looke
A wounde he tooke
Soe deepe, that for a further boone
The nymph he prayes.
Wherto shee sayes,
Forgoe me now, come to me soone.

But in vayne shee did conjure him
To depart her presence soe:
Having a thousand tongues to allure him,
And but one to bid him goe:
Where lipps invite,
And eyes delight,
And cheekes, as fresh as rose in June,
Persuade delay;
What boots, she say,
Forgoe me now, come to me soone?

He demands what time for pleasure
Can there be more fit than now:
She sayes, night gives love that leysure,
Which the day can not allow.
He sayes, the sight
'Improves delight.
Which she denies: Nights mirkie noone
In Venus' playes
Makes bold, shee sayes;
Forgoe me now, come to mee soone.

But what promise or profession
From his hands could purchase scope?
Who would sell the sweet possession
Of suche beautye for a hope?
Or for the sight
Of lingering night
Foregoe the present joyes of noone?
Though ne'er soe faire
Her speeches were,
Forgoe me now, come to mee soone.

How, at last, agreed these lovers?
Shee was fayre, and he was young:
The tongue may tell what th' eye discovers;
Joyes unseene are never sung.
Did shee consent,
Or he relent;
Accepts he night, or grants shee noone;
Left he her a mayd,
Or not; she sayd
Forgoe me now, come to me soone.

XIV.

The Lady Isabella's Tragedy.

This ballad is given from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, collated with another in the British Museum, H. 263, folio. It is there entitled, "The Lady Isabella's Tragedy, or the Step-Mother's Cruelty: being a relation of a lamentable and cruel murther, committed on the body of the Lady Isabella, the only daughter of a noble Duke, &c. To the tune of, The Lady's Fall." To some copies are annexed eight more modern stanzas, entitled, "The Dutchess's and Cook's Lamentation."

There was a lord of worthy fame,
And a hunting he would ride,
Attended by a noble traine
Of gentrye by his side.

And while he did in chase remaine,
To see both sport and playe;
His ladye went, as she did feigne,
Unto the church to praye.

This lord he had a daughter deare,
Whose beauty shone so bright,
She was belov'd, both far and neare,
Of many a lord and knight.

Fair Isabella was she call'd,
A creature faire was shee;
She was her fathers only joye;
As you shall after see.

Therefore her cruel step-mothèr
Did envye her so much,
That daye by daye she sought her life,
Her malice it was such.

She bargain'd with the master-cook,
To take her life awaye:
And taking of her daughters book,
She thus to her did saye.

Go home, sweet daughter, I thee praye,
Go hasten presentlie;
And tell unto the master-cook
These wordes that I tell thee.

And bid him dresse to dinner streight
That faire and milk-white doe,
That in the parke doth shine so bright,
There's none so faire to showe.

This ladye fearing of no harme,
Obey'd her mothers will;
And presentlye she hasted home,
Her pleasure to fulfill.

She streight into the kitchen went,
Her message for to tell;
And there she spied the master-cook,
Who did with malice swell.

Nowe, master-cook, it must be soe,
Do that which I thee tell:
You needes must dresse the milk-white doe,
Which you do knowe full well.

Then streight his cruell bloodye hands,
He on the ladye layd;
Who quivering and shaking stands,
While thus to her he sayd;

Thou art the doe that I must dresse;
See here, behold my knife;
For it is pointed presently
To ridd thee of thy life.

O then, cried out the scullion-boye,
As loud as loud might bee;
O save her life, good master-cook,
And make your pyes of mee!

For pityes sake do not destroye
My ladye with your knife;
You know shee is her father's joye,
For Christes sake save her life.

I will not save her life, he sayd,
Nor make my pyes of thee;
Yet if thou dost this deed bewraye,
Thy butcher I will bee.

Now when this lord he did come home
For to sitt down and eat;
He called for his daughter deare,
To come and carve his meat.

Now sit you downe, his ladye sayd,
O sit you downe to meat;
Into some nunnery she is gone;
Your daughter deare forget.

Then solemnlye he made a vowe,
Before the companie:
That he would neither eat nor drinke,
Until he did her see.

O then bespake the scullion-boye,
With a loud voice so hye;
If now you will your daughter see,
My lord cut up that pye:

Wherein her fleshe is minced small,
And parched with the fire;

All caused by her step-mothèr,
Who did her death desire.

And cursed bee the master-cook,
O cursed may he bee!
I proffered him my own heart's blood,
From death to set her free.

Then all in blacke this lord did mourne;
And for his daughters sake,
He judged her cruell step-mothèr
To be burnt at a stake.

Likewise he judg'd the master-cook
In boiling lead to stand;
And made the simple scullion-boye
The heire of all his land.

XV.

A Hue and Cry after Cupid.

This song is a kind of Translation of a pretty poem of Tasso's, called *Amore fuggitivo*, generally printed with his "Aminta," and originally imitated from the first Idyllium of Moschus.

It is extracted from Ben Jonson's Masque at the marriage of Lord Viscount Hadington, on Shrove-Tuesday, 1608. One stanza, full of dry mythology, is here omitted, as it had been dropped in a copy of this song printed in a small volume called "Le Prince d'Amour. Lond. 1660," 8vo.

Beauties, have yee seen a toy,
Called Love, a little boy,
Almost naked, wanton, blinde;
Cruel now, and then as kinde?
If he be amongst yee, say;
He is Venus' run away.

Shee, that will but now discover
Where the winged wag doth hover,
Shall to-night receive a kisse,
How and where herselfe would wish:
But who brings him to his mother
Shall have that kisse, and another.

Markes he hath about him plentie;
You may know him among twentie:
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire:

Which, being shot, like lightning, in,
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

Wings he hath, which though yee clip,
He will leape from lip to lip,
Over liver, lights, and heart;
Yet not stay in any part.
And, if chance his arrow misses,
He will shoot himselfe in kisses.

He doth beare a golden bow,
And a quiver hanging low,
Full of arrowes, which outbrave
Dian's shafts; where, if he have
Any head more sharpe than other,
With that first he strikes his mother.

Still the fairest are his fuell,
When his daies are to be cruell;
Lovers hearts are all his food,
And his baths their warmest bloud:
Nought but wounds his hand doth season,
And he hates none like to Reason.

Trust him not: his words, though sweet,
Seldome with his heart doe meet:
All his practice is deceit;
Everie gift is but a bait:
Not a kisse but poyson beares;
And most treason's in his teares.

Idle minutes are his raigne;
Then the straggler makes his game,
By presenting maides with toyes
And would have yee thinke them joyes;
'Tis the ambition of the elfe
To have all childish as himselfe.

If by these yee please to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but show him.
Though yee had a will to hide him,
Now, we hope, yee'l not abide him,
Since yee heare this falser's play,
And that he is Venus' run-away.

XVI.

The King of France's Daughter.

The story of this Ballad seems to be taken from an incident in the domestic history of Charles the Bald, King of France. His daughter Judith was betrothed to Ethelwulph King of England: but before the marriage was consummated, Ethelwulph died, and she returned to France: whence she was carried off by Baldwyn, Forester of Flanders; who, after many crosses and difficulties, at length obtained the king's consent to their marriage, and was made Earl of Flanders. This happened about A. D. 863.—See Rapin, Henault, and the French Historians.

The following copy is given from the Editor's ancient folio MS. collated with another in black-letter in the Pepys Collection, entitled, "An excellent Ballad of a prince of England's courtship to the King of France's daughter, &c. To the tune of Crimson Velvet."

Many breaches having been made in this old song by the hand of time, principally (as might be expected) in the quick returns of the rhyme; an attempt is here made to repair them.

In the dayes of old,
When faire France did flourish,
Storyes plaine have told,
Lovers felt annoye.
The queene a daughter bare,
Whom beautye's queene did nourish:
She was lovelye faire
She was her fathers joye.
A prince of England came,
Whose deeds did merit fame,
But he was exil'd, and outcast:
Love his soul did fire,
Shee granted his desire,
Their hearts in one were linked fast.

Which when her father proved,
Sorelye he was moved,
And tormented in his minde.
He sought for to prevent them;
And, to discontent them,
Fortune cross'd these lovers kinde.

When these princes twaine
Were thus barr'd of pleasure,
Through the kinges disdaine,
Which their joyes withstoode:
The lady soon prepar'd
Her jewells and her treasure:
Having no regard
For state and royall bloode;
In homelye poore array
She went from court away,
To meet her joye and hearts delight;
Who in a forrest great
Had taken up his seat,
To wayt her coming in the night.
But, lo! what sudden danger
To this princely stranger
Chanced, as he sate alone!
By outlawes he was robbed,
And with ponyards stabbed,
Uttering many a dying grone.

The princess, arm'd by love,
And by chaste desire,
All the night did rove
Without dread at all:
Still unknowne she past
In her strange attire;
Coming at the last
Within echoes call,—
You faire woods, quoth shee,
Honoured may you bee,
Harbouring my hearts delight;

Which encompass here
My joye and only deare,
  My trustye friend, and comelye knight.
Sweete, I come unto thee,
Sweete, I come to woo thee;
  That thou mayst not angry bee
For my long delaying;
For thy curteous staying
  Soone amends Ile make to thee.

Passing thus alone
  Through the silent forest,
Many a grievous grone
  Sounded in her ears:
She heard one complayne
  And lament the sorest,
Seeming all in payne,
  Shedding deadly teares.
Farewell, my deare, quoth hee,
Whom I must never see;
  For why my life is att an end,
Through villaines crueltye:
For thy sweet sake I dye,
  To show I am a faithfull friend.
Here I lye a bleeding,
While my thoughts are feeding
  On the rarest beautye found.
O hard happ, that may be!
Little knowes my ladye
  My heartes blood lyes on the ground.

With that a grone he sends
  Which did burst in sunder
All the tender bands
  Of his gentle heart.
She, who knewe his voice,
  At his wordes did wonder;
All her former joyes
  Did to griefe convert.
Strait she ran to see,
Who this man shold bee,
  That soe like her love did seeme:
Her lovely lord she found
Lye slaine upon the ground,
  Smear'd with gore a ghastlye streame.
Which his lady spying,
Shrieking, fainting, crying,
  Her sorrows could not uttered bee:
Fate, she cryed, too cruell:
For thee—my dearest jewell,
  Would God! that I had dyed for thee.

His pale lippes, alas!
  Twentye times she kissed,
And his face did wash
  With her trickling teares:
Every gaping wound
  Tenderlye she pressed,
And did wipe it round
  With her golden haires.
Speake, faire love, quoth shee,
Speake, faire prince, to mee,
  One sweete word of comfort give:
Lift up thy deare eyes,
Listen to my cryes,
  Thinke in what sad griefe I live.
All in vain she sued,
All in vain she wooed,
  The prince's life was fled and gone.
There stood she still mourning,
Till the suns retourning,
  And bright day was coming on.

In this great distresse
  Weeping, wayling ever,
Oft shee cryed, alas!
  What will become of mee?
To my fathers court
  I returne will never:
But in lowlye sort
  I will a servant bee.
While thus she made her mone,
Weeping all alone
  In this deepe and deadlye feare:
A for'ster all in greene,
Most comelye to be seene,
  Ranging the woods did find her there.
Moved with her sorrowe,
Maid, quoth hee, good morrowe,
  What hard happ has brought thee here?
Harder happ did never
Two kinde hearts dissever:
  Here lyes slaine my brother deare.

Where may I remaine,
  Gentle for'ster, shew me,
'Till I can obtaine
  A service in my neede?
Paines I will not spare:
  This kinde favour doe me,
It will ease my care;
  Heaven shall be thy meede.
The for'ster all amazed,
On her beautye gazed,
  Till his heart was set on fire.
If, faire maid, quoth hee,
You will goe with mee,
  You shall have your hearts desire.

He brought her to his mother,
And above all other
He sett forth this maidens praise.
Long was his heart inflamed,
At length her love he gained,
And fortune crown'd his future dayes.

Thus unknowne he wedde
With a kings faire daughter:
Children seven they had,
Ere she told her birth.
Which when once he knew,
Humblye he besought her,
He to the world might shew
Her rank and princelye worth.
He cloath'd his children then,
(Not like other men)
In partye-colours strange to see:
The right side cloth of gold,
The left side to behold,
Of woollen cloth still framed hee.*
Men thereatt did wonder;
Golden fame did thunder
This strange deede in every place:
The King of France came thither,
It being pleasant weather,
In those woods the hart to chase.

The children then they bring,
So their mother will'd it,
Where the royall king
Must of force come bye:
Their mothers riche array,
Was of crimson velvet:
Their fathers all of gray,
Seemelye to the eye.
Then this famous king,
Noting every thing,
Askt how he durst be so bold
To let his wife soe weare,
And decke his children there
In costly robes of pearl and gold.
The forrester replying,
And the cause descrying,*
To the king these words did say,
Well may they, by their mother,
Weare rich clothes with other,
Being by birth a princesse gay.

The king aroused thus,
More heedfullye beheld them,
Till a crimson blush
His remembrance crost.
The more I fix my mind
On thy wife and children,
The more methinks I find
The daughter which I lost.
Falling on her knee,
I am that child, quoth shee;
Pardon mee, my soveraine liege.
The king perceiving this,
His daughter deare did kiss,
While joyfull teares did stopp his speeche.
With his traine he tourned,
And with them sojourned.
Strait he dubb'd her husband knight;
Then made him Erle of Flanders,
And chiefe of his commanders:
Thus were their sorrowes put to flight.

***

* This will remind the reader of the livery and device of Charles Brandon, a private gentleman, who married the Queen Dowager of France, sister of Henry VIII. At a tournament which he held at his wedding, the trappings of his horse were half cloth of gold, and half frieze, with the folllowing motto:

"Cloth of Gold, do not despise,
Tho' thou art match with Cloth of Frize,
Cloth of Frize, be not too bold,
Tho' thou art matcht with Cloth of Gold."

See Sir W. Temple's Misc. vol. III. p. 356.

* i. e. describing. See Gloss.

XVII.

The Sweet Neglect.

This little madrigal (extracted from Ben Jonson's Silent Woman, act 1, sc. 1, first acted in 1609) is in imitation of a Latin poem printed at the end of the variorum Edit. of Petronius, beginning "*Semper munditias, semper Basilissa decoras*, &c." See Whalley's Ben Jonson, vol. II., p. 420.

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast:
Still to be poud'red, still perfum'd:
Lady it is to be presum'd,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a looke, give me a face,
That makes simplicitie a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, haire as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all th' adulteries of art,
That strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

XVIII.

The Children in the Wood.

The subject of this very popular ballad (which has been set in so favourable a light by the Spectator, No. 85) seems to be taken from an old play, entitled "Two lamentable Tragedies; the one of the murder of Maister Beech, a chandler in Thames-streete, &c. The other of a young child murthered in a wood by two ruffins, with the consent of his unkle. By Rob. Yarrington, 1601, 4to." Our ballad-maker has strictly followed the play in the description of the father and mother's dying charge: in the uncle's promise to take care of their issue: his hiring two ruffians to destroy his wards, under pretence of sending them to school: their choosing a wood to perpetrate the murder in: one of the ruffians relenting, and a battle ensuing, &c. In other respects he has departed from the play. In the latter the scene is laid in Padua: there is but one child: which is murdered by a sudden stab of the unrelenting ruffian: he is slain himself by his less bloody companion; but ere he dies he gives the other a mortal wound: the latter living just long enough to impeach the uncle; who, in consequence of this impeachment, is arraigned and executed by the hand of justice, &c. Whoever compares the play with the ballad, will have no doubt but the former is the original: the language is far more obsolete, and such a vein of simplicity runs through the whole performance, that, had the ballad been written first, there is no doubt but every circumstance of it would have been received into the drama: whereas this was probably built on some Italian novel.

Printed from two ancient copies, one of them in black-letter in the Pepys collection. Its title at large is, "The Children in the Wood: or, the Norfolk Gentleman's Last Will and Testament: to the tune of Rogero, &c."

Now ponder well, you parents deare,
These wordes, which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall heare,
In time brought forth to light.
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolke dwelt of late,
Who did in honour far surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sicke he was, and like to dye,
No helpe his life could save;
His wife by him as sicke did lye,
And both possest one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kinde,
In love they liv'd, in love they dyed,
And left too babes behinde:

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three yeares olde;
The other a girl more young than he,
And fram'd in beautyes molde.
The father left his little son,
As plainlye doth appeare,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred poundes a yeare.

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred poundes in gold,
To be paid downe on marriage-day,
Which might not be controll'd:
But if the children chance to dye,
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possesse their wealth;
For so the wille did run.

Now, brother, said the dying man,
Look to my children deare;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friendes else have they here:
To God and you I recommend
My children deare this daye;
But little while be sure we have
Within this world to staye.

You must be father and mother both,
And uncle all in one;
God knowes what will become of them,
When I am dead and gone.
With that bespake their mother deare,
O brother kinde, quoth shee,
You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or miserie:

And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
But if you otherwise should deal,
God will your deedes regard.
With lippes as cold as any stone,
They kist their children small:
God bless you both, my children deare;
With that the teares did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake
To this sicke couple there,
The keeping of your little ones
Sweet sister, do not feare:
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children deare,
When you are layd in grave.

The parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And bringes them straite unto his house,
Where much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a daye,
But, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both awaye.

He bargain'd with two ruffians strong,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take these children young,
And slaye them in a wood.
He told his wife an artful tale,
He would the children send
To be brought up in faire Londòn,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went those pretty babes,
Rejoycing at that tide,
Rejoycing with a merry minde,
They should on cock-hòrse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the waye,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives decaye:

So that the pretty speeche they had,
Made Murder's heart relent:
And they that undertooke the deed,
Full sore did now repent.
Yet one of them more hard of heart,
Did vowe to do his charge,
Because the wretch, that hired him,
Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
So here they fall to strife;
With one another they did fight,
About the childrens life:
And he that was of mildest mood,
Did slaye the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood;
The babes did quake for feare!

He took the children by the hand,
Teares standing in their eye,
And bad them straitwaye follow him,
And look they did not crye:
And two long miles he ledd them on,
While they for food complaine:
Staye here, quoth he, I'll bring you bread,
When I come back againe.

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and downe;
But never more could see the man
Approaching from the towne:
Their prettye lippes with black-berries,
Were all besmear'd and dyed,
And when they sawe the darksome night,
They sat them downe and cryed.

Thus wandered these poor innocents,
Till deathe did end their grief,
In one anothers armes they dyed,
As wanting due relief:
No burial 'this' pretty 'pair'
Of any man receives,
Till Robin-red-breast piously
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrathe of God
Upon their uncle fell;
Yea, fearfull fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt an hell;
His barnes were fir'd, his goodes consum'd,
His landes were barren made,
His cattle dyed within the field,
And nothing with him stayd.

And in a voyage to Portugal
Two of his sonnes did dye;
And to conclude, himselfe was brought
To want and miserye:
He pawn'd and mortgaged all his land
Ere seven years came about.
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this meanes come out:

The fellowe, that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judg'd to dye,
Such was God's blessed will:
Who did confess the very truth,
As here hath been display'd:
Their uncle having dyed in gaol,
Where he for debt was layd.

You that executors be made,
And overseers eke
Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek;
Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right,
Lest God with such like miserye
Your wicked minds requite.

XIX.

A Lover of Late.

Printed with a few slight corrections, from the Editor's folio MS.

A LOVER of late was I,
For Cupid would have it soe,
The boy that hath never an eye,
As every man doth know:
I sighed and sobbed, and cryed, alas!
For her that laught, and called me ass.

Then knew not I what to doe,
When I saw itt was in vaine
A lady soe coy to wooe,
Who gave me the asse soe plaine:
Yet would I her asse freelye bee,
Soe shee would helpe, and beare with mee.

An' I were as faire as shee,
Or shee were as kind as I,
What payre cold have made, as wee,
Soe prettye a sympathye:
I was as kind as shee was faire,
But for all this wee cold not paire.

Paire with her that will for mee,
With her I will never paire;
That cunningly can be coy,
For being a little faire.
The asse Ile leave to her disdaine;
And now I am myselfe againe.

Ver. 125, these . . . babes, PP.

Ver. 13, faine, MS.

XX.

The King and Miller of Mansfield.

It has been a favourite subject with our English ballad-makers to represent our kings conversing, either by accident or design, with the meanest of their subjects. Of the former kind, besides this song of the King and the Miller, we have King Henry and the Soldier; King James I. and the Tinker; King William III. and the Forester, &c. Of the latter sort, are King Alfred and the Shepherd; King Edward IV. and the Tanner; King Henry VIII. and the Cobler, &c.——A few of the best of these are admitted into this collection. Both the author of the following ballad, and others who have written on the same plan, seem to have copied a very ancient poem, entitled, "John the Reeve," which is built on an adventure of the same kind, that happened between King Edward Longshanks and one of his Reeves or Bailiffs. This is a piece of great antiquity, being written before the time of Edward IV., and for its genuine humour, diverting incidents, and faithful picture of rustic manners, is infinitely superior to all that have been since written in imitation of it. The Editor has a copy in his ancient folio MS., but its length rendered it improper for this volume, it consisting of more than 900 lines. It contains also some corruptions, and the Editor chooses to defer its publication, in hopes that some time or other he shall be able to remove them.

The following is printed, with corrections from the Editor's folio MS. collated with an old black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, entitled, "A pleasant ballad of King Henry II. and the Miller of Mansfield, &c."

PART THE FIRST.

Henry, our royall king, would ride a hunting
To the greene forest so pleasant and faire;
To see the harts skipping, and dainty does tripping:
Unto merry Sherwood his nobles repaire:
Hawke and hound were unbound, all things prepar'd
For the game, in the same, with good regard.

All a long summers day rode the king pleasantlye,
With all his princes and nobles eche one;
Chasing the hart and hind, and the buck gallantlye,
Till the dark evening forc'd all to turn home.
Then at last, riding fast, he had lost quite
All his lords in the wood, late in the night.

Wandering thus wearilye, all alone, up and downe,
With a rude miller he mett at the last;
Asking the ready way unto faire Nottingham;
Sir, quoth the miller, I meane not to jest,
Yet I thinke, what I thinke, sooth for to say,
You doe not lightlye ride out of your way.

Why, what dost thou think of me, quoth our king merrily,
Passing thy judgment upon me so briefe?
Good faith sayd the miller, I mean not to flatter thee,
I guess thee to bee but some gentleman thiefe;
Stand thee backe, in the darke; light not adowne,
Lest that I presentlye crack thy knaves crowne.

Thou dost abuse me much, quoth the king, saying thus;
I am a gentleman; lodging I lacke.
Thou hast not, quoth th' miller, one groat in thy purse;
All thy inheritance hangs on thy backe.
*I have gold to discharge all that I call;
If it be forty pence I will pay all.

If thou beest a true man, then quoth the miller,
I sweare by my toll-dish, I'll lodge thee all night.
Here's my hand, quoth the king, that was I ever.
Nay, soft, quoth the miller, thou may'st be a sprite.

* The king says this.

Better I'll know thee, ere hands we will shake;
With none but honest men hands will I take.

Thus they went all along unto the millers house:
Where they were seething of puddings and souse:
The miller first enter'd in, after him went the king;
Never came hee in soe smokye a house.
Now, quoth hee, let me see here what you are.
Quoth the king, looke your fill, and doe not spare.

I like well thy countenance, thou hast an honest face:
With my son Richard this night thou shalt lye.
Quoth his wife, by my troth, it is a handsome youth,
Yet it's best, husband, to deal warilye.
Art thou no run away, prythee, youth, tell?
Show me thy passport, and all shal be well.

Then our king presentlye, making lowe courtesye,
With his hatt in his hand, thus he did say;
I have no passport, nor never was servitor,
But a poor courtyer, rode out of my way:
And for your kindness here offered to mee,
I will requite you in everye degree.

Then to the miller his wife whisper'd secretlye,
Saying, It seemeth, this youth's of good kin,
Both by his apparel, and eke by his manners;
To turn him out certainlye, were a great sin.
Yea, quoth hee, you may see, he hath some grace
When he doth speake to his betters in place.

Well, quo' the millers wife, young man, ye're welcome here;
And, though I say it, well lodged shall be:
Fresh straw will I have, laid on thy bed so brave,
And good brown hempen sheets likewise, quoth shee.

Aye, quoth the good man; and when that is done,
Thou shalt lye with no worse than our own sonne.

Nay, first, quoth Richard, good-fellowe, tell me true,
Hast thou noe creepers within thy gay hose?
Or art thou not troubled with the scabbado?
I pray, quoth the king, what creatures are those?
Art thou not lowsy, nor scabby? quoth he:
If thou beest, surely thou lyest not with mee.

This caus'd the king, suddenlye, to laugh most heartilye,
Till the teares trickled fast downe from his eyes.
Then to their supper were they set orderlye,
With hot bag-puddings, and good apple-pyes;
Nappy ale, good and stale, in a browne bowle,
Which did about the board merrilye trowle.

Here, quoth the miller, good fellowe, I drinke to thee,
And to all 'cuckholds, wherever they bee.'
I pledge thee, quoth our king, and thanke thee heartilye
For my good welcome in everye degree:
And here, in like manner, I drinke to thy sonne.
Do then, quoth Richard, and quicke let it come.

Wife, quoth the miller, fetch me forth lightfoote,
And of his sweetnesse a little we'll taste.
A fair ven'son pastye brought she out presentlye,
Eate, quoth the miller, but, sir, make no waste.
Here's dainty lightfoote? In faith, sayd the king,
I never before eat so daintye a thing.

I wis, quoth Richard, no daintye at all it is,
For we doe eate of it everye day.
In what place, sayd our king, may be bought like to this?
We never pay pennye for itt, by my fay:

Ver. 80, courtnalls, that courteous be, MS. and P.

From merry Sherwood we fetch it home here;
Now and then we make bold with our kings deer.

Then I thinke, sayd our king, that it is venison.
Eche foole, quoth Richard, full well may know that:
Never are wee without two or three in the roof,
Very well fleshed, and excellent fat:
But, prythee, say nothing wherever thou goe;
We would not, for two pence, the king should it knowe.

Doubt not, then sayd the king, my promist secresye;
The king shall never know more on't for mee.
A cupp of lambs-wool they dranke unto him then,
And to their bedds they past presentlie.
The nobles, next morning, went all up and down,
For to seeke out the king in everye towne.

At last, at the millers 'cott,' soone they espy'd him out,
As he was mounting upon his faire steede;
To whom they came presently, falling down on their knee;
Which made the millers heart wofully bleede;
Shaking and quaking, before him he stood,
Thinking he should have been hang'd, by the rood.

The king perceiving him fearfully trembling,
Drew forth his sword, but nothing he sed:
The miller downe did fall, crying before them all,
Doubting the king would have cut off his head.
But he his kind courtesye for to requite,
Gave him great living, and dubb'd him a knight.

PART THE SECONDE.

When as our royall king came home from Nottingham,
And with his nobles at Westminster lay;
Recounting the sports and pastimes they had taken,
In this late progress along on the way;
Of them all, great and small, he did protest,
The miller of Mansfield's sport liked him best.

And now, my lords, quoth the king, I am determined
Against St. Georges next sumptuous feast,
That this old miller, our new confirm'd knight,
With his son Richard, shall here be my guest:
For, in this merryment, 'tis my desire
To talke with the jolly knight, and the young squire.

When as the noble lords saw the kinges pleasantness,
They were right joyfull and glad in their hearts:
A pursuivant there was sent straighte on the business,
The which had often-times been in those parts.
When he came to the place, where they did dwell,
His message orderlye then 'gan he tell.

God save your worshippe, then said the messenger,
And grant your ladye her own hearts desire;
And to your sonne Richard good fortune and happiness;
That sweet, gentle, and gallant young squire.
Our king greets you well, and thus he doth say,
You must come to the court on St. George's day;

Therfore, in any case, faile not to be in place.
I wis, quoth the miller, this is an odd jest:
What should we doe there? faith, I am halfe afraid.
I doubt, quoth Richard, to be hang'd at the least.
Nay, quoth the messenger, you doe mistake;
Our king he provides a great feast for your sake.

Then sayd the miller, By my troth, messenger,
Thou hast contented my worshippe full well.
Hold here are three farthings, to quite thy gentleness,
For these happy tydings, which thou dost tell.

Let me see, hear thou mee; tell to our king,
We'll wayt on his mastershipp in everye thing.

The pursuivant smiled at their simplicitye,
And making many leggs, tooke their reward;
And his leave taking with great humilitye
To the kings court againe he repaired;
Shewing unto his grace, merry and free,
The knightes most liberall gift and bountie.

When he was gone away, thus gan the miller say,
Here come expences and charges indeed;
Now must we needs be brave, tho' we spend all we have;
For of new garments we have great need:
Of horses and serving-men we must have store,
With bridles and saddles, and twentye things more.

Tushe, Sir John, quoth his wife, why should you frett, or frowne?
You shall ne'er be att no charges for mee;
For I will turne and trim up my old russet gowne,
With everye thing else as fine as may bee;
And on our mill-horses swift we will ride,
With pillowes and pannells, as we shall provide.

In this most statelye sort, rode they unto the court,
Their jolly sonne Richard rode foremost of all;
Who set up, for good hap, a cocks feather in his cap,
And so they jetted downe to the kings hall;
The merry old miller with hands on his side;
His wife, like maid Marian, did mince at that tide.

The king and his nobles that heard of their coming,
Meeting this gallant knight with his brave traine;

Welcome, sir knight, quoth he, with your gay lady:
Good Sir John Cockle, once welcome againe:
And so is the squire of courage soe free.
Quoth Dicke, A bots on you do you know mee?

Quoth our king gentlye, how should I forget thee?
That wast my owne bed-fellowe, well it I wot.
Yea, sir, quoth Richard, and by the same token,
Thou with thy farting didst make the bed hot.
Thou whore-son unhappy knave, then quoth the knight,
Speake cleanly to our king, or else go sh***.

The king and his courtiers laugh at this heartily,
While the king taketh them both by the hand;
With the court-dames, and maids, like to the queen of spades
The millers wife did soe orderly stand.
A milk-maids courtesye at every word;
And downe all the folkes were set to the board.

There the king royally, in princelye majestye,
Sate at his dinner with joy and delight;
When they had eaten well, then he to jesting fell,
And in a bowle of wine dranke to the knight:
Here's to you both, in wine, ale and beer;
Thanking you heartilye for my good cheer.

Quoth Sir John Cockle, I'll pledge you a pottle,
Were it the best ale in Nottinghamshire:
But then said our king, now I think of a thing;
Some of your lightfoote I would we had here.
Ho! ho! quoth Richard, full well I may say it,
'Tis knavery to eate it, and then to betray it.

Why art thou angry? quoth our king merrilye;
In faith, I take it now very unkind:

Ver. 57, for good hap: i. e. for good luck; they were going on a hazardous expedition. V. 60, Maid Marian in the Morris dance, was represented by a man in woman's clothes, who was to take short steps in order to sustain the female character.

I thought thou wouldst pledge me in ale and wine heartily.
Quoth Dicke, You are like to stay till I have din'd:
You feed us with twatling dishes soe small;
Zounds, a blacke-pudding is better than all.

Aye, marry, quoth our king, that were a daintye thing,
Could a man get but one here for to eate.
With that Dicke straite arose, and pluckt one from his hose,
Which with heat of his breech gan to sweate.
The king made a proffer to snatch it away:—
'Tis meat for your master: good sir you must stay.

Thus in great merriment was the time wholly spent;
And then the ladyes prepared to dance.
Old Sir John Cockle, and Richard, incontinent
Unto their places the king did advance.

Here with the ladyes such sport they did make,
The nobles with laughing did make their sides ake.

Many thankes for their paines did the king give them,
Asking young Richard then, if he would wed;
Among these ladyes free, tell me which liketh thee?
Quoth he Jugg Grumball, Sir, with the red head:
She's my love, she's my life, her will I wed;
She hath sworn I shall have her maidenhead.

Then Sir John Cockle the king call'd unto him,
And of merry Sherwood made him o'er seer;
And gave him out of hand three hundred pound yearlye:
Take heed now you steale no more of my deer:
And once a quarter let's here have your view;
And now, Sir John Cockle, I bid you adieu.

XXI.

The Shepherd's Resolution.

This beautiful old song was written by a poet, whose name would have been utterly forgotten, if it had not been preserved by Swift, as a term of contempt. "Dryden and Wither" are coupled by him like the "Bavius and Mævius" of Virgil. Dryden however has had justice done him by posterity: and as for Wither, though of subordinate merit, that he was not altogether devoid of genius, will be judged from the following stanzas. The truth is, Wither was a very voluminous party-writer: and as his political and satirical strokes rendered him extremely popular in his lifetime: so afterwards, when these were no longer relished, they totally consigned his writings to oblivion.

George Wither was born June 11, 1588, and in his younger years distinguished himself by some pastoral pieces, that were not inelegant; but growing afterwards involved in the political and religious disputes in the times of James I. and Charles I., he employed his poetical vein in severe pasquils on the court and clergy, and was occasionally a sufferer for the freedom of his pen. In the civil war that ensued, he exerted himself in the service of the Parliament, and became a considerable sharer in the spoils. He was even one of those provincial tyrants, whom Oliver distributed over the kingdom, under the name of Major Generals; and had the fleecing of the county of Surrey: but, surviving the Restoration, he outlived both his power, and his affluence; and giving vent to his chagrin in libels on the court, was long a prisoner in Newgate and the Tower. He died at length on the 2d of May, 1667.

During the whole course of his life, Wither

was a continual publisher; having generally for opponent, Taylor the Water-poet. The long list of his productions may be seen in Wood's Athenæ Oxon. vol. II. His most popular satire is entitled "Abuses whipt and stript," 1613. His most poetical pieces were eclogues, entitled, "The Shepherd's Hunting," 1615, 8vo., and others printed at the end of Browne's "Shepherd's Pipe," 1614, 8vo. The following sonnet is extracted from a long pastoral piece of his, entitled "The Mistresse of Philarete," 1622, 8vo., which is said in the preface to be one of the Author's first poems; and may therefore be dated as early as any of the foregoing.

Shall I, wasting in dispaire,
Dye because a woman's faire?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosie are?
Be shee fairer then the day,
Or the flowry meads in may;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how faire shee be?

Shall my foolish heart be pin'd
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well-disposed nature
Joyned with a lovely feature?
Be shee meeker, kinder, than
The turtle-dove or pelican:
If shee be not so to me,
What care I how kind shee be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or, her well-deservings knowne,
Make me quite forget mine owne?
Be shee with that goodnesse blest,
Which may merit name of Best;
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the foole and dye?
Those that beare a noble minde,
Where they want of riches find,
Thinke what with them they would doe,
That without them dare to woe;
And, unlesse that minde I see,
What care I how great she be?

Great or good, or kind or faire,
I will ne'er the more dispaire:
If she love me, this beleeve;
I will die ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me when I wooe,
I can scorne and let her goe:
If shee be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be?

XXII.

Queen Dido.

Such is the title given in the Editor's folio MS. to this excellent old ballad, which, in the common printed copies, is inscribed, "Eneas wandering Prince of Troy." It is here given from that MS. collated with two different printed copies, both in black letter, in the Pepys Collection.

The reader will smile to observe with what natural and affecting simplicity, our ancient ballad-maker has engrafted a Gothic conclusion on the classic story of Virgil, from whom, however, it is probable he had it not. Nor can it be denied, but he has dealt out his poetical justice with a more impartial hand than that celebrated poet.

When Troy towne had, for ten yeeres
'past,'
Withstood the Greekes in manfull wise,
Then did their foes encrease soe fast,
That to resist none could suffice:
Wast lye those walls, that were soe good,
And corne now growes where Troy towne
stoode.

Æneas, wandering prince of Troy,
When he for land long time had sought,
At length arriving with great joy,
To mighty Carthage walls was brought;
Where Dido queene, with sumptuous feast,
Did entertaine that wandering guest.

Ver. 1, 21, war, MS. and PP.

And, as in hall at meate they sate,
The queene, desirous newes to heare,
Says, of thy Troys unhappy fate'
Declare to me thou Trojan deare:
The heavy hap and chance soe bad,
That thou, poore wandering prince, hast had.

And then anon this comelye knight,
With words demure, as he cold well,
Of his unhappy ten yeares 'fight,'
Soe true a tale began to tell,
With wordes soe sweete, and sighs soe deepe,
That oft he made them all to weepe.

And then a thousand sighes he fet,
And every sigh brought teares amaine;
That where he sate the place was wett,
As though he had seene those warrs againe:
Soe that the queene, with ruth therfore,
Said, Worthy prince, enough, no more.

And then the darksome night drew on,
And twinkling starres the skye bespred;
When he his dolefull tale had done,
And every one was layd in bedd:
Where they full sweetly tooke their rest,
Save only Dido's boyling brest.

This silly woman never slept,
But in her chamber, all alone,
As one unhappye, alwayes wept,
And to the walls shee made her mone;
That she shold still desire in vaine
The thing, she never must obtaine.

And thus in grieffe she spent the night,
Till twinkling starres the skye were fled,
And Phœbus, with his glistening light,
Through misty cloudes appeared red;
Then tidings came to her anon,
That all the Trojan shipps were gone.

And then the queene with bloody knife
Did arme her hart as hard as stone,
Yet, something loth to loose her life,
In woefull wise she made her mone;
And, rowling on her carefull bed,
With sighes and sobbs, these words she sayd:

O wretched Dido queene! quoth shee,
I see thy end approacheth neare;
For hee is fled away from thee,
Whom thou didst love and hold so deare:
What is he gone, and passed by?
O hart, prepare thyselfe to dye.

Though reason says, thou shouldst forbeare,
And stay thy hand from bloudy stroke;
Yet fancy bids thee not to fear,
Which fetter'd thee in Cupids yoke.
Come death, quoth shee, resolve my smart!—
And with those words shee peerced her hart.

When death had pierced the tender hart
Of Dido, Carthaginian queene;
Whose bloudy knife did end the smart,
Which shee sustain'd in mournfull teene;
Æneas being shipt and gone,
Whose flattery caused all her mone;

Her funerall most costly made,
And all things finisht mournfullye;
Her body fine in mold was laid,
Where itt consumed speedilye:
Her sisters teares her tombe bestrewde;
Her subjects griefe their kindnesse shewed.

Then was Æneas in an ile
In Grecya, where he stayd long space
Whereas her sister in short while
Writt to him to his vile disgrace;
In speeches bitter to his mind
Shee told him plaine he was unkind.

False-harted wretch, quoth shee, thou art;
And traiterouslye thou hast betraid
Unto thy lure a gentle hart,
Which unto thee much welcome made;
My sister deare, and Carthage' joy,
Whose folly bred her deere annoy.

Yett on her death-bed when shee lay,
Shee prayd for thy prosperitye,
Beseeching god, that every day
Might breed thy great felicitye:
Thus by thy meanes I lost a friend;
Heaven send thee such untimely end.

When he these lines, full fraught with gall,
Perused had, and wayed them right,
His lofty courage then did fall;
And straight appeared in his sight
Queene Dido's ghost, both grim and pale:
Which made this valliant souldier quaile.

Æneas, quoth this ghastly ghost,
My whole delight when I did live,
Thee of all men I loved most;
My fancy and my will did give;
For entertainment I thee gave,
Unthankefully thou didst me grave.

Therfore prepare thy flitting soule
To wander with me in the aire:
Where deadlye griefe shall make it howle,
Because of me thou tookest no care:
Delay not time, thy glasse is run,
Thy date is past, thy life is done.

O stay a while, thou lovely sprite,
Be not soe hasty to convay
My soule into eternall night,
Where itt shall ne're behold bright day:
O doe not frowne; thy angry looke
Hath 'all my soule with horror shooke.'

But, woe is me! all is in vaine,
And bootless is my dismall crye;
Time will not be recalled againe,
Nor thou surcease before I dye.

O lett me live, and make amends
To some of thy most dearest friends.

But seeing thou obdurate art,
And wilt no pittye on me show,
Because from thee I did depart,
And left unpaid what I did owe:
I must content myselfe to take
What lott to me thou wilt partake.

And thus, as one being in a trance,
A multitude of uglye feinds
About this woffull prince did dance;
He had no helpe of any friends:
His body then they tooke away,
And no man knew his dying day.

XXIII.

The Witches' Song.

—From Ben Jonson's Masque of Queens, presented at Whitehall, Feb. 2, 1609.

The Editor thought it incumbent on him to insert some old pieces on the popular superstition concerning witches, hobgoblins, fairies, and ghosts. The last of these make their appearance in most of the tragical ballads; and in the following songs will be found some description of the former.

It is true, this song of the Witches, falling from the learned pen of Ben Jonson, is rather an extract from the various incantations of classical antiquity, than a display of the opinions of our own vulgar. But let it be observed, that a parcel of learned wiseacres had just before busied themselves on this subject, in compliment to King James I., whose weakness on this head is well known: and these had so ransacked all writers, ancient and modern, and so blended and kneaded together the several superstitions of different times and nations, that those of genuine English growth could no longer be traced out and distinguished.

By good luck the whimsical belief of fairies and goblins could furnish no pretence for torturing our fellow-creatures, and therefore we have this handed down to us pure and unsophisticated.

1 WITCH.

I have been all day looking after
A raven feeding upon a quarter:
And, soone as she turn'd her beak to the south,
I snatch'd this morsell out of her mouth.

2 WITCH.

I have beene gathering wolves haires,
The madd dogges foames, and adders eares;
The spurging of a deadmans eyes:
And all since the evening starre did rise.

3 WITCH.

I last night lay all alone
O' the ground, to heare the mandrake grone;
And pluckt him up, though he grew full low:
And, as I had done, the cocke did crow.

Ver. 120, MS. Hath made my breathe my life forsooke.

4 WITCH.

And I ha' beene chusing out this scull
From charnell houses that were full;
From private grots, and publike pits;
And frighted a sexton out of his wits.

5 WITCH.

Under a cradle I did crepe
By day; and, when the childe was a-sleepe
At night, I suck'd the breath; and rose,
And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose.

6 WITCH.

I had a dagger: what did I with that?
Killed an infant to have his fat.
A piper it got at a church-ale.
I bade him again blow wind i' the taile.

7 WITCH.

A murderer, yonder, was hung in chaines;
The sunne and the wind had shrunke his veines:
I bit off a sinew; I clipp'd his haire;
I brought off his ragges, that danc'd i' the ayre.

8 WITCH.

The scrich-owles egges and the feathers blacke,
The bloud of the frogge, and the bone in his backe
I have been getting; and made of his skin
A purset, to keepe Sir Cranion in.

9 WITCH.

And I ha' beene plucking (plants among)
Hemlock, henbane, adders-tongue,
Night-shade, moone-wort, libbards-bane;
And twise by the dogges was like to be tane.

10 WITCH.

I from the jawes of a gardiner's bitch
Did snatch these bones, and then leap'd the ditch:
Yet went I back to the house againe,
Kill'd the blacke cat, and here is the braine.

11 WITCH.

I went to the toad, breedes under the wall,
I charmed him out, and he came at my call;
I scratch'd out the eyes of the owle before;
I tore the batts wing: what would you have more?

DAME.

Yes: I have brought, to helpe your vows,
Horned poppie, cypresse boughes,
The fig-tree wild, that growes on tombes,
And juice, that from the larch-tree comes,
The basiliskes bloud, and the vipers skin:
And now our orgies let's begin.

XXIV.

Robin Goodfellow,

—ALIAS PUCKE, alias HOBGOBLIN, in the creed of ancient superstition, was a kind of merry sprite, whose character and achievements are recorded in this ballad, and in those well-known lines of Milton's L'Allegro, which the antiquarian Peck supposes to be owing to it:

"Tells how the drudging GOBLIN swet
To earn his creame-bowle duly set:
When in one night, ere glimpse of morne,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And stretch'd out all the chimneys length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matins rings."

The reader will observe that our simple ancestors had reduced all these whimsies to a kind of system, as regular, and perhaps more consistent, than many parts of classic mythology: a proof of the extensive influence and vast antiquity of these superstitions. Mankind, and especially the common people, could not everywhere have been so unani-

mously agreed concerning these arbitrary notions, if they had not prevailed among them for many ages. Indeed, a learned friend in Wales assures the Editor, that the existence of Fairies and Goblins is alluded to by the most ancient British Bards, who mention them under various names, one of the most common of which signifies "The spirits of the mountains." See also Preface to Song XXV.

This song, which Peck attributes to Ben Jonson (though it is not found among his works) is chiefly printed from an ancient black-letter copy in the British Museum. It seems to have been originally intended for some Masque.

This ballad is entitled, in the old black-letter copies, "The merry Pranks of Robin Goodfellow. To the tune of Dulcina," &c. (See No. XIII. above.)

From Oberon, in fairye land,
The king of ghosts and shadowes there,
Mad Robin I, at his command,
Am sent to viewe the night-sports here.
What revell rout
Is kept about,
In every corner where I go,
I will o'ersee,
And merry bee,
And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightening can I flye
About this aery welkin soone,
And, in a minutes space, descrye
Each thing that's done belowe the moone,
There's not a hag
Or ghost shall wag,
Or cry, ware Goblins! where I go;
But Robin I
Their feates will spy,
And send them home, with ho, ho, ho!

Whene'er such wanderers I meete,
As from their night-sports they trudge home;
With counterfeiting voice I greete,
And call them on, with mee to roame
Thro' woods, thro' lakes,
Thro' bogs, thro' brakes;
Or else, unseene, with them I go,
All in the nicke
To play some tricke
And frolicke it, with ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meete them like a man;
Sometimes, an ox, sometimes, a hound;
And to a horse I turn me can;
To trip and trot about them round.
But if, to ride,
My backe they stride,
More swift than winde away I go,
Ore hedge and lands,
Thro' pools and ponds
I whirry, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When lads and lasses merry be,
With possets and with juncates fine;
Unseene of all the company,
I eat their cakes and sip their wine;
And, to make sport,
I fart and snort;
And out the candles I do blow:
The maids I kiss;
They shrieke—Who's this?
I answer nought, but ho, ho, ho!

Yet now and then, the maids to please,
At midnight I card up their wooll;
And while they sleepe, and take their ease,
With wheel to threads their flax I pull.
I grind at mill
Their malt up still;
I dress their hemp, I spin their tow.
If any 'wake,
And would me take,
I wend me, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When house or harth doth sluttish lye,
I pinch the maidens black and blue;
The bed-clothes from the bedd pull I
And lay them naked all to view.
'Twixt sleepe and wake,
I do them take,
And on the key-cold floor them throw.
If out they cry,
Then forth I fly,
And loudly laugh out, ho, ho, ho!

When any need to borrowe ought,
We lend them what they do require:
And for the use demand we nought;
Our owne is all we do desire.
If to repay,
They do delay,
Abroad amongst them then I go,
And night by night,
I them affright
With pinchings, dreames, and ho, ho, ho!

When lazie queans have nought to do,
But study how to cog and lye;
To make debate and mischief too,
'Twixt one another secretlye:
I marke their gloze,
And it disclose,
To them whom they have wronged so;
When I have done,
I get me gone,
And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho!

When men do traps and engins set
In loope holes, where the vermine creepe,
Who from their foldes and houses, get
Their duckes and geese, and lambes and sheepe:
I spy the gin,
And enter in,
And seeme a vermine taken so;
But when they there
Approach me neare,
I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho!

By wells and rills, in meadowes greene,
We nightly dance our hey-day guise;
And to our fairye king and queene
We chant our moon-light minstrelsies.
When larks gin sing,
Away we fling;
And babes new borne steal as we go,
And elfe in bed
We leave instead,
And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho!

From hag-bred Merlin's time have I
Thus nightly revell'd to and fro:
And for my pranks men call me by
The name of Robin Good-fellôw.
Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,
Who haunt the nightes,
The hags and goblins do me know;
And beldames old
My feates have told;
So *Vale, Vale;* ho, ho, ho!

XXV.

The Fairy Queen.

We have here a short display of the popular belief concerning Fairies. It will afford entertainment to a contemplative mind to trace these whimsical opinions up to their origin. Whoever considers, how early, how extensively, and how uniformly, they have prevailed in these nations, will not readily assent to the hypothesis of those who fetch them from the East so late as the time of the Croisades. Whereas it is well known that our Saxon ancestors, long before they left their German forests, believed the existence of a kind of diminutive demons, or middle species between men and spirits, whom they called Duergar or Dwarfs, and to whom they attributed many wonderful performances, far exceeding human art. Vid. Hervarer Saga Olaj Verelj. 1675. Hickes Thesaur. &c.

This Song is given (with some corrections by another copy) from a book entitled "The Mysteries of Love and Eloquence, &c." Lond. 1648. 8vo.

Come, follow, follow me,
You, fairy elves that be:
Which circle on the greene,
Come follow Mab your queene.
Hand in hand let's dance around,
For this place is fairye ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest;
Unheard, and unespy'd,
Through key-holes we do glide;
Over tables, stools and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And, if the house be foul
With platter, dish, or bowl,
Up stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep:
There we pinch their armes and thighes;
None escapes, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And duely she is paid:
For we use before we goe
To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon a mushroomes head
Our table-cloth we spread;
A grain of rye, or wheat,
Is manchet, which we eat;
Pearly drops of dew we drink
In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
With unctuous fat of snailes,
Between two cockles stew'd,
Is meat that's easily chew'd;
Tailes of wormes, and marrow of mice
Do make a dish, that's wonderous nice.

The grashopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsie;
Grace said, we dance a while,
And so the time beguile:
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The gloe-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewie grasse
So nimbly do we passe,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends when we do walk:
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

XXVI.

The Fairies Farewell.

This humorous old song fell from the hand of the witty Dr. Corbet (afterwards Bishop of Norwich, &c.), and is printed from his *Poëtica Stromata*, 1648, 12mo. (compared with the third edition of his poems, 1672). It is there called "A proper new Ballad, entitled, The Fairies Farewell, or God-a-mercy Will, to be sung or whistled to the tune of The Meddow Brow, by the learned; by the unlearned, to the tune of Fortune."

The departure of Fairies is here attributed to the abolition of monkery: Chaucer has, with equal humour, assigned a cause the very reverse, in his "Wife of Bath's Tale."

"In olde dayes of the King Artour,
Of which that Bretons speken gret honour,
All was this lond fulfilled of faerie;
The elf-quene, with hire joly compagnie
Danced ful oft in many a grene mede.
This was the old opinion as I rede;
I speke of many hundred yeres ago;
But now can no man see non elves mo,
For now the grete charitee and prayeres
Of limitoures and other holy freres,
That serchen every land and every streme,
As thikke as motes in the sonne beme,
Blissing halles, chambres, kichenes, and boures,
Citees and burghes, castles high, and toures,
Thropes and bernes, shepenes and dairies,
This maketh that ther ben no faeries:
For ther as wont to walken was an elf,
Ther walketh now the limitour himself,
In undermeles and in morweninges,
And sayth his Matines and his holy thinges,
As he goth in his limitatioun.
Women may now go safely up and doun,
In every bush, and under every tree,
Ther is non other incubus but he,
And he ne will don hem no dishonour."
Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, I. p. 255.

Dr. Richard Corbet, having been bishop of Oxford about three years, and afterwards as long bishop of Norwich, died in 1635, ætat 52.

Farewell rewards and Fairies!
Good housewives now may say;
For now foule sluts in dairies,
Doe fare as well as they:
And though they sweepe their hearths no less
Than mayds were wont to doe,
Yet who of late for cleaneliness
Finds sixe-pence in her shoe?

Lament, lament old Abbies,
The fairies lost command;
They did but change priests babies,
But some have chang'd your land:
And all your children stoln from thence
Are now growne Puritanes,
Who live as changelings ever since,
For love of your demaines.

At morning and at evening both
You merry were and glad,
So little care of sleepe and sloth,
These prettie ladies had.
When Tom came home from labour,
Or Ciss to milking rose,
Then merrily went their tabour,
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelayes
Of theirs, which yet remaine;
Were footed in Queene Maries dayes
On many a grassy playne.
But since of late Elizabeth
And later James came in;
They never danc'd on any heath,
As when the time hath bin.

By which wee note the fairies
Were of the old profession:
Their songs were *Ave Maries*,
Their dances were procession.
But now, alas! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas,
Or farther for religion fled,
Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company
They never could endure;
And whoso kept not secretly
Their mirth, was punish'd sure:
It was a just and Christian deed
To pinch such blacke and blue:
O how the common-welth doth need
Such justices as you!

Now they have left our quarters;
A Register they have,
Who can preserve their charters;
A man both wise and grave.
An hundred of their merry pranks,
By one that I could name
Are kept in store; con twenty thanks
To William for the same.

To William Churne of Staffordshire
Give laud and praises due,
Who every meale can mend your cheare
With tales both old and true:
To William all give audience,
And pray yee for his noddle:
For all the fairies evidence
Were lost, if it were addle.

*** After these songs on the fairies, the reader may be curious to see the manner in which they were formerly invoked and bound to human service. In Ashmole's collection of MSS. at Oxford [Num. 8259, 1406, 2,] are the papers of some Alchymist, which contain a variety of Incantations and Forms of Conjuring both Fairies, Witches, and Demons, principally, as it should seem, to assist him in his great work of transmuting metals. Most of them are too impious to be reprinted; but the two following may be very innocently laughed at.

Whoever looks into Ben Jonson's "Alchymist," will find that these imposters, among their other secrets, affected to have a power over Fairies: and that they were commonly expected to be seen in a crystal glass appears from that extraordinary book, "The Relation of Dr. John Dee's action with Spirits, 1659," folio.

"An excellent way to gett a Fayrie. (For myself I call Margarett Barrance; but this will obteine any one that is not allready bownd.)

"First, gett a broad square christall or Venice glasse, in length and breadth three inches. Then lay that glasse or christall in the bloud of a white henne, three Wednesdayes, or three Fridayes. Then take it out, and wash it with holy aq. and fumigate it. Then take three hazle sticks, or wands of an yeare groth; pill them fayre and white; and make 'them' soe longe, as you write the Spiritts name, or Fayries name, which you call, three times on every sticke being made flatt on one side. Then bury them under some hill, whereas you suppose Fayries haunt, the Wednesday before you call her: and the Friday followinge take them uppe, and call her at eight or three or ten of the clocke, which be good planetts and houres for that turne: but when you call, be in cleane

life, and turne thy face towards the east. And when you have her, bind her to that stone or glasse."

"An unguent to annoynt under the eyelids, and upon the eyelids eveninge and morninge: but especially when you call; or find your sight not perfect.

"R. A pint of sallet-oyle, and put it into a viall glasse: but first wash it with rose-water, and marygold-water: the flowers 'to' be gathered towards the east. Wash it till the oyle come white; then put it into the glasse, ut supra: and then put thereto the budds of holyhocke, the flowers of marygold, the flowers or toppes of wild thime, the budds of young hazle: and the thime must be gathered neare the side of a hill where Fayries use to be: and 'take' the grasse of a fayrie throne, there. All these put into the oyle, into the glasse: and set it to dissolve three dayes in the sunne, and then keep it for thy use; ut supra."

After this receipt for the unguent follows a Form of Incantation, wherein the Alchymist conjures a Fairy, named Elaby Gathon, to appear to him in that chrystall glass, meekly and mildly; to resolve him truly in all manner of questions; and to be obedient to all his commands, under pain of damnation, &c.

One of the vulgar opinions about Fairies is, that they cannot be seen by human eyes, without a particular charm exerted in favour of the person who is to see them: and that they strike with blindness such as, having the gift of seeing them, take notice of them mal a-propos.

As for the hazle sticks mentioned above, they were to be probably of that species called the "Witch Hazle;" which received its name from this manner of applying it in incantations.

THE END OF BOOK THE SECOND.

SERIES THE THIRD.

BOOK III.

I.

The Birth of St. George.

The incidents in this, and the other ballad of "St. George and the Dragon," are chiefly taken from the old story-book of the Seven Champions of Christendome; which, though now the plaything of children, was once in high repute. Bp. Hall, in his satires, published in 1597, ranks

"St. George's sorell, and his cross of blood,"

among the most popular stories of his time; and an ingenious critic thinks that Spenser himself did not disdain to borrow hints from it;* though I much doubt whether this popular romance were written so early as the Faery Queen.

The author of this book of the Seven Champions was one Richard Johnson, who lived in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, as we collect from his other publications; viz.—"The nine worthies of London: 1592," 4to.—"The pleasant walks of Moor fields: 1607," 4to.—"A crown garland of Goulden Roses, gathered, &c.: 1612," 8vo.—"The life and death of Rob. Cecill, E. of Salisbury, 1612," 4to.—"The Hist. of Tom of Lincoln," 4to., is also by R. J., who likewise reprinted "Don Flores of Greece," 4to.

The Seven Champions, though written in a wild inflated style, contains some strong

* Mr. Wharton. Vid. Observations on the Fairy Queen, 2 vol. 1762, 12mo. *passim.*

Gothic painting; which seems for the most part, copied from the metrical romances of former ages. At least the story of St. George and the fair Sabra is taken almost verbatim from the old poetical legend of "Sir Bevis of Hampton."

This very antique poem was in great fame in Chaucer's time [see above pag. 352], and is so continued till the introduction of printing, when it ran through several editions, two of which are in black-letter, 4to., "imprinted by Wyllyam Copland," without date; containing great variations.

As a specimen of the poetic powers of this very old rhymist, and as a proof how closely the author of the Seven Champions has followed him, take a description of the dragon slain by Sir Bevis.

"—— Whan the dragon, that foule is,
Had a syght of Syr Bevis,
He cast up a loude cry,
As it had thondred in the sky;
He turned his bely towarde the son;
It was greater than any tonne:
His scales was bryghter then the glas,
And harder they were than any bras:
Betwene his shulder and his tayle,
Was forty fote withoute fayle.
He waltred out of his denne,
And Bevis pricked his stede then,
And to hym a spere he thraste
That all to shyvers he it braste:
The dragon then gan Bevis assayle,
And smote Syr Bevis with his tayle:
Then downe went horse and man,
And two rybbes of Bevis brused than.

After a long fight, at length, as the dragon was preparing to fly, Sir Bevis

"Hit him under the wynge,
As he was in his flyenge,
There he was tender without scale,
And Bevis thought to be his bale.
He smote after, as I you saye,
With his good sword Morglaye.
Up to the hiltes Morglay yode
Through harte, lyver, bone, and bloude;
To the ground fell the dragon,
Great joye Syr Bevis begon.
Under the scales al on hight:
He smote off his head forth right,
And put it on a spere: &c." Sign K. iv.

Sir Bevis's dragon is evidently the parent of that in the Seven Champions, see Chap. III., viz.—"The dragon no sooner had a sight of him [St. George] but he gave such a terrible peal, as though it had thundered in the elements. . . . Betwixt his shoulders and his tail were fifty feet in distance, his scales glistering as bright as silver, but far more hard than brass; his belly of the colour of gold, but bigger than a tun. Thus weltered he from his den, &c. . . . The champion . . . gave the dragon such a thrust with his spear, that it shivered in a thousand pieces: whereat the furious dragon so fiercely smote him with his venomous tail, that down fell man and horse: in which fall two of St. George's ribs were so bruised, &c.——At length . . . . St. George smote the dragon under the wing where it was tender without scale, whereby his good sword Ascalon with an easie passage went to the very hilt through both the dragon's heart, liver, bone, and blood.—Then St. George cut off the dragon's head, and pitcht it upon the truncheon of a spear, &c."

The History of the Seven Champions, being written just before the decline of books of chivalry, was never, I believe, translated into any foreign language: but "Le Roman de Beuves of Hantonne" was published at Paris in 1502, 4to., Let. Gothique.

The learned Selden tells us, that about the time of the Norman invasion was Bevis famous with the title of Earl of Southampton, whose residence was at Duncton in Wiltshire: but he observes, that the monkish enlargements of his story have made his very existence doubted. See Notes on Poly-Olbion, Song III.

This hath also been the case of St. George himself, whose martial history is allowed to be apocryphal. But, to prove that there really existed an orthodox Saint of this name (although little or nothing, it seems, is known of his genuine story), is the subject of "An Historical and Critical Inquiry into the Existence and Character of St. George, &c. By the Rev. J. Milner, F.S.A., 1792, 8vo."

The Equestrian Figure worn by the Knights of the Garter, has been understood to be an emblem of the Christian warrior, in his spiritual armour, vanquishing the old serpent.

But on this subject the inquisitive reader may consult "A Dissertation on the Original

of the Equestrian Figure of the George and of the Garter, ensigns of the most noble order of that name. Illustrated with copper-plates. By John Pettingal, A.M., Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, London, 1753," 4to. This learned and curious work the author of the Historical and Critical Inquiry would have done well to have seen.

It cannot be denied, but that the following ballad is for the most part modern: for which reason it would have been thrown to the end of the volume, had not its subject procured it a place here.

Listen, lords, in bower and hall,
I sing the wonderous birth
Of brave St. George, whose valorous arm,
Rid monsters from the earth:

Distressed ladies to relieve
He travell'd many a day;
In honour of the Christian faith,
Which shall endure for aye.

In Coventry sometime did dwell
A knight of worthy fame,
High steward of this noble realme;
Lord Albert was his name.

He had to wife a princely dame,
Whose beauty did excell.
This virtuous lady, being with child,
In sudden sadness fell:

For thirty nights no sooner sleep
Had clos'd her wakeful eyes,
But lo! a foul and fearful dream
Her fancy would surprize:

She dreamt a dragon fierce and fell
Conceiv'd within her womb;
Whose mortal fangs her body rent
Ere he to life could come.

All woe-begone, and sad was she;
She nourisht constant woe:
Yet strove to hide it from her lord,
Lest he should sorrow know.

In vain she strove; her tender lord,
Who watch'd her slightest look,
Discover'd soon her secret pain,
And soon that pain partook.

And when to him the fearful cause
She weeping did impart,
With kindest speech he strove to heal
The anguish of her heart.

Be comforted, my lady dear,
Those pearly drops refrain;
Betide me weal, betide me woe,
I'll try to ease thy pain.

And for this foul and fearful dream,
That causeth all thy woe,
Trust me I'll travel far away
But I'll the meaning knowe.

Then giving many a fond embrace,
And shedding many a teare,
To the weïrd lady of the woods,
He purpos'd to repaire.

To the weïrd lady of the woods,
Full long and many a day,
Thro' lonely shades, and thickets rough
He winds his weary way.

At length he reach'd a dreary dell
With dismal yews o'erhung;
Where cypress spred its mournful boughs,
And pois'nous nightshade sprung.

No chearful gleams here pierc'd the gloom,
He hears no chearful sound;
But shrill night-ravens' yelling scream,
And serpents hissing round.

The shriek of fiends and damned ghosts
Ran howling thro' his ear:
A chilling horror froze his heart,
Tho' all unus'd to fear.

Three times he strives to win his way,
And pierce those sickly dews:
Three times to bear his trembling corse
His knocking knees refuse.

At length upon his beating breast
He signs the holy crosse;
And, rouzing up his wonted might,
He treads th' unhallowed mosse.

Beneath a pendent craggy cliff,
All vaulted like a grave,
And opening in the solid rock,
He found the inchanted cave.

An iron gate clos'd up the mouth,
All hideous and forlorne;
And, fasten'd by a silver chaine,
Near hung a brazed horne.

Then offering up a secret prayer,
Three times he blowes amaine:
Three times a deepe and hollow sound
Did answer him againe.

"Sir knight, thy lady beares a son,
Who, like a dragon bright,
Shall prove most dreadful to his foes,
And terrible in fight.

"His name advanc'd in future times
On banners shall be worn:
But lo! thy lady's life must passe
Before he can be born."

All sore opprest with fear and doubt
Long time Lord Albert stood;
At length he winds his doubtful way
Back thro' the dreary wood.

Eager to clasp his lovely dame
Then fast he travels back:
But when he reach'd his castle gate,
His gate was hung in black.

In every court and hall he found
A sullen silence reigne;
Save where, amid the lonely towers,
He heard her maidens 'plaine;

And bitterlye lament and weep,
With many a grievous grone:
Then sore his bleeding heart misgave,
His lady's life was gone.

With faultering step he enters in,
Yet half affraid to goe;
With trembling voice asks why they grieve,
Yet fears the cause to knowe.

"Three times the sun hath rose and set;"
They said, then stopt to weep:
Since heaven hath laid thy lady deare
In death's eternal sleep.

"For, ah! in travel sore she fell
So sore that she must dye;
Unless some shrewd and cunning leech
Could ease her presentlye.

"But when a cunning leech was fet,
Too soon declared he,
She, or the babe must lose its life;
Both saved could not be.

"Now take my life, thy lady said,
My little infant save:
And O commend me to my lord,
When I am laid in grave.

"O tell him how that precious babe
Cost him a tender wife:
And teach my son to lisp her name,
Who died to save his life.

"Then calling still upon thy name,
And praying still for thee;
Without repining or complaint,
Her gentle soul did flee."

What tongue can paint Lord Albret's woe,
The bitter tears he shed,
The bitter pangs that wrung his heart,
To find his lady dead?

He beat his breast: he tore his hair;
And shedding many a tear,
At length he askt to see his son;
The son that cost so dear.

New sorrowe seiz'd the damsells all:
At length they faultering say:
"Alas! my lord, how shall we tell?
Thy son is stoln away.

"Fair as the sweetest flower of spring,
Such was his infant mien:
And on his little body stampt
Three wonderous marks were seen:

"A blood-red cross was on his arm;
A dragon on his breast:
A little garter all of gold
Was round his leg exprest.

"Three carefull nurses we provide
Our little lord to keep:
One gave him sucke, one gave him food,
And one did lull to sleep.

"But lo! all in the dead of night,
We heard a fearful sound:
Loud thunder clapt; the castle shook;
And lightning flasht around.

"Dead with affright at first we lay;
But rousing up anon,
We ran to see our little lord:
Our little lord was gone!

"But how or where we could not tell;
For lying on the ground,
In deep and magic slumbers laid,
The nurses there we found."

O grief on grief! Lord Albret said:
No more his tongue could say,
When falling in a deadly swoone,
Long time he lifeless lay.

At length restor'd to life and sense
He nourisht endless woe,
No future joy his heart could taste,
No future comfort know.

So withers on the mountain top
A fair and stately oake,
Whose vigorous arms are torne away
By some rude thunder-stroke.

At length his castle irksome grew,
He loathes his wonted home;
His native country he forsakes,
In foreign lands to roame.

There up and downe he wandered far,
Clad in a palmer's gown:
Till his brown locks grew white as wool,
His beard as thistle down.

At length, all wearied, down in death
He laid his reverend head.
Meantime amid the lonely wilds
His little son was bred.

There the weïrd lady of the woods
Had borne him far away,
And train'd him up in feates of armes,
And every martial play.

***

II.

St. George and the Dragon.

The following ballad is given (with some corrections) from two ancient black-letter copies in the Pepys Collection: one of which is in 12mo., the other in folio.

Of Hector's deeds did Homer sing;
And of the sack of stately Troy,
What griefs fair Helena did bring,
Which was Sir Paris' only joy:
And by my pen I will recite
St. George's deeds, an English knight.

Against the Sarazens so rude
Fought he full long and many a day;
Where many gyaunts he subdu'd,
In honour of the Christian way:
And after many adventures past
To Egypt land he came at last.

Now as the story plain doth tell,
Within that country there did rest
A dreadful dragon fierce and fell,
Whereby they were full sore opprest:
Who by his poisonous breath each day
Did many of the city slay.

The grief whereof did grow so great
Throughout the limits of the land,
That they were wise men did intreat
To shew their cunning out of hand;
What way they might this fiend destroy,
That did the country thus annoy.

The wise men all before the king,
This answer fram'd incontinent;
The dragon none to death might bring
By any means they could invent:
His skin more hard than brass was found,
That sword nor spear could pierce nor wound.

When this the people understood,
They cryed out most piteouslye,
The dragon's breath infects their blood,
That everye day in heaps they dye:
Among them such a plague is bred,
The living scarce could bury the dead.

No means there were, as they could hear,
For to appease the dragon's rage,
But to present some virgin clear,
Whose blood his fury might asswage;

Each daye he would a maiden eat,
For to allay his hunger great.

This thing by art the wise-men found,
Which truly must observed be;
Wherefore throughout the city round
A virgin pure of good degree
Was by the king's commission still
Taken up to serve the dragon's will.

Thus did the dragon every day
Untimely crop some virgin flowr,
Till all the maids were worn away,
And none were left him to devour:
Saving the king's fair daughter bright,
Her father's only heart's delight.

Then came the officers to the king,
That heavy message to declare,
Which did his heart with sorrow sting;
She is, quoth he, my kingdom's heir:
O let us all be poisoned here,
Ere she should die, that is my dear.

Then rose the people presently,
And to the king in rage they went;
They said his daughter dear should dye,
The dragon's fury to prevent:
Our daughters all are dead, quoth they,
And have been made the dragon's prey:

And by their blood we rescued were,
And thou hast sav'd thy life thereby;
And now in sooth it is but fair,
For us thy daughter so sould die.
O save my daughter said the king;
And let ME feel the dragon's sting.

Then fell fair Sabra on her knee,
And to her father dear did say,
O father, strive not thus for me,
But let me be the dragon's prey;
It may be for my sake alone
This plague upon the land was thrown.

'Tis better I should dye, she said,
Than all your subjects perish quite;
Perhaps the dragon here was laid,
For my offence to work his spite:
And after he hath suckt my gore,
Your land shall feel the grief no more.

What hast thou done, my daughter dear,
For to deserve this heavy scourge?
It is my fault, as may appear,
Which makes the gods our state to purge;
Then ought I die, to stint the strife,
And to preserve thy happy life.

Like mad-men, all the people cried,
Thy death to us can do no good;
Our safety only doth abide
In making her the dragon's food.
Lo! here I am, I come, quoth she,
Therefore do what you will with me.

Nay stay, dear daughter, quoth the queen,
And as thou art a virgin bright,
That hast for vertue famous been,
So let me cloath thee all in white;
And crown thy head with flowers sweet,
An ornament for virgins meet.

And when she was attired so,
According to her mother's mind,
Unto the stake then did she go;
To which her tender limbs they bind:
And being bound to stake a thrall,
She bade farewell unto them all.

Farewell, my father dear, quoth she,
And my sweet mother meek and mild;
Take you no thought nor weep for me,
For you may have another child:
Since for my country's good I dye,
Death I receive most willinglye.

The king and queen and all their train
With weeping eyes went then their way,
And let their daughter there remain,
To be the hungry dragon's prey:
But as she did there weeping lye,
Behold St. George came riding by.

And seeing there a lady bright
So rudely tyed unto a stake,
As well became a valiant knight,
He straight to her his way did take:
Tell me, sweet maiden, then quoth he,
What caitif thus abuseth thee?

And, lo! by Christ his cross I vow,
Which here is figured on my breast,
I will revenge it on his brow,
And break my lance upon his chest:
And speaking thus whereas he stood,
The dragon issued from the wood.

The lady that did first espy
The dreadful dragon coming so,
Unto St. George aloud did cry,
And willed him away to go;
Here comes that cursed fiend quoth she,
That soon will make an end of me.

St. George then looking round about,
The fiery dragon soon espy'd,
And like a knight of courage stout,
Against him did most fiercely ride;
And with such blows he did him greet,
He fell beneath his horse's feet.

For with his launce that was so strong,
As he came gaping in his face,
In at his mouth he thrust along;
For he could pierce no other place:
And thus within the lady's view
This mighty dragon straight he slew.

The savour of his poisoned breath
Could do this holy knight no harm.
Thus he the lady sav'd from death,
And home he led her by the arm;
Which when King Ptolemy did see,
There was great mirth and melody.

When as that valiant champion there
Had slain the dragon in the field,
To court he brought the lady fair,
Which to their hearts much joy did yield.
He in the court of Egypt staid
Till he most falsely was betray'd.

That lady dearly lov'd the knight,
He counted her his only joy;
But when their love was brought to light,
It turn'd unto their great annoy:
Th' Morocco king was in the court,
Who to the orchard did resort,

Dayly to take the pleasant air,
For pleasure sake he us'd to walk,
Under a wall he oft did hear
St. George with Lady Sabra talk:
Their love he shew'd unto the king,
Which to St. George great woe did bring.

Those kings together did devise
To make the Christian knight away,
With letters him in curteous wise
They straightway sent to Persia:
But wrote to the sophy him to kill,
And treacherously his blood to spill.

Thus they for good did him reward
With evil, and most subtilly
By such vile meanes they had regard
To work his death most cruelly;
Who, as through Persia land he rode,
With zeal destroy'd each idol god.

For which offence he straight was thrown
Into a dungeon dark and deep;
Where, when he thought his wrongs upon,
He bitterly did wail and weep:
Yet like a knight of courage stout,
At length his way he digged out.

Three grooms of the King of Persia
By night this valiant champion slew,
Though he had fasted many a day;
And then away from thence he flew
On the best steed the sophy had;
Which when he knew he was full mad.

Towards Christendom he made his flight,
But met a gyant by the way,
With whom in combat he did fight
Most valiantly a summers day:
Who yet, for all his bats of steel,
Was forc'd the sting of death to feel.

Back o'er the seas with many bands
Of warlike souldiers soon he past,
Vowing upon those heathen lands
To work revenge; which at the last,
Ere thrice three years were gone and spent,
He wrought unto his heart's content.

Save onely Egypt land he spar'd
For Sabra bright her only sake,
And, ere for her he had regard,
He meant a tryal kind to make:
Mean while the king, o'ercome in field,
Unto saint George did quickly yield.

Then straight Morocco's king he slew,
And took fair Sabra to his wife,
But meant to try if she were true
Ere with her he would lead his life;
And, tho' he had her in his train,
She did a virgin pure remain.

Toward England then that lovely dame
The brave St. George conducted strait,
An eunuch also with them came,
Who did upon the lady wait;
These three from Egypt went alone.
Now mark St. George's valour shown.

When as they in a forest were,
The lady did desire to rest:
Mean while St. George to kill a deer,
For their repast did think it best:
Leaving her with the eunuch there,
Whilst he did go to kill the deer.

But lo! all in his absence came
Two hungry lyons fierce and fell,
And tore the eunuch on the same
In pieces small, the truth to tell;
Down by the lady then they laid,
Whereby they shew'd, she was a maid.

But when he came from hunting back,
And did behold this heavy chance,
Then for his lovely virgin's sake
His courage strait he did advance,
And came into the lions sight,
Who ran at him with all their might.

Their rage did him no whit dismay,
Who, like a stout and valiant knight,
Did both the hungry lyons slay
Within the Lady Sabra' sight:
Who all this while sad and demure,
There stood most like a virgin pure.

Now when St. George did surely know
This lady was a virgin true,
His heart was glad, that erst was woe,
And all his love did soon renew:
He set her on a palfrey steed,
And towards England came with speed.

Where being in short space arriv'd
Unto his native dwelling place;
Therein with his dear love he liv'd,
And fortune did his nuptials grace:
They many years of joy did see,
And led their lives at Coventry.

III.

Love will find out the Way.

This excellent song is ancient: but we could only give it from a modern copy.

Over the mountains,
And over the waves;
Under the fountains,
And under the graves;
Under floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obey;
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lye;
Where there is no space
For receipt of a fly;
Where the midge dares not venture,
Lest herself fast she lay;
If love come he will enter,
And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him
A child for his might;
Or you may deem him
A coward from his flight:
But if she, whom love doth honour,
Be conceal'd from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,
By having him confin'd;
And some do suppose him,
Poor thing, to be blind;
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
Do the best that you may,
Blind love, if so ye call him,
Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist;
Or you may inveigle
The phenix of the east;
The lioness, ye may move her
To give o'er her prey:
But you'll ne'er stop a lover,
He will find out his way.

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IV.

Lord Thomas and Fair Annet,

A SCOTTISH BALLAD,

—Seems to be composed (not without improvements) out of two ancient English ones, printed in the former part of this volume. See book I. ballad XV., and book II. ballad IV.—If this had been the original, the authors of those two ballads would hardly have adopted two such different stories: besides this contains enlargements not to be found in either of the others. It is given, with some corrections, from a MS. copy transmitted from Scotland.

Lord Thomas and fair Annet
Sate a' day on a hill;
Whan night was cum, and sun was sett,
They had not talkt their fill.

Lord Thomas said a word in jest,
Fair Annet took it ill:
A'! I will nevir wed a wife
Against my ain friends will.

Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,
A wife wull neir wed yee.
Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
And knelt upon his knee:

O rede, O rede, mither, he says,
A gude rede gie to mee:
O sall I tak the nut-browne bride,
And let faire Annet bee?

The nut-browne bride haes gowd and gear,
Fair Annet she has gat nane;
And the little beauty fair Annet has,
O it wull soon be gane!

And he has till his brother gane:
Now, brother, rede ye mee;
A' sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And let fair Annet bee?

The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,
The nut-browne bride has kye;
I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,
And cast fair Annet bye.

Her oxen may dye i' the house, Billie,
And her kye into the byre;
And I sall hae nothing to my sell,
Bot a fat fadge by the fyre.

And he has till his sister gane:
Now, sister, rede ye mee;
O sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And set fair Annet free?

Ise rede ye tak fair Annet, Thomas,
And let the browne bride alane;
Lest ye sould sigh and say, Alace!
What is this we brought hame?

No, I will tak my mithers counsel,
And marrie me owt o' hand;
And I will tak the nut-browne bride;
Fair Annet may leive the land.

Up then rose fair Annets father
Twa hours or it wer day,
And he is gane into the bower,
Wherein fair Annet lay.

Rise up, rise up, fair Annet, he says,
Put on your silken sheene;
Let us gae to St. Maries kirke,
And see that rich weddeen.

My maides, gae to my dressing-roome,
And dress to me my hair;
Whair-eir yee laid a plait before,
See yee lay ten times mair.

My maids, gae to my dressing-room,
And dress to me my smock;
The one half is o' the holland fine,
The other o' needle-work.

The horse fair Annet rade upon
He amblit like the wind,
Wi' siller he was shod before,
W' burning gowd behind.

Four and twantye siller bells
Wer a' tyed till his mane,
And yae tift o' the norland wind,
They tinkled ane by ane.

Four and twantye gay gude knichts
Rade by fair Annets side,
And four and twanty fair ladies,
As gin she had bin a bride.

And whan she cam to Maries kirk,
She sat on Maries stean:
The cleading that fair Annet had on
It skinkled in their een.

And whan she cam into the kirk,
She shimmer'd like the sun;
The belt that was about her waist,
Was a' wi' pearles bedone.

She sat her by the nut-browne bride,
And her een they wer sae clear,
Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,
Whan fair Annet she drew near.

He had a rose into his hand,
And he gave it kisses three,
And reaching by the nut-browne bride,
Laid it on fair Annets knee.

Up than spak the nut-browne bride,
She spak wi' meikle spite;
And whair gat ye that rose-water,
That does mak yee sae white?

O I did get the rose-water
Whair ye wull neir get nane,
For I did get that very rose-water
Into my mithers wame.

The bride she drew a long bodkin,
Frae out her gay head-gear,
And strake fair Annet unto the heart,
That word she nevir spak mair.

Lord Thomas he saw fair Annet wex pale,
And marvelit what mote bee:
But whan he saw her dear hearts blude,
A' wood-wroth wexed hee.

He drew his dagger, that was sae sharp,
That was sae sharp and meet,
And drave into the nut-browne bride,
That fell deid at his feit.

Now stay for me, dear Annet, he sed,
Now stay, my dear, he cry'd;
Then strake the dagger untill his heart,
And fell deid by her side.

Lord Thomas was buried without kirk-wa,
Fair Annet within the quiere;
And o' the tane thair grew a birk,
The other a bonny briere.

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
As they wad faine be neare;
And by this ye may ken right weil,
They were twa luvers deare.

V.

Unfading Beauty.

This little beautiful sonnet is reprinted from a small volume of "Poems by Thomas Carew, Esq., one of the gentlemen of the privie-chamber, and sewer in ordinary to his majesty (Charles I.) Lond. 1640." This elegant and almost forgotten writer, whose poems have been deservedly revived, died in the prime of his age, in 1639.

In the original follows a third stanza; which, not being of general application, nor of equal merit, I have ventured to omit.

Hee, that loves a rosie cheeke,
Or a corall lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seeke
Fuell to maintaine his fires,
As old time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calme desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires:
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheekes, or lips, or eyes.

* * * *

VI.

George Barnwell.

The subject of this ballad is sufficiently popular from the modern play which is founded upon it. This was written by George Lillo, a jeweller of London, and first acted about 1730.—As for the ballad, it was printed at least as early as the middle of the last century.

It is here given from three old printed copies, which exhibit a strange intermixture of Roman and black-letter. It is also collated with another copy in the Ashmole Collection at Oxford, which is thus entitled, "An excellent ballad of George Barnwell, an apprentice of London, who . . . thrice robbed his master and murdered his uncle in Ludlow." The tune is "The Merchant."

This tragical narrative seems to relate a real fact; but when it happened I have not been able to discover.

THE FIRST PART.

All youth of fair Engländ
That dwell both far and near,
Regard my story that I tell,
And to my song give ear.

A London lad I was,
A merchant's prentice bound;
My name George Barnwell; that did spend
My master many a pound.

Take heed of harlots then,
And their enticing trains;
For by that means I have been brought
To hang alive in chains.

As I upon a day,
Was walking through the street
About my master's business,
A wanton I did meet.

A gallant dainty dame
And sumptuous in attire;
With smiling look she greeted me,
And did my name require.

Which when I had declar'd,
She gave me then a kiss,
And said, if I would come to her
I should have more than this.

Fair mistress, then quoth I,
If I the place may know,
This evening I will be with you,
For I abroad must go,

To gather monies in,
That are my master's due:
And ere that I do home return
I'll come and visit you.

Good Barnwell, then quoth she,
Do thou to Shoreditch come,
And ask for Mrs. Millwood's house,
Next door unto the Gun.

And trust me on my truth,
If thou keep touch with me,
My dearest friend, as my own heart
Thou shalt right welcome be.

Thus parted we in peace,
And home I passed right;
Then went abroad, and gathered in,
By six o'clock at night,

An hundred pound and one:
With bag under my arm
I went to Mrs. Millwood's house,
And thought on little harm;

And knocking at the door,
Straightway herself came down;
Rustling in most brave attire,
With hood and silken gown.

Who, through her beauty bright,
So gloriously did shine,
That she amaz'd my dazzling eyes,
She seemed so divine.

She took me by the hand,
And with a modest grace,
Welcome, sweet Barnwell, then quoth she,
Unto this homely place.

And since I have thee found
As good as thy word to be:
A homely supper, ere we part,
Thou shalt take here with me.

O pardon me, quoth I,
Fair mistress, I you pray;
For why, out of my master's house,
So long I dare not stay.

Alas, good sir, she said,
Are you so strictly ty'd,
You may not with your dearest friend
One hour or two abide?

Faith, then the case is hard;
If it be so, quoth she,
I would I were a prentice bound,
To live along with thee:

Therefore, my dearest George,
List well what I shall say,
And do not blame a woman much,
Her fancy to bewray.

Let not affection's force
Be counted lewd desire;
Nor think it not immodesty,
I should thy love require.

With that she turn'd aside,
And with a blushing red,
A mournful motion she bewray'd
By hanging down her head.

A handkerchief she had
All wrought with silk and gold:
Which she to stay her trickling tears
Before her eyes did hold.

This thing unto my sight
Was wondrous rare and strange;
And in my soul and inward thought
It wrought a sudden change:

That I so hardy grew,
To take her by the hand:
Saying, Sweet mistress, why do you
So dull and pensive stand?

Call me no mistress now,
But Sarah, thy true friend,
Thy servant, Millwood, honouring thee,
Until her life hath end.

If thou wouldst here alledge,
Thou art in years a boy;
So was Adonis, yet was he
Fair Venus' only joy.

Thus I, who ne'er before
Of woman found such grace,
But seeing now so fair a dame
Give me a kind embrace

I supt with her that night,
With joys that did abound;
And for the same paid presently,
In money twice three pound.

An hundred kisses then,
For my farewel she gave;
Crying, Sweet Barnwell, when shall I
Again thy company have?

O stay not hence too long,
Sweet George, have me in mind.
Her words bewicht my childishness,
She uttered them so kind:

So that I made a vow,
Next Sunday without fail,
With my sweet Sarah once again
To tell some pleasant tale.

When she heard me say so,
The tears fell from her eye;
O George, quoth she, if thou dost fail,
Thy Sarah sure will dye.

Though long, yet loe! at last,
The appointed day was come,
That I must with my Sarah meet;
Having a mighty sum

Of money in my hand,*
Unto her house went I,
Whereas my love upon her bed
In saddest sort did lye.

* The having a sum of money with him on Sunday, &c., shows this narrative to have been penned before the civil wars: the strict observance of the Sabbath was owing to change of manners at that period.

What ails my heart's delight,
My Sarah dear? quoth I;
Let not my love lament and grieve,
Nor sighing pine, and die.

But tell me, dearest friend,
What may thy woes amend,
And thou shalt lack no means of help,
Though forty pound I spend.

With that she turn'd her head,
And sickly thus did say,
Oh me, sweet George, my grief is great,
Ten pound I have to pay

Unto a cruel wretch;
And God he knows, quoth she,
I have it not. Tush, rise I said,
And take it here of me.

Ten pounds, nor ten times ten,
Shall make my love decay,
Then from my bag into her lap,
I cast ten pound straightway.

All blithe and pleasant then,
To banqueting we go;
She proffered me to lye with her,
And said it should be so.

And after that same time,
I gave her store of coyn,
Yea, sometimes fifty pound at once;
All which I did purloyn.

And thus I did pass on;
Until my master then
Did call to have his reckoning in
Cast up among his men.

The which when as I heard,
I knew not what to say:
For well I knew that I was out
Two hundred pound that day.

Then from my master straight
I ran in secret sort;
And unto Sarah Millwood there
My case I did report.

"But how she us'd this youth,
In this his care and woe,
And all a strumpet's wiley ways,
The SECOND PART may showe."

THE SECOND PART.

YOUNG Barnwell comes to thee,
Sweet Sarah, my delight;
I am undone unless thou stand
My faithful friend this night.

Our master to accompts
Hath just occasion found;
And I am caught behind the hand
Above two hundred pound:

And now his wrath to 'scape,
My love, I fly to thee,
Hoping some time I may remaine,
In safety here with thee.

With that she knit her brows,
And looking all aquoy,
Quoth she, What should I have to do
With any prentice boy?

And seeing you have purloyn'd
Your master's goods away,
The case is bad, and therefore here
You shall no longer stay.

Why, dear, thou know'st, I said,
How all which I could get,
I gave it, and did spend it all
Upon thee every whit.

Quoth she, Thou art a knave,
To charge me in this sort,
Being a woman of credit fair,
And known of good report.

Therefore I tell thee flat,
Be packing with good speed;
I do defie thee from my heart,
And scorn thy filthy deed.

Is this the friendship, that
You did to me protest?
Is this the great affection, which
You so to me exprest?

Now fie on subtle shrews!
The best is, I may speed
To get a lodging any where
For money in my need.

False woman, now farewell,
Whilst twenty pound doth last,
My anchor in some other haven
With freedom I will cast.

When she perceiv'd by this,
I had store of money there,
Stay, George, quoth she, thou art too quick:
Why, man, I did but jeer.

Dost think for all my speech,
That I would let thee go?
Faith, no, said she, my love to thee
I wiss is more than so.

You scorne a prentice boy
I heard you just now swear,
Wherefore I will not trouble you.——
——Nay, George, hark in thine ear;

Thou shalt not go to-night,
What chance soe're befall:
But man we'll have a bed for thee,
Or else the devil take all.

So I by wiles bewitcht
And snar'd with fancy still,
Had then no power to 'get' away,
Or to withstand her will.

For wine on wine I call'd,
And cheer upon good cheer;
And nothing in the world I thought
For Sarah's love too dear.

Whilst in her company,
I had such merriment;
All, all too little I did think,
That I upon her spent.

A fig for care and thought!
When all my gold is gone,
In faith, my girl, we will have more,
Whoever I light upon.

My father's rich, why then
Should I want store of gold?
Nay with a father sure, quoth she,
A son may well make bold.

I've a sister richly wed,
I'll rob her ere I'll want.
Nay then, quoth Sarah, they may well
Consider of you scant.

Nay, I an uncle have:
At Ludlow he doth dwell:
He is a grazier, which in wealth
Doth all the rest excell.

Ere I will live in lack,
And have no coyn for thee;
I'll rob his house, and murder him.
Why should you not? quoth she:

Was I a man, ere I
Would live in poor estate:
On father, friends, and all my kin,
I would my talons grate.

For without money, George,
A man is but a beast:
But bringing money, thou shalt be
Always my welcome guest.

For shouldst thou be pursued
With twenty hues and cryes,
And with a warrant searched for
With Argus' hundred eyes,

Yet here thou shalt be safe;
Such privy wayes there be,
That if they sought an hundred years,
They could not find out thee.

And so carousing both
Their pleasures to content:
George Barnwell had in little space
His money wholly spent.

Which done, to Ludlow straight
He did provide to go,
To rob his wealthy uncle there;
His minion would it so.

And once he thought to take
His father by the way,
But that he fear'd his master had
Took order for his stay.*

Unto his uncle then
He rode with might and main,
Who with a welcome and good cheer
Did Barnwell entertain.

One fortnight's space he stayed
Until it chanced so,
His uncle with his cattle did
Unto a market go.

His kinsman rode with him,
Where he did see right plain,
Great store of money he had took:
When coming home again,

* i. e. for stopping and apprehending him at his father's.

Sudden within a wood,
He struck his uncle down,
And beat his brains out of his head;
So sore he crackt his crown.

Then seizing fourscore pound,
To London straight he hyed,
And unto Sarah Millwood all
The cruell fact descryed.

Tush, 'tis no matter, George,
So we the money have
To have good cheer in jolly sort,
And deck us fine and brave.

Thus lived in filthy sort,
Until their store was gone:
When means to get them any more,
I wis, poor George had none.

Therefore in railing sort,
She thrust him out of door:
Which is the just reward of those,
Who spend upon a whore.

O! do me not disgrace
In this my need, quoth he.
She called him thief and murderer,
With all the spight might be:

To the constable she sent,
To have him apprehended;
And shewed how far, in each degree,
He had the laws offended.

When Barnwell saw her drift,
To sea he got straightway;
Where fear and sting of conscience
Continually on him lay.

Unto the lord mayor then,
He did a letter write;
In which his own and Sarah's fault
He did at large recite.

Whereby she seized was
And then to Ludlow sent:
Where she was judg'd, condemn'd, and hang'd,
For murder incontinent.

There dyed this gallant quean,
Such was her greatest gains:
For murder in Polonia,
Was Barnwell hang'd in chains.

Lo! here's the end of youth,
That after harlots haunt;
Who in the spoil of other men,
About the streets do flaunt.

VII.

The Stedfast Shepherd.

These beautiful stanzas were written by George Wither, of whom some account was given in the former part of this volume: see the song entitled "The Shepherd's Resolution," Book II. Song XXI. In the first edition of this work only a small fragment of this Sonnet was inserted. It was afterwards rendered more complete and entire by the addition of five stanzas more, extracted from Wither's pastoral poem, entitled, "The Mistress of Philarete," of which this song makes a part. It is now given still more correct and perfect by comparing it with another copy, printed by the author in his improved edition of "The Shepherd's Hunting," 1620, 8vo.

Hence away, thou Syren, leave me,
Pish! unclaspe these wanton armes;
Sugred words can ne'er deceive me,
(Though thou prove a thousand charmes).
Fie, fie, forbeare;
No common snare
Can ever my affection chaine:
Thy painted baits,
And poore deceits,
Are all bestowed on me in vaine.

I'me no slave to such, as you be;
Neither shall that snowy brest
Rowling eye, and lip of ruby
Ever robb me of my rest:

Goe, goe, display
Thy beauty's ray
To some more-soone enamour'd swaine:
Those common wiles
Of sighs and smiles
Are all bestow'd on me in vaine.

I have elsewhere vowed a dutie;
Turne away thy tempting eye:
Shew not me a painted beautie;
These impostures I defie:
My spirit lothes
Where gawdy clothes
And fained othes may love obtaine:
I love her so,
Whose looke sweares No;
That all your labours will be vaine.

Can he prize the tainted posies,
Which on every brest are worne;
That may plucke the virgin roses
From their never-touched thorne?
I can goe rest
On her sweet brest,
That is the pride of Cynthia's traine:
Then stay thy tongue;
Thy mermaid song
Is all bestowed on me in vaine.

Hee's a foole, that basely dallies,
Where each peasant mates with him:
Shall I haunt the thronged vallies,
Whilst ther's noble hils to climbe?
No, no, though clownes
Are scar'd with frownes,
I know the best can but disdaine:
And these Ile prove:
So will thy love
Be all bestowed on me in vaine.

I doe scorn to vow a dutie,
Where each lustfull lad may wooe:
Give me her, whose sun-like beautie
Buzzards dare not soare unto:
Shee, shee it is
Affoords that blisse
For which I would refuse no paine:
But such as you,
Fond fooles, adieu;
You seeke to captive me in vaine.

Leave me then, you Syrens, leave me;
Seeke no more to worke my harmes:
Craftie wiles cannot deceive me,
Who am proofe against your charmes:
You labour may
To lead astray
The heart, that constant shall remaine:
And I the while
Will sit and smile
To hear you spend your time in vaine.

VIII.

The Spanish Virgin, or Effects of Jealousy.

The subject of this ballad is taken from a folio collection of tragical stories, entitled, "The theatre of God's judgments, by Dr. Beard and Dr. Taylor, 1642." Pt. 2, p. 89. —The text is given (with corrections) from two copies; one of them in black-letter in the Pepys Collection. In this every stanza is accompanied with the following distich by way of burden:

"Oh jealousie! thou art nurst in hell:
Depart from hence, and therein dwell."

All tender hearts, that ake to hear
Of those that suffer wrong;
All you, that never shed a tear,
Give heed unto my song.

Fair Isabella's tragedy
My tale doth far exceed:
Alas, that so much cruelty
In female hearts should breed!

In Spain a lady liv'd of late,
Who was of high degree;
Whose wayward temper did create
Much woe and misery.

Strange jealousies so filled her head
With many a vain surmize,
She thought her lord had wrong'd her bed,
And did her love despise.

A gentlewoman passing fair
Did on this lady wait;
With bravest dames she might compare;
Her beauty was compleat.

Her lady cast a jealous eye
Upon this gentle maid;
And taxt her with disloyaltye;
And did her oft upbraid.

In silence still this maiden meek
Her bitter taunts would bear,
While oft adown her lovely cheek
Would steal the falling tear.

In vain in humble sort she strove
Her fury to disarm;
As well the meekness of the dove
The bloody hawke might charm.

Her lord, of humour light and gay,
And innocent the while,
As oft as she came in his way,
Would on the damsell smile.

And oft before his lady's face,
As thinking her her friend,
He would the maiden's modest grace
And comeliness commend.

All which incens'd his lady so,
She burnt with wrath extreame;
At length the fire that long did glow,
Burst forth into a flame.

For on a day it so befell,
When he was gone from home,
The lady all with rage did swell,
And to the damsell come.

And charging her with great offence
And many a grievous fault;
She bade her servants drag her thence,
Into a dismal vault,

That lay beneath the common-shore:
A dungeon dark and deep:
Where they were wont, in days of yore,
Offenders great to keep.

There never light of chearful day
Dispers'd the hideous gloom;
But dank and noisome vapours play
Around the wretched room:

And adders, snakes, and toads therein,
As afterwards was known,
Long in this loathsome vault had bin,
And were to monsters grown.

Into this foul and fearful place,
The fair one innocent
Was cast, before her lady's face;
Her malice to content.

This maid no sooner enter'd is,
But strait, alas! she hears
The toads to croak, and snakes to hiss:
Then grievously she fears.

Soon from their holes the vipers creep,
And fiercely her assail:
Which makes the damsel sorely weep,
And her sad fate bewail.

With her fair hands she strives in vain
Her body to defend:
With shrieks and cries she doth complain,
But all is to no end.

A servant listning near the door,
Struck with her doleful noise,
Strait ran his lady to implore;
But she'll not hear his voice.

With bleeding heart he goes agen
To mark the maiden's groans;
And plainly hears, within the den,
How she herself bemoans.

Again he to his lady hies
With all the haste he may:
She into furious passion flies,
And orders him away.

Still back again does he return
To hear her tender cries;
The virgin now had ceas'd to mourn;
Which fill'd him with surprize.

In grief, and horror, and affright,
He listens at the walls;
But finding all was silent quite,
He to his lady calls.

Too sure, O lady, now quoth he,
Your cruelty hath sped;
Make hast, for shame, and come and see;
I fear the virgin's dead.

She starts to hear her sudden fate,
And does with torches run:
But all her haste was now too late,
For death his worst had done.

The door being open'd, strait they found
The virgin stretch'd along:
Two dreadful snakes had wrapt her round,
Which her to death had stung.

One round her legs, her thighs, her wast,
Had twin'd his fatal wreath:
The other close her neck embrac'd,
And stopt her gentle breath.

The snakes, being from her body thrust,
Their bellies were so fill'd,
That with excess of blood they burst,
Thus with their prey were kill'd.

The wicked lady, at this sight,
With horror strait ran mad;
So raving dy'd, as was most right,
'Cause she no pity had.

Let me advise you, ladies all,
Of jealousy beware:
It causeth many a one to fall,
And is the devil's snare.

***

IX.

Jealousy, Tyrant of the Mind.

This song is by Dryden, being inserted in his Tragi-Comedy of "Love Triumphant," &c.—On account of the subject, it is inserted here.

What state of life can be so blest,
As love that warms the gentle brest;
Two souls in one; the same desire
o grant the bliss, and to require?
If in this heaven a hell we find,
Tis all from thee,
O Jealousie!
Thou tyrant, tyrant of the mind.

All other ills, though sharp they prove,
Serve to refine and perfect love:
In absence, or unkind disdaine,
Sweet hope relieves the lovers paine:
But, oh, no cure but death we find
To sett us free
From jealousie,
Thou tyrant, tyrant of the mind.

False in thy glass all objects are,
Some sett too near, and some too far:
Thou art the fire of endless night,
The fire that burns, and gives no light.
All torments of the damn'd we find
In only thee,
O Jealousie!
Thou tyrant, tyrant of the mind.

X.

Constant Penelope.

The ladies are indebted for the following notable documents to the Pepys Collection, where the original is preserved in black-letter, and is entitled "A Looking-glass for Ladies, or a Mirrour for Married Women. Tune, Queen Dido, or Troy town."

When Greeks and Trojans fell at strife,
And lords in armour bright were seen;
When many a gallant lost his life
About fair Hellen, beauty's queen;
Ulysses, general so free,
Did leave his dear Penelope.

When she this wofull news did hear,
That he would to the warrs of Troy;
For grief she shed full many a tear,
At parting from her only joy:
Her ladies all about her came,
To comfort up this Grecian dame.

Ulysses, with a heavy heart,
Unto her then did mildly say,
The time is come that we must part;
My honour calls me hence away;
Yet in my absence, dearest, be
My constant wife, Penelope.

Let me no longer live, she sayd,
Then to my lord I true remain;
My honour shall not be betray'd
Until I see my love again;
For I will ever constant prove,
As is the loyal turtle-dove.

Thus did they part with heavy chear,
And to the ships his way he took;
Her tender eyes dropt many a tear;
Still casting many a longing look:
She saw him on the surges glide,
And unto Neptune thus she cry'd:

Thou god, whose power is in the deep,
And rulest in the ocean main,
My loving lord in safety keep
Till he return to me again:
That I his person may behold,
To me more precious far than gold.

Then straight the ships with nimble sails
Were all convey'd out of her sight:
Her cruel fate she then bewails,
Since she had lost her hearts delight.
Now shall my practice be, quoth she,
True vertue and humility.

My patience I will put in ure,
My charity I will extend;
Since for my woe there is no cure,
The helpless now I will befriend:
The widow and the fatherless
I will relieve, when in distress.

Thus she continued year by year
In doing good to every one;
Her fame was noised every where,
To young and old the same was known,
That she no company would mind,
Who were to vanity inclin'd.

Mean while Ulysses fought for fame,
'Mongst Trojans hazarding his life:
Young gallants, hearing of her name,
Come flocking for to tempt his wife:
For she was lovely, young, and fair,
No lady might with her compare.

With costly gifts and jewels fine,
They did endeavour her to win;
With banquets and the choicest wine,
For to allure her unto sin:
Most persons were of high degree,
Who courted fair Penelope.

With modesty and comely grace
Their wanton suits she did denye:
No tempting charms could e'er deface
Her dearest husband's memorye:
But constant she would still remain,
Hopeing to see him once again.

Her book her dayly comfort was,
And that she often did peruse;
She seldom looked in her glass;
Powder and paint she ne'er would use.
I wish all ladies were as free
From pride, as was Penelope.

She in her needle took delight,
And likewise in her spinning-wheel;
Her maids about her every night
Did use the distaff and the reel:
The spiders, that on rafters twine,
Scarce spin a thread more soft and fine.

Sometimes she would bewail the loss
And absence of her dearest love:
Sometimes she thought the seas to cross,
Her fortune on the waves to prove.
I fear my lord is slain, quoth she,
He stays so from Penelope.

At length the ten years siege of Troy
Did end; in flames the city burned;
And to the Grecians was great joy,
To see the towers to ashes turn'd:
Then came Ulysses home to see
His constant, dear, Penelope.

O blame her not if she was glad,
When she her lord again had seen.
Thrice-welcome home, my dear, she said,
A long time absent thou hast been:
The wars shall never more deprive
Me of my lord whilst I'm alive.

Fair ladies all, example take;
And hence a worthy lesson learn,
All youthful follies to forsake,
And vice from virtue to discern:
And let all women strive to be
As constant as Penelope.

XI.

To Lucasta, on Going to the Wars.

By Col. Richard Lovelace: from the volume of his poems, entitled "Lucasta, Lond., 1649," 12mo. The elegance of this writer's manner would be more admired if it had somewhat more of simplicity.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkinde,
That from the nunnerie
Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde
To warre and armes I flie.

True, a new mistresse now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith imbrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, deare, so much,
Lov'd I not honour more.

XII.

Valentine and Ursine.

The old story-book of Valentine and Orson (which suggested the plan of this tale, but is not strictly followed in it) was originally a translation from the French, being one of their earliest attempts at romance. See "Le Bibliotheque de Romans, &c."

The circumstance of the bridge of bells is taken from the old metrical legend of Sir Bevis, and has also been copied in the Seven Champions. The original are,

"Over the dyke a bridge there lay,
That man and beest might passe away:
Under the bridge where sixty belles;
Right as the Romans telles;
That there might no man passe in,
But all they rang with a gyn."
Sign. E. iv.

In the Editor's folio MS., was an old poem on this subject, in a wretched corrupt state,

unworthy the press: from which were taken such particulars as could be adopted.

PART THE FIRST.

When Flora 'gins to decke the fields
With colours fresh and fine,
Then holy clerkes their mattins sing
To good Saint Valentine!

The King of France that morning fair
He would a hunting ride:
To Artois forest prancing forth
In all his princelye pride.

To grace his sports a courtly train
Of gallant peers attend;
And with their loud and cheerful cryes
The hills and valleys rend.

Through the deep forest swift they pass,
Through woods and thickets wild;
When down within a lonely dell
They found a new-born child;

All in a scarlet kercher lay'd
Of silk so fine and thin:
A golden mantle wrapt him round,
Pinn'd with a silver pin.

The sudden sight surpriz'd them all;
The courtiers gather'd round;
They look, they call, the mother seek;
No mother could be found.

At length the king himself drew near,
And as he gazing stands,
The pretty babe look'd up and smil'd,
And stretch'd his little hands.

Now, by the rood, King Pepin says,
This child is passing fair:
I wot he is of gentle blood;
Perhaps some prince's heir.

Goe bear him home unto my court
With all the care ye may:
Let him be christen'd Valentine,
In honour of this day:

And look me out some cunning nurse;
Well nurtur'd let him bee;
Nor ought be wanting that becomes
A bairn of high degree.

They look'd him out a cunning nurse;
And nurtur'd well was he;
Nor ought was wanting that became
A bairn of high degree.

Thus grewe the little Valentine,
Belov'd of king and peers;
And shew'd in all he spake or did
A wit beyond his years.

But chief in gallant feates of arms
He did himself advance,
That ere he grewe to man's estate
He had no peere in France.

And now the early downe began
To shade his youthful chin;
When Valentine was dubb'd a knight,
That he might glory win.

A boon, a boon, my gracious liege,
I beg a boon of thee!
The first adventure that befalls,
May be reserv'd for mee.

The first adventure shall be thine;
The king did smiling say.
Nor many days, when lo! there came
Three palmers clad in graye.

Help, gracious lord, they weeping say'd;
And knelt, as it was meet:
From Artoys forest we be come,
With weak and wearye feet.

Within those deep and drearye woods
There wends a savage boy;
Whose fierce and mortal rage doth yield
Thy subjects dire annoy.

'Mong ruthless beares he sure was bred;
He lurks within their den:
With beares he lives; with beares he feeds,
And drinks the blood of men.

To more than savage strength he joins
A more than human skill:
For arms, ne cunning may suffice
His cruel rage to still:

Up then rose Sir Valentine,
And claim'd that arduous deed,
Go forth and conquer, say'd the king,
And great shall be thy meed.

Well mounted on a milk-white steed,
His armour white as snow;
As well beseem'd a virgin knight,
Who ne'er had fought a foe:

To Artoys forest he repairs
With all the haste he may;
And soon he spies the savage youth
A rending of his prey.

His unkempt hair all matted hung
His shaggy shoulders round:
His eager eye all fiery glow'd:
His face with fury frown'd.

Like eagles' talons grew his nails:
His limbs were thick and strong;
And dreadful was the knotted oak
He bare with him along.

Soon as Sir Valentine approach'd,
He starts with sudden spring;
And yelling forth a hideous howl,
He made the forests ring.

As when a tyger fierce and fell
Hath spyed a passing roe,
And leaps at once upon his throat;
So sprung the savage foe;

So lightly leap'd with furious force
The gentle knight to seize:
But met his tall uplifted spear,
Which sunk him on his knees.

A second stroke so stiff and stern
Had laid the savage low;
But springing up, he rais'd his club,
And aim'd a dreadful blow.

The watchful warrior bent his head,
And shun'd the coming stroke;
Upon his taper spear it fell,
And all to shivers broke.

Then lighting nimbly from his steed,
He drew his burnisht brand:
The savage quick as lightning flew
To wrest it from his hand.

Three times he grasp'd the silver hilt;
Three times he felt the blade;
Three times it fell with furious force;
Three ghastly wounds it made.

Now with redoubled rage he roar'd;
His eye-ball flash'd with fire;
Each hairy limb with fury shook;
And all his heart was ire.

Then closing fast with furious gripe
He clasp'd the champion round,
And with a strong and sudden twist
He laid him on the ground.

But soon the knight with active spring,
O'erturn'd his hairy foe:
And now between their sturdy fists
Past many a bruising blow.

They roll'd and grappled on the ground,
And there they struggled long:
Skilful and active was the knight;
The savage he was strong.

But brutal force and savage strength
To art and skill must yield:
Sir Valentine at length prevail'd
And won the well-fought field.

Then binding strait his conquer'd foe
Fast with an iron chain,
He tyes him to his horse's tail,
And leads him o'er the plain.

To court his hairy captive soon
Sir Valentine doth bring;
And kneeling down upon his knee,
Presents him to the king.

With loss of blood and loss of strength
The savage tamer grew;
And to Sir Valentine became
A servant try'd and true.

And 'cause with beares he erst was bred,
Ursine they call his name;
A name which unto future times
The Muses shall proclame.

PART THE SECOND.

In high renown with prince and peere
Now liv'd Sir Valentine:
His high renown with prince and peere
Made envious hearts repine.

It chanc'd the king upon a day
Prepar'd a sumptuous feast:
And there came lords, and dainty dames,
And many a noble guest.

Amid their cups, that freely flowed,
Their revelry and mirth,
A youthful knight tax'd Valentine
Of base and doubtful birth.

The foul reproach, so grossly urg'd,
His generous heart did wound:
And strait he vow'd he ne'er would rest
Till he his parents found.

Then bidding king and peers adieu,
Early one summer's day,
With faithful Ursine by his side,
From court he took his way.

O'er hill and valley, moss and moor,
For many a day they pass;
At length, upon a moated lake,
They found a bridge of brass.

Beyond it rose a castle fair,
Y-built of marble stone:
The battlements were gilt with gold,
And glittred in the sun.

Beneath the bridge, with strange device,
A hundred bells were hung;
That man, nor beast, might pass thereon,
But strait their larum rung

This quickly found the youthful pair,
Who boldly crossing o'er,
The jangling sound bedeaft their ears,
And rung from shore to shore.

Quick at the sound the castle gates
Unlock'd and opened wide,
And strait a gyant huge and grim
Stalk'd forth with stately pride.

Now yield you, caytiffs, to my will;
He cried with hideous roar;
Or else the wolves shall eat your flesh,
And ravens drink your gore.

Vain boaster, said the youthful knight,
I scorn thy threats and thee:
I trust to force thy brazen gates,
And set thy captives free.

Then putting spurs unto his steed,
He aim'd a dreadful thrust:
The spear against the gyant glanc'd,
And caus'd the blood to burst.

Mad and outrageous with the pain,
He whirl'd his mace of steel:
The very wind of such a blow
Had made the champion reel.

It haply mist; and now the knight
His glittering sword display'd,
And riding round with whirlwind speed
Oft made him feel the blade.

As when a large and monstrous oak
Unceasing axes hew:
So fast around the gyant's limbs
The blows quick-darting flew.

As when the boughs with hideous fal
Some hapless woodman crush:
With such a force the enormous foe
Did on the champion rush.

A fearful blow, alas! there came,
Both horse and knight it took,
And laid them senseless in the dust;
So fatal was the stroke.

Then smiling forth a hideous grin,
The gyant strides in haste,
And, stooping, aims a second stroke:
"Now caytiff breathe thy last!"

But ere it fell, two thundering blows
Upon his scull descend:
From Ursine's knotty club they came,
Who ran to save his friend.

Down sunk the gyant gaping wide,
And rolling his grim eyes:
The hairy youth repeats his blows:
He gasps, he groans, he dies.

Quickly Sir Valentine reviv'd
With Ursine's timely care:
And now to search the castle walls
The venturous youths repair.

The blood and bones of murder'd knights
They found where'er they came:
At length within a lonely cell
They saw a mournful dame.

Her gentle eyes were dim'd with tears;
Her cheeks were pale with woe:
And long Sir Valentine besought
Her doleful tale to know.

Ver. 23, i. e. a lake that served for a moat to a castle.

"Alas! young knight," she weeping said,
Condole my wretched fate;
A childless mother here you see;
A wife without a mate.

"These twenty winters here forlorn
I've drawn my hated breath;
Sole witness of a monster's crimes,
And wishing aye for death.

"Know, I am sister of a king,
And in my early years
Was married to a mighty prince,
The fairest of his peers.

"With him I sweetly liv'd in love
A twelvemonth and a day:
When, lo! a foul and treacherous priest
Y-wrought our loves' decay.

"His seeming goodness wan him pow'r;
He had his master's ear:
And long to me and all the world
He did a saint appear.

"One day, when we were all alone,
He proffer'd odious love:
The wretch with horrour I repuls'd,
And from my presence drove.

"He feign'd remorse, and pitious beg'd
His crime I'd not reveal:
Which, for his seeming penitence,
I promis'd to conceal.

"With treason, villainy, and wrong,
My goodness he repay'd:
With jealous doubts he fill'd my lord,
And me to woe betray'd.

"He hid a slave within my bed,
Then rais'd a bitter cry.
My lord, possest with rage, condemn'd
Me, all unheard, to dye.

"But, 'cause I then was great with child,
At length my life he spar'd:
But bade me instant quit the realme,
One trusty knight my guard.

"Forth on my journey I depart,
Opprest with grief and woe;
And towards my brother's distant court,
With breaking heart, I goe.

"Long time thro' sundry foreign lands
We slowly pace along:
At length, within a forest wild,
I fell in labour strong:

"And while the knight for succour sought
And left me there forlorn,
My childbed pains so fast increast
Two lovely boys were born.

"The eldest fair, and smooth, as snow
That tips the mountain hoar:
The younger's little body rough
With hairs was cover'd o'er.

"But here afresh begin my woes:
While tender care I took
To shield my eldest from the cold
And wrap him in my cloak;

"A prowling bear burst from the wood,
And seiz'd my younger son:
Affection lent my weakness wings,
And after them I run.

"But all forewearied, weak and spent,
I quickly swoon'd away;
And there beneath the greenwood shade
Long time I lifeless lay.

"At length the knight brought me relief,
And rais'd me from the ground:
But neither of my pretty babes
Could ever more be found.

"And while in search we wander'd far,
We met that gyant grim;
Who ruthless slew my trusty knight,
And bare me off with him.

"But charm'd by heav'n, or else my griefs,
He offer'd me no wrong;
Save that within these lonely walls
I've been immur'd so long."

Now, surely, said the youthful knight,
You are Lady Bellisance,
Wife to the Grecian emperor:
Your brother's King of France.

For in your royal brother's court
Myself my breeding had;
Where oft the story of your woes
Hath made my bosom sad.

If so, know your accuser's dead,
And dying own'd his crime;
And long your lord hath sought you out
Thro' every foreign clime.

And when no tidings he could learn
Of his much-wronged wife,
He vow'd thenceforth within his court
To lead a hermit's life.

Now heaven is kind! the lady said;
And dropt a joyful tear:
Shall I once more behold my lord?
That lord I love so dear?

But, madam, said Sir Valentine,
And knelt upon his knee;
Know you the cloak that wrapt your babe,
If you the same should see?

And pulling forth the cloth of gold
In which himself was found;
The lady gave a sudden shriek
And fainted on the ground.

But by his pious care reviv'd,
His tale she heard anon;
And soon by other tokens found,
He was indeed her son.

But who's this hairy youth, she said;
He much resembles thee:
The bear devour'd my youngest son,
Or sure that son were he.

Madam, this youth with bears was bred,
And rear'd within their den.
But recollect ye any mark
To know your son agen?

Upon his little side, quoth she,
Was stampt a bloody rose.
Here, lady, see the crimson mark
Upon his body grows!

Then clasping both her new-found sons
She bath'd their cheeks with tears;
And soon towards her brother's court
Her joyful course she steers.

What pen can paint King Pepin's joy,
His sister thus restor'd!
And soon a messenger was sent
To chear her dropping lord:

Who came in haste with all his peers,
To fetch her home to Greece;
Where many happy years they reign'd
In perfect love and peace.

To them Sir Ursine did succeed,
And long the sceptre bare.
Sir Valentine he stay'd in France,
And was his uncle's heir. ***

XIII.

The Dragon of Wantley.

This humorous song (as a former Editor* has well observed) is to old metrical romances and ballads of chivalry, what Don Quixote is to prose narratives of that kind:—a lively satire on their extravagant fictions. But although the satire is thus general, the subject of this ballad is local and peculiar; so that many of the finest strokes of humour are lost for want of our knowing the minute circumstances to which they allude. Many of them can hardly now be recovered, although we have been fortunate enough to learn the general subject to which the satire referred, and shall detail the information with which we have been favoured, in a separate memoir at the end of the poem.

In handling his subject, the Author has brought in most of the common incidents which occur in Romance. The description of the dragon*—his outrages—the people flying to the knight for succour—his care in choosing his armour—his being dressed for

* Collection of Historical Ballads in 3 vols. 1727.

* See above, p. 352, and p. 390.

fight by a young damsel—and most of the circumstances of the battle and victory (allowing for the burlesque turn given to them), are what occur in every book of chivalry, whether in prose or verse.

If any one piece, more than other, is more particularly levelled at, it seems to be the old rhyming legend of Sir Bevis. There a Dragon is attacked from a well in a manner not very remote from this of the ballad:

There was a well, so have I wynne,
And Bevis stumbled ryght therein.
* * * *
Than was he glad without fayle,
And rested a whyle for his avayle;
And dranke of that water his fyll;
And than he lepte out, with good wyll,
And with Morglay his brande
He assayled the dragon, I understande:
On the dragon he smote so faste,
Where that he hit the scales braste:
The dragon then faynted sore,
And cast a galon and more
Out of his mouthe of venim strong,
And on Syr Bevis he it flong:
It was venymous y-wis.

This seems to be meant by the Dragon of Wantley's stink, ver. 110. As the politic knight's creeping out, and attacking the dragon, &c., seems evidently to allude to the following:

Bevis blessed himselfe, and forthe yode,
And lepte out with haste full good;
And Bevis unto the dragon gone is;
And the dragon also to Bevis.
Longe and harde was that fyght
Betwene the dragon and that knyght;
But ever whan Syr Bevis was hurt sore,
He went to the well, and washed him thore;
He was as hole as any man,
Ever freshe as whan he began.
The dragon sawe it might not avayle
Besyde the well to hold batayle;
He thought he would, wyth some wyle,
Out of that place Bevis begyle;
He woulde have flowen then awaye,
But Bevis lepte after with good Morglaye,
And hyt him under the wynge,
As he was in his flyenge, &c.
Sign. M. jv. L. j. &c.

53

After all, perhaps the writer of this ballad was acquainted with the above incidents only through the medium of Spenser, who has assumed most of them in his "Faery Queen." At least some particulars in the description of the Dragon, &c., seem evidently borrowed from the latter. See Book I., Canto 11, where the Dragon's "two wynges like sayls—huge long tayl—with stings—his cruel rending clawes—and yron teeth—his breath of smothering smoke and sulphur"—and the duration of the fight for upwards of two days, bear a great resemblance to passages in the following ballad; though it must be confessed that these particulars are common to all old writers of romance.

Although this ballad must have been written early in the last century, we have met with none but such as were comparatively modern copies. It is here printed from one in Roman letter, in the Pepys Collection, collated with such others as could be procured.

Old stories tell how Hercules
A dragon slew at Lerna,
With seven heads, and fourteen eyes,
To see and well discerne-a:
But he had a club this dragon to drub,
Or he had ne'er done it, I warrant ye:
But More of More-Hall, with nothing at all,
He slew the dragon of Wantley.

This dragon had two furious wings,
Each one upon each shoulder;
With a sting in his tayl, as long as a flayl,
Which made him bolder and bolder.
He had long claws, and in his jaws
Four and forty teeth of iron;
With a hide as tough as any buff,
Which did him round environ.

Have you not heard how the Trojan horse
Held seventy men in his belly?
This dragon was not quite so big,
But very near, I'll tell ye.
Devoured he poor children three,
That could not with him grapple;
And at one sup he eat them up,
As one would eat an apple.

All sorts of cattle this dragon did eat,
Some say he ate up trees,
And that the forests sure he would
Devour up by degrees:

For houses and churches were to him geese and turkies;
He ate all, and left none behind,
But some stones, dear Jack, that he could not crack,
Which on the hills you will find.

In Yorkshire, near fair Rotherham,
The place I know it well;
Some two or three miles, or thereabouts,
I vow I cannot tell;
But there is a hedge, just on the hill edge,
And Matthew's house hard by it;
O there and then was this dragon's den,
You could not chuse but spy it.

Some say, this dragon was a witch;
Some say, he was a devil,
For from his nose a smoke arose,
And with it burning snivel;
Which he cast off, when he did cough,
In a well that he did stand by;
Which made it look just like a brook
Running with burning brandy.

Hard by a furious knight there dwelt,
Of whom all towns did ring,
For he could wrestle, play at quarter-staff, kick, cuff and huff,
Call son of a whore, do any kind of thing:
By the tail and the main, with his hands twain
He swung a horse till he was dead;
And that which is stranger, he for very anger
Eat him all up but his head.

These children, as I told, being eat;
Men, women, girls, and boys,
Sighing and sobbing, came to his lodging,
And made a hideous noise:
O save us all, More of More-hall,
Thou peerless knight of these woods;
Do but slay this dragon, who won't leave us a rag on,
We'll give thee all our goods.

Tut, tut, quoth he, no goods I want;
But I want, I want, in sooth,
A fair maid of sixteen, that's brisk and keen,
With smiles about the mouth;
Hair black as sloe, skin white as snow,
With blushes her cheeks adorning;
To anoynt me o'er night, ere I go to fight,
And to dress me in the morning.

This being done, he did engage
To hew the dragon down;
But first he went, new armour to
Bespeak at Sheffield town;
With spikes all about, not within but without,
Of steel so sharp and strong;
Both behind and before, arms, legs, and all o'er,
Some five or six inches long.

Had you but seen him in this dress,
How fierce he look'd and how big,
You would have thought him for to be
Some Egyptian porcupig:
He frighted all, cats, dogs, and all,
Each cow, each horse, and each hog:
For fear they did flee, for they took him to be
Some strange outlandish hedge-hog.

To see this fight, all people then
Got up on trees and houses,
On churches some, and chimneys too;
But these put on their trowses,
Not to spoil their hose. As soon as he rose,
To make him strong and mighty,
He drank by the tale, six pots of ale,
And a quart of aqua-vitæ.

It is not strength that always wins,
For wit doth strength excell;
Which made our cunning champion
Creep down into a well;
Where he did think, this dragon would drink,
And so he did in truth;
And as he stoop'd low, he rose up and cry'd, boh!
And hit him in the mouth.

Oh, quoth the dragon, pox take thee, come out,
Thou disturb'st me in my drink:
And then he turn'd, and s ... at him;
Good lack how he did stink:
Beshrew thy soul, thy body's foul,
Thy dung smells not like balsam;
Thou son of a whore, thou stink'st so sore,
Sure thy diet is unwholesome.

Ver. 29, were to him gorse and birches. Other copies.

Our politick knight, on the other side,
Crept out upon the brink,
And gave the dragon such a douse,
He knew not what to think:
By cock, quoth he, say you so, do you see?
And then at him he let fly
With hand and with foot, and so they went to 't;
And the word it was, Hey boys, hey!

Your words, quoth the dragon, I don't understand;
Then to it they fell at all,
Like two wild boars so fierce, if I may
Compare great things with small.
Two days and a night, with this dragon did fight
Our champion on the ground;
Though their strength it was great, their skill it was neat,
They never had one wound.

At length the hard earth began to quake,
The dragon gave him a knock,
Which made him to reel, and straitway he thought,
To lift him as high as a rock,
And thence let him fall. But More of More-hall,
Like a valiant son of Mars,
As he came like a lout, so he turn'd him about,
And hit him a kick on the a . . .

Oh, quoth the dragon, with a deep sigh,
And turn'd six times together,
Sobbing and tearing, cursing and swearing
Out of his throat of leather;
More of More-hall! O thou rascàl!
Would I had seen thee never;
With the thing at thy foot, thou hast prick'd my a . . . gut,
And I'm quite undone for ever.

Murder, murder, the dragon cry'd,
Alack, alack, for grief:
Had you but mist that place, you could
Have done me no mischief.
Then his head he shaked, trembled and quaked,
And down he laid and cry'd;
First on one knee, then on back tumbled he,
So groan'd, kickt, s . . ., and dy'd.

*** A description of the supposed scene of the foregoing ballad, which was communicated to the Editor in 1767, is here given in the words of the relator:

"In Yorkshire, six miles from Rotherham, is a village, called Wortley, the seat of the late Wortley Montague, Esq. About a mile from this village is a Lodge, named Warncliff Lodge, but vulgarly called Wantley: here lies the scene of the song. I was there above forty years ago: and it being a woody rocky place, my friend made me clamber over rocks and stones, not telling me to what end, till I came to a sort of cave; then asked my opinion of the place, and pointing to one end, says, Here lay the Dragon killed by Moor of Moor-Hall: here lay his head; here lay his tail; and the stones we came over on the hill, are those he could not crack; and yon white house you see half a mile off, is Moor-Hall. I had dined at the lodge, and knew the man's name was Matthew, who was a keeper to Mr. Wortley, and, as he endeavoured to persuade me, was the same Matthew mentioned in the song: in the house is the picture of the Dragon and Moor of Moor-Hall, and near it a well, which, says he, is the one described in the ballad.

†‡† Since the former editions of this humorous old song were printed, the following "Key to the Satire," hath been communicated by Godfrey Bosville, Esq., of Thorp, near Malton, in Yorkshire; who, in the most obliging manner, gave full permission to subjoin it to the poem.

Wancliffe Lodge, and Warncliffe Wood (vulgarly pronounced Wantley), are in the parish of Penniston, in Yorkshire. The rectory of Penniston was part of the dissolved monastery of St. Stephen's, Westminster; and was granted to the Duke of Norfolk's family: who therewith endowed an hospital, which he built at Sheffield, for women. The trustees let the impropriation of the great tithes of Penniston to the Wortley family, who got a great deal by it, and wanted to get still more: for Mr. Nicholas Wortley attempted to take the tithes in kind, but Mr. Francis Bosville opposed him, and there was a decree in favour of the modus in 37th Eliz. The vicarage of Penniston did not go along with the rectory, but with the copyhold rents, and was

part of a large purchase made by Ralph Bosville, Esq., from Queen Elizabeth, in the 2d year of her reign: and that part he sold in 12th Eliz. to his elder brother Godfrey, the father of Francis; who left it, with the rest of his estate, to his wife, for her life, and then to Ralph, 3d son of his uncle Ralph. The widow married Lyonel Rowlestone, lived eighteen years, and survived Ralph.

This premised, the ballad apparently relates to the lawsuit carried on concerning this claim of tithes made by the Wortley family. "Houses and churches were to him geese and turkeys:" which are titheable things, the Dragon chose to live on. Sir Francis Wortley, the son of Nicholas, attempted again to take the tithes in kind: but the parishioners subscribed an agreement to defend their modus. And at the head of the agreement was Lyonel Rowlestone, who is supposed to be one of "the Stones, dear Jack, which the Dragon could not crack." The agreement is still preserved in a large sheet of parchment, dated 1st of James I., and is full of names and seals, which might be meant by the coat of armour, "with spikes all about, both within and without." More of More-hall was either the attorney, or counsellor, who conducted the suit. He is not distinctly remembered, but More-hall is still extant at the very bottom of Wantley [Warncliff] Wood, and lies so low, that it might be said to be in a well: as the Dragon's den [Warncliff Lodge] was at the top of the wood, "with Matthew's house hard by it." The keepers belonging to the Wortley family were named, for many generations, Matthew Northall: the last of them left this lodge, within memory, to be keeper to the Duke of Norfolk. The present owner of More-hall still attends Mr. Bosville's Manor Court at Oxspring, and pays a rose a year. "More of More-hall, with nothing at all, slew the Dragon of Wantley." He gave him, instead of tithes, so small a modus, that it was in effect, nothing at all, and was slaying him with a vengeance. "The poor children three," &c., cannot surely mean the three sisters of Francis Bosville, who would have been coheiresses, had he made no will? The late Mr. Bosville had a contest with the descendants of two of them, the late Sir Geo. Saville's father, and Mr. Copley, about the presentation to Penniston, they supposing Francis had not the power to give this part of the estate from the heirs at law; but it was decided against them. The Dragon (Sir Francis Wortley) succeeded better with his cousin Wordesworth, the freehold lord of the manor (for it is the copyhold manor that belongs to Mr. Bosville) having persuaded him not to join the refractory parishioners, under a promise that he would let him his tithes cheap: and now the estates of Wortley and Wordesworth are the only lands that pay tithes in the parish.

N. B. The "two days and a night," mentioned in ver. 125, as the duration of the combat, was probably that of the trial at law.

XIV.

St. George for England.

THE FIRST PART.

As the former song is in ridicule of the extravagant incidents in old ballads and metrical romances; so this is a burlesque of their style; particularly of the rambling transitions and wild accumulation of unconnected parts, so frequent in many of them.

This ballad is given from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, "imprinted at London, 1612." It is more ancient than many of the preceding; but we place it here for the sake of connecting it with the Second Part.

Why doe you boast of Arthur and his knightes,
Knowing 'well' how many men have endured fightes?
For besides King Arthur, and Lancelot du lake,
Or Sir Tristram de Lionel, that fought for ladies sake;

Read in old histories, and there you shall see
How St. George, St. George the dragon made to flee.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Mark our father Abraham, when first he resckued Lot
Onely with his household, what conquest there he got:
David was elected a prophet and a king,
He slew the great Goliah, with a stone within a sling:
Yet these were not knightes of the table round;
Nor St. George, St. George, who the dragon did confound.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Jephthah and Gideon did lead their men to fight,
They conquered the Amorites, and put them all to flight;
Hercules his labours 'were' on the plaines of Basse;
And Sampson slew a thousand with the jawbone of an asse,
And eke he threw a temple downe, and did a mighty spoyle:
But St. George, St. George he did the dragon foyle.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The warres of ancient monarchs it were too long to tell,
And likewise of the Romans, how farre they did excell;
Hannyball and Scipio in many a fielde did fighte:
Orlando Furioso he was a worthy knighte:
Remus and Romulus, were they that Rome did builde:
But St. George, St. George the dragon made to yielde.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The noble Alphonso, that was the Spanish king,
The order of the red scarffes and bandrolles in did bring:*
He had a troupe of mighty knightes, when first he did begin,
Which sought adventures farre and neare, that conquest they might win;
The ranks of the Pagans he often put to flight:
But St. George, St. George did with the dragon fight.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Many 'knights' have fought with proud Tamberlaine:
Cutlax the Dane, great warres he did maintaine:
Rowland of Beame, and good 'Sir' Olivere
In the forest of Acon slew both woolfe and beare:
Besides that noble Hollander, 'Sir' Goward with the bill:
But St. George, St. George the dragon's blood did spill.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Valentine and Orson were of King Pepin's blood:
Alfride and Henry they were brave knightes and good:
The four sons of Aymon, that follow'd Charlemaine:
Sir Hughon of Burdeaux, and Godfrey of Bullaine:
These were all French knights that lived in that age:
But St. George, St. George the dragon did assuage.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

* This probably alludes to "An Ancient Order of Knighthood, called the Order of the Band, instituted by Don Alphonsus, King of Spain, . . . to wear a red ribband of three fingers breadth," &c. See Ames' Typog. p. 327.

Bevis conquered Ascapart, and after slew the boare,
And then he crost beyond the seas to combat with the moore:
Sir Isenbras and Eglamore, they were knightes most bold;
And good Sir John Mandeville of travel much hath told:
There were many English knights that Pagans did convert:
But St. George, St. George pluckt out the dragon's heart.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The noble Earl of Warwick, that was call'd Sir Guy,
The infidels and pagans stoutlie did defie;
He slew the giant Brandimore, and after was the death
Of that most ghastly dun cowe, the divell of Dunsmore heath;
Besides his noble deeds all done beyond the seas:
But St. George, St. George the dragon did appease.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Richard Cœur-de-lion, erst king of this land,
He the lion gored with his naked hand:*
The false Duke of Austria nothing did he feare;
But his son he killed with a boxe on the eare;
Besides his famous actes done in the holy lande:
But St. George, St. George the dragon did withstande.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Henry the fifth he conquered all France,
And quarter'd their arms, his honour to advance;
He their cities razed, and threw their castles downe,
And his head he honoured with a double crowne:
He thumped the French-men, and after home he came;
But St. George, St. George he did the dragon tame.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

St. David of Wales the Welsh-men much advance:
St. Jaques of Spaine, that never yet broke lance:
St. Patricke of Ireland, which was St. Georges boy,
Seven yeares he kept his horse, and then stole him away:
For which knavish act, as slaves they doe remaine:
But St. George, St. George the dragon he hath slaine.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

* Alluding to the fabulous exploits attributed to this king in the old romances. See the Dissertation prefixed to the Third Series.

XV

St. George for England,

THE SECOND PART,

—Was written by John Grubb, M.A., of Christ Church, Oxford. The occasion of its being composed is said to have been as follows. A set of gentlemen of the university had formed themselves into a Club, all the members of which were to be of the name of George; their anniversary feast was to be held on St. George's day. Our Author solicited strongly to be admitted; but his name being unfortunately John, this disqualification was dispensed with only upon this condi

tion, that he would compose a song in honour of their Patron Saint, and would every year produce one or more new stanzas, to be sung on their annual festival. This gave birth to the following humorous performance, the several stanzas of which were the produce of many successive anniversaries.*

This diverting poem was long handed about in manuscript; at length a friend of Grubb's undertook to get it printed, who, not keeping pace with the impatience of his friends, was addressed in the following whimsical macaronic lines, which, in such a collection as this, may not improperly accompany the poem itself.

EXPOSTULATIUNCULA, sive QUERIMONIUNCULA ad ANTONIUM [ATHERTON] ob Poema JOHANNIS GRUB
Viri του ωανυ ingeniosissimi in lucem nondum edit.

Toni! Tune sines divina poemata Grubbi
Intomb'd in secret thus still to remain any longer,
Τονυομα σου shall last, Ω Γρυββε διαμπερες αει,
Grubbe tuum nomen vivet dum nobilis ale-a
Efficit heroas, dignamque heroe puellam.
Est genus heroum, quos nobilis efficit ale-a
Qui pro niperkin clamant, quaternque liquoris
Quem vocitant Homines, Brandy, Superi Cherry-brandy,
Sæpe illi long-cut, vel small-cut flare Tobaccô
Sunt soliti pipos. Ast si generosior herba
(Per varios casus, per tot descrimina rerum)
Mundungus desit, tum non funcare recusant
Brown-paper tostâ, vel quod fit arundine bedmat.
Hic labor, hoc opus est heroum ascedere sedes!
Ast ego quo rapiar? quo me feret entheus ardor,
Grubbe tui memorem? Divinum expande poema.
Quæ mora? quæ ratio est, quin Grubbi protinus anser
Virgilii, Flaccique simul canat inter olores?

* To this circumstance it is owing that the Editor has never met with two copies in which the stanzas are arranged alike: he has therefore thrown them into what appeared the most natural order. The verses are properly long Alexandrines, but the narrowness of the page made it necessary to subdivide them: they are here printed with many improvements.

At length the importunity of his friends prevailed, and Mr. Grubb's song was published at Oxford under the following title:

THE BRITISH HEROES,
A New Poem in honour of St. George,
By Mr. JOHN GRUBB,
School-master of Christ-Church.
OXON. 1688.
Favete linguis: carmina non prius
Audita, musarum sacerdos
Canto.—— HOR.
Sold by Henry Clements. Oxon.

THE story of King Arthur old
Is very memorable,
The number of his valiant knights,
And roundness of his table:
The knights around his table in
A circle sate, d'ye see:
And altogether made up one
Large hoop of chivalry.
He had a sword, both broad and sharp,
Y-cleped Caliburn,
Would cut a flint more easily
Than pen-knife cuts a corn;
As case-knife does a capon carve,
So would it carve a rock
And split a man at single slash,
From noddle down to nock.
As Roman Augur's steel of yore
Dissected Tarquin's riddle,
So this would cut both conjurer
And whetstone thro' the middle.
He was the cream of Brecknock,
And flower of all the Welsh:
But George he did the dragon fell,
And gave him a plaguy squelsh
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Pendragon, like his father Jove,
Was fed with milk of goat;
And like him made a noble shield
Of she-goat's shaggy coat:
On top of burnisht helmet he
Did wear a crest of leeks;
And onions' heads, whose dreadful nod
Drew tears down hostile cheeks.
Itch and Welsh blood did make him hot,
And very prone to ire;
H' was ting'd with brimstone, like a match,
And would as soon take fire,

As brimstone he took inwardly
When scurf gave him occasion,
His postern puff of wind was a
Sulphureous exhalation.
The Briton never tergivers'd,
But was for adverse drubbing,
And never turn'd his back to aught,
But to a post for scrubbing.
His sword would serve for battle, or
For dinner, if you please;
When it had slain a Cheshire man,
'Twould toast a Cheshire cheese.
He wounded, and, in their own blood,
Did anabaptize Pagans:
But George he made the dragon an
Example to all dragons.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis
was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Brave Warwick Guy, at dinner time,
Challeng'd a gyant savage;
And streight came out the unwieldy lout
Brim-full of wrath and cabbage:
He had a phiz of latitude,
And was full thick i' th' middle;
The cheeks of puffed trumpeter,
And paunch of squire Beadle.*
But the knight fell'd him like an oak,
And did upon his back tread;
The valiant knight his weazon cut,
And Atropos his packthread.
Besides he fought with a dun cow,
As say the poets witty,
A dreadful dun, and horned too,
Like dun of Oxford city:
The fervent dog-days made her mad,
By causing heat of weather,
Syrius and Procyon baited her,
As bull-dogs did her father:
Grasiers, nor butchers this fell beast
E'er of her frolick hindred;
John Dosset† she'd knock down as flat,
As John knocks down her kindred:
Her heels would lay ye all along,
And kick into a swoon;
Frewin's‡ cow-heels keep up your corpse,
But hers would beat you down.

She vanquisht many a sturdy wight,
And proud was of the honour;
Was pufft by mauling butchers so,
As if themselves had blown her.
At once she kickt, and pusht at Guy,
But all that would not fright him;
Who wav'd his winyard o'er sir-loyn,
As if he'd gone to knight him.
He let her blood, frenzy to cure,
And eke he did her gall rip;
His trenchant blade, like cook's long spit,
Ran thro' the monster's bald-rib:
He rear'd up the vast crooked rib,
Instead of arch triumphal:
But George hit th' dragon such a pelt,
As made him on his bum fall.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis
was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Tamerlain, with Tartarian bow,
The Turkish squadrons slew;
And fetch'd the pagan crescent down,
With half-moon made of yew:
His trusty bow proud Turks did gall
With showers of arrows thick,
And bow-strings, without strangling, sent
Grand-Visiers to old Nick:
Much turbants, and much Pagan pates
He made to humble in dust;
And heads of Saracens he fixt
On spear, as on a sign-post:
He coop'd in cage Bajazet the prop
Of Mahomet's religion,
As if't had been the whispering bird,
That prompted him, the pigeon.
In Turkey-leather scabbard, he
Did sheath his blade so trenchant:
But George he swing'd the dragon's tail,
And cut off every inch on't.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis
was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The amazon Thalestris was
Both beautiful and bold;
She sear'd her breasts with iron hot,
And bang'd her foes with cold.
Her hand was like the tool, wherewith
Jove keeps proud mortals under:
It shone just like his lightning,
And batter'd like his thunder.
Her eye darts lightning, that would blast
The proudest he that swagger'd,

* Men of bulk answerable to their places, as is well known at Oxford.

† A butcher that then served the college.

‡ A cook, who on fast nights was famous for selling cow-heel and tripe.

And melt the rapier of his soul,
In its corporeal scabbard.
Her beauty, and her drum to foes
Did cause amazement double;
As timorous larks amazed are
With light and with a low-bell:
With beauty, and that lapland charm,*
Poor men she did bewitch all;
Still a blind whining lover had,
As Pallas had her scrich-owl.
She kept the chastness of a nun
In armour, as in cloyster:
But George undid the dragon just
As you'd undo an oister.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Stout Hercules was offspring of
Great Jove and fair Alcmene:
One part of him celestial was,
One part of him terrene.
To scale the hero's cradle walls
Two fiery snakes combin'd,
And, curling into swaddling cloaths,
About the infant twin'd;
But he put out these dragons' fires,
And did their hissing stop;
As red-hot iron with hissing noise
Is quencht in blacksmith's shop.
He cleans'd a stable, and rubb'd down
The horses of new-comers;
And out of horse-dung he rais'd fame
As Tom Wrench† does cucumbers.
He made a river help him through;
Alpheus was under-groom;
The stream, disgust at office mean,
Ran murmuring thro' the room:
This liquid ostler to prevent
Being tired with that long work,
His father Neptune's trident took,
Instead of three-tooth'd dung-fork.
This Hercules, as soldier, and
As spinster, could take pains;
His club would sometimes spin ye flax,
And sometimes knock out brains:
H' was forc'd to spin his miss a shift
By Juno's wrath and hèr-spite;
Fair Omphale whipt him to his wheel,
As cook whips barking turn-spit.
From man, or churn, he well knew how
To get him lasting fame:

He'd pound a giant, till the blood,
And milk till butter came.
Often he fought with huge battoon,
And oftentimes he boxed;
Tapt a fresh monster once a month,
As Hervey* doth fresh hogshead.
He gave Anteus such a hug,
As wrestlers give in Cornwall:
But George he did the dragon kill,
As dead as any door-nail.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The Gemini, sprung from an egg,
Were put into a cradle:
Their brains with knocks and bottled-ale,
Were often-times full addle:
And, scarcely hatched, these sons of him,
That hurls the bolt trisulcate,
With helmet-shell on tender head,
Did tustle with red-ey'd pole-cat,
Castor a horseman, Pollux tho'
A boxer was, I wist:
The one was fam'd for iron heel:
Th' other for leaden fist.
Pollux to shew he was a god,
When he was in a passion
With fist made noses fall down flat
By way of adoration:
This fist, as sure as French disease,
Demolish'd noses' ridges:
He, like a certain lord† was fam'd
For breaking down of bridges.
Castor the flame of fiery steed
With well-spur'd boots took down;
As men, with leathern buckets, quench
A fire in country town.
His famous horse, that liv'd on oats,
Is sung on oaten quill;
By bards' immortal provender
The nag surviveth still.
This shelly brood on none but knaves
Employ'd their brisk artillery:
And flew as naturally at rogues,
As eggs at thief in pillory.‡

* The drum.

† Who kept Paradise Gardens at Oxford.

* A noted drawer at the Mermaid tavern in Oxford.

† Lord Lovelace broke down the bridges about Oxford, at the beginning of the Revolution. See on this subject a ballad in Smith's Poems, p. 102. Lond. 1713.

‡ It has been suggested by an ingenious correspondent, that this was a popular subject at that time:

Not carted Bawd, or Dan de Foe,
In wooden Ruff ere blustered so.

Smith's Poems, p. 117.

Much sweat they spent in furious fight,
Much blood they did effund:
Their whites they vented thro' the pores;
Their yolks thro' gaping wound;
Then both were cleans'd from blood and dust
To make a heavenly sign;
The lads were, like their armour, scowr'd,
And then hung up to shine;
Such were the heavenly double-Dicks
The sons of Jove and Tyndar:
But George he cut the dragon up,
As he had bin duck or windar.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Gorgon a twisted adder wore
For knot upon her shoulder:
She kemb'd her hissing periwig,
And curling snakes did powder.
These snakes they made stiff changelings
Of all the folks they hist on;
They turned barbars into hones,
And masons into free-stone:
Sworded magnetic Amazon
Her shield to load-stone changes;
Then amorous sword by magic belt
Clung fast unto her haunches.
This shield long village did protect,
And kept the army from town,
And chang'd the bullies into rocks,
That came t' invade Long-Compton.*
She post-diluvian stores unmans,
And Pyrrha's work unravels;
And stares Deucalion's hardy boys
Into their primitive pebbles.
Red noses she to rubies turns,
And noddles into bricks:
But George made dragon laxative;
And gave him a bloody flix.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

By boar-spear Meleager got
An everlasting name,
And out of haunch of basted swine,
He hew'd eternal fame.
This beast each hero's trouzers ript,
And rudely shew'd his bare-breech,
Prickt but the wem, and out there came
Heroic guts and garbadge.
Legs were secur'd by iron boots
No more than peas by peascods:
Brass helmets, with inclos'd sculls,
Wou'd crackle in's mouth like chesnuts.
His tawny hairs erected were
By rage, that was resistless;
And wrath, instead of cobler's wax,
Did stiffen his rising bristles.
His tusks lay'd dogs so dead asleep,
Nor horn, nor whip cou'd wake 'um:
It made them vent both their last blood,
And their last album-grecum.
But the knight gor'd him with his spear,
To make of him a tame one,
And arrows thick, instead of cloves,
He stuck in monster's gammon.
For monumental pillar, that
His victory might be known,
He raised up, in cylindric form,
A collar of the brawn.
He sent his shade to shades below,
In Stygian mud to wallow;
And eke the stout St. George eftsoon,
He made the dragon follow.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Achilles of old Chiron learnt
The great horse for to ride;
H' was taught by th' Centaur's rational part,
The hinnible to bestride.
Bright silver feet, and shining face
Had that stout hero's mother;
As rapier 's silver'd at one end,
And wounds you at the other.
Her feet were bright, his feet were swift,
As hawk pursuing sparrow:
Her's had the metal, his the speed
Of Braburn's* silver arrow.
Thetis to double pedagogue
Commits her dearest boy;
Who bred him from a slender twig
To be the scourge of Troy;
But ere he lasht the Trojans, h' was
In Stygian waters steept;
As birch is soaked first in piss,
When boys are to be whipt.

* See the account of Rolricht Stones, in Dr. Plott's Hist. of Oxfordshire.

* Bradburn, a gentleman commoner of Lincoln college, gave a silver arrow to be shot for by the archers of the university of Oxford.

With skin exceeding hard, he rose
From lake, so black and muddy,
As lobsters from the ocean rise,
With shell about their body:
And, as from lobster's broken claw,
Pick out the fish you might;
So might you from one unshell'd heel
Dig pieces of the knight.
His myrmidons robb'd Priam's barns
And hen-roosts, says the song;
Carried away both corn and eggs,
Like ants from whence they sprung.
Himself tore Hector's pantaloons,
And sent him down bare-breech'd
To pedant Radamanthus, in
A posture to be switch'd.
But George he made the dragon look,
As if he had been bewitch'd.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Full fatal to the Romans was
The Carthaginian Hanni-
bal; him I mean, who gave them such
A devilish thump at Cannæ:
Moors thick, as goats on Penmenmure,
Stood on the Alpes's front:
Their one-eyed guide,* like blinking mole,
Bor'd thro' the hind'ring mount:
Who, baffled by the massy rock,
Took vinegar for relief;
Like plowmen, when they hew their way
Thro' stubborn rump of beef.
As dancing louts from humid toes
Cast atoms of ill savour
To blinking Hyatt,† when on vile crowd
He merriment does endeavour,
And saws from suffering timber out
Some wretched tune to quiver:
So Romans stunk and squeak'd at sight
Of African carnivor.
The tawny surface of his phiz
Did serve instead of vizzard:
But George he made the dragon have
A grumbling in his gizzard.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The valour of Domitian,
It must not be forgotten;
Who from the jaws of worm-blowing flies,
Protected veal and mutton.
A squadron of flies errant,
Against the foe appears;
With regiments of buzzing knights,
And swarms of volunteers:
The warlike wasp encourag'd 'em
With animating hum;
And the loud brazen hornet next,
He was their kettle-drum:

The Spanish Don Cantharido
Did him most sorely pester,
And rais'd on skin of vent'rous knight
Full many a plaguy blister.
A bee whipt thro' his button-hole,
As thro' key-hole a witch,
And stabb'd him with her little tuck
Drawn out of scabbard breech:
But the undaunted knight lifts up
An arm both big and brawny,
And slasht her so, that here lay head,
And there lay bag and honey:
Then 'mongst the rout he flew as swift,
As weapon made by Cyclops,
And bravely quell'd seditious buz,
By dint of massy fly-flops.
Surviving flies do curses breathe,
And maggots too at Cæsar:
But George he shav'd the dragon's beard,
And Askelon* was his razor.
St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

John Grubb, the facetious writer of the foregoing song, makes a distinguished figure among the Oxford wits so humorously enumerated in the following distich:

Alma novem genuit célebres Rhedycina poetas
Bub, Stubb, Grubb, Crabb, Trap, Young, Carey, Tickel, Evans.

These were Bub Dodington (the late Lord Melcombe), Dr. Stubbes, our poet Grubb, Mr. Crabb, Dr. Trapp, the poetry-professor, Dr. Edw. Young, the author of Night-Thoughts, Walter Carey, Thomas Tickel, Esq., and Dr. Evans, the epigrammatist.

As for our poet Grubb, all that we can

* Hannibal had but one eye.

† A one-eyed fellow, who pretended to make fiddles, as well as play on them; well known at that time in Oxford.

* The name of St. George's sword.

learn further of him, is contained in a few extracts from the University Register, and from his epitaph. It appears from the former that he was matriculated in 1667, being the son of John Grubb, "de Acton Burnel in comitatu Salop. pauperis." He took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, June 28, 1671: and became Master of Arts, June 28, 1675. He was appointed Head Master of the Grammar School at Christ Church; and afterwards chosen into the same employment at Gloucester, where he died in 1697, as appears from his monument in the church of St. Mary de Crypt in Gloucester, which is inscribed with the following epitaph:

H. S. E.
JOHANNES GRUBB, A. M.
Natus apud Acton Burnel in agro Salopiensi
Anno Dom. 1645.
Cujus variam in linguis notitiam,
et felicem erudiendis pueris industriam,
gratâ adhuc memoriâ testatur Oxonium.
Ibi enim Ædi Christi initiatus,
artes excoluit:
Pueros ad easdem mox excolendas
accuratè formavit:
Huc demum
unanimi omnium consensu accitus,
eandem suscepit provinciam,
quam feliciter adeo absolvit,
ut nihil optandum sit
nisi ut diutius nobis interfuisset?
Fuit enim
propter festivam ingenii suavitatem,
simplicem morum candorem, et
præcipuam erga cognatos benevolentiam
omnibus desideratissimus,
Obiit 2do die Aprilis, Anno D'ni, 1697,
Ætatis suæ 51.

XVI.

Margaret's Ghost.

THIS ballad, which appeared in some of the public newspapers in or before the year 1724, came from the pen of David Mallet, Esq., who in the edition of his poems, 3 vols. 1759, informs us that the plan was suggested by the four verses quoted above in page 359, which he supposed to be the beginning of some ballad now lost.

"These lines, says he, naked of ornament, and simple as they are, struck my fancy; and bringing fresh into my mind an unhappy adventure much talked of formerly, gave birth to the following poem, which was written many years ago."

The two introductory lines (and one or two others elsewhere) had originally more of the ballad simplicity, viz.,

"When all was wrapt in dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep," &c.

'TWAS at the silent solemn hour,
When night and morning meet;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud:
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held her sable shrowd.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime:
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time.

"Awake!" she cry'd, "thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refus'd to save.

"This is the dark and dreary hour
When injur'd ghosts complain;
Now yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

"Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath:
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

"Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear mine eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

"How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

"Why did you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid,
Believe the flattering tale?

"That face, alas! no more is fair;
These lips no longer red:
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

"The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding-sheet I wear:
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

"But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence!
A long and last adieu!
Come see, false man, how low she lies,
Who died for love of you."

The lark sung loud; the morning smil'd
With beams of rosy red:
Pale William shook in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hyed him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay:
And stretch'd him on the grass-green turf,
That wrapt her breathless clay:

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore:
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spake never more.

*** In a late publication, entitled "The Friends, &c.," Lond., 1773, 2 vols. 12mo. (in the first volume), is inserted a copy of the foregoing ballad, with very great variations, which the Editor of that work contends was the original; and that Mallet adopted it for his own, and altered it, as here given.—But the superior beauty and simplicity of the present copy gives it so much more the air of an original, that it will rather be believed that some transcriber altered it from Mallet's, and adapted the lines to his own taste; than which nothing is more common in popular songs and ballads.

XVII.

Lucy and Colin

—Was written by Thomas Tickell, Esq., the celebrated friend of Mr. Addison, and Editor of his works. He was the son of a Clergyman in the North of England; had his education at Queen's College, Oxon; was under-secretary to Mr. Addison and Mr. Craggs, when successively secretaries of state; and was lastly (in June, 1724) appointed secretary to the Lords Justices in Ireland, which place he held till his death in 1740. He acquired Mr. Addison's patronage by a poem in praise of the opera of Rosamond, written while he was at the University.

It is a tradition in Ireland, that this song was written at Castletown, in the county of Kildare, at the request of the then Mrs. Conolly—probably on some event recent in that neighbourhood.

Of Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;

Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so fair a face.

Till luckless love and pining care
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lip, and damask cheek,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid;
Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair:
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjured swains beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And at her window, shrieking thrice,
The raven flap'd his wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
That solemn boding sound;
And thus in dying words, bespoke
The virgins weeping round.

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says, I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

"By a false heart, and broken vows,
In early youth I die.
Am I to blame, because his bride
Is thrice as rich as I?

"Ah Colin! give not her thy vows;
Vows due to me alone:
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.

"To-morrow in the church to wed,
Impatient, both prepare
But know, fond maid, and know, false youth,
That Lucy will be there.

"Then, bear my corse, ye comrades, bear,
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
I in my winding-sheet."

She spoke, she died;—her corse was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjured Colin's thoughts?
How were those nuptials kept?
The bride-men flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell:
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride (ah, bride no more!)
The varying crimson fled,
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead.

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her beneath one sod,
For ever now remains.

Oft at their grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
They deck the sacred green.

But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

XVIII.

The Boy and the Mantle.

AS REVISED AND ALTERED BY A MODERN HAND.

Mr. Warton, in his ingenious Observations on Spenser, has given his opinion, that the fiction of the "Boy and the Mantle" is taken from an old French piece entitled "Le Court Mantel," quoted by M. de St. Palaye, in his curious "Memoires sur l'ancienne Chevalerie," Paris, 1759, 2 tom. 12mo.; who tells us the story resembles that of Ariosto's enchanted cup. 'Tis possible our English poet may have taken the hint of this subject from that old French romance; but he does not appear to have copied it in the manner of execution: to which (if one may judge from the specimen given in the Memoires) that of the Ballad does not bear the least resemblance. After all, 'tis most likely that all the old stories concerning King Arthur are originally of British growth, and that what the French and other southern nations have of this kind were at first exported from this island. See Memoires de l'Acad. des Inscrip., tom. xx., p. 352.

In the "Fabliaux ou Contes," 1781, 5 tom. 12mo., of M. Le Grand (tom. I., p. 54), is printed a modern Version of the Old Tale *Le Court Mantel*, under a new title, *Le Manteau maltaillé*, which contains the story of this Ballad much enlarged, so far as regards the Mantle, but without any mention of the Knife or the Horn.

In Carleile dwelt King Arthur,
A prince of passing might;
And there maintain'd his table round,
Beset with many a knight.

And there he kept his Christmas
With mirth and princely cheare,
When, lo! a straunge and cunning boy
Before him did appeare.

A kirtle and a mantle
This boy had him upon,
With brooches, rings, and owches,
Full daintily bedone.

He had a sarke of silk
About his middle meet;
And thus with seemely curtesy,
He did King Arthur greet.

"God speed thee, brave King Arthur,
Thus feasting in thy bowre;
And Guenever thy goodly queen,
That fair and peerlesse flowre.

"Ye gallant lords, and lordings,
I wish you all take heed,
Lest, what you deem a blooming rose
Should prove a cankred weed."

Then straitway from his bosome
A little wand he drew;
And with it eke a mantle
Of wondrous shape and hew.

"Now have thou here, King Arthur,
Have this here of mee,
And give unto thy comely queen,
All-shapen as you see.

"No wife it shall become,
That once hath been to blame."
Then every knight in Arthur's court
Slye glaunced at his dame.

And first came Lady Guenever,
The mantle she must trye,
This dame, she was new-fangled,
And of a roving eye.

When she had tane the mantle,
And all was with it cladde,
From top to toe it shiver'd down,
As tho' with sheers beshradde.

One while it was too long,
Another while too short,
And wrinkled on her shoulders
In most unseemly sort,

Now green, now red it seemed,
Then all of sable hue.
"Beshrew me quoth King Arthur,
I think thou beest not true."

Down she threw the mantle,
Ne longer would not stay;
But storming like a fury,
To her chamber flung away.

She curst the whoreson weaver,
That had the mantle wrought:
And doubly curst the froward impe,
Who thither had it brought.

"I had rather live in desarts
Beneath the green-wood tree:
Than here, base king, among thy groomes,
The sport of them and thee."

Sir Kay call'd forth his lady,
And bade her to come near:
"Yet dame if thou be guilty,
I pray thee now forbear."

This lady, pertly gigling,
With forward step came on,
And boldly to the little boy
With fearless face is gone.

When she had tane the mantle,
With purpose for to wear:
It shrunk up to her shoulder,
And left her b**side bare.

Then every merry knight,
That was in Arthur's court,
Gib'd and laught, and flouted,
To see that pleasant sport.

Downe she threw the mantle,
No longer bold or gay,
But with a face all pale and wan,
To her chamber slunk away.

Then forth came an old knight,
A pattering o'er his creed;
And proffered to the little boy
Five nobles to his meed;

"And all the time of Christmas
Plumb-porridge shall be thine,
If thou wilt let my lady fair
Within the mantle shine."

A saint his lady seemed,
With step demure and slow,
And gravely to the mantle
With mincing pace doth goe.

When she the same had taken,
That was so fine and thin,
It shrivell'd all about her,
And show'd her dainty skin.

Ah! little did her mincing,
Or his long prayers bestead;
She had no more hung on her,
Than a tassel and a thread.

Down she threwe the mantle,
With terror and dismay,
And, with a face of scarlet,
To her chamber hyed away.

Sir Cradock call'd his lady,
And bade her to come neare;
"Come win this mantle, lady,
And do me credit here.

"Come win this mantle, lady,
For now it shall be thine,
If thou hast never done amiss,
Sith first I made thee mine."

The lady gently blushing,
With modest grace came on,
And now to trye the wondrous charm
Courageously is gone.

When she had tane the mantle,
And put it on her backe,
About the hem it seemed
To wrinkle and to cracke.

"Lye still," shee cryed, "O mantle!
And shame me not for nought,
I'll freely own whate'er amiss,
Or blameful I have wrought.

"Once I kist Sir Cradocke
Beneathe the green wood tree:
Once I kist Sir Cradocke's mouth
Before he married mee."

When thus she had her shriven,
And her worst fault had told,
The mantle soon became her
Right comely as it shold.

Most rich and fair of colour,
Like gold it glittering shone:
And much the knights in Arthur's court
Admir'd her every one.

Then towards King Arthur's table
The boy he turn'd his eye:
Where stood a boar's head garnished
With bayes and rosemarye.

When thrice he o'er the boar's head
His little wand had drawne,
Quoth he, "There's never a cuckold's knife
Can carve this head of brawne."

Then some their whittles rubbed
On whetstone, and on hone:
Some threwe them under the table,
And swore that they had none.

Sir Cradock had a little knife,
Of steel and iron made;
And in an instant thro' the skull
He thrust the shining blade.

He thrust the shining blade
Full easily and fast;
And every knight in Arthurs court
A morsel had to taste.

The boy brought forth a horne,
All golden was the rim:
Said he, "No cuckolde ever can
Set mouth unto the brim.

"No cuckold can this little horne
Lift fairly to his head;
But or on this, or that side,
He shall the liquor shed."

Some shed it on their shoulder,
Some shed it on their thigh;
And hee that could not hit his mouth,
Was sure to hit his eye.

Thus he that was a cuckold,
Was known of every man:
But Cradock lifted easily,
And wan the golden can.

Thus boar's head, horn and mantle,
Were this fair couple's meed:
And all such constant lovers,
God send them well to speed.

Then down in rage came Guenever,
And thus could spightful say,

"Sir Cradock's wife most wrongfully
Hath borne the prize away.

"See yonder shameless woman,
That makes herselfe so clean:
Yet from her pillow taken
Thrice five gallants have been.

"Priests, clarkes, and wedded men,
Have her lewd pillow prest:
Yet she the wonderous prize forsooth
Must beare from all the rest."

Then bespake the little boy,
Who had the same in hold:
"Chastize thy wife, King Arthur,
Of speech she is too bold:

"Of speech she is too bold,
Of carriage all too free;
Sir king, she hath within thy hall
A cuckold made of thee.

"All frolick light and wanton
She hath her carriage borne:
And given thee for a kingly crown
To wear a cuckold's horne."

***

*** The Rev. Evan Evans, editor of the Specimens of Welsh Poetry, 4to., affirmed that the story of the "Boy and the Mantle," is taken from what is related in some of the old Welsh MSS., of Tegan Earfron, one of King Arthur's mistresses. She is said to have possessed a mantle that would not fit any immodest or incontinent woman; this (which the old writers say, was reckoned among the curiosities of Britain) is frequently alluded to by the old Welsh Bards.

Carleile, so often mentioned in the Ballads of King Arthur, the editor once thought might probably be a corruption of Caer-leon, an ancient British city on the river Uske, in Monmouthshire, which was one of the places of King Arthur's chief residence; but he is now convinced that it is no other than Carlisle, in Cumberland; the old English Minstrels, being most of them Northern men, naturally represented the Hero of Romance as residing in the North: and many of the places mentioned in the Old Ballads are still to be found there; as *Tearne-Wadling*, &c.

Near Penrith is still seen a large circle, surrounded by a mound of earth, which retains the name of Arthur's Round Table.

XIX.

The Ancient Fragment of the Marriage of Sir Gawaine.

The Second Poem in the Third Series, entitled "The Marriage of Sir Gawaine, having been offered to the reader with large conjectural Supplements and Corrections, the old Fragment itself is here literally and exactly printed from the Editor's folio MS. with all its defects, inaccuracies, and errata; that such austere Antiquaries as complain that the ancient copies have not been always rigidly adhered to may see how unfit for publication many of the pieces would have been if all the blunders, corruptions, and nonsense of illiterate Reciters and Transcribers had been superstitiously retained, without some attempt to correct and amend them.

This Ballad had most unfortunately suffered by having half of every leaf in this part of the MS. torn away; and, as about nine stanzas generally occur in the half-page now remaining, it is concluded that the other half contained nearly the same number of stanzas.

Kinge Arthur liues in merry Carleile
and seemely is to see
and there he hath wth him Queene Genev^{r}
y^{t} bride so bright of blee

And there he hath wth him Queene Genever
y^{t} bride soe bright in bower
& all his barons about him stoode
y^{t} were both stiffe and stowre

The K. kept a royall Christmasse
of mirth & great honor
. . when . .
[*About Nine Stanzas wanting.*]

And bring me word what thing it is
y^{e} a woman most desire
this shalbe thy ransome Arthur he sayes
for Ile haue noe other hier

K. Arthur then held vp his hand
according thene as was the law
he tooke his leaue of the baron there
and homword can he draw

And when he came to Merry Carlile
to his chamber he is gone
And ther came to him his Cozen S^{r} Gawaine
as he did make his mone

And there came to him his Cozen S^{r} Gawaine*
y^{t} was a curteous knight
why sigh yo^{u} soe sore vnckle Arthur he said
or who hath done the vnright

O peace o peace thou gentle Gawaine
y^{t} faire may thee be ffall
for if thou knew my sighing soe deepe
thou wold not meruaile att all

Ffor when I came to tearne wadling
a bold barron there I fand
wth a great club vpon his backe
standing stiffe & strong

And he asked me wether I wold fight
or from him I shold be gone
o* else I must him a ransome pay
& soe dep't him from

To fight wth him I saw noe cause
me thought it was not meet
for he was stiffe and strong wth all
his strokes were nothing sweete

Therfor this is my ransome Gawaine
I ought to him to pay
I must come againe as I am sworne
vpon the Newyeers day

And I must bring him word what thing it is
[*About Nine Stanzas wanting.*]

Then King Arthur drest him for to ryde
in one soe rich array
towards the foresaid Tearne wadling
y^{t} he might keepe his day

And as he rode over a more
hee see a lady where shee sate

---

* Sic.

betwixt an oke and a greene hollen
she was cladd in red scarlett

Then there as shold have stood her mouth
then there was sett her eye
the other was in her forhead fast
the way that she might see

Her nose was crooked & turnd outward
her mouth stood foule a wry
a worse formed lady thee shee was
neuerman saw wth his eye

To halch vpon him k. Arthur
this lady was full faine
but k. Arthur had forgott his lesson
what he should say againe

What knight art thou the lady sayd
that wilt not speake tome
of me thou nothing dismayd
tho I be vgly to see

for I haue halched yo^{u} courteouslye
& yo^{u} will not me againe
yett I may happen S^{r} knight shee said
to ease thee of thy paine

Giue thou ease me lady he said
or helpe me any thing
thou shalt haue gentle Gawaine my cozen
& marry him wth a ring

Why if I helpe thee not thou noble k. Arthur
of thy owne hearts desiringe
of gentle Gawaine . . . . .
[*About Nine Stanzas wanting.*]

And when he came to the tearne wadling
the baron there cold he srinde*
wth a great weapon on his backe
standinge stiffe & stronge

And then he tooke k. Arthurs letters in his hands
& away he cold them fling
& then he puld out a good browne sword
& cryd himselfe a k.

And he sayd I haue thee & and thy land Arthur
to doe as it pleaseth me
for this is not thy ransome sure
therfore yeeld thee to me

* Sic MS.

And then bespoke him noble Arthur
& bade him hold his hands
& give me leave to speake my mind
in defence of all my land

the* said as I came over a More
I see a lady where shee sate
betweene an oke & a green hollen
shee was clad in red scarlette

And she says a woman will haue her will
& this is all her cheef desire
doe me right as thou art a baron of sckill
this is thy ransome & all thy hyer

He sayes an early vengeance light on her
she walkes on yonder more
it was my sister that told thee this
she is a misshapen hore

But heer Ile make mine avow to god
to do her an euill turne
for an euer I may thate fowle theefe get
in a fyer I will her burne

[*About Nine Stanzas wanting.*]

THE SECOND PART.

Sir Lancelott & s^{r} Steven bold
they rode wth them that day
and the formost of the company
there rode the steward Kay

Soe did S^{r} Banier & S^{r} Bore
S^{r} Garrett wth them so gay
soe did S^{r} Tristeram y^{t} gentle k^{t}
to the forrest fresh & gay

And when he came to the greene forrest
vnderneath a greene holly tree
their sate that lady in red scarlet
y^{t} vnseemly was to see

S^{r} Kay beheld this Ladys face
& looked vppon her suire
whosoeuer kisses this lady he sayes
of his kisse he stands in feare

S^{r} Kay beheld the lady againe
& looked vpon her snout
whosoeuer kisses this lady he saies
of his kisse he stands in doubt

* Sic MS.

Peace coz. Kay then said Sr Gawaine
amend thee of thy life
for there is a knight amongst us all
yt must marry her to his wife

What wedd her to wiffe then said Sr Kay
in the diuells name anon
gett me a wiffe where ere I may
for I had rather be slaine

Then soome tooke vp their hawkes in hast
& some tooke vp their hounds
& some sware they wold not marry her
for Citty nor for towne

And then be spake him noble k. Arthur
& sware there by this day
for a litle foule sight & misliking

[*About Nine Stanzas wanting.*]

Then shee said choose thee gentle Gawaine
truth as I doe say
wether thou wilt haue me in this liknesse
in the night or else in the day

And then bespake him Gentle Gawaine
wth one soe mild of moode
sayes well I know what I wold say
god grant it may be good

To haue thee fowle in the night
when I wth thee shold play
yet I had rather if I might
haue thee fowle in the day

What when Lords goe wth ther seires* shee said
both to the Ale and wine
alas then I must hyde my selfe
I must not goe withinne

And then bespake him gentle gawaine
said Lady thats but a skill
And because thou art my owne lady
thou shalt haue all thy will

Then she said blesed be thou gentle Gawaine
this day yt I thee see
for as thou see me att this time
from hencforth I wilbe

My father was an old knight
& yett it chanced soe
that he married a younge lady
yt brought me to this woe

Shee witched me being a faire young Lady
to the greene forrest to dwell
& there I must walke in womans liknesse
most like a feeind of hell

She witched my brother to a Carlist B . . . .

[*About Nine Stanzas wanting.*]

that looked soe foule & that was wont
on the wild more to goe

Come kisse her Brother Kay then said Sr Gawaine
& amend the of thy liffe
I sweare this is the same lady
yt I marryed to my wiffe.

Sr Kay kissed that lady bright
standing vpon his ffeete
he swore as he was trew knight
the spice was neuer so sweete

Well Coz. Gawaine says Sr Kay
thy chance is fallen arright
for thou hast gotten one of the fairest maids
I euer saw wth my sight

It is my fortune said Sr Gawaine
for my Vnckle Arthurs sake
I am glad as grasse wold be of raine
great Joy that I may take

Sr Gawaine tooke the lady by the one arme
Sr Kay tooke her by the tother
they led her straight to k. Arthur
as they were brother & brother

K. Arthur welcomed them there all
& soe did lady Geneuer his queene
wth all the knights of the round table
most seemly to be seene

K. Arthur beheld that lady faire
that was soe faire & bright
he thanked christ in trinity
for Sr Gawaine that gentle knight

---

* Sic in MS. pro *feires*, i. e. Mates.

Soe did the knights both more and lesse
reioyced all that day
for the good chance y^{t} hapened was
to S^{r} Gawaine & his lady gay. Ffinis

In the Fac Simile Copies, after all the care which has been taken, it is very possible that a redundant *e*, &c., may have been added or omitted.

The Hermit of Warkworth.

This ballad, together with that already printed, entitled "The Friar of Orders Gray," forming what may be considered the whole of Bishop Percy's original compositions, is here appended as a necessary addition to the foregoing collection.

FIT I.

Dark was the night, and wild the storm,
And loud the torrent's roar;
And loud the sea was heard to dash
Against the distant shore.

Musing on man's weak hapless state,
The lonely Hermit lay;
When, lo! he heard a female voice
Lament in sore dismay.

With hospitable haste he rose,
And wak'd his sleeping fire;
And snatching up a lighted brand,
Forth hied the rev'rend sire.

All sad beneath a neighbouring tree
A beauteous maid he found,
Who beat her breast, and with her tears
Bedew'd the mossy ground.

"O weep not, lady, weep not so;
Nor let vain fears alarm;
My little cell shall shelter thee,
And keep thee safe from harm."

"It is not for myself I weep,
Nor for myself I fear;
But for my dear and only friend,
Who lately left me here:

"And while some shelt'ring bower he sought
Within this lonely wood,
Ah! sore I fear his wandering feet
Have slipt in yonder flood."

"O! trust in heaven," the Hermit said,
"And to my cell repair!
Doubt not but I shall find thy friend,
And ease thee of thy care."

Then climbing up his rocky stairs,
He scales the cliff so high;
And calls aloud, and waves his light
To guide the stranger's eye.

Among the thickets long he winds,
With careful steps and slow:
At length a voice return'd his call,
Quick answering from below:

"O tell me, father, tell me true,
If you have chanc'd to see
A gentle maid, I lately left
Beneath some neighbouring tree:

"But either I have lost the place,
Or she hath gone astray:
And much I fear this fatal stream
Hath snatch'd her hence away."

"Praise Heaven, my son," the Hermit said;
"The lady's safe and well:"
And soon he join'd the wandering youth,
And brought him to his cell.

Then well was seen, these gentle friends,
They lov'd each other dear:
The youth he press'd her to his heart;
The maid let fall a tear.

Ah! seldom had their host, I ween,
Beheld so sweet a pair:
The youth was tall, with manly bloom;
She, slender, soft, and fair.

The youth was clad in forest green,
With bugle-horn so bright:

She in a silken robe and scarf,
Snatch'd up in hasty flight.

"Sit down, my children," says the sage;
"Sweet rest your limbs require:"
Then heaps fresh fuel on the hearth,
And mends his little fire.

"Partake," he said, "my simple store,
Dried fruits, and milk, and curds;"
And spreading all upon the board,
Invites with kindly words.

"Thanks, father, for thy bounteous fare;"
The youthful couple say:
Then freely ate, and made good cheer,
And talk'd their cares away.

"Now say, my children (for perchance
My counsel may avail),
What strange adventure brought you here
Within this lonely dale?"

"First tell me, father," said the youth
"(Nor blame mine eager tongue),
What town is near? Whose lands are these?
And to what lord belong?"

"Alas! my son," the Hermit said,
"Why do I live to say,
The rightful lord of these domains
Is banish'd far away?

"Ten winters now have shed their snows
On this my lowly hall,
Since valiant Hotspur (so the North
Our youthful lord did call)

"Against Fourth Henry Bolingbroke
Led up his northern powers,
And, stoutly fighting, lost his life
Near proud Salopia's towers.

"One son he left, a lovely boy,
His country's hope and heir;
And, oh! to save him from his foes
It was his grandsire's care.

"In Scotland safe he plac'd the child
Beyond the reach of strife,
Nor long before the brave old Earl
At Braham lost his life.

"And now the Percy name, so long
Our northern pride and boast,
Lies hid, alas! beneath a cloud;
Their honours reft and lost.

"No chieftain of that noble house
Now leads our youth to arms;
The bordering Scots despoil our fields,
And ravage all our farms.

"Their halls and castles, once so fair,
Now moulder in decay;
Proud strangers now usurp their lands,
And bear their wealth away.

"Not far from hence, where yon full stream
Runs winding down the lea,
Fair Warkworth lifts her lofty towers,
And overlooks the sea.

"Those towers, alas! now lie forlorn,
With noisome weeds o'erspread,
Where feasted lords and courtly dames,
And where the poor were fed.

"Meantime far off, 'mid Scottish hills,
The Percy lives unknown:
On strangers' bounty he depends,
And may not claim his own.

"O might I with these aged eyes
But live to see him here,
Then should my soul depart in bliss!"—
He said, and dropt a tear.

"And is the Percy still so lov'd
Of all his friends and thee?
Then, bless me, father," said the youth,
"For I, thy guest, am he."

Silent he gazed, then turn'd aside
To wipe the tears he shed;
And lifting up his hands and eyes,
Pour'd blessings on his head:

"Welcome, our dear and much-lov'd lord,
Thy country's hope and care:
But who may this young lady be,
That is so wondrous fair?"

"Now, father! listen to my tale,
And thou shalt know the truth:
And let thy sage advice direct
My inexperienc'd youth.

"In Scotland I've been nobly bred
Beneath the Regent's* hand,
In feats of arms and every lore
To fit me for command.

"With fond impatience long I burn'd
My native land to see:
At length I won my guardian friend,
To yield that boon to me.

"Then up and down in hunter's garb
I wander'd as in chase,
Till in the noble Neville's† house
I gain'd a hunter's place.

"Some time with him I liv'd unknown,
Till I'd the hap so rare
To please this young and gentle dame,
That Baron's daughter fair."

"Now, Percy," said the blushing maid,
"The truth I must reveal;
Souls great and generous, like to thine,
Their noble deeds conceal.

"It happen'd on a summer's day,
Led by the fragrant breeze,
I wander'd forth to take the air
Among the greenwood trees.

"Sudden a band of rugged Scots,
That near in ambush lay,
Moss-troopers from the border-side,
There seiz'd me for their prey.

"My shrieks had all been spent in vain;
But Heaven, that saw my grief,
Brought this brave youth within my call,
Who flew to my relief.

"With nothing but his hunting spear,
And dagger in his hand,
He sprung like lightning on my foes,
And caus'd them soon to stand.

"He fought till more assistance came:
The Scots were overthrown:
Thus freed me, captive, from their bands,
To make me more his own."

"O happy day!" the youth replied:
"Blest were the wounds I bear!
From that fond hour she deign'd to smile,
And listen to my prayer.

"And when she knew my name and birth,
She vow'd to be my bride;
But oh! we fear'd (alas, the while!)
Her princely mother's pride:

"Sister of haughty Bolingbroke,*
Our house's ancient foe,
To me, I thought, a banish'd wight,
Could ne'er such favour show.

"Despairing then to gain consent,
At length to fly with me
I won this lovely timorous maid;
To Scotland bound are we.

"This evening, as the night drew on,
Fearing we were pursued,
We turn'd adown the right-hand path,
And gain'd this lonely wood:

"Then lighting from our weary steeds
To shun the pelting shower,
We met thy kind conducting hand,
And reach'd this friendly bower."

"Now rest ye both," the Hermit said;
"Awhile your cares forego:
Nor, Lady, scorn my humble bed:
—We'll pass the night below."†

FIT II.

Lovely smil'd the blushing morn,
And every storm was fled:
But lovelier far, with sweeter smile,
Fair Eleanor left her bed.

She found her Henry all alone,
And cheer'd him with her sight;
The youth consulting with his friend
Had watch'd the livelong night.

* Robert Stuart, Duke of Albany. See the continuation of Fordun's Scoti-Chronicon, cap. 18, cap. 23, &c.

† Ralph Neville, first Earl of Westmoreland, who chiefly resided at his two castles of Brancepeth and Raby, both in the Bishopric of Durham.

* Joan, Countess of Westmoreland, mother of the young lady, was daughter of John of Gaunt, and half-sister of King Henry IV.

† Adjoining to the cliff which contains the Chapel of the Hermitage, are the remains of a small building, in which the Hermit dwelt. This consisted of one lower apartment, with a little bedchamber over it, and is now in ruins; whereas the Chapel, cut in the solid rock, is still very entire and perfect.

What sweet surprise o'erpower'd her breast!
Her cheek what blushes dyed,
When fondly he besought her there
To yield to be his bride!—

"Within this lonely hermitage
There is a chapel meet:
Then grant, dear maid, my fond request
And make my bliss complete."

"O Henry, when thou deign'st to sue,
Can I thy suit withstand?
When thou, lov'd youth, hast won my heart,
Can I refuse my hand?

"For thee I left a father's smiles,
And mother's tender care;
And whether weal or woe betide,
Thy lot I mean to share."

"And wilt thou then, O generous maid!
Such matchless favour show,
To share with me, a banish'd wight,
My peril, pain, or woe?

"Now Heaven, I trust, hath joys in store
To crown thy constant breast:
For know, fond hope assures my heart
That we shall soon be blest.

"Not far from hence stands Coquet Isle*
Surrounded by the sea;
There dwells a holy friar, well known
To all thy friends and thee;

"'Tis Father Bernard, so rever'd
For every worthy deed;
To Raby Castle he shall go,
And for us kindly plead.

"To fetch this good and holy man
Our reverend host is gone;
And soon, I trust, his pious hands
Will join us both in one."

Thus they in sweet and tender talk
The lingering hours beguile:
At length they see the hoary sage
Come from the neighbouring isle.

With pious joy and wonder mix'd
He greets the noble pair,
And glad consents to join their hands
With many a fervent prayer.

Then strait to Raby's distant walls
He kindly wends his way:
Meantime in love and dalliance sweet
They spend the livelong day.

And now, attended by their host,
The Hermitage they view'd,
Deep-hewn within a craggy cliff,
And overhung with wood.

And near a flight of shapely steps,
All cut with nicest skill,
And piercing through a stony arch,
Ran winding up the hill:

There deck'd with many a flower and herb
His little garden stands;
With fruitful trees in shady rows,
All planted by his hands.

Then, scoop'd within the solid rock,
Three sacred vaults he shows:
The chief, a chapel, neatly arch'd,
On branching columns rose.

Each proper ornament was there,
That should a chapel grace;
The lattice for confession fram'd,
And holy-water vase.

O'er either door a sacred text
Invites to godly fear;
And in a little scutcheon hung
The cross, and crown, and spear.

Up to the altar's ample breadth
Two easy steps ascend;
And near, a glimmering solemn light
Two well-wrought windows lend.

Beside the altar rose a tomb
All in the living stone;
On which a young and beauteous maid
In goodly sculpture shone.

A kneeling angel, fairly carved,
Lean'd hovering o'er her breast;
A weeping warrior at her feet;
And near to these her crest.*

* In the little island of Coquet, near Warkworth, are still seen the ruins of a cell, which belonged to the Benedictine monks of Tinemouth-Abbey.

* This is a Bull's Head, the crest of the Widdrington family. All the figures, &c., here described, are still visible, only somewhat effaced with length of time.

The clift, the vault, but chief the tomb
Attract the wondering pair:
Eager they ask, "What hapless dame
Lies sculptur'd here so fair?"

The Hermit sigh'd, the Hermit wept,
For sorrow scarce could speak:
At length he wip'd the trickling tears
That all bedew'd his cheek.

"Alas! my children, human life
Is but a vale of woe;
And very mournful is the tale
Which ye so fain would know!"

THE HERMIT'S TALE.

Young lord, thy grandsire had a friend
In days of youthful fame;
Yon distant hills were his domains,
Sir Bertram was his name.

Where'er the noble Percy fought,
His friend was at his side;
And many a skirmish with the Scots
Their early valour tried.

Young Bertram lov'd a beauteous maid,
As fair as fair might be;
The dew-drop on the lily's cheek
Was not so fair as she.

Fair Widdrington the maiden's name,
Yon towers her dwelling-place;*
Her sire an old Northumbrian chief,
Devoted to thy race.

Many a lord, and many a knight,
To this fair damsel came;
But Bertram was her only choice;
For him she felt a flame.

Lord Percy pleaded for his friend,
Her father soon consents;
None but the beauteous maid herself
His wishes now prevents.

But she, with studied fond delays,
Defers the blissful hour;
And loves to try his constancy,
And prove her maiden power.

"That heart," she said, "is lightly priz'd,
Which is too lightly won;
And long shall rue that easy maid
Who yields her love too soon."

Lord Percy made a solemn feast
In Alnwick's princely hall;
And there came lords, and there came knights,
His chiefs and barons all.

With wassail, mirth, and revelry,
The castle rang around:
Lord Percy call'd for song and harp,
And pipes of martial sound.

The minstrels of thy noble house,
All clad in robes of blue,
With silver crescents on their arms,
Attend in order due.

The great achievements of thy race
They sung: their high command:
How valiant Mainfred o'er the seas
First led his northern band.*

Brave Galfred next to Normandy
With venturous Rollo came;
And, from his Norman castles won,
Assum'd the Percy name.†

They sung how in the Conqueror's fleet
Lord William shipp'd his powers,
And gain'd a fair young Saxon bride
With all her lands and towers.‡

Then journeying to the Holy Land,
There bravely fought and died;
But first the silver crescent won,
Some paynim Soldan's pride.

* Widdrington Castle is about five miles south of Warkworth.

* See Dugdale's Baronetage, p. 269, &c.

† In Lower Normandy are three places of the name of Percy: whence the family took the surname of De Percy.

‡ William de Percy (fifth in descent from Galfred or Geoffery de Percy, son of Mainfred) assisted in the conquest of England, and had given him the large possessions, in Yorkshire, of Emma de Porte (so the Norman writers name her), whose father, a great Saxon lord, had been slain fighting along with Harold. This young lady, William, from a principle of honour and generosity, married: for having had all her lands bestowed upon him by the Conqueror, 'he (to use the words of the old Whitby Chronicle) wedded hyr that was very heire to them, in discharging of his conscience." See Harl. MSS. 692 (26). He died at Mountjoy, near Jerusalem, in the first crusade.

They sung how Agnes, beauteous heir,
The Queen's own brother wed,
Lord Josceline, sprung from Charlemagne,
In princely Brabant bred;*

How he the Percy name reviv'd,
And how his noble line,
Still foremost in their country's cause,
With godlike ardour shine.

With loud acclaims the list'ning crowd
Applaud the master's song,
And deeds of arms and war became
The theme of every tongue.

Now high heroic acts they tell,
Their perils past recall:
When, lo! a damsel young and fair
Stepp'd forward through the hall.

She Bertram courteously address'd;
And, kneeling on her knee,—
"Sir knight, the lady of thy love
Hath sent this gift to thee."

Then forth she drew a glittering helm,
Well plaited many a fold;
The casque was wrought of temper'd steel,
The crest of burnish'd gold.

"Sir knight, thy lady sends thee this,
And yields to be thy bride,
When thou hast prov'd this maiden gift
Where sharpest blows are tried.

Young Bertram took the shining helm,
And thrice he kiss'd the same:
"Trust me, I'll prove this precious casque
With deeds of noblest fame."

Lord Percy and his Barons bold,
Then fix upon a day
To scour the marches, late opprest,
And Scottish wrongs repay.

The knights assembled on the hills
A thousand horse or more:

Brave Widdrington, though sunk in years
The Percy standard bore.

Tweed's limpid current soon they pass,
And range the borders round:
Down the green slopes of Tiviotdale
Their bugle-horns resound.

As when a lion in his den
Hath heard the hunters' cries,
And rushes forth to meet his foes;
So did the Douglas rise.

Attendant on their chief's command
A thousand warriors wait:
And now the fatal hour drew on
Of cruel keen debate.

A chosen troop of Scottish youths
Advance before the rest;
Lord Percy mark'd their gallant mien,
And thus his friend address'd:

"Now, Bertram, prove thy lady's helm,
Attack yon forward band;
Dead or alive I'll rescue thee,
Or perish by their hand."

Young Bertram bow'd, with glad assent
And spurr'd his eager steed,
And calling on his lady's name,
Rush'd forth with whirlwind speed.

As when a grove of sapling oaks
The livid lightning rends;
So fiercely 'mid the opposing ranks
Sir Bertram's sword descends.

This way and that he drives the steel,
And keenly pierces through;
And many a tall and comely knight,
With furious force he slew.

Now closing fast on every side,
They hem Sir Bertram round:
But dauntless he repels their rage,
And deals forth many a wound.

The vigour of his single arm
Had well nigh won the field;
When ponderous fell a Scottish axe,
And clave his lifted shield.

Another blow his temples took,
And reft his helm in twaine;

* Agnes de Percy, sole heiress of her house, married Josceline de Louvaine, youngest son of Godfrey Barbatus, Duke of Brabant, and brother of Queen Adeliza, second wife of King Henry I. He took the name of Percy, and was ancestor of the earls of Northumberland. His son, lord Richard de Percy, was one of the twenty-six barons chosen to see the Magna Charta duly observed.

That beauteous helm, his lady's gift!
——His blood bedew'd the plain.

Lord Percy saw his champion fall
Amid th' unequal fight;
"And now, my noble friends," he said,
"Let's save this gallant knight."

Then rushing in, with stretch'd-out shield,
He o'er the warrior hung,
As some fierce eagle spreads her wing
To guard her callow young.

Three times they strove to seize their prey,
Three times they quick retire:
What force could stand his furious strokes,
Or meet his martial fire?

Now gathering round on every part
The battle rag'd amain;
And many a lady wept her lord,
That hour untimely slain.

Percy and Douglas, great in arms,
There all their courage show'd;
And all the field was strew'd with dead,
And all with crimson flow'd.

At length the glory of the day
The Scots reluctant yield,
And, after wondrous valour shown,
They slowly quit the field.

All pale, extended on their shields,
And weltering in his gore,
Lord Percy's knights their bleeding friend
To Wark's fair castle bore.*

"Well hast thou earn'd my daughter's love,"
Her father kindly said;
"And she herself shall dress thy wounds,
And tend thee in thy bed."

A message went; no daughter came,
Fair Isabel ne'er appears;
"Beshrew me," said the aged chief,
"Young maidens have their fears.

"Cheer up, my son, thou shalt her see,
So soon as thou canst ride;
And she shall nurse thee in her bower,
And she shall be thy bride."

Sir Bertram at her name reviv'd,
He bless'd the soothing sound;
Fond hope supplied the nurse's care,
And heal'd his ghastly wound.

FIT III.

One early morn, while dewy drops
Hung trembling on the tree,
Sir Bertram from his sick-bed rose;
His bride he would go see.

A brother he had in prime of youth,
Of courage firm and keen;
And he would tend him on the way,
Because his wounds were green.

All day o'er moss and moor they rode,
By many a lonely tower;
And 'twas the dew-fall of the night
Ere they drew near her bower.

Most drear and dark the castle seem'd
That wont to shine so bright;
And long and loud Sir Bertram call'd
Ere he beheld a light.

At length her aged nurse arose,
With voice so shrill and clear,—
"What wight is this, that calls so loud,
And knocks so boldly here?

"'Tis Bertram calls, thy lady's love,
Come from his bed of care:
All day I've ridden o'er moor and moss
To see thy lady fair."

"Now out, alas!" she loudly shriek'd;
"Alas! how may this be?
For six long days are gone and past
Since she set out to thee."

Sad terror seiz'd Sir Bertram's heart,
And ready was he to fall;
When now the drawbridge was let down,
And gates were opened all.

"Six days, young knight, are past and gone,
Since she set out to thee;
And sure, if no sad harm had happ'd,
Long since thou wouldst her see.

* Wark Castle, a fortress belonging to the English, and of great note in ancient times, stood on the southern banks of the River Tweed, a little to the east of Tiviotdale, and not far from Kelso. It is now entirely destroyed.

"For when she heard thy grievous chance,
She tore her hair, and cried,
'Alas! I've slain the comeliest knight,
All through my folly and pride!

"'And now to atone for my sad fault
And his dear health regain,
I'll go myself and nurse my love,
And soothe his bed of pain.'

"Then mounted she her milk-white steed
One morn at break of day;
And two tall yeomen went with her,
To guard her on the way."

Sad terror smote Sir Bertram's heart,
And grief o'erwhelm'd his mind:
"Trust me," said he, "I ne'er will rest
Till I thy lady find."

That night he spent in sorrow and care;
And with sad-boding heart
Or ever the dawning of the day
His brother and he depart.

"Now, brother, we'll our ways divide
O'er Scottish hills to range;
Do thou go north, and I'll go west;
And all our dress we'll change.

"Some Scottish carl hath seiz'd my love,
And borne her to his den;
And ne'er will I tread English ground
Till she's restor'd again."

The brothers straight their paths divide,
O'er Scottish hills to range;
And hide themselves in quaint disguise
And oft their dress they change.

Sir Bertram, clad in gown of gray,
Most like a palmer poor,
To halls and castles wanders round,
And begs from door to door.

Sometimes a minstrel's garb he wears,
With pipe so sweet and shrill;
And wends to every tower and town,
O'er every dale and hill.

One day as he sat under a thorn,
All sunk in deep despair,
An aged pilgrim pass'd him by,
Who mark'd his face of care.

"All minstrels yet that ere I saw
Are full of game and glee;
But thou art sad and woe-begone!
I marvel whence it be!"

"Father, I serve an aged lord,
Whose grief afflicts my mind;
His only child is stolen away,
And fain I would her find."

"Cheer up, my son; perchance," he said,
"Some tidings I may bear:
For oft when human hopes have fail'd,
Then heavenly comfort's near.

"Behind yon hills so steep and high,
Down in a lowly glen,
There stands a castle fair and strong,
Far from the abode of men.

"As late I chanc'd to crave an alms,
About this evening hour,
Methought I heard a lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower.

"And when I ask'd what harm had happ'd,
What lady sick there lay?
They rudely drove me from the gate,
And bade me wend away."

These tidings caught Sir Bertram's ear,
He thank'd him for his tale;
And soon he hasted o'er the hills,
And soon he reach'd the vale.

Then drawing near those lonely towers,
Which stood in dale so low,
And sitting down beside the gate,
His pipes he 'gan to blow.

"Sir Porter, is thy lord at home,
To hear a minstrel's song;
Or may I crave a lodging here,
Without offence or wrong?"

"My lord," he said, "is not at home,
To hear a minstrel's song;
And, should I lend thee lodging here,
My life would not be long."

He play'd again so soft a strain,
Such power sweet sounds impart,
He won the churlish porter's ear,
And mov'd his stubborn heart.

"Minstrel," he said, "thou play'st so sweet,
Fair entrance thou should'st win;
But, alas! I'm sworn upon the rood
To let no stranger in.

"Yet, minstrel, in yon rising cliff
Thou'lt find a sheltering cave;
And here thou shalt my supper share,
And there thy lodging have."

All day he sits beside the gate,
And pipes both loud and clear:
All night he watches round the walls,
In hopes his love to hear.

The first night, as he silent watch'd
All at the midnight hour,
He plainly heard his lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower.

The second night, the moon shone clear,
And gilt the spangled dew;
He saw his lady through the grate,
But 'twas a transient view.

The third night, wearied out, he slept
'Till near the morning tide;
When, starting up, he seiz'd his sword,
And to the castle hied.

When, lo! he saw a ladder of ropes
Depending from the wall:
And o'er the moat was newly laid
A poplar strong and tall.

And soon he saw his love descend
Wrapt in a tartan plaid,
Assisted by a sturdy youth
In Highland garb y-clad.

Amaz'd, confounded at the sight,
He lay unseen and still;
And soon he saw them cross the stream,
And mount the neighbouring hill.

Unheard, unknown of all within,
The youthful couple fly;
But what can 'scape the lover's ken,
Or shun his piercing eye?

With silent step he follows close
Behind the flying pair,
And saw her hang upon his arm
With fond familiar air.

"Thanks, gentle youth," she often said;
"My thanks thou well hast won:
For me what wiles hast thou contriv'd!
For me what dangers run!

"And ever shall my grateful heart
Thy services repay:"—
Sir Bertram would no further hear,
But cried, "Vile traitor, stay!

"Vile traitor! yield that lady up!"
And quick his sword he drew;
The stranger turn'd in sudden rage,
And at Sir Bertram flew.

With mortal hate their vigorous arms
Gave many a vengeful blow;
But Bertram's stronger hand prevail'd,
And laid the stranger low.

"Die, traitor, die!"—A deadly thrust
Attends each furious word.
Ah! then fair Isabel knew his voice
And rush'd beneath his sword.

"O stop," she cried, "O stop thy arm!
Thou dost thy brother slay!"—
And here the Hermit paus'd and wept:
His tongue no more could say.

At length he cried, "Ye lovely pair,
How shall I tell the rest?
Ere I could stop my piercing sword,
It fell, and stabb'd her breast."

"Wert thou thyself that hapless youth?
Ah! cruel fate!" they said.
The Hermit wept, and so did they:
They sigh'd; he hung his head.

"O blind and jealous rage," he cried,
"What evils from thee flow?"
The Hermit paus'd; they silent mourn'd:
He wept, and they were woe.

Ah! when I heard my brother's name
And saw my lady bleed,
I rav'd, I wept, I curst my arm
That wrought the fatal deed.

In vain I clasp'd her to my breast,
And clos'd the ghastly wound;
In vain I press'd his bleeding corpse,
And rais'd it from the ground.

My brother, alas! spake never more,
His precious life was flown:
She kindly strove to soothe my pain,
Regardless of her own.

"Bertram," she said, "be comforted,
And live to think on me:
May we in heaven that union prove,
Which here was not to be!

"Bertram," she said, "I still was true;
Thou only hadst my heart:
May we hereafter meet in bliss!
We now, alas! must part.

"For thee I left my father's hall,
And flew to thy relief,
When, lo! near Cheviot's fatal hills
I met a Scottish chief,

"Lord Malcolm's son, whose proffer'd love
I had refus'd with scorn;
He slew my guards, and seiz'd on me
Upon that fatal morn;

"And in these dreary hated walls
He kept me close confin'd;
And fondly sued, and warmly press'd,
To win me to his mind.

"Each rising morn increas'd my pain,
Each night increas'd my fear!
When, wandering in this northern garb,
Thy brother found me here.

"He quickly form'd the brave design
To set me, captive, free;
And on the moor his horses wait,
Tied to a neighbouring tree.

"Then haste, my love, escape away,
And for thyself provide;
And sometimes fondly think on her
Who should have been thy bride."

Thus, pouring comfort on my soul,
Even with her latest breath,
She gave one parting, fond embrace,
And clos'd her eyes in death.

In wild amaze, in speechless woe,
Devoid of sense, I lay:
Then sudden, all in frantic mood,
I meant myself to slay.

And, rising up in furious haste,
I seiz'd the bloody brand:*
A sturdy arm here interpos'd,
And wrench'd it from my hand.

A crowd, that from the castle came,
Had miss'd their lovely ward;
And seizing me, to prison bare,
And deep in dungeon barr'd.

It chanc'd that on that very morn
Their chief was prisoner ta'en;
Lord Percy had us soon exchang'd,
And strove to soothe my pain.

And soon those honour'd dear remains
To England were convey'd;
And there within their silent tombs,
With holy rites, were laid.

For me, I loath'd my wretched life,
And long to end it thought;
Till time, and books, and holy men,
Had better counsels taught.

They rais'd my heart to that pure source
Whence heavenly comfort flows:
They taught me to despise the world
And calmly bear its woes.

No more the slave of human pride,
Vain hope, and sordid care,
I meekly vow'd to spend my life
In penitence and prayer.

The bold Sir Bertram, now no more
Impetuous, haughty, wild:
But poor and humble Benedict,
Now lowly, patient, mild.

My lands I gave to feed the poor,
And sacred altars raise;
And here, a lonely anchorite,
I came to end my days.

This sweet sequester'd vale I chose,
These rocks and hanging grove;
For oft beside that murmuring stream
My love was wont to rove.

My noble friend approv'd my choice;
This blest retreat he gave:

* i. e. sword.

And here I carv'd her beauteous form,
And scoop'd this holy cave.

Full fifty winters, all forlorn,
My life I've linger'd here;
And daily o'er this sculptur'd saint
I drop the pensive tear.

And thou, dear brother of my heart!
So faithful and so true,
The sad remembrance of thy fate
Still makes my bosom rue!

Yet not unpitied pass'd my life,
Forsaken or forgot,
The Percy and his noble sons
Would grace my lowly cot;

Oft the great Earl, from toils of state
And cumbrous pomp of power,
Would gladly seek my little cell,
To spend the tranquil hour.

But length of life is length of woe!
I liv'd to mourn his fall:
I liv'd to mourn his godlike sons
And friends and followers all.

But thou the honours of thy race,
Lov'd youth, shalt now restore;
And raise again the Percy name
More glorious than before.

He ceas'd; and on the lovely pair
His choicest blessings laid:
While they, with thanks and pitying tears,
His mournful tale repaid.

And now what present course to take
They ask the good old sire;
And, guided by his sage advice,
To Scotland they retire.

Meantime their suit such favour found
At Raby's stately hall,
Earl Neville and his princely spouse
Now gladly pardon all.

She, suppliant at her nephew's* throne
The royal grace implor'd:
To all the honours of his race
The Percy was restor'd.

The youthful Earl still more and more
Admir'd his beauteous dame:
Nine noble sons to him she bore,
All worthy of their name.

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* King Henry V. Anno 1414.

Addenda.

In the following additions the Editor has endeavoured to form a selection that shall be agreeable and interesting to the general reader, and not unsatisfactory to the antiquary or the scholar.

It has been an essential part of his design to collect only the ballads that appeared most worthy of preservation, and not to reprint those which have no stronger recommendation than their rarity—rejecting none because they are sufficiently known—and accepting none because they are merely scarce. He has omitted no opportunities of consulting available sources of information, whether accessible to all readers or to be obtained only by patient industry and careful search. It will be perceived he has not modernized the orthography, believing that these "old and antique Songs," will be most readily welcomed in their ancient dress.

"The garb our Muses wore in former years."

His leading purpose was, so to arrange these pieces as to obtain variety of style without regard to the period at which they were written, or the sources in which they originated—prefacing each by such explanatory remarks as should communicate all the information he was able to obtain concerning its history.

Robin Hood's Death and Burial.

We copy this ballad from Ritson's "Collection of all the Ancient Poems, Songs, and Ballads, now extant, relative to that celebrated English Outlaw, Robin Hood." A brief notice of him has been already given; the notes we here introduce concern exclusively his "Death and Burial:" for the "facts" concerning which we are indebted to the indefatigable collector, who seems to have gathered together, by immense labour, every item of information that exists upon the subject. The old chronicles are somewhat circumstantial touching the final exit of the hero. "The king att last," says the Harleian MS., "sett furth a proclamation to have him apprehended," &c. Grafton, after having told us that he "practised robberyes, &c.," adds, "The which beyng certefyed to the king, and he, beyng greatly offended therewith, caused his proclamation to be made that whosoever would bryng him quicke or dead, the king would geve him a great summe of money, as by the recordes in the Exchequer is to be seene: But of this promise no man enjoyed any benefite;" for as long as he had his "bent bow in his hand," it was scarcely safe to meddle with the "archer good." Time, however, subdued his strength and spirit. Finding the infirmities of old age increase upon him, and being "troubled with a sicknesse," according to Grafton, he "came to a certain nonry in Yorkshire called Bircklies [Kircklies], where desiryng to be let blood, he was betrayed and bled to death." The Sloane MS. says, that "[being] dystempered with cowld and age, he had great payne in his lymmes, his bloud being corrupted; therfore, to be eased of his payne by letting bloud, he repayred to the priores of Kyrkesly, which some say was his aunt, a woman very skylful in physique & surgery; who, perceyving him to be Robyn Hood, & waying howe fel an enimy he was to religious persons, toke reveng of him for her owne

howse and all others by letting him bleed to death. It is also sayd that one sir Roger of Doncaster, bearing grudge to Robyn for some injury, incyted the priores, with whome he was very familiar, in such a manner to dispatch him." The Harleian MS., after mentioning the proclamation "set furth to have him apprehended," adds, "at which time it happened he fell sick at a nunnery in Yorkshire called Birkleys [Kirkleys] ; & desiring there to be let blood, hee was betrayed & made bleed to death."

According to the Sloane MS. the prioress, after "letting him bleed to death, buryed him under a great stone by the hywayes syde:" which is agreeable to the account in Grafton's Chronicle, where it is said that after his death, "the prioresse of the same place caused him to be buryed by the highway side, where he had used to rob and spoyle those that passed that way. And vpon his grave the sayde prioresse did lay a very fayre stone, wherein the names of *Robert Hood, William of Goldesborough*, and others were graven. And the cause why she buryed him there was, for that the common passengers and travailers, knowyng and seeyng him there buryed, might more safely and without feare take their jorneys that way, which they durst not do in the life of the sayd outlawes. And at eyther ende of the sayd tombe was erected a crosse of stone, which is to be seene there at this present."

There appears to be reasonable ground for the belief that Robin Hood was thus treacherously dealt with. The circumstance is distinctly referred to in the ballad entitled "A Lytell Geste of Robine Hode,"—a long metrical narration, consisting of eight fyttes or cantos, and containing no fewer than four hundred and fifty stanzas. It bears conclusive evidence of antiquity, and may be considered at least as old as the time of Chaucer.

The ballad—"Robin Hood's Death and Burial"—although its style is comparatively modern, is clearly based upon one much older:—it contains passages of too "genuine" a character to have been the production of an age much later than that in which flourished the hero of the grene-wode.

The reader will, no doubt, desire to know something concerning the career of Robin's famous lieutenant, "Little John." "There standeth," as Stanihurst relates, "in Ostmantowne greene (now in the centre of the city of Dublin), an hillocke, named Little John his Shot. The occasion," he says, "proceeded of this. In the yeere one thousand one hundred foure score and nine, there ranged three robbers and outlaws in England, among which Robert Hood and Little John weere cheefeteins, of all theeves doubtlesse the most courteous. Robert Hood being betrayed at a nunrie in Scotland called Bricklies, the remnant of the crue was scattered, and everie man forced to shift for himselfe. Whereupon Little John was faine to flee the realme by sailing into Ireland, where he sojourned for a few daies at Dublin. The citizens being doone to understand the wandering outcast to be an excellent archer, requested him hartilie to trie how far he could shoot at random; who yeelding to their behest, stood on the bridge of Dublin, and shot to that mole hill, leaving behind him a monument, rather by his posteritie to be woondered, than possiblie by anie man living to be counterscored. But as the repaire of so notorious a champion to anie countrie would soone be published, so his abode could not be long concealed: and therefore to eschew the danger of [the] lawes, he fled into Scotland, where he died at a towne or village called Moravie."

When Robin Hood and Little John,
  Went o'er yon bank of broom,
Said Robin Hood to Little John,
  We have shot for many a pound:

But I am not able to shoot one shot more,
  My arrows will not flee;
But I have a cousin lives down below,
  Please God, she will bleed me.

Now Robin is to fair Kirkley gone,
  As fast as he can win;
But before he came there, as we do hear,
  He was taken very ill.

And when that he came to fair Kirkley-hall,
  He knock'd all at the ring,
But none was so ready as his cousin herself
  For to let bold Robin in.

"Will you please to sit down, Cousin Robin,"
    she said,
  "And drink some beer with me?"

"No, I will neither eat nor drink,
Till I am blooded by thee."

"Well, I have a room, cousin Robin," she said,
"Which you did never see,
And if you please to walk therein,
You blooded by me shall be."

She took him by the lilly-white hand,
And let him to a private room,
And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,
Whilst one drop of blood would run.

She blooded him in the vein of the arm,
And locked him up in the room;
There did he bleed all the live-long day,
Untill the next day at noon.*

He then bethought him of a casement door,
Thinking for to be gone,
He was so weak he could not leap,
Nor he could not get down.

He then bethought him of his bugle-horn,
Which hung low down to his knee,
He set his horn unto his mouth,
And blew out weak blasts three.

Then Little John, when hearing him,
As he sat under the tree,
"I fear my master is near dead,
He blows so wearily."

Then Little John to fair Kirkley is gone,
As fast as he can dree;
But when he came to Kirkley-hall,
He broke locks two or three:

Untill he came bold Robin to,
Then he fell on his knee;
"A boon, a boon," cries Little John,
"Master, I beg of thee."

"What is that boon," quoth Robin Hood,
"Little John, thou begs of me?"
"It is to burn fair Kirkley-hall,
And all their nunnery."

"Now nay, now nay," quoth Robin Hood,
"That boon I'll not grant thee;
I never 'hurt' woman in all my life,
Nor man in woman's company.

"I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
Nor at my end shall it be;
But give me my bent bow in my hand,
And a broad arrow I'll let flee;
And where this arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave digg'd be.

"Lay me a green sod under my head,
And another at my feet;
And lay my bent bow by my side,
Which was my music sweet;
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is most right and meet.

"Let me have length and breadth enough,
With a green sod under my head;
That they may say, when I am dead,
Here lies bold Robin Hood."

These words they readily promis'd him,
Which did bold Robin please:
And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
Near to the fair Kirklèys.

*The following stanzas are from the poem referred to in the Introduction—"A Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode:"—

"Yet he was beguiled, I wys,
Through a wycked woman,
The pryoresse of Kyrkesly,
That nye was of his kynne.

"They toke togyder theyr counsell
Robyn Hode for to sle,
And how they myght best do that dede,
His banis for to be."

Lord Soulis.

This ballad is the composition of John Leyden: it was first published in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and subsequently, in the collected works of the estimable and accomplished writer. The hero of the story is supposed to be William Lord Soulis, who was of royal descent, and who entered, with several other nobles of rank,

into a conspiracy against Robert de Bruce, the object of which was the elevation of Soulis to the Scottish throne.*

"Local tradition," writes Sir Walter Scott, "more faithful to the popular sentiment than history, has recorded the character of the chief, and attributed to him many actions which seem to correspond with that character. His portrait is by no means flattering; uniting every quality which could render strength formidable, and cruelty detestable. Combining prodigious bodily strength with cruelty, avarice, dissimulation, and treachery, is it surprising that a people, who attributed every event of life, in a great measure, to the interference of good or evil spirits, should have added to such a character the mystical horrors of sorcery? Thus, he is represented as a cruel tyrant and sorcerer; constantly employed in oppressing his vassals, harassing his neighbours, and fortifying his Castle of Hermitage against the King of Scotland; for which purpose he employed all means, human and infernal; invoking the fiends by his incantations, and forcing his vassals to drag materials, like beasts of burden. Tradition proceeds to relate, that the Scottish King, irritated by reiterated complaints, peevishly exclaimed to the petitioners, 'Boil him if you please, but let me hear no more of him.' Satisfied with this answer, they proceeded with the utmost haste to execute the commission; which they accomplished by boiling him alive on the Nine-stane Rig, in a cauldron said to have been long preserved at Skelf-hill, a hamlet betwixt Hawick and the Hermitage. Messengers, it is said, were immediately despatched by the King, to prevent the effects of such a hasty declaration: but they only arrived in time to witness the conclusion of the ceremony. The Castle of Hermitage, unable to support the load of iniquity which had been long accumulating within its walls, is supposed to have partly sunk beneath the ground; and its ruins are still regarded by the peasants with peculiar aversion and terror. The door of the chamber, where Lord Soulis is said to have held his conferences with the evil spirits, is supposed to be opened once in seven years, by that demon to which, when he left the castle never to return, he committed the keys, by throwing them over his left shoulder, and desiring it to keep them till his return. Into this chamber, which is really the dungeon of the castle, the peasant is afraid to look; for such is the active malignity of its inmate, that a willow inserted at the chinks of the door, is found peeled, or stripped of its bark, when drawn back. The Nine-Stane Rig, where Lord Soulis was boiled, is a declivity, about one mile in breadth and four in length, descending upon the Water of Hermitage, from the range of hills which separate Liddesdale and Teviotdale. It derives its name from one of those circles of large stones, which are termed Druidical, nine of which remained to a late period. Five of these stones are still visible; and two are particularly pointed out, as those which supported the iron bar upon which the fatal cauldron was suspended."

The ruins of the Castle of Hermitage still exist; and still, according to Stephen Oliver—"Rambles in Northumberland, and on the Scottish Border,"—the neighbouring peasantry whisper of the evil spirit believed to be confined there, and who, after locking the door of the dungeon, had thrown the key over his shoulder into the stream. The author also states that the cauldron, the muckle pot in which Soulis was reported to have been boiled, is an old kail-pot, of no very extraordinary size, which was purchased by some of the rebel army in 1715. The castle is now the property of the Duke of Buccleugh. It was, in 1546, the residence of the Earl of Bothwell; and here Queen Mary is said to have visited him, riding from Jedburg to Hermitage, and back again, in one day. The Earl was lying ill of a wound received from John Elliot of the Park, a desperate freebooter, whom he had attempted to apprehend.

* One of his accomplices, David de Brechin, was executed. He was nephew to the king, and his only crime was his having concealed the treason in which he disdained to participate. "As the people thronged to the execution of the gallant youth, they were bitterly rebuked by Sir Ingram de Umfraville, an English or Norman knight, then a favourite follower of Robert Bruce. 'Why press you,' said he, 'to see the dismal catastrophe of so generous a knight? I have seen ye throng as eagerly around him to share his bounty, as now to behold his death.' With these words he turned from the scene of blood, and, repairing to the king, craved leave to sell his Scottish possessions, and to retire from the country. 'My heart,' said Umfraville, 'will not, for the wealth of the world, permit me to dwell any longer where I have seen such a knight die by the hands of the executioner.' With the king's leave, he interred the body of David de Brechin, sold his lands, and left Scotland for ever. The story is beautifully told by Barbour, Book 19th."

Sir Walter Scott considers that the idea of Lord Soulis' familiar was derived from the curious story of the "Spirit Orthone and the Lord of Corasse," which he prints in a note to the ballad, "in all its Gothic simplicity, as translated from Froissart, by the Lord of Berners." Orthone enters the service of the knight:—

"So this spyrite Orthone loved so the knyght, that oftentymes he would come and vysyte him, while he lay in his bedde aslepe, and outher pull him by the eare, or els stryke at his chambre dore or windowe. And whan the knyght awoke, than he would saye, 'Orthone, lat me slepe.' 'Nay,' quod Orthone, 'that I will nat do, tyll I have shewed thee such tydinges as are fallen a-late.' The ladye, the knyghtes wife, wolde be sore afrayed, that her heer wald stand up, and hyde herself under the clothes. Than the knyght wolde saye, 'Why, what tydinges hast thou brought me?' Quod Orthone, 'I am come out of England, or out of Hungry, or some other place, and yesterday I came hens, and such things are fallen, or such other.'"

The connexion between them was broken by the knight unwisely desiring to see the form of the spirit, with whose voice he had become familiar. Orthone appeared before him in the semblance of "a leane and yvell favoured sow." The knight set his hounds upon it, at which the spirit took offence, and never afterwards came to the "bedde syde" of the lord.

"The formation of ropes of sand, according to popular tradition, was a work of such difficulty, that it was assigned by Michael Scott to a number of spirits, for which it was necessary for him to find some interminable employment. Upon discovering the futility of their attempts to accomplish the work assigned, they petitioned their taskmaster to be allowed to mingle a few handfuls of barley-chaff with the sand. On his refusal, they were forced to leave untwisted the ropes which they had shaped. Such is the traditionary hypothesis of the vermicular ridges of the sand on the shore of the sea."

Lord Soulis he sat in Hermitage Castle,
And beside him Old Redcap sly;—
"Now, tell me, thou sprite, who art meikle of might,
The death that I must die?"—

"While thou shalt bear a charmed life,
And hold that life of me,
'Gainst lance and arrow, sword and knife,
I shall thy warrant be.

"Nor forged steel, nor hempen band,
Shall e'er thy limbs confine,
Till threefold ropes of sifted sand
Around thy body twine.

"If danger press fast, knock thrice on the chest,
With rusty padlocks bound;
Turn away your eyes, when the lid shall rise,
And listen to the sound."

Lord Soulis he sat in Hermitage Castle,
And Redcap was not by:
And he called on a page, who was witty and sage,
To go to the barmkin high.

"And look thou east, and look thou west,
And quickly come tell to me,
What troopers haste along the waste,
And what may their livery be."

He looked over fell, and he looked o'er flat,
But nothing, I wist, he saw,
Save a pyot on a turret that sat
Beside a corby craw.

The page he looked at the skrieh of day,
But nothing, I wist, he saw,
Till a horseman gray, in the royal array,
Rode down the Hazel-shaw.

"Say, why do you cross o'er moor and moss?"
So loudly cried the page;
"I tidings bring, from Scotland's King,
To Soulis of Hermitage.

"He bids me tell that bloody warden,
Oppressor of low and high,
If ever again his lieges complain,
The cruel Soulis shall die."

By traitorous sleight they seized the knight,
Before he rode or ran,
And through the keystone of the vault
They plunged him both horse and man.

* * * * *

O May she came, and May she gaed,
By Goranberry green;

And May she was the fairest maid
That ever yet was seen.

O May she came, and May she gaed,
By Goranberry tower;
And who was it but cruel Lord Soulis
That carried her from her bower?

He brought her to his castle gray,
By Hermitage's side;
Says—"Be content, my lovely May,
For thou shalt be my bride."

With her yellow hair, that glittered fair,
She dried the trickling tear;
She sighed the name of Branxholm's heir,
The youth that loved her dear.

"Now, be content, my bonny May,
And take it for your hame;
Or ever and aye shall ye rue the day
You heard Young Branxholm's name.

"O'er Branxholm tower, ere the morning hour,
When the lift is like lead sae blue,
The smoke shall roll white on the weary night,
And the flame shall shine dimly through."

Syne he's ca'd on him Ringan Red,
A sturdy kemp was he;
From friend, or foe, in Border feid,
Who never a foot would flee.

Red Ringan sped, and the spearmen led
Up Goranberry slack;
Ay, many a wight, unmatched in fight,
Who never more came back.

And bloody set the westering son,
And bloody rose he up;
But little thought young Branxholm's heir
Where he that night should sup.

He shot the roebuck on the lee,
The dun deer on the law;
The glamour sure was in his ee
When Ringan nigh did draw.

O'er heathy edge, through rustling sedge,
He sped till day was set;
And he thought it was his merry men true,
When he the spearmen met.

Far from relief, they seized the chief;
His men were far away;
Through Hermitage slack they sent him back
To Soulis' castle gray;
Syne onward fure for Branxholm tower
Where all his merry-men lay.

"Now, welcome, noble Branxholm's heir!
Thrice welcome," quoth Soulis, "to me!
Say, dost thou repair to my castle fair,
My wedding guest to be?
And lovely May deserves, per fay,
A bride-man such as thee!"

And broad and bloody rose the sun,
And on the barmkin shone,
When the page was aware of Red Ringan there,
Who came riding all alone.

To the gate of the tower Lord Soulis he speeds,
As he lighted at the wall,
Says—"Where did ye stable my stalwart steeds,
And where do they tarry all?"

"We stabled them sure, on the Tarras Muir;
We stabled them sure," quoth he—
"Before we could cross the quaking moss
They all were lost but me."

He clenched his fist, and he knocked on the chest,
And he heard a stifled groan;
And at the third knock each rusty lock
Did open one by one.

He turned away his eyes as the lid did rise,
And he listened silentlie;
And he heard breathed slow, in murmurs low,
"Beware of a coming tree!"

In muttering sound the rest was drowned,
No other word heard he;
But slow as it rose, the lid did close
With the rusty padlocks three.

* * * * *

Now rose with Branxholm's ae brother
The Teviot, high and low;
Bauld Walter by name, of meikle fame,
For none could bend his bow.

O'er glen and glade, to Soulis there sped
The fame of his array,
And that Teviotdale would soon assail
His towers and castle gray.

With clenchèd fist, he knocked on the chest,
And again he heard a groan;
And he raised his eyes as the lid did rise,
But answer heard he none.

The charm was broke, when the spirit spoke,
And it murmured sullenlie,—
"Shut fast the door, and for evermore
Commit to me the key.

"Alas! that ever thou raisedst thine eyes,
Thine eyes to look on me!
Till seven years are o'er, return no more,
For here thou must not be."

Think not but Soulis was wae to yield
His warlock chamber o'er:
He took the keys from the rusty lock,
That never were ta'en before.

He threw them o'er his left shoulder,
With meikle care and pain;
And he bade it keep them fathoms deep,
Till he returned again.

And still, when seven years are o'er,
Is heard the jarring sound;
When slowly opes the charmed door
Of the chamber under ground.

And some within the chamber door
Have cast a curious eye;
But none dare tell, for the spirits in hell,
The fearful sights they spy.

* * * * *

When Soulis thought on his merry-men now,
A woful wight was he;
Says—"Vengeance is mine, and I will not repine,
But Branxholm's heir shall die!

Says—"What would you do, young Branxholm,
Gin ye had me, as I have thee!"—
"I would take you to the good greenwood
And gar your ain hand wale the tree."

"Now shall thine ain hand wale the tree,
For all thy mirth and meikle pride;
And May shall choose, if my love she refuse,
A scrog bush thee beside."

They carried him to the good greenwood
Where the green pines grew in a row:
And they heard the cry, from the branches high,
Of the hungry carrion crow.

They carried him on from tree to tree,
The spiry boughs below;
"Say, shall it be thine, on the tapering pine
To feed the hooded crow?"

"The fir-tops fall by Branxholm wall,
When the night blast stirs the tree,
And it shall not be mine to die on the pine
I loved in infancie."

Young Branxholm turned him and oft looked back,
And aye he passed from tree to tree;
Young Branxholm peep'd, and puirly spake,
"O sic a death is no for me!"

And next they passed the aspin gray,
Its leaves were rustling mournfullie;
"Now choose thee, choose thee, Branxholm gay!
Say, wilt thou never choose the tree?"—

"More dear to me is the aspin gray,
More dear than any other tree;
For, beneath the shade that its branches made,
Have pass'd the vows of my love and me."

Young Branxholm peep'd, and puirly spake,
Until he did his ain men see,
With witches' hazel in each steel cap,
In scorn of Soulis' gramarye;
Then shoulder-height for glee he lap,—
"Methinks I spye a coming tree!"—

"Ay, many may come, but few return:"
Quo' Soulis, the lord of gramarye;
"No warrior's hand in fair Scotland
Shall ever dint a wound on me!"—

"Now, by my sooth," quo' bold Walter,
"If that be true we soon shall see."—
His bent bow he drew, and his arrow was true,
But never a wound or scar had he.

Then up bespake him true Thomas,
He was the lord of Ersyltoun;
"The wizard's spell no steel can quell,
Till once your lances bear him down."—

They bore him down with lances bright,
But never a wound or scar had he;
With hempen bands they bound him tight,
Both hands and feet, on the Nine-stane lee.

That wizard accurst, the bands he burst:
They mouldered at his magic spell;
And neck and heel, in the forged steel,
They bound him against the charms of hell.

That wizard accurst, the bands he burst:
No forged steel his charms could bide:
Then up bespake him true Thomas,
"We'll bind him yet, whate'er betide."

The black spae-book from his breast he took,
Impressed with many a warlock spell,
And the book it was wrote by Michael Scott,
Who held in awe the fiends of hell.

They buried it deep, where his bones they sleep,
That mortal man might never it see;
But Thomas did save it from the grave
When he returned from Faërie.

The black spae-book from his breast he took,
And turned the leaves with curious hand;
No ropes, did he find, the wizard could bind,
But threefold ropes of sifted sand.

They sifted the sand from the Nine-stane burn,
And shaped the ropes sae curiouslie;
But the ropes would neither twist nor twine
For Thomas true and his gramarye.

The black spae-book from his breast he took,
And again he turn'd it with his hand
And he bade each lad of Teviot add
The barley chaff to the sifted sand.

The barley chaff to the sifted sand
They added still by handfuls nine:
But Redcap sly unseen was by,
And the ropes would neither twist nor twine.

And still beside the Nine-stane burn,
Ribbed like the sand at mark of sea,
The ropes that would not twist nor turn
Shaped of the sifted sand you see.

The black spae-book true Thomas he took,
Again its magic leaves he spread;
And he found that to quell the powerful spell,
The wizard must be boiled in lead.*

On a circle of stones they placed the pot,
On a circle of stones but barely nine;
They heated it red and fiery hot,
Till the burnished brass did glimmer and shine.

They roll'd him up in a sheet of lead,
A sheet of lead for a funeral pall;
They plunged him in the cauldron red,
And melted him, lead, bones, and all.

At the Skelf-hill, the cauldron still
The men of Liddesdale can show;
And on the spot, where they boiled the pot,
The spreat and the deer-hair ne'er shall grow.

*"The tradition concerning the death of Lord Soulis," writes Sir Walter Scott, "is not without a parallel in the real history of Scotland." Mellville, of Glenbure, Sheriff of the Mearns, was detested by the barons of his country. Reiterated complaints of his conduct having been made to James I., the monarch answered, in a moment of unguarded impatience, "Sorrow gin the sheriff were sodden, and supped in broo!" The words were construed literally. The barons prepared a fire and a boiling cauldron, into which they plunged the unlucky sheriff.

The Frere and the Boye: A Mery Geste.

This well-known tale is furnished, in its present dress, by a copy in the public library of the University of Cambridge, "Enprynted at London in Flete strete at the sygne of the sonne by Wynkyn de Worde;" compared with a later edition in the Bodleian library, "Imprinted at London at the long shop adionyning vnto Saint Mildreds Church in the Pultrie by Edward Alde;" both in quarto and black-letter, and of singular rarity, no duplicate of either being known to exist.* There is, indeed, a very old, though at the same time a most vulgar and corrupted copy extant in the first of those libraries (MSS. More, Ee. 4, 35), under the title of "The Cheylde and his step-dame," of which, besides that almost every line exhibits a various reading, the concluding stanzas are entirely different, and have, on that account, been thought worth preserving. But the most ancient copy of all would probably have been one in the Cotton library, if the volume which contained it had not unfortunately perished, with many things of greater importance, in the dreadful fire which happened in that noble repository, anno 1731. Vide Smith's Catalogue, Vitellius D. XII.

From the mention made in verse 429 of the city of "Orlyaunce," and the character of the "Offycyal," it may be conjectured that this poem is of French extraction; and, indeed, it is not at all improbable that the original is extant in some collection of old *Fabliaux*. A punishment similar to that of the good wife in this story, appears to have been inflicted on the widow of a St. Gengulph, for presuming to question the reality of her husband's miracles. See Heywood's History of Women, p. 196.

God that dyed for vs all,
And dranke both eysell and gall
Brynge vs out of bale,
And gyue them good lyfe and longe
That lysteneth to my songe,
Or tendeth to my tale.

There dwelled an husbonde in my countre
That had wyues thre,
By processe of tyme,
By the fyrst wyfe a sone he had,
That was a good sturdy ladde,
And an happy hyne.
His fader loued hym weel,
So dyde his moder neuer a dele,
I tell you as I thinke;
All she thought was lost, by the rode,
That dyde the lytell boye ony good,
Other mete or drynke.
And yet y wys it was but badde,
And therof not halfe ynough he had,
But euermore of the worste:
Therfore euyll mote she fare,
For euer she dyde the lytell boye care,
As ferforth as she dorste.
The good wyfe to her husbonde gan saye,
I wolde ye wolde put this boye awaye,
And that ryght soone in haste;
Truly he is a cursed ladde,
I wolde some other man hym had,
That wolde hym better chaste.
Then sayd the good man agayne,
Dame, I shall to the sayne,
He is but tender of age;
He shall abyde with me this yere,
Tyll he be more strongere,
For to wynne better wage.
We haue a man, a stoute freke,
That in the felde kepeth our nete,
Slepynge all the daye,
He shall come home, so god me shelde,
And the boye shall into the felde,
To kepe our beestes yf he may.
Then sayd the wyfe, verament,
Therto soone I assent,
For that me thynketh moost nedy.
On the morowe whan it was daye,
The lytell boye wente on his waye,
To the felde full redy;
Of no man he had no care,
But sung, hey howe, awaye the mare,*
And made ioye ynough;
Forth he wente, truly to sayne,

* There was once a copy of one or other of the above editions, or some different impression, with divers other curious pieces, in the printed library of Anthony à Wood (No. 66); but the article, with others of the like nature, appears to have been clandestinely taken out.

* This seems to have been the beginning or title of some old ballad. Maystress Tyll of Brentford takes notice of it in her "Testament," 4to. b. l.

"Ah syrra, mary a way the mare."

Tyll he came to the playne,
Hys dyner forth he drough:
Whan he sawe it was but bad,
Ful lytell lust therto he had,
But put it vp agayne;
Therfore he was not to wyte,
He sayd he wolde ete but lyte,
Tyll nyght that he home came.
And as the boye sate on a hyll,
An olde man came hym tyll,
Walkynge by the waye;
Sone, he sayde, god the se.
Syr, welcome mote ye be,
The lytell boye gan saye.
The olde man sayd, I am an hongred sore,
Hast thou ony mete in store,
That thou mayst gyue me?
The chylde sayd, so god me saue,
To such vytayle as I haue
Welcome shall ye be.
Therof the olde man was gladde,
The boye drewe forth suche as he had,
And sayd, do gladly.
The olde man was easy to please,
He ete and made hym well at ease,
And sayd, sone, gramercy.
Sone, thou haste gyuen mete to me,
I shall the gyue thynges thre,
Thou shalt them neuer forgete.
Then sayd the boye, as I trowe,
It is best that I haue a bowe,
Byrdes for to 'shete.'
A bowe, sone, I shall the gyue,
That shall last the all thy lyue,
And euer a lyke mete,
Shote therin whan thou good thynke,
For yf thou shote and wynke,
The prycke thow shalte hytte.
Whan he the bowe in honde felte,
And the boltes vnder his belte,
Lowde than he lough;
He sayd, now had I a pype,
Though it were neuer so lyte,
Than were I gladde ynough.
A pype, sone, thou shalte haue also,
In true musyke it shall go,
I put thee out of doubt;
All that may the pype here
Shall not themselfe stere,
But laugh and lepe aboute.
What shall the thyrde be?
For I wyll gyue the gyftes three,
As I haue sayd before.
The lytell boye on hym lough,
And sayd, syr, I haue ynough,
I wyll desyre no more.
The olde man sayd, my trouth I plyght,
Thou shalte haue that I the hyght;
Say on now and let me se.
Than sayd the boye anone,
I haue a stepdame at home,
She is a shrewe to me:
Whan my fader gyueth me mete,
She wolde theron that I were cheke,
And stareth me in the face;
Whan she loketh on me so,
I wolde she sholde let a rappe go,
That it myght rynge ouer all the place,
Than sayd the olde man tho,
Whan she loketh on the so
She shall begyn to blowe;
All that euer it may here
Shall not themselfe stere,
But laugh on a rowe.
Farewell, quod the olde man.
God kepe the, sayd the chylde than,
I take my leue at the;
God, that moost best may,
Kepe the bothe nyght and day.
Gramercy, sone, sayd he.
Than drewe it towarde the nyght,
Iacke hym hyed home full ryght,
It was his ordynaunce;
He toke his pype and began to blowe,
All his beestes on a rowe,
Aboute hym they can daunce.
Thus wente he pypynge thrugh the towne,
His beestes hym folowed by the sowne,
Into his faders close;
He wente and put them vp echone,
Homewarde he wente anone,
Into his faders hall he gose.
His fader at his souper sat,
Lytell Iacke espyed well that,
And sayd to hym anone,
Fader, I haue kepte your nete,
I praye you gyue me some mete,
I am an hongred, by Saynt Ihone
I haue sytten metelesse
All this daye kepynge your beestes,
My dyner feble it was.
His fader toke a capons wynge,
And at the boye he gan it flynge,
And badde hym ete apace.

Ver. 60, came home, De W. V. 84, shote, De W. shoote, A. V. 99, I do the well to wyte. De W.

Ver. 105, to the before. Idem.

That greued his stepmoders herte sore,
As I tolde you before,
She stared hym in the face,
With that she let go a blaste,
That they in the hall were agaste,
It range ouer all the place.
All they laughed and had good game,
The wyfe waxed red for shame,
She wolde that she had ben gone.
Quod the boye, well I wote,
That gonne was well shote,
As it had ben a stone.
Cursedly she loked on him tho,
Another blaste she let go,
She was almoost rente.
Quod the boye, wyll ye se
How my dame letteth pelletes fle,
In fayth or euer she stynte?
The boye sayde vnto his dame,
Tempre thy bombe, he sayd, for shame:
She was full of sorowe.
Dame, sayd the good man, go thy waye,
For I swere to the by my faye,
Thy gere is not to borowe.
Afterwarde as ye shall here,
To the hous there came a frere,
To lye there all nyght;
The wyfe loued him as a saynt,
And to hym made her complaynt,
And tolde hym all aryght:
Wee haue a boye within ywys,
A shrewe for the nones he is,
He dooth me moche care;
I dare not loke hym vpon,
I am ashamed, by Saynt Iohn,
To tell you how I fare:
I praye you mete the boy tomorowe,
Bete hym well and gyue hym sorowe,
And make the boye lame.
Quod the frere, I shall hym bete.
Quod the wyfe, do not forgete,
He dooth me moche shame:
I trowe the boye be some wytche.
Quod the frere, I shall hym teche,
Haue thou no care;
I shall hym teche yf I may.
Quod the wyfe, I the praye,
Do hym not spare.
On the morowe the boye arose,
Into the felde soone he gose,
His beestes for to dryue;
The frere ranne out at the gate,

Ver. 186, So A. and MS. all omitted in De W.

He was a ferde leest he came to late,
He ranne fast and blyue.
Whan he came vpon the londe,
Lytell Iacke there he fonde,
Dryuynge his beestes all alone;
Boye, he sayd, god gyue the shame,
What hast thou done to thy dame?
Tell thou me anone;
But yf thou canst excuse the well,
By my trouth bete the I wyll,
I wyll no lenger abyde.
Quod the boye, what eyleth the?
My dame fareth as well as ye,
What nedeth ye to chyde?
Quod the boye, wyll ye wete
How I can a byrde shete,
And other thynge withall?
Syr, he sayd, though I be lyte,
Yonder byrde wyll I smyte,
And gyue her the I shall.
There sate a byrde vpon a brere,
Shote on boy, quod the frere,
For that me lysteth to se.
He hytte the byrde on the heed,
That she fell downe deed,
No ferder myght she flee.
The frere to the busshe wente,
Vp the byrde for to hente,
He thought it best for to done.
Iacke toke his pype and began to blowe,
Then the frere, as I trowe,
Began to daunce soone;
As soone as he the pype herd,
Lyke a wood man he fared,
He lepte and daunced aboute;
The breres scratched hym in the face,
And in many an other place,
That the blode brast out;
And tare his clothes by and by,
His cope and his scapelary,
And all his other wede.
He daunced amonge thornes thycke,
In many places they dyde hym prycke,
That fast gan he blede.
Iacke pyped and laughed amonge,
The frere among the thornes was thronge,
He hopped wunders hye;

Ver. 211, So A. and MS. a londe. De W.
Ver. 255.

A hoppyd wonderley hey;
The boy seyde, and lowhe with all,
Thes ys a sport reyall,
For a lord to se. MS. More.

At the last he held vp his honde,
And sayd I haue daunced so longe,
That I am lyke to dye;
Gentyll Iacke, holde thy pype styll,
And my trouth I plyght the tyll,
I will do the no woo.
Iacke sayd, in that tide,
Frere skyppe out on the ferder syde,
Lyghtly that thou were goo.
The frere out of the busshe wente
All to ragged and to rente,
And torne on euery syde;
Unnethes on hym he had one cloute,
His bely for to wrappe aboute;
His harneys for to hyde.
The breres had hym scratched so in the face,
And [in] many an other place,
He was all to bledde with blode;
All that myght the frere se,
Were fayne awaye to flee,
They wende he had ben wode.
Whan he came to his hoost,
Of his iourney he made no boost,
His clothes were rente all;
Moche sorowe in his herte he had,
And euery man hym dradde,
Whan he came in to the hall.
The wyfe sayd, where hast thou bene?
In an euyll place I wene,
Me thynketh by thyn arraye.
Dame, I haue ben with thy sone,
The deuyll of hell hym ouercome,
For no man elles may.
With that came in the good man,
The wife sayd to hym than,
Here is a foule araye;
Thy sone that is the lefe and dere,
Hath almoost slayne this holy frere,
Alas! and welawaye!
The good man sayd, *benedicite!*
What hath the boye done frere to the?
Tell me without lette.
The frere sayd, the deuyll hym spede,
He hath made me daunce, maugre my hede,
Amonge the thornes, hey go bette.*
The good man sayd to hym tho,
Haddest thou lost thy lyfe so,
It had ben grete synne.
The frere sayd, by our lady,
The pype went so meryly,
That I coude neuer blynne.
Whan it drewe towarde the nyght,
The boye came home full ryght,
As he was wont to do;
Whan he came into the hall,
Soone his fader gan hym call,
And badde hym to come hym to.
Boye, he sayd, tell me here,
What hast thou done to the frere?
Tell me without lesynge.
Fader, he sayd, by my faye,
I dyde nought elles, as I you saye,
But pyped him a sprynge.
That pype, sayd his fader, wold I here.
Mary, god forbede! sayd the frere;
His handes he dyde wrynge.
Yes, sayd the good man, by goddes grace.
Then, sayd the frere, out alas!
And made grete mournynge.
For the loue of god, quod the frere,
If ye wyll that pype here,
Bynde me to a post;
For I knowe none other rede,
And I daunce I am but deed,
Well I wote my lyfe is lost.
Stronge ropes they toke in honde,
The frere to the poste they bonde,
In the myddle of the halle;
All that at the souper sat
Laughed and had good game thereat,
And said the frere wolde not fall.
Than sayd the good man,
Pype sonne, as thou can,
Hardely whan thou wylle.
Fader, he sayd, so mote I the,
Haue ye shall ynough of gle,
Tyll ye bydde me be styll.
As soon as Iacke the pype hent,
All that there were verament,
Began to daunce and lepe;
Whan they gan the pype here,
They myght not themselfe stere,
But hurled on an hepe.
The good man was in no dyspayre,
But lyghtly lepte out of his chayre,
All with a good chere;
Some lepte ouer the stocke,
Some stombled at the blocke,
And some fell flatte in the fyre.
The good man had grete game,
How they daunced all in same;
The good wyfe after gan steppe,

*The name, it is probable, of some old dance. To "dance hey go mad," is still a common expression in the North.

Ver. 312, His fader dyde hym soone call, De W. V. 327, that he pype, De W. V. 339, Pype on good sone, De W.

Euermore she kest her eye at Iacke,
And fast her tayle began to cracke,
Lowder than they coude speke.
The frere hymselfe was almoost lost,
For knockynge his heed ayenst the post,
He had none other grace;
The rope rubbed hym vnder the chynne,
That the blode downe dyde rynne,
In many a dyuers place.
Iacke ranne into the strete,
After hym fast dyde they lepe,
Truly they coude not stynte;
They went out at the dore so thycke,
That eche man fell on others necke,
So pretely out they wente.
Neyghbours that were fast by,
Herde the pype go so meryly,
They ranne into the gate;
Some lept ouer the hatche,
They had no time to drawe the latche,
They wende they had come to late.
Some laye in theyr bedde,
And helde vp theyr hede,
Anone they were waked;
Some sterte in the waye,
Truly as I you saye,
Stark bely naked.
By that they were gadred aboute,
I wys there was a grete route,
Dauncynge in the strete;
Some were lame and myght not go,
But yet ywys they daunced to,
On handes and on fete.
The boye sayd, now wyll I rest.
Quod the good man, I holde it best,
With a mery chere;
Sease, son, whan thou wylte,
In fayth this is the meryest fytte
That I herde this seuen yere.
They daunced all in same,
Some laughed and had good game
And some had many a fall.
Thou cursed boye, quod the frere,
Here I somon the that thou appere
Before the offycyall;
Loke thou be there on Frydaye,
I wyll the mete and I may,
For to ordeyne the sorowe.
The boye sayd, by god auowe,
Frere, I am as redy as thou,
And Frydaye were to morowe.

Frydaye came as ye may here,
Iackes stepdame and the frere
Togeder there they mette;
Folke gadered a grete pase,
To here euery mannes case,
The offycyall was sette.
There was moche to do,
Maters more than one or two,
Both with preest and clerke;
Some had testamentes for to preue,
And fayre women, by your leue,
That had strokes in the derke.
Euery man put forth his case,
Then came forth frere Topyas,
And Iackes stepdame also;
Syr offycyall, sayd he,
I haue brought a boye to thee,
Which hath wrought me moche woe;
He is a grete nygromancere,
In all Orlyaunce is not his pere,
As by my trouth I trowe.
He is a wytche, quod the wyfe;
Than, as I shall tell you blythe,
Lowde coude she blowe.
Some laughed without fayle,
Some sayd, dame, tempre thy tayle,
Ye wreste it all amysse.
Dame, quod the offycyall,
Tel forth on thy tale,
Lette not for this.
The wyfe was afrayed of an other cracke,
That no worde more she spacke,
She durste not for drede.
The frere sayd, so mote I the,
Knaue, this is long of the
That euyll mote thou spede.
The frere sayd, syr offycyall,
The boye wyll combre vs all,
But yf ye may him chaste;
Syr, he hath a pype truly,
Wyll make you daunce and lepe on hye,
Tyll your herte braste.
The offycyall sayd, so mot I the,
That pype wolde I fayne se,

Ver. 361, Lowde, De W. V. 392, They, W. V. 402, 403, v som' the affor the comserey, MS.

Ver. 423, Than cam soret capias, MS. V. 432, blyue, A. Ver. 453, &c.

That pype well y se,
He seyde, boy, hes het her?
Ye scer, be mey ffay,
Anon pype ws a lay,
And make vs all cher.
The offeciall the pype hent,
And blow tell his brow hen bent,
Bot therof cam no gle;
The offeciall seyde, this ys nowth,
Be god that me der bowthe,

And knowe what myrth that he can make.
Mary, god forbede, than sayd the frere,
That he sholde pype here,
Afore that I hens the waye take.
Pype on, Iacke, sayd the offycyall,
I wyll here now how thou canst playe.
Iacke blewe vp, the sothe to saye,
And made them soone to daunce all.
The offycyall lepte ouer the deske,
And daunced aboute wonder faste,
Tyll bothe his shynnes he all to brest,
Hym thought it was not of the best,
Than cryed he vnto the chylde,
To pype no more within this place,
But to holde stylle for goddes grace,
And for the loue of Mary mylde.
Than sayd Iacke to them echone,
If ye wolde me graunte with herte fre,
That he shall do me no vylany,
But hens to departe euen as I come.
Therto they answered all anone,
And promysed him anone ryght,
In his quarell for to fyght,
And defende hym from his fone,
Thus they departed in that tyde,
The offycyall and the sompnere,
His stepdame and the frere,
With great ioye and moche pryde.

Het ys not worthe a sclo.
Be mey fay, qod the freyr,
The boy can make het pype cler,
Y bescro hem for hes mede.
The offecial bad the boy a say.
Nay, qod the freyr, er that a way
For that y for bede.
Pype on, qod the offeciall, and not spar.
The freyr began to star,
Jake hes pype hent,
As sone as Gake began to blow,
All they lepyd on a rowe,
And ronde abowt they went.
The offeciall had so gret hast,
That boyt hes schenys brast,
A pon a blokys hende.
The clerkys to dans they hem sped,
And som all ther eynke sched,
And som ther bekes rent,
And som cast ther boky[s] at the wall,
And som ouer ther felowys can fall,
So weytley they lepyd.
Ther was withowt let,
They stombylled on a hepe,
They dansed all a bowthe,
And yever the freyr creyd owt,
Y may no lengger dans for soyt,
Y haffe lost halffe mey cod war,
When y dansed yn the thornes.
Som to crey they began,
Mey boke ys all to toren;
Som creyd withowt let,
And som bad hoo;
Som seyde het was a god game,
And som seyde they wer lame,
Y may no leynger skeppe;
Som dansed so long,
Tell they helde owt the townge,
And a nethe meyt hepe.
The offeciall began to star,
And seyde, hafe for they heyr,
Stent of they lay,
And boldeley haske of me,
What thou welt hafe for thy gle,
Y schall the redey pay.
Then to stend Jake began,
The offeciall was a werey man,
Mey trowet y pleyt y the,
Thes was a god gle,
And seyde the worst that euer they se,
For het was er neyth.
Then bespake the offeciall,
And leytley Gake can call,
Hes pype he hem hent,
And gaffe hem xx s.
And euer mor hes blesyng,
For that merey fet.
When Gake had that money hent,
Anon homard he went,
Glad sherof was he;
He waxed a wordeley marchande,
A man of gret degre.
Hes stepdame, y dar say,
Dorst neuer after that day,
Nat wonley ones desplese.
They lowyd togedyr all thre,
Hes father, hes stepdame and he,
Affter yn gret eys.
And that they ded, soyt to say,
Tho hewyn they toke the way,
Withowtyn eney mes.
Now god that dyed for os all,
And dranke aysell and gall,
Bryng them all to they bles,
That beleuet on the name Jhc̃.

Kempion.

We copy tnis ballad from the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border;" where it is given "chiefly" from "Mrs. Brown's MS.," with "corrections from a recited fragment." Sir Walter Scott, in some prefatory remarks, refers to several traditionary anecdotes, still current in Scotland and on the borders, concerning huge and poisonous snakes, or "worms," destroyed by gallant knights in the olden time. The manor of Sockburne, in the bishopric of Durham, is held of the bishop by the service of presenting to him on his first entrance into his diocese, an antique sword or falchion, to commemorate the slaying of a monstrous creature that devoured men, women, and children,—by Sir John Conyers, who received the manor as a reward for his bravery. Pollard's lands, near Bishop Auckland, are held by a similar tenure; and the founder of the noble family of Somerville is said to have performed a deed as wonderful—by thrusting down the throat of the snake a burning peat, "bedabbed with pitch, rosett, and brimstone." A rude sculpture carved above the entrance to the ancient church at Linton in Roxburghshire, is said to represent this exploit; of which "the vulgar tell us,"—

The wode Laird of Lariestoun
Slew the wode worm of Wormiestoune,
And wan all Lintoun parochine.

The story of the "Lambton worm" as recorded in Surtees' "History of Durham," is still more remarkable. The heir of Lambton, profanely fishing on a sabbath day, hooked a small worm or elf, which he carelessly threw into a well; in process of time it grew to a huge size, and made prey of the whole country, levying a contribution daily of "nine cows' milk," and, in default of payment, devouring man and beast. The heir who had wrought the mischief, returning from the crusades, determined to destroy it; and, by the advice of a witch, or wise woman, clad himself in a coat of mail studded with razor blades; selecting as the scene of battle the middle of a river, so that as fast as the worm was cut to pieces the stream carried away the dissevered parts, and thus prevented their subsequent adhesion. The knight had promised, however, that he would slay the first living thing that met him after his victory; this chanced to be his father, and, as he refused to keep his vow, it was decreed that no chief of his family should die in his bed for nine generations. Popular tradition continues to point out the scene of the encounter. Stories of men and women transformed into monsters are sufficiently numerous, and have been found among every people. Many such exist in England, in Scotland, and in Ireland; in the latter country they are invariably supposed to occupy lakes of unfathomed depth, out of which they occasionally arise and make excursions among adjacent mountains, bearing with them to their "palaces" beneath the waters, the cattle of some unhappy "neighbour," and not unfrequently the neighbour himself. The origin of the superstition is believed to have been Danish. The traditions of Denmark are full of such romances; and it is more than probable, that it may have been introduced, by its sea-kings, into the British Islands.

"The ballad of Kempion," writes Sir Walter Scott, "seems, from the names of the personages and the nature of the adventure, to have been an old metrical romance degraded into a ballad by the lapse of time, and the corruption of reciters." The allusion to the "arblast bow" would seem to affix the composition to a remote date.* Two ballads which relate to a similar incident have been preserved; one entitled "Kemp Owyne," by Mr. Motherwell, and another "The Laidly Worm of Spindleston-Heugh," affirmed to have been composed, in 1270, by Duncan Frazier, "living on Cheviot," but supposed to have been, at least re-written, by Mr. Robert Lambe, vicar of Norham. In "Kemp Owyne," 'dove Isabel' is transformed into a monster by her stepmother, and doomed to retain her savage form—

* The string of the arbalast, or arbalist, was drawn to the notch in the centre by means of a wheel, which was usually hung to the girdle of the archer.

Till Kemp Owyne come ower the sea
And borrow her with kisses three.

The three kisses are of course given; when, instead of the beast "whose breath was strang, whose hair was lang,"—

Her breath was sweet, her hair grew short,
And twisted nane about the tree;
And, smilingly, she came about,
As fair a woman as fair could be.

The ballad of the "Laidly (loathsome) Worm" was no doubt greatly altered by Mr. Lambe, but there is evidence that the story was "generally known in Northumberland" long before he printed the version attributed to Duncan Frazier; and it is to be regretted that he did not communicate it as he received it—stript of its "amendments and enlargements." In this ballad, the daughter of the King of Bamborough is metamorphosed by her step-mother, and restored to her natural shape by her brother "Childy Wynd," who avenges the wrong done to his sister by converting the foul witch into a toad. As in "Kempion," and "Kemp Owyne," the restoration to humanity is effected by "kisses three:"—

"O, quit thy sword and bend thy bow,
And give me kisses three;
For though I am a poisonous worm,
No hurt I'll do to thee.

"O, quit thy sword and bend thy bow,
And give me kisses three;
If I'm not won, ere the sun goes down,
Won I shall never be."

He quitted his sword and bent his bow,
And gave her kisses three;
She crept into a hole a worm,
But out stept a lady.

Percy prints the ballad of the "Witch of Wokey," written in 1748, by the ingenious Dr. Harrington of Bath. She "blasted every plant around;" and was encountered, not by a knight, but by a "lerned wight," who having chauntede out a goodlie booke, and sprinkled, plentifully, holy water,—

Lo, where stood a hag before,
Now stood a ghastly stone!

"Cum heir, cum heir, ye freely fee'd,
And lay your head low on my knee,
The heaviest weird I will you read,
That ever was read to gay ladye.

"O meikle dolour sall ye dree,
And aye the salt seas o'er ye'se swim;
And far mair dolour sall ye dree
On Estmere crags, when ye them climb.

"I weird ye to a fiery beast,
And relieved sall ye never be,
Till Kempion, the kingis son,
Cum to the crag, and thrice kiss thee."—

O meikle dolour did she dree,
And aye the salt seas o'er she swam;
And far mair dolour did she dree
On Estmere crags, when she them clamb:

And aye she cried for Kempion,
Gin he would but come to her hand.
Now word has gane to Kempion,
That sicken a beast was in his land.

"Now, by my sooth," said Kempion,
"This fiery beast I'll gang and see."—
"And by my sooth,' said Segramour,
"My ae brother, I'll gang wi' thee."

Then bigged hae they a bonny boat,
And they hae set her to the sea;
But a mile before they reached the shore,
Around them she gared the red fire flee.

"O Segramour, keep the boat afloat,
And let her na the land o'er near;
For this wicked beast will sure gae mad,
And set fire to a' the land and mair."—

Syne has he bent an arblast bow,
And aimed an arrow at her head;
And swore if she didna quit the land,
Wi' that same shaft to shoot her dead.

"O out of my stythe I winna rise,
(And it is not for the awe o' thee,)
Till Kempion, the kingis son,
Cum to the crag, and thrice kiss me."—

He has louted him o'er the dizzy crag,
And gien the monster kisses ane;
Awa she gaed, and again she cam,
The fieryest beast that ever was seen.

"O out o' my stythe I winna rise,
(And not for a' thy bow nor thee,)
Till Kempion, the kingis son,
Cum to the crag, and thrice kiss me."—

He's louted him o'er the Estmere crag,
And he has gi'en her kisses twa:
Awa she gaed, and again she cam,
The fieryest beast that ever you saw.

"O out of my den I winna rise,
Nor flee it for the fear o' thee,
Till Kempion, that courteous knight,
Cum to the crag, and thrice kiss me."—

He's louted him o'er the lofty crag,
And he has gi'en her kisses three:
Awa she gaed, and again she cam,
The loveliest ladye e'er could be!

"And by my sooth," says Kempion,
"My ain true love, (for this is she,)
They surely had a heart o' stane,
Could put thee to such misery.

"O was it warwolf* in the wood?
Or was it mermaid in the sea?
Or was it man or vile woman,
My ain true love, that mis-shaped thee?"—

"It wasna warwolf in the wood,
Nor was it mermaid in the sea:
But it was my wicked step-mother,
And wae and weary may she be!"—

"O, a heavier weird shall light her on,
Than ever fell on vile woman;
Her hair shall grow rough,
And her teeth grow lang,
And on her four feet shall she gang.

"None shall take pity her upon;
In Wormeswood she aye shall wan;
And relieved shall she never be,
Till St. Mungo come over the sea."—
And sighing said that weary wight,
"I doubt that day I'll never see!"

The Demon Lover.

This ballad first appeared in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border;" it was communicated to Sir Walter Scott by Mr. William Laidlaw, by whom it was "taken down from recitation." Mr. Motherwell, by whom it was reprinted in his valuable volume, "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern," surmises that, "although it would be unfair for a moment to imagine that Sir Walter Scott made any addition to it, Mr. Laidlaw may have improved upon its naked original." That he did so, is by no means unlikely; nor is it very improbable that, in passing through the alembic of the great Magician of the North, it received additional purity, without losing aught of its intrinsic worth. Mr. Motherwell, "with all his industry, was unable to find it in a more perfect state than this,"—which the reader will be interested in comparing with the appended copy from the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border:"—

"I have seven ship upon the sea
Laden with the finest gold,
And mariners to wait us upon—
All these you may behold.

"And I have shoes for my love's feet,
Beaten of the purest gold,
And lined with the velvet soft,
To keep my love's feet from the cold.

"O how do you love the ship," he said,
"Or how do you love the sea?
Or how do you love the bold mariners,
That wait upon thee and me?"

"O I do love the ship," she said,
"And I do love the sea:
But woe be to the dim mariners,
That nowhere I can see."

They had not sailed a mile awa',
Never a mile but one,
When she began to weep and mourn,
And to think on her little wee son.

* Warwolf signifies a magician, possessing the power of transforming himself into a wolf, for the purpose of ravage and destruction.

"O hold your tongue, my dear," he said,
"And let all your weeping abee,
For I'll soon show to you how the lilies grow
On the banks of Italy."

They had not sailed a mile awa',
Never a mile but two,
Until she espied his cloven foot,
From his gay robes sticking thro'.

They had not sailed a mile awa',
Never a mile but three,
When dark dark grew his eerie looks,
And raging grew the sea.

They had not sailed a mile awa',
Never a mile but four,
When the little wee ship ran round about
And never was seen more.

If this be, in reality, the skeleton which Mr. Laidlaw clothed in sinews and flesh, he has given unquestionable proof of genius of a very rare order. There is, however, little doubt that he had actually "taken down, from recitation," a much more perfect copy, to which he gave some "finishing touches" of his own; for the composition bears unequivocal marks of old time; and a collateral proof of its antiquity, in a more extended form, is supplied by an authority, to which reference is made by the accomplished editor of the latest edition of the "Border Minstrelsy." Mr. Buchan, in his "Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland, hitherto unpublished," prints another version of the story, under the title of "James Herries;" with this difference, however, that here, the lover, who wreaks his vengeance on the "fause woman," is not a demon with a "cloven foot," but the ghost of a "first true love;"—the other incidents are precisely similar, and many of the lines are exactly the same; although as a whole it is far less grand, touching, and dramatic, than the version as preserved by Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Buchan gives three additional stanzas, descriptive of the misery of the betrayed husband; they are fine and effective, and contribute strongly to impress the moral of the tale:—

"O wae be to the ship, the ship,
And wae be to the sea;
And wae be to the mariners
Took Jeanie Douglas frae me!

"O bonny, bonny was my love,
A pleasure to behold;
The very hair o' my love's head
Was like the threads of gold.

"O bonny was her cheek, her cheek,
And bonny was her chin;
And bonny was the bride she was,
The day she was made mine."

The legend contained in the ballad is, according to Sir Walter Scott, "in various shapes current in Scotland;" but it is by no means peculiar to that country. Similar stories are told in many of the English counties; and in Ireland it is very common; the moral conveying a warning against the crime of infidelity. Sir Walter says, "I remember to have heard a ballad, in which a fiend is introduced paying his addresses to a beautiful maiden; but, disconcerted by the holy herbs she wore in her bosom, makes the following lines the burthen of his courtship;—

'Gin ye wish to be leman mine,
Lay aside the St. John's wort, and the vervain.'"

The same power of keeping away evil spirits is attributed to the vervain in Ireland; where, when it is pulled by village mediciners, while the morning dew is on the ground, this verse is generally repeated:—

"Vervain, thou growest upon holy ground,
In Mount Calvary thou wert found;
Thou curest all sores and all diseases,
And in the name of Holy Jesus,
I pull you out of the ground."

The unhappy lady whose fate is described in the accompanying ballad had no such "protection," and was without that surer safeguard, to which the great poet refers as a possession, o'er which

No goblin or swart fairy of the mine
Hath hurtful power.

"O WHERE have you been my long, long love,
This long seven years and mair?"
"O I'm come to seek my former vows,
Ye granted me before."

"O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For they will breed sad strife;
O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For I am become a wife."

He turned him right and round about,
And the tear blinded his e'e;
"I wad never hae trodden on Irish ground,
If it had not been for thee.

"I might have had a king's daughter,
Far far beyond the sea;
I might have had a king's daughter,
Had it not been for love o' thee."

"If ye might have had a king's daughter,
Yersell ye had to blame;
Ye might have taken the king's daughter,
For ye kend that I was nane."

"O faulse are the vows o' womankind,
But fair is their faulse bodie;
I never would hae trodden on Irish ground,
Had it not been for love o' thee."

"If I was to leave my husband dear,
And my two babes also,
O what have you to take me to,
If with you I should go?"

"I have seven ships upon the sea,
The eighth brought me to land;
With four and twenty bold mariners,
And music on every hand."

She has taken up her two little babes,
Kissed them baith cheek and chin:
"O fare ye weel, my ain two babes,
For I'll never see you again."

She set her foot upon the ship,
No mariners could she behold;
But the sails were o' the taffetie,
And the masts o' the beaten gold.

She had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When dismal grew his countenance,
And drumlie grew his e'e.

The masts that were like the beaten gold,
Bent not on the heaving seas;
And the sails, that were o' the taffetie,
Filled not in the eastland breeze.

They had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
Until she espied his cloven foot,
And she wept right bitterlie.*

"O hold your tongue of your weeping," says he,
"Of your weeping now let me be;
I will show you how the lilies grow
On the banks of Italy."

"O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,
That the sun shines sweetly on?"
"O yon are the hills of heaven," he said,
"Where you will never win."

"O whaten a mountain is yon," she said,
"All so dreary wi' frost and snow?"
"O yon is the mountain of hell," he cried,
"Where you and I will go."

And aye when she turn'd her round about,
Aye taller he seemed to be;
Until that the tops o' the gallant ship
Nae taller were than he.

The clouds grew dark, and the wind grew loud,
And the levin filled her e'e;
And waesome wailed the snow-white sprites,
Upon the gurlie sea.

He struck the top-mast wi' his hand,
The foremast wi' his knee;
And he brake that gallant ship in twain,
And sank her in the sea.

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* In Mr. Buchan's ballad, remorse is made to visit the heroine, not by the sight of the "cloven foot," but by a feeling more natural and more worthy:—

She minded on her dear husband,
Her little son tee.

And, at the same time,—

The thoughts o' grief came in her mind,
And she langed for to be hame;

While the miserable woman thus prays:—

"I may be buried in Scottish ground,
Where I was bred and born."

How a Merchande dyd hys Wyfe Betray.

The story of this ancient poem seems to have appeared in all possible shapes. It is contained in a tract entitled "Penny-wise, pound-foolish; or a Bristow diamond, set in two rings, and both crack'd. Profitable for married men, pleasant for young men, and a rare example for all good women," London, 1631, 4to. b. l., and is well known, at least in the North, by the old ballad called "The Pennyworth of Wit." It likewise appears, from Langham's letter, 1575, to have been then in print, under the title of "The Chapman of a Pennyworth of Wit;" though no edition of that age is now known to exist. The following copy is from a transcript made by the late Mr. Baynes from one of Bp. More's manuscripts in the public library at Cambridge (Ff. 2. 38, or 690), written apparently about the reign of Edward the Fourth, or Richard the Third; carefully but unnecessarily examined with the original. The poem itself, however, is indisputably of a greater age, and seems from the language and orthography to be of Scottish, or at least of North country extraction. The fragment of a somewhat different copy, in the same dialect, is contained in a MS. of Henry the Sixth's time in the British Museum (Bib. Har. 5396). It has evidently been designed to be sung to the harp.

Lystenyth, lordyngys, y you pray,
How a merchand dyd hys wyfe betray,
Bothe be day and be nyght,
Yf ye wyll herkyn aryght.
Thys songe ys of a merchand of thys cuntre,
That had a wyfe feyre and free;
The marchand had a full gode wyfe,
Sche louyd hym trewly as hur lyfe,
What that euyr he to hur sayde,
Euyr sche helde hur wele apayde:
The marchand, that was so gay,
By another woman he lay;
He boght hur gownys of grete pryce,
Furryd with menyvere and with gryse,
To hur hedd ryall atyre,
As any lady myght desyre
Hys wyfe, that was so trewe as ston,
He wolde ware no thyng vpon:
That was foly be my fay,
That fayrenes schulde tru loue betray.
So hyt happenyd, as he wolde,
The marchand ouer the see he schulde;
To hys leman ys he gon,
Leue at hur for to tane;
With clyppyng and with kyssyng swete,
When they schulde parte bothe dyd they wepe.
Tyll hys wyfe ys he gon,
Leue at her then hath he tan;
Dame, he seyde, be goddys are,
Haste any money thou woldyst ware?
Whan y come bezonde the see
That y myzt the bye some ryche drewrè.
Syr, sche seyde, as Christ me saue,
Ye haue all that euyr y haue;
Ye schall haue a peny here,
As yè ar my trewe fere,
Bye ye me a penyworth of wytt,
And in youre hert kepe wele hyt.
Styll stode the merchand tho,
Lothe he was the peny to forgoo,
Certen sothe, as y yow say,
He put hyt in hys purce and yede hys way.
A full gode wynde god hath hym sende,
Yn Fraunce hyt can hym brynge;
A full gode schypp arrayed he
Wyth marchaundyce and spycerè.
Certen sothe, or he wolde reste,
He boght hys lemman of the beste,
He boght hur bedys, brochys and ryngys,
Nowchys of golde, and many feyre thyngys;
He boght hur perry to hur hedd,
Of safurs and of rubyes redd;
Hys wyfe, that was so trew as ston,
He wolde ware nothyng vpon:
That was foly be my fay,
That fayrenes schulde trew loue betray.
When he had boght all that he wolde,
The marchand ouyr the see he schulde.
The marchandys man to his mayster speke,
Oure dameys peny let vs not forgete.
The marchand swore, be seynt Anne,
Zyt was that a lewde bargan,
To bye owre dame a penyworth of wytt,
In all Fraunce y can not fynde hyt.

'An' olde man in the halle stode,
The marchandys speche he undurzode:
The olde man to the marchand can say,
A worde of counsell y yow pray,
And y schall selle yow a penyworth of wyt,
Yf ye take gode hede to hyt:
Tell me marchand, be thy lyfe,
Whethyr haste thou a leman or a wyfe?
Syr, y haue both, as haue y reste,
But my paramour loue I beste.
Then seyde the olde man, withowten were,
Do now as y teche the here;
When thou comyst ouyr the salte fome,
Olde clothys then do the vpon,
To thy lemman that thou goo,
And telle her of all thy woo;
Syke sore, do as y the say,
And telle hur all thy gode ys loste away,
Thy schyp ys drownyd in the fom,
And all thy god ys loste the from;
Whan thou haste tolde hur soo,
Then to thy weddyd wyfe thou go;
Whedyr helpyth the bettur yn thy nede,
Dwelle with hur, as Cryste the spede.
The marchand seyde, wele must thou fare,
Have here thy peny, y haue my ware.
When he come ouer the salte fome,
Olde clothys he dyd hym vpon,
Hys lemman lokyd forthe and on hym see,
And seyde to hur maydyn, how lykyth the?
My love ys comyn fro beyonde the see,
Come hedur, and see hym wyth thyn eye.
The maydyn seyde, be my fay,
He ys yn a febull array.
Go down, maydyn, in to the halle,
Yf thou mete the marchand wythalle,
And yf he spyrre aftyr me,
Say, thou sawe me wyth non eye;
Yf he wyll algatys wytt,
Say in my chaumbyr y lye sore syke,
Out of hyt y may not wynne,
To speke wyth none ende of my kynne,
Nother wyth hym nor wyth none other,
Thowe he ware myn own brother.
Allas! seyde the maydyn, why sey ye soo?
Thynke how he helpyed yow owt of moche wo.
Fyrst when ye mett, wyth owt lesynge,
Youre gode was not worthe xx s.,
Now hyt ys worthe cccc pownde,
Of golde and syluyr that ys rounde;
Gode ys but a lante lone,
Some tyme men haue hyt, and some tyme none;
Thogh all hys gode be gon hym froo,
Neuyr forsake hym in hys woo.
Go downe, maydyn, as y bydd the,
Thou schalt no lenger ellys dwelle with me.
The maydyn wente in to the halle,
There sche met the marchand wythall.
Where ys my lemman? where is sche?
Why wyll sche not come speke wyth me?
Syr, y do the wele to wytt,
Yn hyr chaumbyr sche lyeth full syke,
Out of hyt sche may not wynne,
To speke wyth non ende of hur kynne,
Nother wyth yow nor wyth none other,
Thowe ye were hur owne brother.
Maydyn, to my lemman that thou go,
And telle hur my gode ys loste me fro,
My schyp ys drownyd in the fom,
And all my gode ys loste me from;
A gentylman have y slawe,
Y dar not abyde the londys lawe;
Pray hur, as sche louyth me dere,
As y have ben to hur a trewe fere,
To kepe me preuy in hur chaumbyr,
That the kyngys baylyes take me neuyr.
Into the chaumbyr the maydyn ys goon,
Thys tale sche tolde hur dame anone.
In to the halle, maydyn, wynde thou downe,
And bydd hym owt of my halle to goon,
Or y schall send in to the towne,
And make the kyngys baylyes to come;
Y swere, be god of grete renown,
Y wyll neuyr harbur the kyngys feloun.
The maydyn wente in to the halle,
And thus sche tolde the merchand alle;
The marchand sawe none other spede,
He toke hys leve and forthe he yede.
Lystenyth, lordyngys, curtes and hende,
For zyt ys the better fytt behynde.

THE SECOND FIT.

Lystenyth, lordyngys, great and small:
The marchand ys now to hys own halle;
Of hys comyng hys wyfe was fayne,
Anone sche come hym agayne.
Husbonde, sche seyde, welcome ye be,
How haue ye farde beyonde the see?
Dame, he seyde, be goddys are,
All full febyll hath be my fare;
All the gode that euer was thyn and myn
Hyt ys loste be seynt Martyn;

Ver. 65, And. V. 79, 80. These two lines are in the MS. inserted after the four following.

In a storme y was bestadde,
Was y neuyr halfe so sore adrad,
Y thanke hyt god, for so y may,
That euyr y skapyd on lyve away;
My schyp ys drownyd in the fom,
And all my gode ys loste me from;
A gentylman haue y slawe,
I may not abyde the londys lawe;
I pray the, as thou louest me dere,
As thou art my trewe weddyd fere,
In thy chaumber thou woldest kepe me dern.
Syr, sche seyde, no man schall me warne:
Be stylle, husbonde, sygh not so sore,
He that hathe thy gode may sende the more;
Thowe all thy gode be fro the goo,
I wyll neuyr forsake the in thy woo;
Y schall go to the kyng and to the quene,
And knele before them on my kneen,
There to knele and neuyr to cese,
Tyl of the kyng y haue getyn thy pees:
I can bake, brewe, carde and spynne,
My maydenys and y can sylvyr wynne,
Euyr whyll y am thy wyfe,
To maynten the a trewe mannys lyfe.
Certen sothe, as y yow say,
All nyght be hys wyfe he lay,
On the morne, as he forthe yede,
He kaste on hym a ryall wede,
And bestrode a full gode stede,
And to hys lemmans hows he yede.
Hys lemman lokyd forthe and on hym see,
As he come rydyng ouyr the lee,
Sche put on hur a garment of palle,
And mett the marchand in the halle,
Twyes or thryes, or euyr he wyste,
Trewly sche had hym kyste.
Syr, sche seyde, be seynt John,
Ye were neuyr halfe so welcome home.
Sche was a schrewe, as haue y hele,
There sche currayed fauell well.
Dame, he seyde, be seynt John,
Zyt ar not we at oon;
Hyt was tolde me beyonde the see,
Thou haste another leman then me,
All the gode that was thyn and myne,
Thou haste geuyn hym, be seynt Martyn.
Syr, as Cryste bryng me fro bale,
Sche lyeth falsely that tolde the that tale;
Hyt was thy wyfe, that olde trate,
That neuyr gode worde by me spake;
Were sche dedd (god lene hyt wolde!)
Of the haue all my wylle y schulde;
Erly, late, lowde and stylle,
Of the schulde y haue all my wylle:
Ye schall see, so muste y the,
That sche lyeth falsely on me.
Sche leyde a canvas on the flore,
Longe and large, styffe and store,
Sche leyde theron, wythowten lyte,
Fyfty schetys waschen whyte,
Pecys of syluyr, masers of golde;
The marchand stode hyt to be holde:
He put hyt in a wyde sakk,
And leyde hyt on the hors bakk;
He bad hys chylde go belyue,
And lede thys home to my wyue.
The chylde on hys way ys gon,
The marchande come aftyr anon;
He caste the pakk downe in the flore,
Longe and large, styf and store,
As hyt lay on the grounde,
Hyt was wele worthe cccc pownde:
They on dedyn the mouth aryght,
There they sawe a ryall syght.
Syr, sayde hys wyfe, be the rode,
Where had ye all thys ryall gode?
Dame, he seyde, be goddys are,
Here ys thy penyworth of ware;
Yf thou thynke hyt not wele besett,
Gyf hyt another can be ware hytt bett;
All thys wyth thy peny boght y,
And therfore y gyf hyt the frely;
Do wyth all what so euyr ye lyste,
I wyll neuyr aske yow accowntys, be Cryste.
The marchandys wyfe to hym can say,
Why come ye home in so febull array?
Then seyde the marchand, sone ageyn,
Wyfe, for to assay the in certeyn;
For at my lemman was y before,
And sche by me sett lytyll store,
And sche louyd bettyr my gode then me,
And so wyfe dydd neuyr ye.
To telle hys wyfe then he began,
All that gode he had takyn fro hys lemman;
And all was becawse of thy peny,
Therfore y gyf hyt the frely;
And y gyf god a vowe thys howre,
Y wyll neuyr more have paramowre,
But the, myn own derlyng and wyfe,
Wyth the wyll y lede my lyfe.
Thus the marchandys care be gan to kele,
He lefte hys folye euery dele,
And leuyd in clennesse and honestè;
Y pray god that so do we.
God that ys of grete renowne,
Saue all the gode folke of thys towne:
Jesu, as thou art heuyn kynge,
To the blys of heuyn owre soules brynge.

Fause Foodrage.

This ballad was originally published in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," where it is stated to have been "chiefly given" from the MS. of Mrs. Brown, of Falkland.* Although there can be no question that it received many improvements in passing through the hands of the accomplished editor, there can be as little doubt of its antiquity in some ruder state; for Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Motherwell both affirm that it has been "popular in many parts of Scotland;" and by the former it is asserted, that he had made "strict inquiry into the authenticity of the song," in consequence of a line, in verse 31, strongly resembling one that occurs in the avowedly modern ballad of "Hardyknute,"—

Norse e'en like grey goss-hawk stared wild.

His doubts were removed by the evidence of a lady of rank (Lady Douglas, of Douglas, sister to the Duke of Buccleuch), who not only recollected the ballad as having amused her infancy, but could repeat many of the verses.

For the leading incident of the poem, and the beautiful episode introduced into it—the exchange of the children, upon which the story is made to depend—there appears to be no historical authority. At least, Sir Walter Scott has referred to none; and if there had been any, it would not have escaped his search. Yet it is not improbable that some such circumstance did actually occur; the old ballad-makers were seldom mere inventors; and tragedy, with all its attendant events, may be considered as by no means rare or uncommon to a remote age. That its age is "remote" is rendered certain, by the references to King Easter and King Wester; who, it is surmised by Sir Walter Scott, were "petty princes of Northumberland and Westmoreland. From this," he adds, "it may be conjectured, with some degree of plausibility, that the independent kingdoms of the east and west coast were, at an early period, thus denominated, according to the Saxon mode of naming districts from their relative positions, as Essex, Wessex, Sussex." In the "Complaynt of Scotland," mention is made of an ancient romance, entitled, "How the King of Estmureland married the King's daughter of Westmureland." But Mr. Ritson is of opinion, that—"Estmureland and Westmureland have no sort of relation to

* "An ingenious lady," writes Sir Walter Scott, "to whose taste and memory the world is indebted." She was the youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas Gordon, professor of philosophy in King's College, Aberdeen; and the circumstances, under which she obtained so much proficiency in ballad lore, are thus explained in a letter from her father to Alexander Fraser Tytler, Esq.:—"An aunt of my children, Mrs. Farquhar, now dead, who was married to the proprietor of a small estate, near the sources of the Dee, in Braemar, a good old woman, who had spent the best part of her life among flocks and herds, resided, in her later days, in the town of Aberdeen. She was possessed of a most tenacious memory, which retained all the songs she had heard from nurses and countrywomen in that sequestered part of the country. Being naturally fond of my children, when young, she had them much about her, and delighted them with the songs and tales of chivalry. My youngest daughter, Mrs. Brown, of Falkland, is blessed with as good a memory as her aunt, and has almost the whole of her songs by heart." They were subsequently written down by her nephew, Professor Scott, "as his aunt sung them." To this MS. reference is frequently made by the editor of the "Border Minstrelsy,"—"as containing a curious and valuable collection," from which he procured "very material assistance," and which often furnished him with "various readings, and supplementary stanzas," to such as were known on the Borders. Jamieson, also, thus acknowledges his obligations to this lady:—"For the groundwork of this collection, and for the greater and more valuable part of the popular and romantic tales which it contains, the public are indebted to Mrs. Brown, of Falkland. Besides the large supply of ballads taken down from her own recitation many years ago, by Professor Scott, of Aberdeen,—in 1800, I paid an unexpected visit to Mrs. Brown, at Dysart, where she then happened to be for health, and wrote down, from her unpremeditated repetition, about a dozen pieces more, most of which will be found in my work. Several others, which I had not time to take down, were afterwards transmitted to me by Mrs. Brown herself, and by her late highly-respectable and worthy husband, the Reverend Dr. Brown. Every person, who peruses the following sheets, will see how much I owe to Mrs. Brown, and to her nephew, my much esteemed friend, Professor Scott; and it rests with me to feel that I owe them much more for the zeal and spirit which they have manifested, than even for the valuable communications which they have made. As to the 'authenticity' of the pieces themselves, they are as authentic as traditionary poetry can be expected to be; and their being more entire than most other such pieces are found to be, may be easily accounted for, from the circumstance, that there are few persons of Mrs. Brown's abilities and education who repeat popular ballads from memory. She learnt most of them before she was twelve years old, from old women and maid-servants. What she once learnt she never forgot; and such were her curiosity and industry, that she was not contented with merely knowing the story, according to one way of telling, but studied to acquire all the varieties of the same tale which she could meet with."

Northumberland and Westmoreland. The former was never called Eastmoreland, nor were there any kings of Westmoreland, unless we admit the authority of an old rhyme, cited by Usher;—

Here the King Westmer
Slew the King Rothinger.

In the old metrical romance of "Kyng Horn," or "Horn Child," we find both Westnesse and Estnesse; and it is somewhat singular, that two places, so called, actually exist in Yorkshire at this day. But "ness," in that quarter, is the name given to an inlet from a river. There is, however, great confusion in this poem, as "Horn" is called king, sometimes of one country, and sometimes of the other. In the French original, Westir is said to have been the old name of Hirland or Ireland; which, occasionally at least, is called Westnesse in the translation, in which Britain is named Sudene; but here, again, it is inconsistent and confused. It is, at any rate," adds the learned antiquary, "highly probable, that the story, cited in the 'Complaynt of Scotland,' was a romance of 'King Horn,' whether prose or verse; and, consequently, that Estmureland and Westmureland should there mean England and Ireland; though it is possible that no other instance can be found of these two names occurring with the same sense."

Of the Scottish origin of this ballad there is internal evidence; and several of the phrases made use of, besides the titles to which we have referred, afford corroborative proof of its antiquity. The term "kevil," used in the third verse,—

And they cast kevils them amang,
And kevils them between;
And they cast kevils them amang,
Wha suld gae kill the king,—

Is thus explained by Sir Walter Scott,—"'Kevils'—lots. Both words originally meant only a portion or share of any thing.—*Leges Burgorum*, cap. 59, *de lot, cut*, or *kavil. Statua Gildæ*, cap. 20. *Nullus emat lanam, &c., nisi fuerit confrater Gildæ, &c. Neque* lot *neque* cavil *habeat cum aliquo contratre nostro.* In both these laws, 'lot' and 'cavil' signify a share in trade."

King Easter has courted her for her lands,
King Wester for her fee,
King Honour for her comelye face,
And for her fair bodie.

They had not been four months married,
As I have heard them tell,
Until the nobles of the land
Against them did rebel.

And they cast kevils them amang,
And kevils them between;
And they cast kevils them amang,
Wha suld gae kill the king.

O some said yea, and some said nay,
Their words did not agree;
Till up and got him, Fause Foodrage,
And swore it suld be he.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And a' men bound to bed,
King Honour and his gaye ladye
In a hie chamber were laid.

Then up and raise him, Fause Foodrage,
When a' were fast asleep,
And slew the porter in his lodge,
That watch and ward did keep.

O, four and twenty silver keys
Hung hie upon a pin:
And aye, as ae door he did unlock,
He has fastened it him behind.

Then up and raise him, King Honour,
Says—"What means a' this din?
Or what's the matter, Fause Foodrage,
Or wha has loot you in?"—

"O ye my errand weel sall learn
Before that I depart."—
Then drew a knife, baith lang and sharp,
And pierced him to the heart.

Then up and got the queen hersell,
And fell low down on her knee;
"O spare my life, now, Fause Foodrage,
For I never injured thee.

"O spare my life, now, Fause Foodrage,
Until I lighter be!
And see gin it be lad or lass,
King Honour has left wi' me."—

"O gin it be a lass," he says,
"Weel nursed it sall be;
But gin it be a lad bairn,
He sall be hangèd hie.

"I winna spare for his tender age,
Nor yet for his hie hie kin;
But soon as e'er he born is,
He sall mount the gallows pin."—

O four-and-twenty valiant knights
Were set the queen to guard;
And four stood aye at her bouir door,
To keep both watch and ward.

But when the time drew near an end,
That she suld lighter be,
She cast about to find a wile,
To set her body free.

O she has birled these merry young men
With the ale but and the wine,
Until they were a' deadly drunk
As any wild-wood swine.

"O narrow, narrow, is this window,
And big, big, am I grown!"—
Yet through the might of our Ladye,
Out at it she has gone.

She wandered up, she wandered down,
She wandered out and in;
And, at last, into the very swine's stythe,
The queen brought forth a son.

Then they cast kevils them amang,
Which suld gae seek the queen;
And the kevil fell upon Wise William,
And he sent his wife for him.

O when she saw Wise William's wife,
The queen fell on her knee;
"Win up, win up, madam!" she says:
"What needs this courtesie?"—

"O out o' this I winna rise,
Till a boon ye grant to me;
To change your lass for this lad bairn,
King Honour left me wi'.

"And ye maun learn my gay goss-hawk
Right weel to breast a steed;
And I sall learn your turtle dow
As weel to write and read.

"And ye maun learn my gay goss-hawk
To wield baith bow and brand;
And I sall learn your turtle dow
To lay gowd wi' her hand.

"At kirk and market when we meet,
We'll dare make nae avowe,
But—Dame, how does my gay goss-hawk?
—Madame, how does my dow?"*

When days were gane, and years came on,
Wise William he thought lang;
And he has ta'en King Honour's son
A-hunting for to gang.

It sae fell out, at this hunting,
Upon a simmer's day,
That they came by a fair castell,
Stood on a sunny brae.

"O dinna ye see that bonny castell,
Wi' halls and towers sae fair?
Gin ilka man had back his ain,
Of it you suld be heir."—

"How I suld be heir of that castell,
In sooth, I canna see;
For it belangs to Fause Foodrage,
And he is na kin to me."

"O gin ye suld kill him, Fause Foodrage,
You would do but what was right;
For, I wot, he killed your father dear,
Or ever ye saw the light.

"And gin ye suld kill him, Fause Foodrage,
There is no man durst you blame;
For he keeps your mother a prisoner,
And she daurna take ye hame."—

* "This metaphorical language," says Scott, "was customary among the northern nations. In 925, King Adelstein sent an embassy to Harald Harfager, King of Norway, the chief of which presented that prince with a sword. As it was presented by the point, the Norwegian chief, in receiving it, unwarily laid hold of the hilt. The English ambassador declared, in the name of his master, that he accepted the act as a deed of homage. The Norwegian prince resolving to circumvent his rival by a similar artifice, sent, next summer, an ambassy to Adelstein, the chief of which presented Haco, the son of Harald, to the English prince; and placing him on his knees, made the following declaration:—'*Haraldus, Normanorum Rex, amice te salutat;* albamque *hanc* avem *bene institutam mittit utque melius deinceps erudias, postulat.*' The King received young Haco on his knees, which the Norwegian accepted, in the name of his master, as a declaration of inferiority; according to the proverb, '*Is minor semper habetur, qui alterius filium educat.*'"

The boy stared wild like a grey goss-hawk,
Says,—"What may a' this mean?"
"My boy, ye are King Honour's son,
And your mother's our lawful queen."

"O gin I be King Honour's son,
By our Ladye I swear,
This night I will that traitor slay,
And relieve my mother dear!"—

He has set his bent bow to his breast,
And leaped the castell wa';
And soon he has seized on Fause Foodrage,
Wha loud for help 'gan ca'.

"O haud your tongue, now, Fause Foodrage,
Frae me ye shanna flee;"—
Syne pierced him through the fause, fause heart,
And set his mother free.

And he has rewarded Wise William
Wi' the best half o' his land;
And sae has he the turtle dow,
Wi' the truth o' his right hand.

Sir Agilthorn.

This ballad is the production of Matthew Gregory Lewis; and our principal motive in introducing it into this collection is to supply an example of his compositions, for its merits are not such as to warrant the selection upon other grounds. His writings, although now nearly forgotten, had, at one period, no inconsiderable influence upon the literature of the age; the success that attended his publications induced a host of imitators, and, for awhile, his "school" may be almost said to have formed the taste of the country. But the unnatural will always be the ephemeral; and that which is not based upon Truth, Time will be certain to destroy. With the exception of two or three of his more romantic ballads—"Alonzo the Brave and Fair Imogene," and, perhaps, "Osric the Lion"—the poems of Lewis are as completely consigned to oblivion as if they had never been printed; even his vain and useless "Romances," which have passed through numerous editions, are now seldom read; and are republished only by caterers for the meretricious or the vicious. Merit of a particular order he undoubtedly had; public attention is never obtained, even for a season, without it; but his works possessed very little of real value, and the world has lost nothing by the obscurity into which they have sunk. He was "the first to introduce something like the German taste into English fictitious, dramatic, and poetical composition;" and no less an authority than Sir Walter Scott considers that he did service to our literature by showing, that "the prevailing taste of Germany might be employed as a formidable auxiliary to renewing the spirit of our own, upon the same system as when medical persons attempt, by the transfusion of blood, to pass into the veins of an aged and exhausted patient, the vivacity of the circulation and liveliness of sensation which distinguish a young subject." It is certain, that at the period in which he "flourished," English literature had become sluggish, inert, and comparatively valueless; while "the realms of Parnassus," more especially, seemed to lie open to the first bold invader, whether he should be a daring usurper, or could show a legitimate title of sovereignty.* Lewis was "born to fortune;" his father held the lucrative appointment of under-secretary at war; and he was himself a member of parliament as soon as his age permitted him to occupy a seat. During a residence in Germany, he had opportunities of indulging his inclination for the marvellous; and he and

* "Lewis was a martinet, if I may so term him, in the accuracy of rhymes and of numbers; I may add he had a right to be so, for few persons have exhibited more mastery of rhyme, or greater command over the melody of verse." * * * * "His works were admired, and the author became famous, not merely through his own merit, though that was of no mean quality, but because he had in some measure taken the public by surprise, by using a style of composition, which, like national melodies, is so congenial to the general taste, that though it palls by being much hackneyed, it has only to be for a short time forgotten in order to recover its original popularity."—Sir Walter Scott.

his imitators, towards the close of the last century, absolutely flooded the libraries of Great Britain with their tales of enchantment and diablerie, in poetry and prose. Lewis's publications are the romances of "The Monk," "Feudal Tyrants," and "Romantic Tales;" "Tales of Wonder" and "Tales of Terror," in verse; "The Castle Spectre" and "Adelmorn," romantic dramas; "Venoni," a tragedy; a volume of miscellaneous poetry, and the "Bravo of Venice," a translation from the German. He died in 1818, while on his voyage home from a visit to his patrimonial property in Jamaica. An idle story has been circulated, that his death was occasioned by poison, administered to him by a negro whom he had incautiously acquainted with his intention to emancipate the whole of his slaves at his decease.

His volumes of ballads, "Tales of Wonder" and "Tales of Terror," were comparative failures; to the first, Sir Walter Scott, Southey, Leyden, and others, contributed, and their contributions sufficed to give value to the work. It was published in 1801, "for the author." Lewis, however, was tempted to "drive it out" into two volumes, royal 8vo., which were sold at a high price. "Purchasers murmured at finding this size had been attained by the insertion of some of the best known pieces of the English language, such as Dryden's 'Theodore and Honoria,' Parnell's 'Hermit,' Lisle's 'Porsenna, King of Russia,' and many other popular poems of old date, and generally known, which ought not in conscience to have made part of a set of tales, 'written and collected' by a modern author." The consequence was, that the costly and weighty volumes met with little or no public approval. What had been at first received as simple and natural, was now sneered at as puerile and extravagant. "Another objection was," adds Sir Walter Scott, "that my friend Lewis had a high but mistaken opinion of his own powers of humour. The truth was, that though he could throw some gayety into his lighter pieces, after the manner of the French writers, his attempts at what is called pleasantry in English wholly wanted the quality of humour, and were generally failures. But this he would not allow; and the 'Tales of Wonder' were filled, in a sense, with attempts at comedy, which might be generally accounted abortive."

One important consequence, at least, followed this introduction of a new style into our literature; to his acquaintance with Lewis we are probably indebted for the vast storehouse of wealth bequeathed to us by Sir Walter Scott. "Finding Lewis," he says, "in possession of so much reputation, and conceiving that if I fell behind him in poetical powers, I considerably exceeded him in general information, I suddenly took it into my head to attempt the style of poetry by which he had raised himself to fame;" and, he adds, "out of an accidental acquaintance" with the popular author, which "increased into a sort of intimacy, consequences arose which altered almost all the Scottish ballad-maker's future prospects in life." He was first stimulated to the translation of some German ballads; and soon acquired confidence to attempt "the imitation of what he admired." Lewis had, about this period, announced the publication of a work, the title of which sufficiently indicates its character—"Tales of Wonder,"—and to this work Scott readily agreed to contribute. It was published in two volumes, in the year 1801; and contained, among others, the ballads of "Glenfinlas" and the "Eve of Saint John," by Sir Walter—compositions which he can scarcely be said to have afterwards surpassed. The encouragement the young author here met with, led to the collection and subsequent publication of the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," originally printed by James Ballantyne, at Kelso. What "great events from little causes flow!"—possibly if "Monk Lewis" had never existed as a versifier, the genius of Scott might have been directed into some less serviceable channel; for, mainly out of the trivial circumstances here briefly recorded, he "gradually, and almost insensibly, engaged himself in that species of literary employment"—"modern imitations of the ancient ballad."

Oh! gentle huntsman, softly tread,
  And softly wind thy bugle-horn;
Nor rudely break the silence shed
  Around the grave of Agilthorn!

Oh! gentle huntsman, if a tear
  E'er dimmed for others' woe thine eyes,
Thou'lt surely dew, with drops sincere,
  The sod where lady Eva lies.

Yon crumbling chapel's sainted bound
Their hands and hearts beheld them plight;
Long held yon towers, with ivy crowned,
The beauteous dame and gallant knight.

Alas! the hour of bliss is past,
For hark! the din of discord rings:
War's clarion sounds, Joy hears the blast,
And trembling plies his radiant wings.

And must sad Eva lose her lord?
And must he seek the martial plain?
Oh! see, she brings his casque and sword;
Oh! hark, she pours her plaintive strain!

"Blessed is the village damsel's fate,
Though poor and low her station be;
Safe from the cares which haunt the great,
Safe from the cares which torture me!

"No doubting fear, no cruel pain,
No dread suspense her breast alarms;
No tyrant honour rules her swain,
And tears him from her folding arms.

"She, careless wandering 'midst the rocks,
In pleasing toil consumes the day;
And tends her goats, or feeds her flocks,
Or joins her rustic lover's lay.

"Though hard her couch, each sorrow flies
The pillow which supports her head;
She sleeps, nor fears at morn her eyes
Shall wake, to mourn a husband dead.

"Hush, impious fears! the good and brave
Heaven's arm will guard from danger free;
When death with thousands gluts the grave,
His dart, my love, shall glance from thee;

"While thine shall fly direct and sure,
This buckler every blow repel;
This casque from wounds that face secure,
Where all the loves and graces dwell.

"This glittering scarf, with tenderest care,
My hands in happier moments wove;
Cursed be the wretch, whose sword shall tear
The spell-bound work of wedded love!

"Lo! on thy falchion keen and bright,
I shed a trembling consort's tears;
Oh! when their traces meet thy sight,
Remember wretched Eva's fears!

"Think how thy lips she fondly pressed,
Think how she wept—compelled to part;
Think every wound which scars thy breast,
Is doubly marked on Eva's heart!"—

"O thou! my mistress, wife, and friend!"—
Thus Agilthorn with sighs began;
"Thy fond complaints my bosom rend,
Thy tears my fainting soul unman:

"In pity cease, my gentle dame,
Such sweetness and such grief to join!
Lest I forget the voice of Fame,
And only list to Love's and thine.

"Flow, flow, my tears, unbounded gush!
Rise, rise, my sobs, I set ye free:
Bleed, bleed, my heart! I need not blush
To own that life is dear to me.

"The wretch whose lips have pressed the bowl,
The bitter bowl of pain and woe,
May careless reach his mortal goal,
May boldly meet the final blow:

"His hopes destroyed, his comfort wrecked,
A happier life he hopes to find;
But what can I in heaven expect,
Beyond the bliss I leave behind?

"Oh, no! the joys of yonder skies,
To prosperous love present no charms;
My heaven is placed in Eva's eyes,
My paradise in Eva's arms.

"Yet mark me, sweet! if Heaven's command,
Hath doomed my fall in martial strife,
Oh! let not anguish tempt thy hand
To rashly break the thread of life!

"No! let our boy thy care engross,
Let him thy stay, thy comfort be;
Supply his luckless father's loss,
And love him for thyself and me.

"So may oblivion soon efface
The grief which clouds this fatal morn;
And soon thy cheeks afford no trace
Of tears which fall for Agilthorn!"

He said; and couched his quivering lance:
He said; and braced his moony shield:—
Sealed a last kiss, threw a last glance,
Then spurred his steed to Flodden Field.

But Eva, of all joy bereft,
Stood rooted at the castle gate,
And viewed the prints his courser left,
While hurrying at the call of fate.

Forebodings sad her bosom told,
The steed which bore him thence so light,
Her longing eyes would ne'er behold
Again bring home her own true knight.

While many a sigh her bosom heaves,
She thus addressed her orphan page:—
"Dear youth, if e'er my love relieved
The sorrows of thy infant age:

"If e'er I taught thy locks to play
Luxuriant round thy blooming face;
If e'er I wiped thy tears away,
And bade them yield to smiles their place:

"Oh! speed thee, swift as steed can bear,
Where Flodden groans with heaps of dead;
And o'er the combat, home repair,
And tell me how my lord has sped.

"Till thou return'st each hour's an age,
An age employed in doubt and pain;
Oh! haste thee, haste, my little foot-page,
Oh! haste and soon return again."

"Now, lady dear, thy grief assuage,
Good tidings soon shall ease thy pain;
I'll haste, I'll haste, thy little foot-page,
I'll haste, and soon return again."

Then Osway bade his courser fly;
But still, while hapless Eva wept,
Time scarcely seemed his wings to ply,
So slow the tedious moments crept.

And oft she kissed her baby's cheek,
Who slumbered on her throbbing breast;
And now she bade the warder speak,
And now she lulled her child to rest.

"Good warder, say, what meets thy sight?
What see'st from the castle tower?"
"Nought but the rocks of Elginbright,
Nought but the shades of Forest-Bower."

"Oh, pretty babe! thy mother's joy,
Pledge of the purest, fondest flame,
To-morrow's sun, dear helpless boy,
May see thee bear an orphan's name.

"Perhaps, e'en now, some Scottish sword
The life-blood of thy father drains;
Perhaps, e'en now, that heart is gored,
Whose streams supplied thy little veins.

"O, warder, from the castle tower,
Now say what objects meet thy sight?"
"None but the shades of Forest-Bower,
None but the rocks of Elginbright."

"Smil'st thou, my babe? so smiled thy sire,
When, gazing on his Eva's face,
His eyes shot beams of gentle fire,
And joyed such beams in mine to trace.

"Sleep, sleep, my babe! of care devoid:
Thy mother breathes this fervent vow—
Oh, never be thy soul employed
On thoughts so sad as hers are now!

"Now, warder, warder, speak again!
What seest thou from the turret's height!"
"Oh, lady, speeding o'er the plain,
The little foot-page appears in sight!"

Quick beat her heart, short grew her breath;
Close to her breast the babe she drew—
"Now, heaven," she cried, "for life or death!"
And forth to meet the page she flew.

"And is thy lord from danger free?
And is the deadly combat o'er?"—
In silence Osway bent his knee,
And laid a scarf her feet before.

The well-known scarf with blood was stained,
And tears from Osway's eyelids fell;
Too truly Eva's heart explained,
What meant those silent tears to tell.

"Come, come, my babe!" she wildly cried,
"We needs must seek the field of woe:
Come, come, my babe! cast fear aside!
To dig thy father's grave we go."

"Stay, lady, stay! a storm impends;
Lo! threatening clouds the sky o'erspread;
The thunder roars, the rain descends,
And lightning streaks the heavens with red.

"Hark, hark, the winds tempestuous rave!
Oh! be thy dread intent resigned!
Or, if resolved the storm to brave,
Be this dear infant left behind!"

"No, no! with me my baby stays!
With me he lives; with me he dies!
Flash, lightnings, flash! your friendly blaze
Will shew me where my warrior lies."

O see she roams the bloody field,
And wildly shrieks her husband's name:
O see she stops and eyes a shield,
A heart the symbol, wrapt in flame.

His armour broke in many a place,
A knight lay stretched that shield beside;
She raised his vizor, kissed his face,
Then on his bosom sunk and died.

Huntsman, their rustic grave behold:
'Tis here, at night, the fairy king,
Where sleeps the fair, where sleeps the bold,
Oft forms his light fantastic ring.

'Tis here, at eve, each village youth
With freshest flowers the turf adorns;
'Tis here he swears eternal truth,
By Eva's faith and Agilthorn's.

And here the virgins sadly tell,
Each seated by her shepherd's side,
How brave the gallant warrior fell,
How true his lovely lady died.

Ah! gentle huntsman, pitying hear,
And mourn the gentle lovers' doom!
Oh! gentle hunstman, drop a tear,
And dew the turf of Eva's tomb.

So ne'er may fate thy hopes oppose;
So ne'er may grief to thee be known;
They who can weep for others' woes,
Should ne'er have cause to weep their own.

The Life and Death of Tom Thumbe.

It is needless to mention the popularity of the following story. Every city, town, village, shop, stall, man, woman, and child, in the kingdom, can bear witness to it. Its antiquity, however, remains to be inquired into, more especially as no very ancient edition of it has been discovered. That which was made use of on the present occasion bears the following title: "Tom Thumbe, his life and death: wherein is declared many maruailous acts of manhood, full of wonder, and strange merriments. Which little knight lived in king Arthurs time, and famous in the court of Great Brittaine. London, printed for John Wright. 1630." It is a small 8vo. in black letter, was given, among many other curious pieces, by Robert Burton, author of the Anatomy of Melancholy, to the Bodleian Library (Seld. Art. L. 79.), and is the oldest copy known to be extant. There is a later edition, likewise in black letter, printed for F. Coles, and others, in Antony à Wood's collection, which has been collated, as has also a different copy, printed for some of the same proprietors, in the editor's possession. All three are ornamented with curious cuts, representing the most memorable incidents of our hero's life. They are likewise divided into chapters by short prose arguments, which, being always unnecessary, and sometimes improper, as occasioning an interruption of the narrative, are here omitted.

In Ben Jonson's Masque of the Fortunate Isles, designed for the Court, on the Twelfth Night, 1626, Skelton, one of the characters, after mentioning Elinor Rumming, and others, says

> Or you may have come
> In, Thomas Thumb,
> In a pudding fat,
> With Doctor Rat.

Then "The Antimasque follows: consisting of these twelve persons, Owl-glass, the four Knaves, two Ruffians, Fitz-Ale, and Vapor, Elinor Rumming, Mary Ambree, Lang Meg of Westminster, Tom Thumb, and Doctor Rat."*

Five years before there had appeared "The History of Tom Thumbe, the Little, for his

* Works, by Whalley, vi. 195. "Doctor Rat, the curate," is one of the *Dramatis Personæ* in "Gammar Gurton's Needle."

small stature surnamed King Arthur's Dwarfe: Whose Life and adventures containe many strange and wonderful accidents, published for the delight of merry Time-spenders. Imprinted at London for Tho. Langley, 1621, (12mo. bl. l.)" This, however, was only the common metrical story turned into prose with some foolish additions by R. I. [Richard Johnson.] The Preface or Introductory Chapter is as follows, being indeed the only part of the book that deserves notice.

"My merry Muse begets no Tales of Guy of Warwicke, nor of bould Sir Beuis of Hampton; nor will I trouble my penne with the pleasant glee of Robin Hood, little Iohn, the Fryer and his Marian; nor will I call to minde the lusty Pindar of Wakefield, nor those bold Yeomen of the North, ADAM BELL, CLEM OF THE CLOUGH, nor WILLIAM OF CLOUDESLY, those ancient archers of all England, nor shal my story be made of the mad merry prancke of Tom of Bethlem, Tom Lincolne, or Tom a Lin, the Diuels supposed Bastard, nor yet of Garagantua that monster of men,* but of AN OLDER TOM, A TOM OF MORE ANTIQUITY, a Tom of a strange making, I meane Little Tom of Wales, no bigger than a Millers Thumbe, and therefore for his small stature, surnamed Tom Thumbe. . . . . The ANCIENT TALES of Tom Thumbe IN THE OLDE TIME, haue beene the only reuiuers of drowzy age at midnight; old and young haue with his Tales chim'd Mattens till the cocks crow in the morning; Batchelors and Maides with his Tales haue compassed the Christmas fireblocke, till the Curfew-Bell rings candle out; the old Shepheard and the young Plow boy after their dayes labour, haue carold out a Tale of Tom Thumbe to make them merry with: and who but little Tom, hath made long nights seem short, and heauy toyles easie? Therefore (gentle Reader) considering that old modest mirth is turned naked out of doors, while nimble wit in the great Hall sits vpon a soft cushion giuing dry bobbes; for which cause I will, if I can new cloath him in his former liuery, and bring him againe into the Chimney Corner, where now you must imagine me to sit by a good fire, amongst a company of good fellowes ouer a well spic'd Wassel-bowle of Christmas Ale telling of these merry Tales which hereafter follow." This is in the editor's possession.

In the panegyric verses (by Michael Drayton and others) upon Tom Coryate and his Crudities, London, 1611, 4to., our hero is thus introduced, along with a namesake, of whom, unfortunately, we know nothing further:

"TOM THUMBE is dumbe, vntill the pudding creepe,
"In which he was intomb'd, then out doth peepe.
"TOM PIPER is gone out, and mirth bewailes,
"He neuer will come in to tell vs tales."*

We are unable to trace our little hero above half a century further back, when we find him still popular, indeed, but, to our great mortification, in very bad company. "IN OUR CHILDHOOD (says honest Reginald Scot) our mothers maids haue so terrified vs with an ouglie diuell. . . and haue so fraied vs with bull beggers, spirits, witches, vrchens, clues, hags, fairies, satyrs, pans, faunes, sylens, kit with the cansticke, tritons, centaurs, dwarfes, giants, imps, calcars, coniurors, nymphes, changlings, incubus, Robin good-fellow, the spoorne, the mare, the man in the oke, the belle-waine, the firedrake, the puckle, TOM THOMBE, hob-gobblin, Tom tumbler, boncles, and such other bugs, that we are afraide of our owne shadowes."†

To these researches we shall only add the opinion of that eminent antiquary Mr. Thomas Hearne, that this History, "however looked upon as altogether fictitious, yet was CERTAINLY founded upon some AUTHENTICK HISTORY, as being nothing else, originally, but a description of KING EDGAR'S DWARF."‡

* This is scarcely true; the titles of the two last chapters being, 1. "How Tom Thumbe riding forth to take the ayre, met with the great *Garagantua*, and of the speech that was betweene them." 2. "How Tom Thumbe after conference had with great *Garagantua* returned, and how he met with King *Twadle*."

* In a different part of the work we find other characters mentioned, whose story is now, perhaps, irretrievably forgot:

I am not now to tell a tale
Of George a Green, or *Iacke a Vale*,
Or yet of *Chittiface*.

† Discouerie of Witchcraft. London, 1584, 4to. p. 155. See also Archb. Harsnet's Declaration of Popish Imposture. Ibi. 1604, 4to. p. 135.

‡ *Benedictus Abbas, Appendix ad Præfationem*, p. LV. Mr. Hearne was probably led to fix upon this monarch by

In Arthurs court Tom Thumbe did liue,
A man of mickle might,
The best of all the table round,
And eke a doughty knight:

His stature but an inch in height,
Or quarter of a span;
Then thinke you not this little knight,
Was prou'd a valiant man?

His father was a plow-man plaine,
His mother milkt the cow,
But yet the way to get a sonne
'This' couple knew not how,

Untill such time this good old man
To learned Merlin goes,
And there to him his deepe desires
In secret manner showes,

How in his heart he wisht to haue
A childe, in time to come,
To be his heire, though it might be
No bigger than his Thumbe.

Of which old Merlin thus foretold,
That he his wish should haue,
And so this sonne of stature small
The charmer to him gaue.

No blood nor bones in him should be,
In shape and being such,
That men should heare him speake, but not
His wandring shadow touch:

But so vnseene to goe or come
Whereas it pleasd him still;
Begot and borne in halfe an houre,
To fit his fathers will.

And in foure minutes grew so fast,
That he became so tall
As was the plowmans thumbe in height,
And so they did him call

Tom Thumbe, the which the Fayry-Queene
There gave him to his name,
Who, with her traine of Goblins grim,
Vnto his christning came.

Whereas she cloath'd him richly braue,
In garments fine and faire,
Which lasted him for many yeares
In seemely sort to weare.

His hat made of an oaken leafe,
His shirt a spiders web,
Both light and soft for those his limbes
That were so smally bred;

His hose and doublet thistle downe,
Togeather weau'd full fine;
His stockins of an apple greene,
Made of the outward rine;

His garters were two little haires,
Pull'd from his mothers eye,
His bootes and shoes a mouses skin,
There tand most curiously.

Thus, like a lustie gallant, he
Aduentured forth to goe,
With other children in the streets
His pretty trickes to show.

Where he for counters, pinns, and points,
And cherry stones did play,
Till he amongst those gamesters young
Had loste his stocke away.

Yet could he soone renue the same,
When as most nimbly he
Would diue into 'their' cherry-baggs,
And there 'partaker' be,

Unseene or felt by any one,
Vntill a scholler shut
This nimble youth into a boxe,
Wherein his pins he put.

Of whom to be reueng'd, he tooke
(In mirth and pleasant game)
Black pots, and glasses, which he hung
Vpon a bright sunne-beame.

The other boyes to doe the like,
In pieces broke them quite;
For which they were most soundly whipt,
Whereat he laught outright.

Ver. 12, these.

some ridiculous lines added, about his own time, to introduce a spurious *second* and *third* part. See the common editions of Aldermary church-yard, &c., or that entitled "Thomas Redivivus: or, a compleat history of the life and marvellous actions of Tom Thumb. In three tomes. Interspersed with that ingenious comment of the late Dr. Wagstaff; and annotations by several hands. To which is prefix'd historical and critical remarks on the life and writings of the author." London, 1729, folio. Dr. Wagstaff's comment was written to ridicule that of Mr. Addison, in the Spectator, upon the ballad of Chevy-Chase, and is inserted in his works.

Ver. 67, the. V. 68, a taker.

And so Tom Thumbe restrained was
From these his sports and play,
And by his mother after that
Compel'd at home to stay.

Whereas about a Christmas time,
His father a hog had kil'd,
And Tom 'would' see the puddings made,
'For fear' they should be spil'd.

He sate vpon the pudding-boule,
The candle for to hold;
Of which there is vnto this day
A pretty pastime told:

For Tom fell in, and could not be
For euer after found,
For in the blood and batter he
Was strangely lost and drownd.

Where searching long, but all in vaine,
His mother after that
Into a pudding thrust her sonne,
Instead of minced fat.

Which pudding of the largest size,
Into the kettle throwne,
Made all the rest to fly thereout,
As with a whirle-wind blowne.

For so it tumbled vp and downe,
Within the liquor there,
As if the deuill 'had' been boyld;
Such was his mothers feare.

That vp she tooke the pudding strait,
And gaue it at the doore
Vnto a tinker, which from thence
In his blacke budget bore.

But as the tinker climb'd a stile,
By chance he let a cracke:
Now gip, old knaue, out cride Tom Thumbe,
There hanging at his backe:

At which the tinker gan to run,
And would no longer stay,
But cast both bag and pudding downe,
And thence hyed fast away.

From which Tom Thumbe got loose at last
And home return'd againe:
Where he from following dangers long
In safety did remaine.

Untill such time his mother went
A milking of her kine,
Where Tom vnto a thistle fast
She linked with a twine.

A thread that helde him to the same,
For feare the blustring winde
Should blow him thence, that so she might
Her sonne in safety finde.

But marke the hap, a cow came by,
And vp the thistle eate.
Poore Tom withall, that, as a docke,
Was made the red cowes meate:

Who being mist, his mother went
Him calling euery where,
Where art thou Tom? where art thou Tom?
Quoth he, Here mother, here:

Within the red cowes belly here,
Your sonne is swallowed vp.
The which into her feareful heart
Most carefull dolours put.

Meane while the cowe was troubled much,
In this her tumbling wombe,
And could not rest vntil that she
Had backward cast Tom Thumbe:

Who all besmeared as he was,
His mother tooke him vp,
To beare him thence, the which poore lad
She in her pocket put.

Now after this, in sowing time,
His father would him haue
Into the field to driue his plow,
And therevpon him gaue

A whip made of a barly straw,
To driue the cattle on:
Where, in a furrow'd land new sowne,
Poore Tom was lost and gon.

Now by a raven of great strength
Away he thence was borne,
And carried in the carrions beake
Euen like a graine of corne,

Unto a giants castle top,
In which he let him fall,
Where soone the giant swallowed vp
His body, cloathes and all.

Ver. 87, to. V. 88, feared that. V. 107, had there.

But in his belly did Tom Thumbe
So great a rumbling make,
That neither day nor night he could
The smallest quiet take,

Untill the gyant had him spewd
Three miles into the sea,
Whereas a fish soone tooke him vp
And bore him thence away.

Which lusty fish was after caught
And to king Arthur sent,
Where Tom was found, and made his dwarfe,
Whereas his dayes he spent

Long time in liuely iollity,
Belou'd of all the court,
And none like Tom was then esteem'd
Among the noble sort.

Amongst his deedes of courtship done,
His highnesse did command,
That he ould dance a galliard braue
Vpon his queenes left hand.

The which he did, and for the same
The king his signet gaue,
Which Tom ab ut his middle wore
Long time a girdle braue.

Now after this the king would not
Abroad for pleasure goe,
But still Tom Thumbe must ride with him,
Plac't on his saddle-bow.

Where on a time when as it rain'd,
Tom Thumbe most nimbly crept
In at a button hole, where he
Within his bosome slept.

And being neere his highnesse heart,
He crau'd a wealthy boone,
A liberall gift, the which the king
Comanded to be done,

For to relieue his fathers wants,
And mothers, being old;
Which was so much of siluer coyne
As well his armes could hold.

And so away goes lusty Tom,
With three pence on his backe,
A heauy burthen, which might make
His wearied limbes to cracke.

So trauelling two dayes and nights,
With labour and great paine,
He came into the house whereas
His parents did remaine;

Which was but halfe a mile in space
From good king Arthurs court,
The which in eight and forty houres
He went in weary sort.

But comming to his fathers doore,
He there such entrance had
As made his parents both reioice,
And he thereat was glad.

His mother in her apron tooke
Her gentle sonne in haste,
And by the fier side, within
A walnut shell, him plac'd:

Whereas they feasted him three dayes
Vpon a hazell nut,
Whereon he rioted so long
He them to charges put;

And there-upon grew wonderous sicke,
Through eating too much meate,
Which was sufficient for a month
For this great man to eate.

But now his businesse call'd him foorth,
King Arthurs court to see,
Whereas no longer from the same
He could a stranger be.

But yet a few small April drops,
Which setled in the way,
His long and weary iourney forth
Did hinder and so stay.

Until his carefull father tooke
A birding trunke in sport,
And with one blast blew this his sonne
Into king Arthurs court.

Now he with tilts and turnaments
Was entertained so,
That all the best of Arthurs knights
Did him much pleasure show.

As good Sir Lancelot of the Lake,
Sir Tristam, and sir Guy;
Yet none compar'd with braue Tom Thum,
For knightly chiualry.

In honour of which noble day,
And for his ladies sake,
A challenge in king Arthurs court
Tom Thumbe did brauely make.

Gainst whom these noble knights did run,
Sir Chinon and the rest,
Yet still Tom Thumbe with matchles might
Did beare away the best.

At last sir Lancelot of the Lake
In manly sort came in,
And with this stout and hardy knight
A battle did begin.

Which made the courtiers all agast,
For there that valiant man
Through Lancelots steed, before them all,
In nimble manner ran.

Yea horse and all, with speare and shield,
As hardly he was seene,
But onely by king Arthurs selfe
And his admired queene.

Who from her finger tooke a ring,
Through which Tom Thumbe made way.
Not touching it, in nimble sort,
As it was done in play.

He likewise cleft the smallest haire
From his faire ladies head,
Not hurting her whose euen hand
Him lasting honors bred.

Such were his deeds and noble acts
In Arthurs court there showne,
As like in all the world beside
Was hardly seene or knowne.

Now at these sports he toyld himselfe
That he a sicknesse tooke,
Through which all manly exercise
He carelesly forsooke.

Where lying on his bed sore sicke,
King Arthurs doctor came,
With cunning skill, by physicks art,
To ease and cure the same.

His body being so slender small,
This cunning doctor tooke
A fine prospective glasse, with which
He did in secret looke

Into his sickened body downe,
And therein saw that Death
Stood ready in his wasted guts
To sease his vitall breath.

His armes and leggs consum'd as small
As was a spiders web,
Through which his dying houre grew on,
For all his limbes grew dead.

His face no bigger than an ants,
Which hardly could be seene:
The losse of which renowned knight
Much grieu'd the king and queene.

And so with peace and quietnesse
He left this earth below;
And vp into the Fayry Land
His ghost did fading goe.

Whereas the Fayry queen receiu'd,
With heauy mourning cheere,
The body of this valiant knight,
Whom she esteem'd so deere.

For with her dancing nymphes in greene,
She fetcht him from his bed,
With musicke and sweet melody,
So soone as life was fled:

For whom king Arthur and his knights
Full forty daies did mourne;
And, in remembrance of his name
That was so strangely borne,

He built a tomb of marble gray,
And yeare by yeare did come
To celebrate the mournefull day,
And buriall of Tom Thum.

Whose fame still liues in England here,
Amongst the country sort;
Of whom our wives and children small
Tell tales of pleasant sport.

The Eve of St. John.

This ballad—the composition of Sir Walter Scott—was originally published in the "Tales of Wonder," edited by M. G. Lewis. The scene of the Tragedy, "Smaylho'me, or Smallholm Tower, is situated on the northern boundary of Roxburghshire, among a cluster of wild rocks, called Sandiknow Crags. The tower is a high square building, surrounded by an outer wall, now ruinous. The circuit of the outer court, being defended on three sides by a precipice and morass, is accessible only from the west by a steep and rocky path. The apartments, as usual in a Border keep, or fortress, are placed one above another, and communicate by a narrow stair; on the roof are two bartizans, or platforms, for defence or pleasure. The inner door of the tower is wood, the outer an iron gate; the distance between them being nine feet, the thickness, namely, of the wall. From the elevated situation of Smaylho'me Tower, it is seen many miles in every direction. Among the crags by which it is surrounded, one, more eminent, is called the *Watchfold*, and is said to have been the station of a beacon in the times of war with England. Without the tower-court is a ruined chapel. Brotherstone is a heath, in the neighbourhood of Smaylho'me Tower."*

When the ballad was republished in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," it was accompanied by some account of the battle of "Ancram Moor," to which reference is made in the poem, as "running red with English blood" from the fight between "keen Lord Evers" and "The Douglas true and the bold Buccleuch,"

—a fight that was ever famous in the annals of border warfare.* It took place in 1546. Evers and his colleague Sir Brian Latoun, having been promised by the English king a feudal grant of the country they had reduced to a desert, Archibald Douglas, the seventh Earl of Angus, is said to have sworn to write the deed of investiture upon their skins with sharp pens and bloody ink, in resentment for their having defaced the tombs of his ancestors at Melrose. He kept his word; at the head of one thousand men, aided by the famous Norman Lesley with a body of Fife-men, and "the bold Buccleuch" with a small but chosen body of his retainers, Evers and Latoun were met, at Ancram Moor,† with an army consisting of three thousand mercenaries, one thousand five hundred English Borderers, and seven hundred Scotchmen of "broken clans," who changed sides during the engagement, and, joining their countrymen, made a most merciless slaughter among

* This Ballad derives additional interest from the fact that "the ancient fortress and its vicinity formed the scene of the Editor's infancy, and seemed to claim from him this attempt to celebrate them in a Border tale." References are made, in the introduction to the 3d canto of "Marmion," to

"———those crags, that mountain tower,
Which charm'd my fancy's wakening hour."

"It was a barren scene, and wild,
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled;
But ever and anon between
Lay velvet tufts of softest green;
And well the lonely infant knew
Recesses where the wallflower grew."

* In the 1st volume of "Border Minstrelsy" is printed a ballad which appears to have been written to commemorate the circumstance of Sir Ralph Evers being ennobled on account of the vigour with which he prosecuted the Border warfare:—

"And since he has kepte Berwick upon Tweed,
The town was never better kept, I wot;
He maintain'd leal and order along the Border,
And still was ready to prick the Scot.

"With our Queen's brother he hath been,
And rode rough-shod thro' Scotland of late;
They have burn'd the Mers and Tiviotdale,
And knocked full loud at Edinburgh gate."

Lord Evers was slain at Ancram Moor; and "was buried in Melrose Abbey, where his stone coffin may still be seen—a little to the left of the Great Altar."

† The spot on which the battle was fought is called Lilyard's Edge, from an Amazonian Scottish woman of that name, who is reported, by tradition, to have distinguished herself in the same manner as Squire Witherington. The old people point out her monument, now broken and defaced. The inscription is said to have been legible within this century, and to have run thus:—

"Fair maiden Lylliard lies under this stane,
Little was her stature, but great was her fame,
Upon the English louns she laid mony thumps,
And, when her legs were cutted off, she fought upon her stumps."

the English fugitives. "In the battle fell Lord Evers and his son, together with Sir Brian Latoun, and eight hundred Englishmen, many of whom were persons of rank. A thousand prisoners were taken. Among these was a patriotic alderman of London, Read by name, who, having contumaciously refused to pay his portion of a benevolence demanded from the city by Henry VIII., was sent by royal authority to serve against the Scots. These, at settling his ransom, he found still more exorbitant in their exactions than the monarch."

Concerning the ballad of "The Eve of St. John," Sir Walter Scott gives us no information except in the notes—and they refer exclusively to the localities among which he has laid the scene of a romantic drama. He does not appear to have pointed the moral from any particular incident; yet the lesson conveyed by the story, that

"Lawless love is guilt above,"

is not the less forcible because it has reference to no express local tradition. The stanzas which close the tale are full of solemn grandeur; seldom has a more impressive picture been exhibited in lines so few:—

"There is a nun in Dryburgh bower,
Ne'er looks upon the sun;
There is a monk in Melrose tower,
He speaketh word to none.

"That nun, who ne'er beholds the day,
That monk who speaks to none—
That nun was Smaylho'me's Lady gay,
That monk the bold baron."

The Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day,
He spurred his courser on,
Without stop or stay, down the rocky way,
That leads to Brotherstone.

He went not with the bold Buccleuch,
His banner broad to rear;
He went not 'gainst the English yew,
To lift the Scottish spear.

Yet his plate-jack was brac'd, his helmet was lac'd,
And his vaunt-brace of proof he wore;
At his saddle-gerthe was a good steel sperthe,
Full ten pound weight and more.

The Baron return'd in three days' space,
And his looks were sad and sour:
And weary was his courser's pace,
As he reach'd his rocky tower.

He came not from where Ancram Moor
Ran red with English blood;
Where the Douglas true, and the bold Buccleuch,
'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood.

Yet was his helmet hack'd and hew'd,
His acton pierced and tore,
His axe and his dagger with blood imbrued,—
But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage,
He held him close and still;
And he whistled thrice for his little foot-page,
His name was English Will.

"Come thou hither, my little foot-page,
Come hither to my knee;
Though thou art young, and tender of age,
I think thou art true to me.

"Come tell me all that thou hast seen,
And look thou tell me true!
Since I from Smaylho'me tower have been,
What did thy lady do?"

"My lady, each night, sought the lonely light,
That burns on the wild Watchfold;
For, from height to height, the beacons bright
Of the English foemen told.

"The bittern clamour'd from the moss,
The wind blew loud and shrill;
Yet the craggy pathway she did cross,
To the eiry Beacon Hill.

"I watch'd her steps, and silent came
Where she sat her on a stone;—
No watchman stood by the dreary flame,
It burned all alone.

"The second night I kept her in sight,
Till to the fire she came,
And, by Mary's might! an armed knight
Stood by the lonely flame.

"And many a word that warlike lord
Did speak to my lady there;
But the rain fell fast, and loud blew the blast,
And I heard not what they were.

"The third night there the sky was fair,
And the mountain-blast was still,
As again I watch'd the secret pair,
On the lonesome Beacon Hill.

"And I heard her name the midnight hour,
And name this holy eve;
And say, 'Come this night to thy lady's bower;
Ask no bold baron's leave.

"'He lifts his spear, with the bold Buccleuch;
His lady is all alone;
The door she'll undo to her knight so true,
On the eve of good St. John.'—

"'I cannot come; I must not come;
I dare not come to thee;
On the eve of St. John I must wander alone;
In thy bower I may not be.'—

"'Now, out on thee, faint-hearted knight!
Thou shouldst not say me nay;
For the eve is sweet, and, when lovers meet,
Is worth the whole summer's day.

"'And I'll chain the blood-hound,
And the warder shall not sound,
And rushes shall be strew'd on the stair;
So, by the black rood-stone, and by holy St. John,
I conjure thee, my love, to be there!'—

"'Though the blood-hound be mute,
And the rush beneath my foot,
And the warder his bugle should not blow,
There sleepeth a priest in the chamber to the east,
And my footstep he would know.'—

"'O fear not the priest, who sleepeth to the east!
For to Dryburgh the way he has ta'en;
And there to say mass, till three days do pass,
For the soul of a knight that is slayne.'—

"'He turn'd him round, and grimly he frown'd;
Then he laughed right scornfully—
'He who says mass-rite for the soul of that knight,
May as well say mass for me:

"'At the midnight hour,
When bad spirits have power,
In thy chamber will I be.'—
With that he was gone, and my lady left alone,
And no more did I see."

Then changed, I trow, was that bold Baron's brow,
From the dark to the blood-red high—
"Now, tell me the mien of the knight thou hast seen,
For, by Mary, he shall die!"—

"His arms shone bright, in the beacon's red light!
His plume it was scarlet and blue;
On his shield was a hound,
In a silver leash bound,
And his crest was a branch of the yew."—

"Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-page,
Loud dost thou lie to me!
For that knight is cold,
And low laid in the mould,
All under the Eildon-tree."—

"Yet hear but my word, my noble lord!
For I heard her name his name;
And that lady bright she called the knight
Sir Richard of Coldinghame."—

The bold Baron's brow then changed, I trow,
From high blood-red to pale—
"The grave is deep and dark—
And the corpse is stiff and stark—
So I may not trust thy tale.

"Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,
And Eildon slopes to the plain,
Full three nights ago, by some secret foe,
That gay gallant was slain.

"The varying light deceived thy sight,
And the wild winds drown'd the name;
For the Dryburgh bells ring,
And the white monks do sing,
For Sir Richard of Coldinghame!"

He passed the court-gate,
And he oped the tower gate,
And he mounted the narrow stair,
To the bartizan seat,
Where with maids that on her wait,
He found his lady fair.

That lady sat in mournful mood;
Look'd over hill and vale;
Over Tweed's fair flood, and Mertoun's wood,
And all down Teviotdale.

"Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright!"—
"Now hail, thou Baron true!
What news, what news, from Ancram fight?
What news from the bold Buccleuch?"—

"The Ancram Moor is red with gore,
For many a southern fell;
And Buccleuch has charged us, evermore,
To watch our beacons well."—

The lady blush'd red, but nothing she said:
Nor added the Baron a word:
Then she stepp'd down the stair to her chamber fair,
And so did her moody lord.

In sleep the lady mourn'd,
And the Baron toss'd and turn'd,
And oft to himself he said,—
"The worms around him creep,
And his bloody grave is deep . . . . .
It cannot give up the dead!"—

It was near the ringing of matin-bell,
The night was well nigh done.
When a heavy sleep on that Baron fell,
On the eve of good St. John.

The lady look'd through the chamber fair,
By the light of a dying flame;
And she was aware of a knight stood there—
Sir Richard of Coldinghame!

"Alas! away, away!" she cried,
"For the holy Virgin's sake!"—
"Lady, I know who sleeps by thy side;
But, lady, he will not awake.

"By Eildon-tree, for long nights three,
In bloody grave have I lain;
The mass and the death-prayer are said for me,
But, lady, they are said in vain.

"By the Baron's brand, near Tweed's fair strand,
Most foully slain, I fell;
And my restless sprite on the beacon's height,
For a space is doomed to dwell.

"At our trysting-place, for a certain space,
I must wander to and fro;
But I had not had power to come to thy bower,
Hadst thou not conjured me so."—

Love master'd fear—her brow she cross'd;
"How, Richard, hast thou sped?
And art thou saved, or art thou lost?"—
The vision shook his head!

"Who spilleth life shall forfeit life;
So bid thy lord believe:
That lawless love is guilt above,
This awful sign receive."

He laid his left palm on an oaken beam,
His right upon her hand;
The lady shrunk, and fainting sunk,
For it scorch'd like a fiery brand.

The sable score of fingers four
Remains on that board impress'd;
And for evermore that lady wore
A covering on her wrist.*

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower,
Ne'er looks upon the sun;
There is a monk in Melrose tower,
He speaketh word to none.

That nun, who ne'er beholds the day,
That monk who speaks to none—
That nun was Smaylho'me's Lady gay,
That monk the bold Baron.

* The circumstance of the "nun who never saw the day," is not entirely imaginary. Neither is the incident of the lady wearing a covering on the wrist to conceal "the sable score of fingers four." Sir Walter says it is "founded on an Irish tradition." The circumstance referred to is not of a remote date. We have ourselves seen the bracelet said to have been thus used—and worn until death betrayed the secret of the wearer.

Frennet Hall.

We copy this ballad from Herd's collection of "Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, Heroic Ballads, &c.," where it first appeared, unaccompanied, however, by note or comment, and leaving little room for doubt that it was the production of a modern pen,—"written belike (we quote from Motherwell) by the ingenious hand to whom we are indebted for the Ballads of 'Duncan' and 'Kenneth,' which appear in the same work, and which, by the way, we may be pardoned for saying, are but indifferent imitations of the Ancient Ballad style."*

It was reprinted by Ritson, who considers it to have been "suggested by one composed at the time, a few stanzas of which were fortunately remembered by the Rev. Mr. Boyd, translator of 'Dante,' and were obligingly communicated to the Editor by his very ingenious and valuable friend, J. C. Walker, Esq." These stanzas we have introduced in a note. The ballad of which Ritson gave a fragment has, however, been since rescued entire. It is entitled the "Fire of Frendraught," and its history is thus given by Motherwell. "For the recovery of this interesting ballad hitherto supposed to have been lost, the public is indebted to the industrious research of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., of Edinburgh, by whom it was obligingly communicated for insertion in the present collection. It has already appeared in a smaller volume of exceeding rarity, printed at Edinburgh, in the beginning of 1824, under the title of 'A North Country Garland,' but with the disadvantage of containing a very considerable number of slight verbal and literal inaccuracies,"—which in Motherwell's version are removed. The ballad has a high degree of poetic merit, and probably was written at the time by an eye-witness of the event which it records; for there is "a horrid vivacity of colouring and circumstantial minuteness in the description of the agonies of the unhappy sufferers, which none but a spectator could have given."

The old ballad thus begins:

"The eighteenth of October,
A dismal tale to hear,
How good Lord John and Rothiemay
Were both burnt in the fire."

The Scottish Historians detail the appalling circumstances commemorated in the ballad. The Viscount Aboyn, son to the Marquis of Huntley, and the young laird of Rothiemay, were guests in the castle of the Laird of Frendraught. "All being at rest, about midnight that dolorous tower took fire. * * * Aboyn ran up stairs to Rothiemay's chamber and wakened him to rise; and as he is awakening him, the timber passage and lofting of the chamber hastily take fire, so that none of them could run down stairs again; so they turned to a window looking to the close, where they piteously cried many times, 'Help, help, for God's cause.' The laird and lady, with their servants, all seeing and hearing the woful crying, made no help or manner of helping;* which they perceiving, cried

* "In 1769, Mr. Herd published his Ancient and Modern Songs, Heroic Ballads, &c., and again, in 1776, in two volumes,—a collection of much merit, and one wherein many curious lyrical pieces have found a sanctuary. The principal faults of this compilation consist in its ancient and modern pieces being indiscriminately mingled together; and that no reference is even made to the authorities from which they are derived, except what this slight announcement contains: "It is divided into three parts. The first is composed of all the Scottish Ancient and Modern Heroic Ballads, or Epic tales, together with some beautiful fragments of this kind. Many of these are recovered from tradition, or old MSS., and never before printed. The second part consists of sentimental, pastoral, and love songs: and the third is a collection of comic, humorous, and jovial songs.'"—Motherwell, "Introduction to Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern."

* A passage in the old ballad is said to have received a singular illustration. When the youths in their agony called upon Lady Frendraught for mercy, she is made to reply,

"The keys are casten in the deep draw well,
Ye cannot get away."

Mr. Finley, after regretting that all his attempts to recover the ballad had proved unsuccessful, relates the following circumstance. "A lady, a near relation of mine, lived near the spot in her youth for some time; and remembers having heard the old song mentioned by Ritson, but cannot repeat it. She says there was a verse which stated that the lord and lady locked the door of the tower, and flung the keys into the draw-well; and that, many years ago, when the well was cleared out, this tradition was corroborated by their finding the keys—at least such was the report of the country."

oftentimes mercy at God's hands for their sins; syne clasped in each others arms, and cheerfully suffered their martyrdom." The Ballad-maker thus describes the horrible catastrophe:—Aboyn is answering to his servant, who entreats him to "loup down;"—

"O loup, O loup, my dear master,
O loup and come to me;
I'll catch you in my arms two,
One foot I will not flee!"

"But I cannot loup, I cannot come,
I cannot win to thee;
My head's fast in the wire window,
My feet burning from me.

"My eyes are seething in my head,
My flesh roasting also,
My bowels are boiling with my blood,
Is not that a woeful woe.

"Take here the rings from my white fingers,
That are so long and small,
And give them to my lady fair,
Where she sits in her hall.

"So I cannot loup, I cannot come,
I cannot loup to thee—
My earthly part is all consumed,
My spirit but speaks to thee."

The historian continues:—"Thus died this noble Viscount, of singular expectation, Rothiemay a brave youth, and the rest, by this doleful fire, never enough to be deplored, to the great grief and sorrow of their kin, parents, and haill common people, especially to the noble Marquis. No man can express the dolour of him and his lady, nor yet the grief of the Viscount's ain dear lady, when it came to her ears, which she kept to her dying day, disdaining after the company of men all her lifetime, following the love of the turtle dove."

Whether Frendraught and his lady were actually guilty can now never be ascertained. The popular voice was against them; yet it is more than probable that the ballad and tradition have doomed innocent people to an infamous immortality. A gentleman named Meldrum was executed for the burning, but on very insufficient evidence; and he died "without any certain and real confession, as was said, anent this doleful fire." The fire occurred in October, 1630.

When Frennet Castle's ivied walls
Through yellow leaves were seen;
When birds forsook the sapless boughs,
And bees the faded green;

Then Lady Frennet, vengefu' dame,
Did wander frae the ha',
To the wide forest's dewie gloom,
Among the leaves that fa'.

Her page, the swiftest of her train,
Had clumb a lofty tree,
Whase branches to the angry blast
Were soughing mournfullie.

He turn'd his een towards the path
That near the castle lay,
Where good Lord John and Rothiemay
Were riding down the brae.

Swift darts the eagle through the sky,
When prey beneath is seen:
As quickly he forgot his hold,
And perch'd upon the green.

"O hie thee, hie thee, lady gay,
Frae this dark wood awa'!
Some visitors of gallant mein
Are hasting to the ha'."

Then round she row'd her silken plaid,
Her feet she did na spare,
Until she left the forest's skirts
A long bow-shot and mair.

"O where, O where, my good lord John,
O tell me where ye ride?
Within my castle-wall this nicht
I hope ye mean to bide.

"Kind nobles, will ye but alicht,
In yonder bower to stay,
Soft ease shall teach you to forget
The hardness of the way."

"Forbear entreaty, gentle dame,
How can we here remain?
Full well you know your husband deir
Was by our father slain:

"The thoughts of which, with fell revenge,
Within your bosom swell:
Enraged you've sworn that blood for blood,
Should this black passion quell."

"O fear not, fear not, good Lord John,
That I will you betray,
Or sue requital for a debt
Which nature cannot pay.*

"Bear witness, a' ye powers on high!
Ye lichts that 'gin to shine!
This nicht shall prove the sacred cord
That knits your faith and mine."

The lady slie, with honey'd words,
Enticed the youths to stay;
But morning sun ne'er shone upon
Lord John and Rothiemay.

The Lovers Quarrel; or, Cupids Triumph.

This "pleasant History," which "may be sung to the tune of Floras Farewell," is here republished from a copy printed at London for F. Cotes and others, 1677, 12mo. bl. l., preserved in the curious and valuable collection of that excellent and most respected antiquary Antony à Wood, in the Ashmolean Museum; compared with another impression, for the same partners, without date, in the editor's possession. The reader will find a different copy of the poem, more in the ballad form, in a collection of "Ancient Songs," published by F. Johnson. Both copies are conjectured to have been modernized, by different persons, from some common original, which has hitherto eluded the vigilance of collectors, but is strongly suspected to have been the composition of an old North country minstrel.

The full title is—"The Lovers Quarrel: or Cupids Triumph: being the pleasant history of Fair Rosamond of Scotland. Being daughter to the Lord Arundel, whose love was obtained by the valour of Tommy Pots: who conquered the Lord Phenix, and wounded him, and after obtained her to be his wife. Being very delightful to read."

Of all the lords in Scotland fair,
And ladies that been so bright of blee,
There is a noble lady among them all,
And report of her you shall hear by me.

For of her beauty she is bright,
And of her colour very fair,
She's daughter to lord Arundel,
Approv'd his parand and his heir.

Ile see this bride, lord Phenix said,
That lady of so bright a blee,
And if I like her countenance well,
The heir of all my lands she'st be.

But when he came the lady before,
Before this comely maid came he,
O god thee save, thou lady sweet,
My heir and parand thou shalt be.

* The following are the stanzas referred to in the introductory remarks:—

"The reek it rose and the flame it flew,
And, oh! the fire augmented high,
Until it came to Lord John's chamber window,
And to the bed where Lord John lay.

"'O help me, help me, Lady Frennet,
I never ettled harm to thee,
And if my father slew thy lord,
Forget the deed and rescue me.'

"He looked east, he looked west,
To see if any help was nigh;
At length his little page he saw,
Who to his lord aloud did cry.

"'Loup down, loup down, my master dear,
What though the window's dreigh and hie,
I'll catch you in my arms twa,
And never a foot from you I'll flee.'

"'How can I loup, you little page?
How can I leave this window high?
Do you not see the blazing low,
And my twa legs burnt to my knee?'"

It was the publication of these fine and vigorous stanzas which led to a general search for the old ballad. At length it was recovered by Kirkpatrick Sharpe in the manner we have described. A rich and rare addition was thus made to the ballad Lore of Scotland. It is worthy of note, that in this fragment, also, guilt is attributed to Lady Frennet.

Leave off your suit, the lady said,
As you are a lord of high degree,
You may have ladies enough at home,
And I have a lord in mine own country;

For I have a lover true of mine own,
A serving-man of low degree,
One Tommy Pots it is his name,
My first love, and last that ever shall be.

If that Tom Pots [it] is his name,
I do ken him right verily,
I am able to spend fourty pounds a week,
Where he is not able to spend pounds three.

God give you good of your gold, she said,
And ever god give you good of your fee,
Tom Pots was the first love that ever I had,
And I do mean him the last to be.

With that lord Phenix soon was mov'd,
Towards the lady did he threat,
He told her father, and so it was prov'd,
How his daughters mind was set.

O daughter dear, thou art my own,
The heir of all my lands to be,
Thou shalt be bride to the lord Phenix,
If that thou mean to be heir to me.

O father dear, I am your own,
And at your command I needs must be,
But bind my body to whom you please,
My heart, Tom Pots, shall go with thee.

Alas! the lady her fondness must leave,
And all her foolish wooing lay aside,
The time is come, her friends have appointed,
That she must be lord Phenix bride.

With that the lady began to weep,
She knew not well then what to say,
How she might lord Phenix deny,
And escape from marriage quite away.

She call'd unto her little foot-page,
Saying, I can trust none but thee,
Go carry Tom Pots this letter fair,
And bid him on Guildford-green meet me:

For I must marry against my mind,
Or in faith well proved it shall be;
And tell to him I am loving and kind,
And wishes him this wedding to see.

But see that thou note his countenance well,
And his colour, and shew it to me;
And go thy way and high thee again,
And forty shillings I will give thee.

For if he smile now with his lips,
His stomach will give him to laugh at the heart,
Then may I seek another true love,
For of Tom Pots small is my part.

But if he blush now in his face,
Then in his heart he will sorry be,
Then to his vow he hath some grace,
And false to him I'le never be.

Away this lacky boy he ran,
And a full speed forsooth went he,
Till he came to Strawberry-castle,
And there Tom Pots came he to see.

He gave him the letter in his hand,
Before that he began to read,
He told him plainly by word of mouth,
His love was forc'd to be lord Phenix bride.

When he look'd on the letter fair,
The salt tears blemished his eye,
Says, I cannot read this letter fair,
Nor never a word to see or spy.

My little boy be to me true,
Here is five marks I will give thee,
And all these words I must peruse,
And tell my lady this from me:

By faith and troth she is my own,
By some part of promise, so it's to be found,
Lord Phenix shall not have her night nor day,
Except he can win her with his own hand.

On Guildford-green I will her meet,
Say that I wish her for me to pray,
For there I'le lose my life so sweet,
Or else the wedding I mean to stay.

Away this lackey-boy he ran,
Then as fast as he could hie,
The lady she met him two miles of the way,
Says, why hast thou staid so long, my boy?

My little boy, thou art but young,
It gives me at heart thou'l mock and scorn,
Ile not believe thee by word of mouth,
Unless on this book thou wilt be sworn.

Now by this book, the boy did say,
And Jesus Christ be as true to me,
Tom Pots could not read the letter fair,
Nor never a word to spy or see.

He says, by faith and troth you are his own,
By some part of promise, so it's to be found,
Lord Phenix shall not have you night nor day,
Except he win you with his own hand.

On Guildford-green he will you meet,
He wishes you for him to pray,
For there he'l lose his life so sweet,
Or else the wedding he means to stay.

If this be true, my little boy,
These tidings which thou tellest to me,
Forty shillings I did thee promise,
Here is ten pounds I will give thee.

My maidens all, the lady said,
That ever wish me well to prove,
Now let us all kneel down and pray,
That Tommy Pots may win his love.

If it be his fortune the better to win,
As I pray to Christ in trinity,
Ile make him the flower of all his kin,
For the young lord Arundel he shall be.

THE SECOND PART.

Let's leave talking of this lady fair,
In prayers full good where she may be,
Now let us talk of Tommy Pots,
To his lord and master for aid went he.

But when he came lord Jockey before,
He kneeled lowly on his knee,
What news? what news? thou Tommy Pots,
Thou art so full of courtesie.

What tydings? what tydings? thou Tommy Pots,
Thou art so full of courtesie;
Thou hast slain some of thy fellows fair,
Or wrought to me some villany.

I have slain none of my fellows fair,
Nor wrought to you no villany,
But I have a love in Scotland fair,
And I fear I shall lose her with poverty.

If you'l not believe me by word of mouth,
But read this letter, and you shall see,
Here by all these suspitious words
That she her own self hath sent to me.

But when he had read the letter fair,
Of all the suspitious words in it might be,
O Tommy Pots, take thou no care,
Thou'st never lose her with poverty.

For thou'st have forty pounds a week,
In gold and silver thou shalt row,
And Harvy town I will give thee,
As long as thou intend'st to wooe.

Thou'st have forty of thy fellows fair,
And forty horses to go with thee,
Forty of the best spears I have,
And I myself in thy company.

I thank you, master, said Tommy Pots,
That proffer is too good for me;
But, if Jesus Christ stand on my side,
My own hands shall set her free.

God be with you, master, said Tommy Pots,
Now Jesus Christ you save and see;
If ever I come alive again,
Staid the wedding it shall be.

O god be your speed, thou Tommy Pots,
Thou art well proved for a man,
See never a drop of blood thou spil,
Nor yonder gentleman confound.

See that some truce with him thou take,
And appoint a place of liberty;
Let him provide him as well as he can,
As well provided thou shalt be.

But when he came to Guildford-green,
And there had walkt a little aside,
There he was ware of lord Phenix come,
And lady Rosamond his bride.

Away by the bride then Tommy Pots went,
But never a word to her he did say,
Till he the lord Phenix came before,
He gave him the right time of the day.

O welcome, welcome, thou Tommy Pots,
Thou serving-man of low degree,
How doth thy lord and master at home,
And all the ladies in that country?

My lord and master is in good health,
I trust since that I did him see;
Will you walk with me to an out-side,
Two or three words to talk with me?

You are a noble man, said Tom,
And born a lord in Scotland free,
You may have ladies enough at home,
And never take my love from me.

Away, away, thou Tommy Pots,
Thou serving-man stand thou aside;
It is not a serving-man this day,
That can hinder me of my bride.

If I be a serving-man, said Tom,
And you a lord of high degree,
A spear or two with you I'le run,
Before I'le lose her cowardly.

Appoint a place, I will thee meet,
Appoint a place of liberty,
For there I'le lose my life so sweet,
Or else my lady I'le set free.

On Guildford-green I will thee meet,
No man nor boy shall come with me.
As I am a man, said Tommy Pots,
I'le have as few in my company.

And thus staid the marriage was,
The bride unmarried went home again,
Then to her maids fast did she laugh,
And in her heart she was full fain.

My maidens all, the lady said,
That ever wait on me this day,
Now let us all kneel down,
And for Tommy Pots let us all pray.

If it be his fortune the better to win,
As I trust to God in trinity,
Ile make him the flower of all his kin,
For the young lord Arundel he shall be.

THE THIRD PART.

When Tom Pots came home again,
To try for his love he had but a week,
For sorrow, god wot, he need not care,
For four days that he fel sick.

With that his master to him came,
Says, pray thee, Tom Pots, tell me if thou doubt,
Whether thou hast gotten thy gay lady,
Or thou must go thy love without.

O master, yet it is unknown,
Within these two days well try'd it must be,
He is a lord, I am but a serving man,
I fear I shall lose her with poverty.

I prethee, Tom Pots, get thee on thy feet,
My former promises kept shall be;
As I am a lord in Scotland fair,
Thou'st never lose her with poverty.

For thou'st have the half of my lands a year,
And that will raise thee many a pound,
Before thou shalt out-braved be,
Thou shalt drop angels with him on the ground.

I thank you, master, said Tommy Pots,
Yet there is one thing of you I would fain,
If that I lose my lady sweet,
How I'st restore your goods again?

If that thou win the lady sweet,
Thou mayst well forth thou shalt pay me,
If thou losest thy lady thou losest enough,
Thou shalt not pay me one penny.

You have thirty horses in one close,
You keep them all both frank and free,
Amongst them all there's an old white horse,
This day would set my lady free;

That is an old horse with a cut tail,
Full sixteen years of age is he;
If thou wilt lend me that old horse,
Then could I win her easily.

That's a foolish opinion, his master said,
And a foolish opinion thou tak'st to thee;
Thou'st have a better then ever he was,
Though forty pounds more it should cost me.

O your choice horses are wild and tough,
And little they can skill of their train;
If I be out of my saddle cast,
They are so wild they'l ne'r be tain.

Thou'st have that horse, his master said,
If that one thing thou wilt me tell;
Why that horse is better then any other,
I pray thee, Tom Pots, shew thou to me.

That horse is old, of stomach bold,
And well can he skill of his train,
If I be out of my saddle cast,
He'l either stand still, or turn again.

Thou'st have the horse with all my heart,
And my plate coat of silver free,
An hundred men to stand at thy back,
To fight if he thy master be.

I thank you master, said Tommy Pots,
That proffer is too good for me,
I would not for ten thousand pounds,
Have man or boy in my company.

God be with you, master, said Tommy Pots,
Now as you are a man of law,
One thing let me crave at your hand,
Let never a one of my fellows know.

For if that my fellows they did wot,
Or ken of my extremity,
Except you keep them under a lock,
Behind me I'm sure they would not be.

But when he came to Guildford-green,
He waited hours two or three,
There he was ware of lord Phenix come,
And four men in his company.

You have broken your vow, said Tommy Pots,
The vow which you did make to me,
You said you would bring neither man nor boy,
And now has brought more than two or three.

These are my men, lord Phenix said,
Which every day do wait on me;
If any of these dare proffer to strike,
I'le run my spear through his body.

I'le run no race now, said Tommy Pots,
Except now this may be,
If either of us be slain this day,
The other shall forgiven be.

I'le make that vow with all my heart,
My men shall bear witness with me;
And if thou slay me here this day,
In Scotland worse belov'd thou never shalt be.

They turn'd their horses thrice about,
To run the race so eagerly;
Lord Phenix he was fierce and stout,
And ran Tom Pots through the thick o' th' thigh.

He bor'd him out of the saddle fair,
Down to the ground so sorrowfully.
For the loss of my life I do not care,
But for the loss of my fair lady.

Now for the loss of my lady sweet,
Which once I thought to have been my wife,
I pray thee, lord Phenix, ride not away,
For with thee I would end my life.

Tom Pots was but a serving-man,
But yet he was a doctor good,
He bound his handkerchief on his wound,
And with some kind of words he stancht his blood.*

He leapt into his saddle again,
The blood in his body began to warm,
He mist lord Phenix body fair,
And ran him through the brawn of the arm:

He bor'd him out of his saddle fair,
Down to the ground most sorrowfully;
Says, prethee, lord Phenix, rise up and fight,
Or yield my lady unto me.

Now for to fight I cannot tell,
And for to fight I am not sure;
Thou hast run me throw the brawn o' the arm,
That with a spear I may not endure.

Thou'st have the lady with all my heart,
It was never likely better to prove
With me or any nobleman else
That would hinder a poor man of his love.

Seeing you say so much, said Tommy Pots,
I will not seem your butcher to be,
But I will come and stanch your blood,
If any thing you will give me.

As he did stanch lord Phenix blood,
Lord! in his heart he did rejoice;
I'le not take the lady from you thus,
But of her you'st have another choice.

Here is a lane of two miles long,
At either end we set will be,
The lady shall stand us among,
Her own choice shall set her free.

* i. e. he made use of a charm for that purpose.

If thou'l do so, lord Phenix said,
To lose her by her own choice it's honesty,
Chuse whether I get her or go her without,
Forty pounds I will give thee.

But when they in that lane was set,
The wit of a woman for to prove,
By the faith of my body, the lady said,
Then Tom Pots must needs have his love.

Towards Tom Pots the lady did hie,
To get on behind him hastily;
Nay stay, nay stay, lord Phenix said,
Better proved it shall be.

Stay you with your maidens here,
In number fair they are but three;
Tom Pots and I will go behind yonder wall,
That one of us two be proved to dye.

But when they came behind the wall,
The one came not the other nigh,
For the lord Phenix had made a vow,
That with Tom Pots he would never fight.

O give me this choice, lord Phenix said,
To prove whether true or false she be,
And I will go to the lady fair,
And tell her Tom Pots slain is he.

When he came from behind the wall,
With his face all bloody as it might be,
O lady sweet, thou art my own,
For Tom Pots slain is he.

Now have I slain him, Tommy Pots,
And given him deaths wounds two or three;
O lady sweet, thou art my own,
Of all loves, wilt thou live with me?

If thou hast slain him, Tommy Pots,
And given him deaths wounds two or three,
I'le sell the state of my fathers lands,
But hanged shall lord Phenix be.

With that the lady fell in a swound,
For a grieved woman, god wot, was she;
Lord Phenix he was ready then,
To take her up so hastily.

O lady sweet, stand thou on thy feet,
Tom Pots alive this day may be;
I'le send for thy father, lord Arundel,
And he and I the wedding will see:

I'le send for thy father, lord Arundel,
And he and I the wedding will see;
If he will not maintain you well,
Both lands and livings you'st have of me.

I'le see this wedding, lord Arundel said,
Of my daughters luck that is so fair,
Seeing the matter will be no better,
Of all my lands Tom Pots shall be the heir.

With that the lady began for to smile,
For a glad woman, god wot, was she;
Now all my maids, the lady said,
Example you may take by me.

But all the ladies of Scotland fair,
And lasses of England, that well would prove,
Neither marry for gold nor goods,
Nor marry for nothing but only love:

For I had a lover true of my own,
A serving-man of low degree;
Now from Tom Pots I'le change his name,
For the young lord Arundel he shall be.

Katharine Janfarie.

Of this ballad—first published in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border"—the editor informs us that it is "given from several recited copies." It has obviously undergone some alteration; yet much of the rugged character of the original has been retained. The scenery of the ballad is said, by tradition, to lie upon the banks of the Caddenwater, "a small rill which joins the Tweed (from the north) betwixt Inverleithen and Clovenford." It is also traditionally stated that Katharine Janfarie "lived high up in

the glen"—a beautiful and sequestered vale, connected with Traquair, and situated about three miles above Traquair House. The recited copies, from which it is probable Sir Walter Scott collected the verses he has here brought together, exist in Buchan's "Ancient Ballads and Songs," and in Motherwell's "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern." It derives interest and importance, however, less from its intrinsic merit, than from the circumstance of its having given to Scott the hint upon which he founded one of the most brilliant and spirit-stirring of his compositions—the famous and favourite ballad of Young Lochinvar. It will gratify the curious to compare the passages in the two that most nearly resemble each other. We, therefore, print the following extracts from Young Lochinvar, taken from the notes to the modern edition of the "Minstrelsy:"—

"Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word)
O, come ye in peace here or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"
* * * * *

"'I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied,
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide,—
And now I am come with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.'
* * * * *

"The bride kiss'd the goblet; the knight took it up;
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
* * * * *

"One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall door, and the charger stood near:
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
'She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,' quoth young Lochinvar."
* * * * *

Gordon of Lochinvar was, we are told, the head of a powerful branch of that name, afterwards Viscounts of Lochinvar. Motherwell's version, entitled Catherine Johnstone, was "obtained from recitation in the West of Scotland," and shows the state in which the "popular ballad" is there preserved. The "Laird o' Lamington" here figures; and it is worthy of remark, as proving a common origin, that "the Laird of Lamington" was the title given to the ballad in the first edition of the Border Minstrelsy. A few stanzas from Motherwell's version will exhibit the variations between the two copies. The Lord of Lamington having received tidings that his lady-love was about to be wedded to an English gentleman, suddenly enters the wedding-house, where

"Four and twenty belted knights
Sat at a table round;"

who rose to honour and to welcome him; the ballad thus proceeds:—

"O, meikle was the good red wine,
In silver cups did flow;
But aye she drank to Lamington,
For with him would she go.

"O, meikle was the good red wine,
In silver cups gaed round;
At length they began to whisper words,
None could them understand.

"'O came ye here for sport, young man,
Or came ye here for play?
Or came ye for our bonny bride,
On this her wedding-day?'

"'I came not here for sport,' he said,
'Neither did I for play;
But for one word o' your bonnie bride,
I'll mount and go away.'

"They set her maids behind her,
To hear what they would say;
But the first question he ask'd at her,
Was always answer'd nay;
The next question, he ask'd at her,
Was 'Mount and come away!'

"It's up the Couden bank,
And down the Couden brae;
And aye she made the trumpet sound,
It's a weel won play.

"O, meikle was the blood was shed,
Upon the Couden brae;
And aye she made the trumpet sound,
It's a' fair play."

Of the two versions to which we have referred, and another published by Mr. Buchan, Mr. Robert Chambers has composed a fourth. Several stanzas, however, are obviously borrowed from other sources,—Gil Morrice especially. The following passages occur towards the conclusion:—

"There were four and twenty bonnie boys,
A' clad in Johnstone-grey;
They said they would take the bride again,
By the strong hand, if they may.

"Some o' them were right willing men,
But they were na willing a';
And four and twenty Leader lads
Bade them mount and ride awa'.

"Then whingers flew frae gentles' sides,
And swords flew frae the sheas;
And red and rosy was the blude
Ran down the lilye braes.

"The blood ran down by Cadden bank,
And down by Cadden brae;
And, sighing, said the bonnie bride,
'O, wae's me for foul play!'

"'My blessing on your heart, sweet thing!
Wae to your wilful will!
There's mony a gallant gentleman
Whose blude ye hae garr'd spill.'"

THERE was a may, and a weel-far'd may,
Lived high up in yon glen:
Her name was Katharine Janfarie,
She was courted by mony men.

Up then came Lord Lauderdale,
Up frae the Lawland Border;
And he has come to court this may,
A' mounted in good order.

He told na her father, he told na her mother,
And he told na ane o' her kin;
But he whisper'd the bonnie lassie hersell,
And has her favour won.

But out then came Lord Lochinvar,
Out frae the English Border,
All for to court this bonny may,
Weel mounted, and in order.

He told her father, he told her mother,
And a' the lave o' her kin;
But he told na the bonny may hersell,
Till on her wedding e'en.

She sent to the Lord o' Lauderdale,
Gin he wad come and see;
And he has sent word back again,
Weel answer'd she suld be.

And he has sent a messenger
Right quickly through the land,
And raised mony an armed man
To be at his command.

The bride looked out at a high window,
Beheld baith dale and down,
And she was aware of her first true love,
With riders mony a one.

She scoffed him, and scorned him,
Upon her wedding day;
And said—"It was the Fairy court
To see him in array!

"O come ye here to fight, young lord,
Or come ye here to play?
Or come ye here to drink good wine
Upon the wedding day?"—

"I come na here to fight," he said,
"I come na here to play;
I'll but lead a dance wi' the bonny bride,
And mount and go my way."

It is a glass of the blood-red wine
Was filled up them between,
And aye she drank to Lauderdale,
Wha her true love had been.

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
And by the grass-green sleeve;
He's mounted her hie behind himsell,
At her kinsmen speir'd na leave.*

* ["One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
'She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,' quoth young Lochinvar." *Marmion.*]

"Now take your bride, Lord Lochinvar!
Now take her if you may!
But, if you take your bride again,
We'll call it but foul play."

There were four-and-twenty bonnie boys,
A' clad in the Johnstone grey;
They said they would take the bride again,
By the strong hand, if they may.

Some o' them were right willing men,
But they were na willing a':
And four-and-twenty Leader lads
Bid them mount and ride awa'.

Then whingers flew frae gentles' sides,
And swords flew frae the shea's,
And red and rosy was the blood
Ran down the lily braes.

The blood ran down by Caddon bank,
And down by Caddon brae;
And, sighing, said the bonnie bride—
"O wae's me for foul play!"

My blessing on your heart, sweet thing!
Wae to your wilfu' will!
There's mony a gallant gentleman
Whae's bluid ye have garr'd to spill.

Now a' you lords of fair England,
And that dwell by the English Border,
Come never here to seek a wife,
For fear of sic disorder.

They'll haik ye up, and settle ye bye,
Till on your wedding day;
Then gie ye frogs instead of fish,
And play ye foul, foul play.

How the Wise Man taught his Son.

This little moral piece, which, for the time wherein it was written, is not inelegant, is given from a manuscript collection in the Harleian library in the British Museum (No. 1596), compiled in the reign of King Henry the Sixth. It is not supposed to have been before printed, nor has any other copy of it been met with in manuscript; there is however a striking coincidence of idea in Mr. Gilbert Cooper's beautiful elegy entitled "A father's advice to his son," as well as in the old song of "It's good to be merry and wise;" which the more curious reader may consult at his leisure.

Lystenyth all, and ze well here
How the wyse man taght hys son;
Take gode tent to thys matere,
And fond to lere yf the con.
Thys song be zonge men was begon,
To make hem tyrsty and stedfast;
But zarn that is oft tyme yll sponne,
Euyll hyt comys out at the last.

A wyse man had a fayre chyld,
Was well of fyftene zere age,
That was bothe meke and mylde,
Fayre of body and uesage;
Gentyll of kynde and of corage,
For he schulde be hys fadur eyre;
Hys fadur thus, yn hys langage,
'Taght' hys sone bothe weyll and fayre:

And sayd, son, kepe thys word yn hart,
And thenke theron 'tyll thou be ded;
Zeyr day thy furst weke,
Loke thys be don yn ylke stede:
Furst se thye god yn forme of brede,*
And serue hym 'well' for hys godenes,
And afturward, sone, by my rede,
Go do thy worldys besynes.

Forst, worschyp thy god on a day,
And, sone, thys schall thou haue to 'mede,'
Skyll fully what thou pray,
He wyll the graunt with outyn drede,
And send the al that thou hast nede
As 'far' as meser longyyth to strech,
This lyfe in mesur that thou lede,
And of the remlant thou ne rech.

Ver. 16, That. V. 18, thyll. V. 22, wyll. V. 26, mad. V. 30, for.

* i. e. go to mass.

And, sone, thy tong thou kepe also,
And be not tale wyse be no way,
Thyn owen tonge may be thy fo,
Therfor beware, sone, j the pray,
Where and when, son, thou schalt say,
And be whom thou spekyst oght;
For thou may speke a word to day
That seuen zere thens may be forthozt.

Therfore, sone, be ware be tyme,
Desyre no offys for to bere,
For of thy neyborys mawgref,
Thou most hem bothe dysplese and dere,
Or ellys thy self thou must 'forswere,'
And do not as thyn offys wolde,
And gete the mawgrefe here and there,
More then thank a thousand fold.

And, sone, yf thou wylt lyf at ese,
And warme among thy neyburs syt,
Lat newefangylnes the plese
Oftyn to remewe nor to flyt,
For and thou do thou wantys wyt,
For folys they remewe al to wyde;
And also, sone, an euyl 'sygne' ys hyt,
A mon that can no wher abyde.

And, sone, of syche thyng j the warne,
And on my blyssyng take gode hede,
Thou vse neuer the tauerne;
And also dysyng j the forbede:
For thyse two thyngys, with outyn drede,
And comon women, as j leue,
Maks zong men euyle to spede,
And 'falle' yn danger and yn myschefe.

And, sone, the more gode thou hast,
The rather bere the meke and lowe;
Lagh not mych for that ys wast,
For folys ben by laghing 'knowe.'
And, sone, quyte wele that thou owe,
So that thou be of detts clere;
And thus, my lefe chylde, as j 'trowe,'
Thou mest the kepe fro davngere.

And loke thou wake not to longe,
Ne vse not rere soperys to late;
For, were thy complexion neuyr so strong,
Wyth surfet thou mayst fordo that.
Of late walkyng oftyn debate,
On nyztys for to syt and drynke
Yf thou wylt rule thyn astate,
Betyme go to bed and wynke.

Ver. 45, for swete. V. 55, sagne. V. 64, fulle. V. 68, anone. V. 71, trewe.

And, sone, as far furth as thou may,
On non enquest that thou come,
Nor no fals wytnesse bere away,
Of no manys mater, all ne sum:
For better the were be defe and dowm,
Then for to be on any enquest,
That aftyr myzt be vndurnome,
A trewe man had hys quarel lest.

And, sone, yf thou wylt haue a wyfe,
Take hur for no couetyse,
But loke, sone, sche be the lefe,
Thou wyfe bywayt and wele awyse,
That sche be gode, honest, and wyse,
Thof sche be pore take thou no hede,
For sche 'schal' do the more seruys,
Then schall a ryche with owtyn drede.

For better it is in rest and pes,
A mes of potage and no more,
Then for to haue a thousand mes,
With gret dysese and angyr sore.
Therfore, sone, thynk on thys lore,
Yf thou wylt haue a wyfe with ese,
By hur gode set thou no store,
Thoffe sche wolde the bothe fesse and sesse.

And yf thy wyfe be meke and gode,
And serue the wele and 'plesantly',
Loke that thou be not so wode,
To charge hur then to owtragely;
But then fare with hur esely,
And cherysch hur for hur gode dede,
For thyng ouerdon vnskylfully,
Makys wrath to grow where ys no nede.

I wyl neyther glos ne 'paynt,'
But waran the on anodyr syde,
Yf thy wyfe come to make pleynt,
On thy seruandys on any syde,
Be nott to hasty them to chyde,
Nor wreth the or thou wytt the sothe,
For wemen yn wrethe they can not hyde,
But sone they reyse a smokei rofe.

Nor, sone, be not jelows, j the pray,
For, and thou falle in jelosye,
Let not thy wyfe wyt in no way,
For thou may do no more foly;

Ver. 95, schalt. V. 106, plesantyl. V. 113, praynt. V. 118, The MS. reads *wreth the not*, but the word *not* is inserted by a different, though very ancient, hand, which has corrected the poem in other places; and is certainly redundant and improper.

For, and thy wyfe may onys aspye
That thou any thyng hur mystryst,
In dyspyte of thy fantesy,
To do the wors ys all hur lyst.

Therfore, sone, j byd the
Wyrche with thy wyfe as reson ys,
Thof sche be seruant in degre,
In som degre she felaw ys.
Laddys that ar bundyn, so haue j blys,
That can not rewle theyr wyves aryzt,
That makys wemen, so haue j blys,
To do oftyn wrong yn plyzt.

Nor, sone, bete nott thy wyfe j rede,
For ther yn may no help 'rise,'
Betyng may not stond yn stede,
But rather make hur 'the to despyse:'
Wyth louys awe, sone, thy wyfe chastyse,
And let fayre wordys be thy zerde;
Louys awe ys the best gyse,
My sone, to make thy wyfe aferde.

Nor, sone, thy wyfe thou schalt not chyde,
Nor calle hur by no vyleus name,
For sche that schal ly be thy syde,
To calle hur fowle yt ys thy schame;
Whan thou thyne owen wyfe wyl dyffame,
Wele may anothyr man do so:
Soft and fayre men make tame
Herte and buk and wylde roo.

And, sone, thou pay ryzt wele thy tythe,*
And pore men of thy gode thou dele;
And loke, sone, be thy lyfe,
Thou gete thy sowle here sum hele.

Thys werld hyt turnys euyn as a whele,
All day be day hyt wyl enpayre,
And so, sone, thys worldys wele,
Hyt faryth but as a chery fare.

For all that euyr man doth here,
Wyth besynesse and trauell bothe,
All ys wythowtyn were,
For oure mete, drynk, and clothe;
More getys he not, wythowten othe,
Kyng or prynce whether that he be,
Be hym lefe, or be hym loth,
A pore man has as mych as he.

And many a man here gadrys gode
All hys lyfe dayes for othyr men,
That he may not by the rode,
Hym self onys ete of an henne;
But be he doluyn yn hys den,
Anothyr schal come at hys last ende,
Schal haue hys wyf and catel then,
That he has gadred another schal spende.

Therfor, sone, be my counseyle,
More then ynogh thou neuyr covayt,
Thou ne wost wan deth wyl the assayle,
Thys werld ys but the fendys bayte.

For deth ys, sone, as I trowe,
The most thyng that certyn ys,
And non so vncerteyn for to knowe,
As ys the tyme of deth y wys;
And therfore so thou thynk on thys,
And al that j haue seyd beforn:
And Ihesu 'bryng' vs to hys blys,
That for us weryd the crowne of thorn.

Ver. 135, The latter half of this line seems repeated by mistake. V. 138, be. V. 140, to despyse thee.

* The author, from this and other admonitions, is supposed to have been a parson.

Ver. 180, The latter part of this stanza seems to be wanting. V. 187, brynd.

Barthram's Dirge.

This beautiful and most touching fragment was originally published in the "Border Minstrelsy;" we know far too little concerning it to satisfy the interest it excites. According to Sir Walter Scott, it was "taken down by Mr. Surtees (the historian of Durham county) from the recitation of Anne Douglas, an old woman who weeded in his garden." Her memory, however, was defective, and she was enabled to preserve only snatches of the old song—the breaks thus left were filled up by Mr. Surtees; so that the appended copy is in reality made complete,—even so far as it exists,—by the aid of a modern pen. "The hero of the ditty," says Sir Walter, "if the reciter be correct, was shot to death by nine

brothers, whose sister he had seduced, but was afterwards buried, at her request, near their usual piece of meeting, which may account for his being laid, not in holy ground, but beside the burn. The name of Barthram, or Bertram, would argue a Northumbrian origin; and there is, or was, a Headless Cross, among many so named, near Elsdon in Northumberland. But the mention of the Nine-Stane Burn, and Nine-Stane Rig, seems to refer to those places in the vicinity of Hermitage Castle (the scene of the Ballad of Lord Soulis), which is countenanced by the mentioning our Lady's Chapel. Perhaps the hero may have been an Englishman, and the lady a native of Scotland, which renders the catastrophe even more probable. The style of the ballad is rather Scottish than Northumbrian. They certainly did bury in former days near the Nine-Stane Burn; for the Editor remembers finding a small monumental cross, with initials, lying among the heather. It was so small that, with the assistance of another gentleman, he easily placed it upright."

Upon one passage—

"A friar shall sing for Barthram's soul,
While the headless cross shall bide"—

Mr. Surtees observes, that in the return made by the Commissioners on the Dissolution of Newminster Abbey, there is an item of a chauntry for one priest to sing daily *ad crucem lapideam*. Probably many of these crosses had the like expiatory solemnities for persons slain there.

The ballad is, no doubt, founded upon some actual occurrence; for the incident it relates must have been common enough in the old days of Border warfare—when to national animosity was frequently added the stimulus of personal wrong. Of the hapless Barthram, however, and the lady who "tore her ling long yellow hair," and

"Plaited a garland for his breast,
And a garland for his hair,"

we know nothing, even from tradition.

But the composition carries with it a conviction that its foundation was in truth. The picture is at once so striking, so touching, and so impressive, as to leave no doubt that Barthram was left

"Lying in his blood,
Upon the moor and moss,"

and that the hand of a loving but unhappy woman

"Cover'd him o'er with the heather flower,
The moss and the lady-fern."

The fragment is classed by Sir Walter among Historical Border Ballads—the ballads that relate events which we either know "actually to have taken place, or which, at least, making due allowance for the exaggerations of poetical tradition, we may readily conceive to have had some foundation in history,"—such ballads as were current on the Border, and which, although now existing but in "scraps," were once universally chaunted—

"Young wemen, whan thai will play,
Syng it among thaim ilk day."

"Who will not regret," exclaims Sir Walter Scott, "that compositions of such interest and antiquity should be now irrecoverable? But it is the nature of popular poetry, as of popular applause, perpetually to shift with the objects of the time; and it is the frail chance of recovering some old manuscript, which can alone gratify our curiosity regarding the earlier efforts of the Border Muse. Some of her later strains, composed during the sixteenth century, have survived even to the present day; but the recollection of them has, of late years, become like that of a 'tale which was told.'"

As to the mode in which some of these "old and antique songs" have been preserved, we have a few striking notes in the "Border Minstrelsy."—"Whether they were originally the composition of minstrels professing the joint arts of poetry and music, or whether they were the occasional effusions of some self-taught bard, is a question into which I do not mean to inquire. But it is certain that, till a very late period, the pipers, of whom there was one attached to each Border town of note, and whose office was often hereditary, were the great depositaries of oral, and particularly of poetical tradition. About spring time, and after harvest, it was the custom of these musicians to make a progress through a particular district of the country.

The music and the tale repaid their lodging, and they were usually gratified with a donation of seed corn. By means of these men much traditional poetry was preserved, which must otherwise have perished. Other itinerants, not professed musicians, found their welcome to their night's quarters readily insured by their knowledge in legendary lore. The shepherds also, and aged persons, in the recesses of the Border mountains, frequently remember and repeat the warlike songs of their fathers. This is more especially the case in what are called the South Highlands, where, in many instances, the same families have occupied the same possessions for centuries."

It was from the latter source that Sir Walter chiefly drew the materials for his work;—they were, he states, "collected during his early youth;" and among the notes to the latest edition of the "Minstrelsy" is the following:—"There is in the library at Abbotsford a collection of ballads, partly printed broadsides, partly in MS., in six small volumes, which, from the handwriting, must have been formed by Sir Walter Scott while he was attending the earlier classes of Edinburgh College." Buchan's collection was gathered directly as they fell from the lips of old people. We rejoice to learn that his rugged, but primitive and interesting volumes, are about to be reprinted "by subscription"—they have been long out of print.

They shot him dead at the Nine-Stane Rig,
Beside the Headless Cross,
And they left him lying in his blood,
Upon the moor and moss.

They made a bier of the broken bough,
The sauch and the aspin gray,
And they bore him to the Lady Chapel,
And waked him there all day.

A lady came to that lonely bower,
And threw her robes aside;
She tore her ling long yellow hair,
And knelt at Barthram's side.

She bathed him in the Lady-Well,
His wounds so deep and sair;
And she plaited a garland for his breast,
And a garland for his hair.

They rowed him in a lily-sheet,
And bare him to his earth;
And the Gray Friars sung the dead man's mass,
As they pass'd the Chapel Garth.

They buried him at the mirk midnight,
When the dew fell cold and still,
When the aspin gray forgot to play,
And the mist clung to the hill.

They dug his grave but a bare foot deep,
By the edge of the Nine-Stone Burn,
And they cover'd him o'er with the heather-flower,
The moss and the lady fern.

A Gray Friar staid upon the grave,
And sang till the morning tide;
And a friar shall sing for Barthram's soul,
While the Headless Cross shall bide.

Borthwick's Decree.

In the vicinity of North Berwick (a small fishing town nine miles from Dunbar), rises North Berwick Law, a steep mountain, whose height from base to summit is computed at three miles. There is a tradition in the neighbourhood that Borthwick would give his daughter only to that suitor who should bear her to the summit of the mountain without setting her down. To this proposal the heir of Cockburnspath joyfully acceded, and the adventure terminated as it has been described in the ballad. From the top of North Berwick Law a beautiful prospect presents itself to the eye. The shores of Fife, with Canny Edinbro', may be distinctly seen. The "Ewe and the Lamb" are two isolated rocks not far from the shore. The "Bass" is too well known to require any notice. A short

distance from the town of North Berwick, on a sloping cliff, is situated a ruined tower, which is still pointed out by the fishermen as the abode of the "Manly Borthwick of old."

Such trials of strength as narrated in the ballad were by no means uncommon. In the Iliad, a Grecian king is indebted for his wife to his skill in the dance, having "kept the floor" (to use a border expression) against all competitors, and tired them out.

Borthwick of North Berwick Law,
Wons in his Seaward Tower—
Which looketh on to the German Sea,
A wild and lanely Bower.

The sea mew and the shrieking gull,
May sing him to his sleep,
For the wash o' the wave comes oure the top
O' Borthwick's auncient keep.

Fair is the winding vale o' Tweed,
Fair is the dawn of day,
Fair is the opening of the spring,
And sweet the gush of May.

But fairer, rarer, sweeter far,
Is Borthwick's Isabel,
She hath an eye—a rosy lip,
What tongue her charms can tell.

Up in the morning early oh,
Up in the early morn;
Who lies abed when abroad he may go,
With hounds and hunting horn?

Up rose the heir of Cockburnspath,
And a wilfu' youth is he,
"Let there be danger in the way,
My true love I'll go see."

"Nay, do not go to North Berwick,"
His trusty yeoman said,
"For Borthwick's scouts lay on the lea,
To take thee quick or dead.

"Love gives me strength, love gives me speed,
Love aids me where I go;
Not for his scouts will I turn back,
Or lout to them I trow."

He had not gone abune a mile,
A mile or barely three,
When four stout hallyons unawares,
Sprung on him from the lea.

And they have bound his arms ahint
With cord and hempen band,
"Does Borthwick treat me in this sort,
Like a thief upon your land?"

"Wha' finds the wolf, or prowling tod
Within the Laird's domain,
Small weight shall rest upon his head
Who hath the vermin slain."

"Why do I find thee here, young man,
Thou heir of Cockburnspath;
To come sae soon when warnit away
Is daurful of our wrath.

"Did I not say, a fathers nay
Forbid thy coming here;
A true man's word should kept thee back,
Why come in such effeir?

"My dochter Isabel is trothed
To Murray o' Marshall's Mead,
Why thrust thy self beneath my sword,
Why court her for thy greed?"

"Every man may chase the hare
So long as runs it free,
Every man drinketh of the Burn
That sings unto the sea."

"Every man's no, is not a 'Nay,'
For now and evermore;
I may yet swim unto the land
When thrust out from the shore.

"What Murray o' Marshall Meadows hath,
Do I not hold the same?
He hath no more or I enough
Of bravery and fame.

"If he has noble blood and birth,
Strong limbs! why so have I;
If Murray outbrags me at a game
Gude faith then let him try.

"Thy dochter is no sheep or steer
That thou shouldst market her;
I'll bid thee a bode, and give thee a fee,
If thou bringst her to the fair."

Borthwick he thought awhile, and then
Ettled the laugh in his eye,
Then turn'd to Murray, and daffin spake
To Cockburn ryghte courteously.

"I will not have ye fight this out,
Much better it were I wisse,
To set ye both at a trial of skill,
In a game of pleasantness.

"The laugh kills not as swords can do,
The tongue knit with a jest,
Flytes at a stab and cannot wound
The body with unrest.

"Who carries my dochter to Berwick Law,
Here from, and back again;
No let or stop upon the ground
Shall have my child for his pain.

"For we come of the manly Borthwicks still,
In the auld and auncient days,
Who better loved the trick o' strength,
Than the dark and bloody ways.

"Call hither my dochter Isabel,
Now Murray I speak it so,
Carry my bairn to North Berwick Law,
Or here thy suit forego."

Loud laughed the Lord o' Marshall's Mead,
"I bear no maid," said he;
"She that is lady o' my love,
Must bear the weight o' me."

"A craven's boast is quickly said,"
The heir of Cockburn cried;
"Come, Isabel, thou art fit one
That I should make my bride

"Throw off thy shoes, my pretty bird,
Thy girdle and pearl necklace;
A pin's point almost weighs a pound
Before I end my race.

"For to the top of North Berwick Law,
Is three long miles and more,
And the heavy toil up the mountain side
Will make it seem a score."

He took her in his manly arms,
And started in his race,
Never a one who followed him
Could keep up with his pace.

And now he sung as the banks grew steep,
And made him pant and blow;
"Love gives me strength, love gives me speed,
Love aids me where I go.

"Lay still within my arms, sweet luve,
Lay still my Isabel;
For the gully's deep and the scaur is steep,
And the distance it is fell.

"Give me a glance o' thine hazel eye,
When I falter in my race,
Or breathe the breath of thy honey mou'
Upon my heated face."

"Love gives me strength, love gives me speed,"
Undauntedly he sung;
And wi' the burden o' his sang,
The rocks around him rung.

"Seest thou the top of the mountain yet?"
Unto his luve he cried;
"Nothing but heather and ling around,"
Fair Isabel said and sighed.

"I see the Isle of May, and the Bass,
And the Yewe and Lamb in the sea,
The shores o' fife, the Dunbar coast,
Wi' canny Edinbrie."

"O Isabel, I 'gin to faint,
For the way is long and steep;"
The pretty maiden bowed her head,
And long, long did she weep.

"O that I were a Bird this once,
But now and for thy sake,
O Willie sweet, have courage yet,
And one mair effort make.

"O give me not to Murray's arms,
I'll breathe upon thy face;"
It freshened him, and he upward rushed,
New heartened in the race.

He staggered now, for his legs grew tired,
And his arms were weak as tow;
And as he strove to keep his feet,
He flicker'd to and fro.

"That ever love should not be light,
That ever that form of thine
Should tire my heart, and stoutest limbs,
And bid my courage tyne."

"O faint not yet, I see the top,
And a Saugh tree by a stone."
Poor Willie he gathered up his strength,
And his heart sent forth a groan.

"My Isabel, my strength does fail,
And the top we have not won;"
"Oh Willie, dear, one struggle mair,
Ere strength and hope are gone."

He clenched his teeth and drew hard his breath,
Like a man to win or die;
Then did he rush o'er scaur and bush,
And gained the mountain high!

He gained the Saugh tree, and he placed
Fair Isabel on a stone,
And forward fell upon his face
Wi' a deep and hollow groan.

Borthwick the youth raised in his arms,
"He'll come roun' when he's nurst."—
But the blood cam' ow're poor Willie's lips,
For his very heart had burst.

* * * * *

There's a green grave on North Berwick Law,
And a maniac comes and sings,
And wi' the burden o' her sang
The valley 'neath her rings.

"Love gave him strength, love gave him speed,"
So sings this mad damsel;
"Never a love was yet so fayre
But fortune it was fell."

A hunter ranged one early morn,
The top o' Berwick Law,
Wi' her cauld cheek on a caulder stane,
Withouten stir, withouten moan
Yon fair Mayden he saw.

Sir Gillum of Mydeltoun.

This is a tradition, common amongst the fishermen of Holy Island and the Main, which I have woven into a ballad. The feat of Sir Gillum is not original, some Irish Knight on the coast of Ireland having performed the same action; the prophecy and the results being the same. Who Sir Gillum of Middelton was, I am at a loss to discover. Romero, who is introduced as King of the Holy Isle, was governor thereof in the time of Edward the Third; he was afterwards governor of Coldingham, where he was surprised with his companions, and brutally murdered by a marauding party of Scots. He was given to piratical expeditions on his own account, and inherited his plundering propensities from his forefathers, who no doubt had often launched their sea bark to the inspiring strains of the Scalds and Minnesingers.

Bede calls Lindisfarn a Semi Island, and as he justly observes, twice a continent in one day; for at the flowing of the tide it is encompassed with water, and at the ebb there is an almost dry passage both for horses and carriages to and from the main land; from which if measured in a straight line it is distant two miles eastward; but on account of several quicksands, passengers are obliged to make so many detours that the distance is almost doubled. The water over these flats at spring tide is only seven feet. At the north-west part of the island, a tongue of land runs into the sea about a mile in length. At the southernmost point is a rock of a conical figure, whereon is the Baron's "Castle of red rock stone," almost perpendicular, sixty feet in height, and crowned by a small fortress. There are four caves or *coves* as they are called, to the north-north-east of the island, and in one of these Sir Gillum

Stabled his dappled steed
In a cave on the eastern shore.

The largest of these caves is upwards of fifty feet long, with an entrance just large enough to admit a man.

The principal feature of any interest on this island is its venerable abbey, now in utter ruins.

"The abbey," says Pennant, "retayns at this day one singular beauty; the tower has not formed a lantern, as in other cathedrals: but from the angles, arches spring, crossing each other diagonally to form a canopy roof." One of these arches yet remains unloaded

with any superstructure, supported by the south-east and north-east pillars, and ornamented with zigzag moulding: a "granite rainbow," as a gentleman termed it. The whole abbey is composed of a soft red freestone, and renders the aspect of the place dark and forbidding.

"In Saxon strength that abbey frowned."
Marmion.

The rock on which the castle of "red rock stone" stands, is inaccessible save only by a winding path, belting the rock on the southern side. A fortress in this situation, before the use of gunpowder, must have been impregnable; the castle being above any engine's reach, and the rocks too high to be scaled. A small detachment was kept here during the war, but was discontinued in 1819.

When days are long and nights are short,
And the sky is bright and sheen,
And merrily sing the cushat and merle
From out the leavis so green.

When trouts leap at a Summer fly,
And hay be newly mawn,
To see his luve in the Holy Isle,
Gaed Gillum of Mydeltoun.

He cantered over the Fenham flats,
When the tide was back the while,
Which once a day doth change that spot
From Continent to Isle.

The quicksands lurk by Manuel's head,
And deep is Waren's Bay;
Yet gallantly with eident hand
Sir Gillum rude on his way.

Romero's daughter looked from her bower
Over the wave-ribbed sand,
And she spied Sir Gillum, her own true knight,
Midway the isle and the land.

She donned her kirtle o' Lincoln's green,
Which was of the silk so fair,
And she went forth to the eastern shore,
To taste the caller air.

Sir Gillum he stabled his dapple steed
In a cave on the eastern shore;
Its roof and sides were of the rock,
And the sand drift was its door.

Romero is proud, and is almost King
Of Farn and the Holy Isle;
No man dare say to this Baron, "nay,"
Yet hope to live the while.

Romero was drinking at the board,
In his castle of red rock stone,
A youth cam' in, and before his stool
He laighly louted down.

"Thy dochter walks on the eastern shore
With Gillum of Mydeltoun;"
The Sea King, wi' gobelet in his hand,
He strake the youth on the croun.

"Thou liest, thou churlish loon," he cried,
"With Gillum of Mydeltoun!"
And he churned his teeth like a boar in rage,
And girned at the trembling loun.

"Gillum, he slew my sister's sonne
Last Whitsun tryst was a year;
His mither sall weep his loss the night
Were he a Soldan's peer.

"Bring me a rope, and an oaken staff,
And I will bind him fast;
Short be his shrift, for he shall swing
From yonder tall top mast."

The mother wept for her dochter's fame,
That ever she gave her birth;
Quo' he, "Our abbey has dungeons enow
To hide her shame from earth."

He girded his sword unto his thigh;
A sting that oft had stang;
And he's away wi' henchman an' rope
Mydeltoun's heir to hang.

These yonge luvers walkit on the sea shore,
The Baron he gnawed at his thoomb;
O they were twa pullets in gleesome play,
When the fox crawls thro' the broom.

Gillum he kissed fayre Annie's cheek,
As pleasantly did they chat;
The Baron he mutter't between his teeth,
"I'll notch thy face for that."

He waited until the rising tide
Covered the yellow sand;
Then rose he up from the waving bent
With his faulchion in his hand.

"I will not leave thee, fayre Annie, but kisse
Thy sweete lips o'er and o'er;
An armful of rushes shall be my bed,
In my steed's cave on the shore."

"'Twere better thou goest," fayre Annie she cried,
"For a swieven I had of thee;
That a ratton it louped into my neck,
And rugget me grievously."

Sir Gillum he heard a voice loud cry,
"Bold traytor, turn and stand!"
And he saw the Baron upon the bent,
Wi' his faulchion in his hand.

"Yield thee or fight thee, bold traytor,
My top mast to swing doun;"
"I will do neither, an I wisse,"
Quoth Gillum of Mydeltoun.

"Thou art my Annie's father," he said,
"Albeit an enemy;
I will not battle against thy hand,
For the love 'tween Annie and me."

The Baron and henchman closed on him,
When Sir Gillum he drewe his blade;
And whistled the sword around his head,
As stern defence he made.

He clove the henchman to the teeth
Wi' a downright wicked blow;
Parted his head, as the halflings fell
Upon his shoulders low.

He threw the Baron a heavy fall,
And bore fayre Annie away,
Untill he gained the eastern neuk,
And heard his charger neigh.

He placed fair Annie in saddle seat;
And then sprung up afore,
And plunged his gude steed in "the sea,"
And swam for Fenham shore.

"A purse of gold for a coble boat,
To catch yon cursed thief;
A beggarly Scot to be her mate,
Good lord, I had as lief."—

Four fishermen sprang to their boat,
Four fishers I trow were they;
Wi' a heave and shout they ran her out,
And their boat launched in the sea.

Three times the surging waters washed
Fair Annie from her place,
And thrice Sir Gillum held her fast,
Within his close embrace.

Three miles and more is Fenham shore
Unto the Holy Land;
And like a swan, the steed it swam,
Till he reached the yellow sand.

The steed it swam, and the coble shot,
Whilst the fishers rax'd at the oar,
Was ne'er such a race, the steed I say
First landed at Fenham shore.

* * * * *

As Gillum rode up Chester Hill,
He met a woman old;
She craved him there to give her alms,
For in sooth her limbs were cold.

He drew a noble from his purse,
And gave it yon eldern dame;
"Pray for me, gude wife," he said, "for the road
Is not oft trod I came."

She gave an eildricht laugh at the gold:
Thy fortune I will prie,
Not every knight so gallant and brave
Doth give his gold so free."

She told him then some proven truths,
That long ago had past;
"The bonny beast you ride upon
Shall be your death at last."

He patted the neck of his courser fleet,
"Good mother, you do but jest;
For Rupert is gentle, swift, and good,
As a child at a nourice breast!"

"The wierd is written in heaven," she said,
"And scartit in hell below;
Rupert will lay thee on thy bier
In mickle dool and woe."

"Alas and well a day!" he cried,
"That ever it should so fall;
That I must slay the noblest steed
That was ever stabled in stall."

He rode fleete Rupert down to the sands,
For his herte was sad with woe;
The tears were in Sir Gillum's eyes,
For he loved that courser soe.

Slowly Sir Gillum he lighted doun,
Took off the saddle and reins;
Quo' he, "I am about to make
Small guerdon for thy pains."

He drew his sword so sharp and bright,
And turned away his eye,
For his heart was soft, that he might not see
That peerless charger die.

But love o' life will turn the scale,
In man or beast at need;
Sir Gillum jaloused the safer way,
Was e'en to kill his steed.

He struck fleete Rupert aneath the leg,
The blood spun frae the wound,
Till the noble charger moaned in pain,
And so fell on the ground.

He turned his eye to Sir Gillum's face,
And said, but with nae tongue,
"Did I carry thee thro' the rushing tide
For thee to do this wrong?"

* * * * *

Sir Gillum is happy, Sir Gillum is proud,
For a mother is Annie his bride;
And wi' a frien' in the sweet spring time,
He walkit forth in his pride.

He passed where the bones o' his proud charger
Were bleaching in the wind;
And Sir Gillum he said, "A better steed
In Englonde thou couldst not find,

"Than was the fleete one that lieth here;
The tod and the corby crow
Have fed upon his peerless limbs,
And his flesh and blood also.

"'Twas told me once that my fleete Rupert,"
He said in laughing mood,
"Should be my death; so I slew the steede,
That my life should still be good."

He careless kicked his horse's head,
Whitening in sun an' the rain,
When a splinter o' bone strake into his foot,
And caused him mickle pain.

The leech he cannot cure that wound,
And still it mortifyes;
In spite of skill, or of earthly will,
Sir Gillum of Mydeltoun dies.

"A foolish wierd has proven ryghte:
Farewell, my fayre Annie,
For the faithful steed I slew in my need,
Is now avenged on me.

"Where Rupert's bones lie in the mist,
O Annie, lay my corse;
And let that knight take most delight,
To cherish the steed that has borne him in fyghte,
And never slay his Horse."

The Death of King Malcolme

Is founded on the historical facts subjoined. Alnwick Castle appears to have been a place of great strength immediately after the Norman Conquest; for in the reign of King William Rufus, it underwent a remarkable siege from Malcolm the Third, King of Scotland, who lost his life before it, as did his son Prince Edward. The most authentic account of this event seems to be that given in the ancient Chronicle of Alnwick Abbey, of which a copy is preserved in the British Museum. This informs us, that the castle, though very strong, was in danger of being taken by assault; and being cut off from all hopes of succour, was on the point of surrendering, when one of the garrison undertook to rescue it by the following stratagem. He rode forth completely armed, with the keys of the castle tied to the end of his spear, and presented himself in a suppliant manner before the king's pavilion, as being come to surrender up the possession. Malcolm too hastily came forth to receive him, and received a mortal wound. The assailant escaped

through the river, which was then swoln with rain. The Chronicle adds, that his name was Hammond, and that the place of his passage over the river, was long after known by the name of "Hammond's Ford;" probably where the bridge was afterwards built. Prince Edward, Malcolm's eldest son, incautiously advancing to revenge his father's death, received a wound, of which he died three days after. The spot where Malcolm was slain is distinguished by a cross, which was restored in 1774, by Elizabeth, Duchess of Northumberland, who was immediately descended from the unfortunate king, by his daughter Queen Maud, wife of King Henry I. of England. The west side of the cross bears the inscription, "Malcolm ye third, King of Scotlande was slain on this spot, besieging Alnwick Castle, Nov^{br}. 13, A.D. M.XCIII." On the east side, "Malcolm's Cross decayed by time, was restored by his descendant, Elizabth Duchess of Northumb^{d}, M.D.CCLXXIV." The Cross has three steps to the pedestal; on the north side are sculptured a crown and thistle, and on the south side a lion rampant, with other devices. The pedestal and capital of the old Cross still remain amongst the adjoining trees.

THE sun was glinting thro' the shaws,
And flowered the elder tree,
When Malcolme, King o' braid Scotland,
Rose up from the dew wet lea.
Sing oh so mournfully, so dulefully.

He held wild Morkall in Alnwick Towers,
Wi' a ring o' armed men;
And all his warriors tented round,
Were thousands three and ten.
Sing oh. &c.

He pressed so sorely on the walls,
They were like to eat the stane;
They slaughtered hounds and pinin' yauds,
Picked rattons to the Bane.
Sing oh, &c.

Morkall he swore to eat his gluves,
Or ere he yields the wa's,
And they are made of good doe's hide,
That louped in Durham's shaws.
Sing oh, &c.

His bauldest men can hardlings bear
The weight o' their iron graith;
A mother wad scaircely ken't her son
In that griesly band o' death.
Sing oh, &c.

It was upon a day in Spring,
When the scent came frae the thorn,
The Scottice monarch summon't them,
With three waughs o' the horn.
Sing oh, &c.

"Come doun from out your castell grey,
That wons upon the hill,
Or by the rood, we'se shed your blood,
For we are sworn to kill."
Sing oh, &c.

Morkall he glinted ower the walls,
"So draw off a space your men;
I yield my trust nae help arrives,
And Alnwick Castle's taen.
Sing oh, &c.

"But give to me your kingly word,
Ere I draw asp or bolt,
Ten minutes to come, ten minutes to gae,
Your faith and truth as a Scottice king,
I'se meet you on the holt.
Sing oh, &c.

"And I'll give up my Castle's keys
To thee, thou Scottice king;
The bravest men in a' the Merse
Can dow but as they ding."
Sing oh, &c.

"My hand and gluve, my faith and troth,
I give to thee also;
And I'll grant thee thy liberty,
With leave to come and go."
Sing oh, &c.

Wight Hammond mounted then his steed,
And he look'd to girth an' strap;
And wi' the keys on his Border spear,
Out ower the Brig he lap.
Sing oh, &c.

He pricked his charger cannily,
For the brute had na' that force;
Nae corn in the garner, or oats in the bin,
And the fire will leave a horse.
Sing oh, &c.

There was a fechtin his mind,
For his cheek was deadly wan;
And he purset his broos like one beset
With a deep and deadly ban.
Sing oh, &c.

His mind was set to do a deed,
And he struck his rowells hard,
The beast sprung forth with na' corn in his wame,
He near fell o'er the yird.
Sing oh, &c.

He forded the Aln at the fall o' the hill,
An arrow's flight from the towers,
And on the knowe King Malcolme stood,
Surroundit by his powers.
Sing oh, &c.

Bauld Hammond check'd his bridle rein,
Some ten yards frae the King;
He lowered his bassen'd cap, and stood
Up in his stirrup ring.
Sing oh, &c.

"I bear the keys o' Alnwick Gates;"
He said wi' saucy air;
"I hold them forth, let him wha likes
Come tak them gin' he dare."
Sing oh, &c.

A score o' Chiefs put forth a stap,
But Malcolme staid them a';
"Now feint a hand shall tak those keys,
Save him wha gives the law."
Sing oh, &c.

He walkit thro' the yellow broom,
Fell Hammond he waited near;
He met him full, and in Malcolme's eye
He thrust his Border spear;
Sing oh, &c.

And turning round fled down the bank,
And squattered thro' the ford,
And gained the Castell; brig and baulk
Right willingly were lower'd.
Sing oh, &c.

Oh Jesu! 'twas a fearful sight
To see that kingly man;
Strake thro' the skull, whilst royal blood
Left cheeks and haffets wan.
Sing oh, &c.

Then siccan a cry o' wild revenge,
Did earth and heaven stoun;
The birds that skim'd alang the air,
For very fright fell doun.
Sing oh, &c.

The Scots are arming for the fight,
O siccan a fearful shout,
They rushed red wud to the Castle gates,
Like a herd o' frightened nowte.
Sing oh, &c.

Now haud thy ain thou wild Morkall,
For the Scots rage all below;
Thou'st fought in mony a battle field,
But never so wild a foe.
Sing oh, &c.

From bendit bows, like winter's sleet,
Shafts flyter thro' the sky;
They bend the bonny mangonel,
And the stanes in showers fly.
Sing oh, &c.

Some on ilk ither's shouthers mount,
Whilst reeking tar and pitch,
With blocks and bars and het water,
Fell warriors in the ditch.
Sing oh, &c.

O, O, the sin! O, O, the din!
That men should warsle so,
They backward bore the bloody King,
From that green and fatal knowe.

Bauld Hammond's spear hath gashed his brows,
His skull is bark't and riven,
And the priest wi' words o' grace and luve,
The dying King hath shriven.
Sing oh, &c.

Yedward the Prince, that fated thrust
Doth honours to thee bring;
Of braid Scotland and Combernauld,
It makes thee mighty King.
Sing oh, &c.

The battle sounded loud and clear—
Frae' his bed o' rushes dried,
Like one strong in life the King louped up,
And his slogan wild he cried.
Sing oh, &c.

Sightless and feckless did he turn
His face to the fechtin band;
He could na' speak, but he fetched his breath
And deadly shook his hand.
Sing oh, &c.

O but for ae glance o' his eagle eye,
O' heaven's blessed light;
To die as should become a Chief,
In the midst o' yonder fight.
Sing oh, &c.

He warsled wi' his agony,
And to die like a mangy tyke—
His Kingly soul flew frae his lips,
In a wild unearthly shriek.
Sing oh, &c.

His soul and life fled from his flesh,
His hawkis eyes were shent;
He backward fell, a bloody corpse,
Ere his body touched the bent.
Sing oh, &c.

The deed stack to the bauld Hammond,
And for his joust sae grim,
Because he pierced King Malcolme's eye,
Piercy they curson't him.
Sing oh, &c.

They biggitt a cross whare Malcolme fell,
Where Hawthorn blossoms wave;
I tell na lie, for ye yet may see,
King Malcolme's bloody grave.
Sing oh so dulefully, sae mournfully.

The Slaughter of the Bishop.

The slaughter of the Bishop is mentioned in Brand's History of Durham; what was the *offence* of this prelate, the historian does not say; perhaps it was a question of tithes, or more probably some ecclesiastical change, to which the people offered resistance, and in the heat of their fury, they broke in upon him and slew him. "The old Chapel by the gate," as the Chronicler avers, might well answer to the old Chapel in Gateshead. The watch word of the murderers was "gude redde, shorte redde, slay ye the Bischoppe," meaning probably, a good riddance; or as "redde" stands for counsel in the old ballads, it may have meant the latter.

He hath broughte King William's honde.

That it was a weighty matter affecting some reformation in the Church, we are led to believe by the Priest being armed with King William's word (that is the parchment), with the law or order signed by the King (William I.).

The Black Friars and the White,
And eke the lowly Greye.

There were Monasteries of all these orders in Newcastle, during the period of which we write. There are squares still known by the name of "Black Friars, White Friars," and several lanes called "Grey Friars, Low Friars, Crutched Friars," &c.

And, My masters, he sayd, what means this effeir?

"Bodin in effeir," a Border phrase, to come armed for battle.

Rose high as Saynt Nicholasse.

See the Ballad of "Earl Moray."

He clave the woode, when strange to tell
Out gushed a streame of bloode.

A miracle occurred on the feast of St. Oswin (which the author has copied in the present ballad). "On the feast of the passion of St. Oswin (a Saxon martyr and king), as a sailor was cutting a piece of wood on board his schippe at Newcastle-on-Tyne, he saw blood gush out of it in great abundance; recollecting the festival he gave over work, but a companion of his, regardless of the miracle, persisted in his profane business; and upon striking the wood, the blood gushed out in still greater abundance. Both clergy and

laity were informed of this, and approved the miracle; the wood was carried to Tynemouth, where the Saint's bodie was interred, to be there preserved in testimony thereof."

Bede,
Knowne for hys sanctitie.

See the life and writings of the Venerable Bede.

THE Bischoppe has come with King William's worde
To the Chapell by the gate;
But he may rue his journeyings,
Or ere it be too late.
Gude redde, short redde, slay ye the Bischoppe.

The people are there, with hanging looks,
And no man cries, "God blesse
Thee thou Bischoppe of King Willyam,
Arrayed in holynesse."
Gude redde, &c.

He hath broughte Kyng Willyam's honde,
Written on parchment fayre,
Gif any like to see the wordes
They in his face shall stare.
Gude redde, &c.

The Black Friars and the White,
And eke the lowlye Greye,
Walk two's and two's wyth the proud Bischoppe,
A fayre sighte by my faye.
Gude redde, &c.

In and upon the Gateshead streets,
The people gather and fille,
Wyth sticks stelle headed, staves and stones,
The Durham Priest to kille.
Gude redde, &c.

They gather about the holye chappelle,
And talk of his perfidie;
How that he has graspit all the tythes,
And swept the fat off the lea.
Gude redde, &c.

Ruddie his hue and whyte his haire,
Firm was his browe; albeyte his eyes
Flamed in his hede lyke coals of fyre,
As rounde he looked in wonder wyse.
Gude redde, &c.

The stowne of tongues grewe threateninge,
As the Bischoppe tended masse;
But the shoutinge and the people's groans,
Rose highe as St. Nicholasse.
Gude redde, &c.

The Bischoppe rushed to the altarr stone,
For he was a hasty manne;
And, "My masters," he say'd, "what means this effeir?"
When arose arounde the banne.
Gude redde, &c.

They closed uppone the Durham Saynt,
To split his shaven crowne,
When he helde the preciouse crosse aloofe,
Where our Savioure lookèd downe.
Gude redde, &c.

But the howlinge men of the gate
Preste on to slaye the Prieste,
So he withdrew into the chappelle,
As a sanctuarie of reste.
Gude redde, &c.

Uppe came Ringan of Lymington,
And Roger of the fenne,
Ned of the Huddocks, St. Dunstone's Cocke,
And a host of shrieking menne.
Gude redde, &c.

The Bischoppe stoode, and his snowy hairs
Were streaming in the blast;
Quo he, "Have ye some reverence—"
But the crosse from his gripe they cast.
Gude redde, &c.

He hastened to the altarr steppes,
And there his courage keppe;
A lowsel lifted his partizan,
And clave the chappelle steppe.
Gude redde, &c.

He clave the woode, when strange to tell
Out gushed a streame of bloode!
"A mirackle," the Bischoppe criede
From the altarr where he stoode.
Gude redde, &c.

"It shalle not save thee," fierce Ringan sayde,
And the Bischoppes skulle he clave,
When bloode and brains flew all aboute,
On chappelle walle and pave.
Gude redde, &c.

There was a fearfulle crie went uppe
For horror at what was done;
They fled their wayes, and the Priestte was lefte
Deade! on the altarr stone.
Gude redde, &c.

The Monkes of Jarrowe came up the Tyne,
Wyth St. Cuthbert's banner a' streame,
And the dyrge rose for the Bischoppes soule,
The rowers' songe betweene.
Gude redde, &c.

They gatheret uppe the slaughtered Priestte,
In his gory robes bedighte;
Oh holye Chryste! his crimsonne bloode
Had dyed his stole so whyte.
Gude redde, &c.

They never lyfted oarre or sayle,
When they hove the bodie aborde;
When the boate it grounded in Jarrow Slake,
As of its owne accorde.
Gude redde, &c.

Not all the menne in Christendie,
Forbye Northumberlande,
Coulde thruste the boate a fadom's lengthe
From off the tail of the sande:
Gude redde, &c.

But a gentil winde came from the west,
And they sung Saynt Cuthbert's hymn,
And the bodie dryfted to the lande,
As fast as itt coulde swym.
Gude redde, &c.

They buryed hym in solemn wyse,
In Jarrow Monasterie,
Where lived and prayed the holie Bede,
Knowne for hys sanctitie.
Gude redde, &c.

The Outlandish Knight.

A Border Ballad.

This Ballad is copied from a broad sheet in the possession of a gentleman of Newcastle; it has also been published in "Richardson's Table Book." The verses with inverted commas are added at the suggestion of a friend, as it was thought the Knight was not rendered sufficiently odious without this new trait of his dishonour. There is in Monk Lewis's Tales of Wonder, a translation from a German Ballad, on the same subject or nearly so; for the Knight goes to church, and meeting with a lovely mayden,

He skipped o'er benches one or two,
"Oh lovely maid, I die for you;"
He skipped o'er benches two or three,
"Oh lovely maid, come walk with me."

The maiden complies; but it appears the Knight proves to be a "most perfidious monster," as Trinculo says of Caliban, for he entices the pretty maid to cross the river in a boat, and when in the centre of the stream he sinks with his prey into the waves. Campbell's well known Ballad of "Lord Ullin's Daughter," is on the same subject.

Who the author of the "Outlandish Knight" was, I have no means of discovering, as it is one of those Ballads that pass down the stream of time unclaimed, and whose authorship is left for the antiquary to discover.

An Outlandish Knight from the north lands came,
And he came a wooing to me;
He told me he'd take me to the north lands,
And I should his fair bride be.

A broad, broad shield did this stranger wield,
Whereon did the red cross shine;
Yet never, I ween, had that strange Knight been
In the fields of Palestine.

And out and spoke the stranger Knight,
This Knight of the strange countrie;
"O mayden fayr, with the raven hayre,
Thou shalt at my bidding be.

"Thy sire he is from home, ladye,
For he hath a journey gone;
And his shaggy blood-hound is sleeping sound
Beside the postern stone.

"Go bring me some of thy father's gold,
And some of thy mother's fee;
And steeds twain of the best, that in the stalls rest,
Where they stand thirty and three."

* * * * *

She mounted her on her milk white steed,
And he on a dapple grey,
And they forward did ride till they reached the sea side,
Three hours before it was day.

Then out and spoke this stranger Knight,
This knight of the north countrie;
"O mayden fayr with the raven hayre,
Do thou at my bidding be.

"Alight thee from thy mylk white steed,
And deliver it unto me;
Six maids have I drowned where the billows sound,
And the seventh one shalt thou be.

"But first pull off thy kirtle fine,
And deliver it unto me;
Thy kirtle of green is too rich, I ween,
To rot in the salt, salt sea.

"Pull off, pull off thy silken shoon,
And deliver them unto me;
Methinks they are too fine and gay,
To rot in the salt, salt sea.

"Pull off, pull off thy bonny green plaid,
That floats in the breeze so free,
It is woven fine with the silver twine,
And comely it is to see."

"If I must pull off my bonny silk plaid,
O turn thy back to me,
And gaze on the sun, which has just begun
To peer owre the salt, salt sea."

"Thou art too shameful, fayr maid," he sayd,
"To wanton so with me;
I've seen thee in thy holland smock,
And all to pleasure me."

"If thou hast seen me in my smock,
The more shame thee betide;
It better beseem'd that tongue not tell,
But rather my sinne to hide.

"Who ever tempted weak woman
Unto a déede of evil;
To tempt the first and then to twit,
Beseemeth but the deyvil."

He turned his back on the fayr damselle,
And looked upon the beam;
She graspt him tight with her arms so white,
And plunged him in the streme.

The streme it rushed, and the Knight he roar'd,
And long with the waters strave;
The water kelpies laughed with joy,
As they smoored him in the wave.

"Lie there, lie there, thou false hearted Knight,
Lie there instead of me;
Six damsels fayr thou hast drownèd there,
But the seventh has drownèd thee."

The ocean wave was the false one's grave,
For he sunk right hastily;
Tho' with bubbling voice he pray'd to his saint,
And utter'd an Ave Marie.

Cochrane's Bonny Grizzy.

This Ballad commemorates the matchless devotion and indomitable courage of Grizel Cochrane, when the tyranny and bigotry of James VI. towards his Scottish subjects, forced them to take up arms for the redressal of their grievances. One of the most formidable rioters as well as most prominent actors in Argyle's Rebellion, was Sir John Cochrane, ancestor of the present Earl of Dundonald. For ages a destructive doom seems to have hung over the house of Campbell, enveloping in one common ruin all who united their fortunes in the cause of its Chieftains. The same doom befell Sir John Cochrane; for he was surrounded by the King's troops, and though he made a desperate resistance, was overpowered and conveyed to prison in Edinburgh. His trial was brief, the judgment decisive, and the jailor waited but the arrival of his death warrant from London to lead him forth to execution, when Grizel Cochrane, the pride of his life, and the noble daughter of his house, determined on rescuing her father from the scaffold. Having received his blessing, she wended her solitary way to Berwick, disguised in a palmer's weeds: and robbed the man of the London Mail as described in the Ballad. Every exertion was made to discover the robber, but in vain. Three days had passed: Sir John Cochrane yet lived, and before another order for his execution could reach Edinburgh, the intercession of his father, the Earl of Dundonald, with the King's Confessor might be successful. Grizel now became his only companion in prison, and spoke to him words of comfort. Nearly fourteen days had now elapsed since the commission of the robbery, and protracted hope began to make sick the heart of the prisoner. The intercession of Dundonald had been unsuccessful, and a second time the bigoted and despotic monarch signed the warrant for Cochrane's death. "The will of Heaven be done," exclaimed the nobleman, when the jailor informed his prisoner of the circumstance. "Amen," said the heroic Grizzy with wild vehemence; "but my father *shall* not die." To save him, as the Ballad informs us,

She aiblins kenned a way.

Her masculine garments were again in requisition; again the rider had almost gained the Moor of Tweedmouth, bearing with him the doom of Cochrane; but Grizzy was at her post, and again despoiled him of his packet. By this second robbery Grizzy insured her father's life for fourteen days, the time then necessary to ride between London and the Scottish metropolis. But on this occasion, Dundonald and several Lords of great worth and consideration, used the time so effectually, that Sir John Cochrane was liberated and pardoned.

Grizel Cochrane, whose heroic conduct and filial affection we have imperfectly sketched, was, according to tradition, the great-grandmother of the late Sir John Stuart of Allanbank, and great-great-grandmother of the celebrated Mr. Coutts, the Banker; but a few years ago the author of the Border Tales received a letter from Sir Hugh Stuart, son of Sir John, stating that his family would be glad to have such a heroine as Grizel connected with their genealogy; but that they were unable to prove such connexion. A few miles from Belford may yet be seen a solitary clump of fir trees, walled round, and standing by the road side, which is yet called "Grizzy's clump," and pointed out as a part of the thicket from whence Cochrane's bonny dochter fired on the carrier of the mail. We have lost much of the wisdom of our ancestors, and amongst other matters, the folly of sending *one* horseman with the mail, who had already been despoiled of his charge.

The warlocks are dancing threesome reels.

Goswick Links, Kyloe Hills, Lowlinns, &c., are places in the immediate vicinity of Grizzy's Clump. I am not aware that this Ballad was ever printed before, nor have I any knowledge if a Ballad on the same subject exists.

Listen now baith great and semple,
Whilst I croon to you my sang,
Ere suchan anither damsell peers,
The world will cease to wag ere lang:
For she is the flower o'er a' the bower,
My blessings on Cochrane's Bonny Grizzy.

Her feyther lay lang in the Embro jail,
Wearin fast to his end,
For his head maun be swept clean frae his shouthers,
When the warrant the King shall send;
Singing waes me, wi' the tear in her e'e,
Did Cochrane's bonny dochter mourn.

She kist her feyther's lyart locks,
Unkemtt for mony a day;
And she said, "To save my feyther's life,
I aiblins ken a way:
Gie me thy luve, that I fortune prove?"
Quo Cochrane's bonny dochter.

She rode awa' thro' the straggling toun,
Of beggart Hadingtoun,
Syne by Dunbar, thro' the Coppersmith,
Till to Berwick she has come:
And she rappit ryghte loud on the barred gates,
Did Cochrane's bonny dochter.

She slept all night, and she rose betimes,
And cross'd the lang brig o' the Tweed;
And ouer the moor at Tweedmouth brae,
Sair dragglit was her woman's weed;
And lightin doun by Haggerston Shaws,
Did Cochrane's bonny Grizzy.

A cloak she drew frae her saddle bag,
Wi' trunks and a doublet fayre,
She cut off wi' a faulding knife,
Her long and raven hair;
And she dressed herself in laddies claiths,
Did Cochrane's Bonny Grizzy.

The horseman rode intill Bedford toun,
Wha' carry't the London Mail,
Bauld Grizzy she sought the hostel out,
And there wi' a couthy tale,
Forgathered wi' the London post,
Did Cochrane's Bonny Grizzy.

She roared the loudest af them a',
Quo the fallow, "My canty chiel,
Deil blaw my pipes yere the crack o' the wa',
And the best amang the hail."
In the dead of night did they gang to their beds,
And so gaed Cochrane's dochter.

She rose ower the bed, ere the second cock,
Went jimply alang the floor;
She's stown her fayther's death warrant,
Whilst the lubbert loud did snore.
She's gained the hills ere the hue and cry
They raisit on Cochrane's dochter.

But the King can write anither brief,
For a' the first be stown;
And once again the fallow rode,
Wi' the warrant frae London town:
Now out and alas, what can she do?
For the heart o' Grizzy sank.

The red sun went down o'er the sea,
And the wind blew stiff and snell,
And as it shot by Grizzy's lugs,
It sounded auld Cochran's knell;
"But downa despair, 'tis a kittle carle,"
Said Cochrane's bonny dochter.

The larch and the tall fir shrieked wi' pain,
As they bent before in the wind,
And down there fell the heavy rain,
Till sense and e'en were blind;
"A lang night 'tis ne'er sees a day,"
Quoth Cochran's undaunted Grizzy.

The warlocks are dancing threesome reels,
On Goswick's haunted links,
The red fire shoots by Ladythorne,
And Tam wi' the lanthorn fa's and sinks;
On Kyloe's hills there's awfu' sounds,
But they frighted not Cochrane's Grizzy.

The moon beams shot from the troubled sky,
In glints o' flickerin light,
The horseman cam skelping thro' the mire,
For his mind was in affright;
His pistol cocked he held in his hand,
But the fient a fear had Grizzy.

As he cam' fornenst the Fenwicke woods,
From the whin bushes shot out a flame;
His dappled filly reared up in affright,
And backward over he came;
There's a hand on his craig, and a foot on his mouth,
Twas Cochran's Bonny Grizzy.

"I will not tak thy life," she said,
"But gie me thy London news;
No bloode of thine shall fyle my blade,
Gin me ye dinna refuse:"
She's prie'd the warrant, and away she flew,
Wi' the speed and strength o' the wild curlew.

Love will make a foe grow kind,
  Love will bring blossom where bud is naught,
Love hath softened a kingly mind;
  Grizzy hath mercy to councillors taught.
Her friends at court have prieven the life
O' Grizzy's banished feyther.

She's wedded unto a German knicht,
  Her bairnies blyth wi' her sire remain,
She's cust the laddies cloots awa,
  And her raven hair is growing again.
What think ye, gentles o' every degree,
Of Cochrane's Bonny Grizzy?

Young Ratcliffe.

The hero of this ballad, which appears for the first time in print, was James Radcliffe, third Earl of Derwentwater, who was beheaded for high treason on Tower Hill, in 1716. The circumstances that led to his untimely fate (for he was only in his 26th year) are set forth in the ballad. His last request, to be buried with his ancestors at Dibston,—a romantic spot situated on the banks of a small stream that flows into the Tyne between Corbridge and Hexham,—was refused; but either a sham funeral took place, or his body was secretly conveyed from London; for, on the family vault being opened some years ago, the corpse was found in a high state of preservation. The ample estates of the Ratcliffe family were declared forfeited; and transferred to the use of Greenwich Hospital.

Young Ratcliffe looked frae Dilston ha',
  When he heard the trumpets bray;
"And wha comes here in sic effeir?"
  This nobleman did say.

There looted his ladye by his side,
  And a buirdly dame was she,
She cam from a stock of ungentle bluid,
  Albeit of high degree.

"It means," quo' she, "my gentle luve,
  Jamie has taen the bent,
And whoso follows not his flag
  Sall never be content.

"The pick of a' the western hills,
  With nordern Billies to boot,
Have thrown up caps for bonny James,
  Sprung frae a royal root.

"Why hangs my luve ahint the rest,
  Why mope in sullen mood?
One of less wealth wad be content,
  To peril lands and blood."

Quo' Ratcliffe, "Gin that I had less,
  I might be moved to fight;
But then to lose my heritage
  Wad be a sorry sight."

"And shall it be my lord does halt,
  Not knowing what to do?
The best of schemes will often fail,
  If not gane boldly thro."

Out answered Derwentwater bold,
  "Why prop a falling tree?
When does the Stuart's kingly cause,
  Lie rotting on the lea.

"Ill speed and bloodshed never yet
  Brought fortune to a cause;
Never a man out prospered right,
  That broke his country's laws.

"If he had right, and I less wealth,
  I might adventure more;
But honey luve, thou knowst small ships
  Should keep well in the shore."

Loud storm't the Lady o' Dilston Hall,
  Wi' a glunching o' disdain;
"When others seek the smile o' kings,
  To stay were ruth and shame.

"How could I live to hear my luve
  Shamed as a coward man?
Were I a Lord, in the foremost rank
  I' fight for King and lan'."

"Och," then quo' he, "my hinny sweet,
Wha nothing has to tyne
May boldly fight, not he who owns
Sic hills and dales as mine.

"I could not lose my bonny holts,
Or shaws and knowes so green,
Where poppling by the moss grown stanes,
The waters flash between.

"Were all around me not my ain,
I'd freely gan the gate;
Wha has nae fortune fights more bold
Than one with large estate."

Quo' she, "Shame fa' upon Ratcliffe,
Or ever I was told,
My husband snooves awa from fight,
For greed of yellow gold.

"That ever weary waefu' gear
Should mar so fair a cause,
That ever to stand by Jamie's side
Should make my Ratcliffe pause.

"There's Kenmure's up wi' the western lads,
Roy wi' the Highlandmen,
And Lochiel's clan, wi' pipes to their teeth,
Are skirling down the Glen;

"There's Fenwickes, and Herries, and Fosters too,
Wi' the feck of Cumberland,
Are ganging to tryst on Stagshaw Bank,
To meet Northumberland.

"Think not I'd peril thy sweet life,
Thy fame more rich I prize;
A coward's name," quo' the wily dame,
"When branded never dies.

"The smallest drop o' my Ratcliffe's blood
Is far more dear to me
Than all the ryches ever sunk
In the waters of the sea."

He sprung away wi' a brow o' fire,
Gave three skips thro' the ha';
And cried, "Hurrah for Jamie yet,
What ever may befa'.

"Go saddle me my Marigold,
That browses on the lea;
My father's helmet and his sword,
So likewise bring to me."

The robin cheeped a dolorous note,
With the corn craik from the lea,
The owlet gave an eerie skriegh,
As he louped to saddle tree.

He looked down on the shaws and woods,
Syne up to his castle hall;
On the waving trees, and flowery banks,
By the burnie's wimpling fall.

It raised sore tews in Ratcliffe's breast,
To leave his plenished house;
And the grooms out cried, "The game's nae worth,
Sin Ratcliffe sings sae crouse."

But he saw the eye of his buird Countesse
Glint blythe and bonnily;
"Forth fortune," he cried, "and fetters fill,
Heigh, Jamie oure the lea."

Young Ratcliffe called for the stirrup cup,
Ere he rode down the brae;
He'se bid them never stint the wine,
Whatever men may say.

He flung the glass right oure his shouther,
When he had drained the toast;
He kist his glov't hand to the Ha',
For oh he loved it most.

There's stir upon Newcastle Streets,
In Morpeth Town there's noise;
And Berwick Johnnies wi' Cambo Billies,
Fratch wi' the Hexham boys.

The brash o' Alnwick shout and fling,
Deil gin they never tire;
And the news o' the rise thro' the country flies,
Like the flash o' levin fire.

To Jamie's flag cam ridin in,
The flower of all that's fayre;
But the fause Joblins, wi' the Johnsons coarse,
Gude faith lad were na there.

There was a battle in the North,
'Twas siccan a bloody fight,
Where many noblemen were slain,
And young Ratcliffe gat the wyte.

That siccan a cause suld ever fail!
The prince has fled the land;
Wi' Balmerin and auld Lovàtt,
Bauld Ratcliffe take his stand.

And he has written a lang letter,
Unto his Lady fair,
"Ye maun come up to London town,
To see your Lord once mair."

When first she looked the letter on,
She was baith red and rosy;
But ere she read a word or twa,
She wallowt like a lily.

"Gae get to me my gude grey steed,
My menzie a gae wi' me,
For I shall neither eat nor drink
Till London town shall see me."

And she has muntit her good grey steed,
Her menzie a gaed with her;
And neither did she eat or drink
Till London Town did see her.

O she fell on her bended knees,
I wat's she's pale and weary;
"O pardon, pardon, noble King,
And gie me back my dearie.

"I hae born sons to my Ratcliffe dear,
The last ne'er saw his daddie;
Oh pardon, pardon, noble King,
Pity a waefu' ladie."

"Go bid the headis-man make haste,"
Our King did loudly cry;
"For as I live, or wear a crown,
Yon bold traytor shall die."

Kenmures came, and Fenwickes ran,
And they were stark and steady;
And a the word among them a',
Was "Ratcliffe, keep ye ready."

An aged man at the King's right hand,
Says "Noble King, but hear me;
Gar her tell down ten thousand pounds,
And gie her back her dearie."

Quo' Geordie, "Not for all the goud
That ever a King could tell,
It shall not save young Ratcliffe's life,
From the axe he's earned full well."

And then appeared the fatal block,
And syne the axe to head him;
And Ratcliffe coming down the stair,
Wi' bands o' airn they lead him.

But tho' he was chain'd in fetters strong,
That gyved his noble limb,
There was nae ane in a' the court,
That looked sae bra' as him.

He clasped his lady by the waist,
And kist her lips sae red;
"Be mindful of my youngest bairn,
When is his father dead."

Geordy has taen sae sair a fright,
He's no safe in his hall;
And the tane and the tither maun hauld their gabs,
Young Ratcliffe's head maun fall.

His blood has watted the Tower block,
And dyed his yellow hair;
His Countess sits wailing in Dilston Halls,
But Ratcliffe is na there.

The Fair Flower of Northumberland.

This Ballad treats of the betrayal and desertion of a daughter of "the good Erle of Northumberland;" but which Earl, or in what age it happened, there are no means of ascertaining, further than he was a Scottish Knight, who proved untrue to his vows. "The fraud of man was ever so, since Summer first was leafy," so writes Shakspeare, who took it in turn from that truly old English Ballad, "It was a Friar of Orders Grey," attributed with I know not what justice to Beaumont and Fletcher. The last verse but one is added, as I thought the ends of Ballad justice would not be fulfilled, if the false Knight should escape condign punishment. Chopping the spurs from a Knight's heel, was the very height of degradation, a kind of knightly drumming out; whilst breaking the sword over the culprit's head was always resorted to, preparatory to execution for treasonable or disgraceful offences.

It was a Knight in Scotland born,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
Was taken prisoner, and left forlorn
Even by the good Erle Northumberland.

Then was he cast in prison strong,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
Where he could not walk or lay along,
Even by the good Erle Northumberland.

And as in sorrow thus he lay,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
The Erl's sweet daughter walks that way,
And she is the fair Flower of Northumberland.

And passing by like ane angel bryght,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
The prisoner had of her a sight,
And she the fair Flower of Northumberland.

And aloud to her this Knight did cry,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
The salt tears standing in his eye,
And she the fair Flower of Northumberland.

"Fair lady," he said, "take pity on me,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
And let me not in prison die,
And you the fair Flower of Northumberland."

"Fair Sir, how should I take pity on you?
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
Thou being a foe to our countrie,
And I the fair Flower of Northumberland."

"Fair lady, I am no foe," he sayd,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
"Through thy sweet love here was I stay'd,
For the fair Flower of Northumberland."

"Why shouldst thou come here for love of me,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
Having wife and children in thy country,
And I the fair Flower of Northumberland."

"I swear by the blessed Trinity,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
I have no wife or children, I,
Nor dwelling at home in merry Scotland.

"If courteously thou wilt set me free,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
I vow that I will marry thee,
So soon as I come to fayre Scotland.

"Thou shalt be a lady of castles and towers,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
And sit like a queen in princely bowers,
Were I at home in fayre Scotland."

Then parted hence this lady gay,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
And stole her fathers ring away,
To help this Knight in fayre Scotland.

Likewise much gold she got by sleight,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
And all to help this forlorn Knight,
To wend from her father in fayre Scotland.

Two gallant steeds, both good and able,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
She likewise took out of the stable,
To ride with the Knight to fayre Scotland.

And to the jaylor she sent the ring,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
Who the Knight from prison forth did bring,
To wend with her into fayre Scotland.

This token set the prisoner free,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
Who straight went to this fair lady,
To wend with her to fayre Scotland.

A gallant steed he did bestride,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
And with the lady away did ride,
And she the fair Flower of Northumberland.

They rode till they came to a water clear,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
"Good Sir, how should I follow you here,
And I the fair Flower of Northumberland?

"The water is rough and wonderful deep,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
And on my saddle I shall not keep,
And I the fair Flower of Northumberland."

"Fear not the ford, fair lady," quo' he,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
"For long I cannot stay for thee,
And thou the fair Flower of Northumberland."

The lady prickt her gallant steed,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
And over the river swam with speed,
And she the fair Flower of Northumberland.

From top to toe all wet was she,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
Thus have I done for love of thee,
And I the fair Flower of Northumberland.

Thus rode she all one winter's night,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
Till Edinborough they saw in sight,
The fairest town in all Scotland.

"Now choose," quo' he, "thou wanton Flower,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
If thou wilt be my paramour,
Or get thee home to Northumberland.

"For I have a wife, and children five,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
In Edinborough they be alive,
Then get thee home to Northumberland

"This favour thou shalt have to boot,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
I'll have thy horse, go thou on foot,
Go, get thee home to Northumberland."

"O false and faithless Knight," quo she,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
"And canst thou deal so bad with me,
And I the fayre Flower of Northumberland?

"Dishonour not a lady's name,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
But draw thy sword and end my shame,
And I the fair Flower of Northumberland."

He took her from her stately steed,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
And left her there in extreme need,
And she the fair Flower of Northumberland.

Then sat she down full heavily,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
At length two Knights came ridin by,
Two gallant Knights of fair England.

She fell down humbly on her knee,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
Saying, "Courteous Knights, take pity on me,
For I am the fair Flower of Northumberland.

"I have offended my father dear,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
And by a false Knight, who brought me here
From the good Erle of Northumberland."

They took her up behind them there,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
And brought her to her home again,
And he the good Earl of Northumberland.

They chopped the spurs from the false
Knight's heels,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
And broke his sword upon his head,
For wronging the Flower of Northumber-
land. 140

All you fair maydens, be warned by me,
Follow my love, come over the Strand;
Scots never were true, nor ever will be
To lord, or lady, or fair England.

Syr John le Sprynge.

(VERY ANCIENT.)

THIS old ballad occurs in Sharpe's Bishopric Garland, a collection of Songs and Ballads published in the beginning of this century. The Knight, who was murdered in the arms of his leman, "in his bower at Houghton," as it is headed in Sharpe's Collection, would seem to have been a crusader, and had probably fought 'neath the "honour-giving banner" of Richard I. or Edward I. (who in the crusade was wounded by a poisoned dagger). At least the verses hint as much.

Ere the waning Crescent fled;
When the Martyr's palm and golden crown
Reward Chryst's soldiers dead.

The crescent was the symbol of Saladin, and it is on record, that an ancestor of the Percies won a Paynim standard in single fight from the Sultan of Trebizond, and afterwards adopted the cognisance as his own.

That Syr John le Sprynge was untrue to his marriage vow, is the only supposition we can put upon the concluding lines,

Lordlings, mind how your vows you keep,
And kiss no leman gay.

Infidelity seems to have been his crime; probably some of the kinsmen of the infuriated and jealous wife tracked the unfortunate Knight to the bower, and when

At dead of night, in the softe moonlyght,
In his garden bower he lay,

they broke in upon the guilty slumbers of the unguarded Knight.

St. George's banner was the "oriflamme" of the English Crusaders, and hence the ballad states that

He fell not in the battle field,
Beneath St. George's banner bryght.

St. George seems to have been the tutelary Saint of English Knights, from the days of King Arthur downwards.

The murdered Knight, it would appear, was buried in the "south aisle" of the Church in Houghton; and until a few years ago, there was in the south aisle, the figure of a Knight in armour, in the attitude of prayer; the tomb being curiously ornamented with sculptures of the Holy Family in niches. Above, on a slab of marble, were his arms, with this solemn inscription, "Praye for the Soule of Syr John le Sprynge."

The Knight's family would seem to have been an ancient one, and their castle was probably at Houghton, or near it; and to this they added their patronymic appellation, calling it Houghton le Sprynge, to distinguish it from another town of the same name, as there are several Houghtons in the shire of Durham.

PRAY for the soule of Syr John le Sprynge,
When the black Monks sing
And the vesper bells ring,
Praye for the soule of a murdered Knight,
Praye for the soule of Sir John le Spryng. 5

He fell not before the paynim sword,
Ere the waning Crescent fled;
When the martyr's palm and golden crown
Reward Chryst's soldiers dead.

He fell not in the battle field,
Beneath St. George's banner bryght;
When the pealyng cry of victory,
Might cheer the soule of a dying Knyght.

But at dead of night, in the soft moonlight,
In his garden bower he lay,
And the dew of sleepe did his eyelids steep,
In the arms of his leman gay.

And by murderous hand, and bloody brand,
In that guilty bower,
Wyth his paramour,
Did his soule from his body fleete,
And through mist and mirk and moonlight grey,
Was forced away from the bleeding clay,
To the dreadful judgment seat.

In the southermost aisle his coat of mail,
Hangs o'er the marble shrine;
And his tyltyng spere is rustyng there,
His helm and his gabardine.

And aye the mass priest sings his song,
And patters many a prayer;
And the chaunting bell tolls loud and long,
And aye the lamp burns there.

And still when that guilty night returns,
On the eve of Saynt Barnaby bryght,
The dying taper faintly burns
Wyth a wan and wavering light.

And the clammy midnight dew breaks forth,
Like drops of agony,
From the marble dank, whilst the armour's clank
Affrights the priest on his knee.

And high overhead, with heavy tread,
Unearthly footsteps pass,
For the spirits of air are gathering there,
And mock the holy mass.

Lordlings, mind how your vows you keep,
And kiss no leman gay;
For he that sinks in sin to sleepe,
May never wake to pray.

Judge not, sinner as thou art,
Commune with thy secret herte,
And watch, for thou knowst not the houre,
But to Jesus bright, and Mary of might,
Pray for the soule of the murdered Knight,
That died in the moonlit bower.

Lady Jean.

Bothal Castle, the scene of this Ballad, is situated on the Wansbeck, three miles from Morpeth. It was built by the ancestors of the "Bertram," mentioned in the Ballad of Lord Hepburn, and in ancient times it was a place of considerable strength. It is related by tradition, that a "Scotch Knight, named Dunbar, bearing a fox's tail in his helmet, as a challenge for any man to fight him, travelled throughout England, and going towards his own country, was encountered by Syr Robert Ogle, and slain with a pole-axe, which remained as a trophy until very lately in the great hall of Bothal Castle." The Lord Dacre, mentioned as the intended bridegroom in the Ballad, may have been the "Dacre" of Flodden Field. (For an account of whose family, see *Scott's "Lay of the last Minstrel."*) He was warden of the Eastern March in the reign of Henry VIII. The Umphreville or Umfraville, mentioned also as the lover of Lady Jean, was descended from a very powerful family, of which there were several branches. In the reign of Henry V. we find one "Sir Robert Umfraville," prosecuting John de Manners, Sheriff of Northumberland, and his son, for having killed William Heron, Esq., and Robert Atkinson.

There was formerly at Alnwick an Abbey of Premonstratensian Canons. In the Chronicles of this house, preserved in the library of King's College, Cambridge, there is an ac-

count of a banquet given by Walter de Hepscotes, the Abbot, A.D. 1376, on the day of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, to Henry, the Fourth Lord of Alnwick, and thirteen Knights, amongst whom occurs the name of "Ingram de Unfraville." The principal scion of the family settled at Otterbourne at a very early period; and we find that at the "Battle of Otterbourne" between the Douglas and Percy, Sir Ralph de Umphreville performed good "yeoman's service."

Who the author of this Ballad is, I know not: it appeared in "Richardson's Table Book," with the initials R. W. appended to it. It is an old Ballad, and like other renowned lyrics, whose authors are enveloped in mystery, it has become a "waif" and "stray" to any Poetical Lord of the Manor who may choose to lay claim to it. We may suppose Scott to have seen it; if so, I am strongly inclined to believe that it furnished the "Young Lochinvar" of the great Novelist. The incidents are nearly the same as in the "Bridal of Netherby," only the hero Umphreville, though much talked of, is like the "great Timoleon" in the "Grecian Daughter," never seen.

By Bothal's tower, sweet Wansbeck's stream
Rins bickerin to the sea;
Aloft, the breezes of the morn
The banners waving free.

There's joy in Bothal's bonny bowers,
There's mirth within the ha';
But oure the cheek of Lady Jean,
The tricklin tear drops fa'.

She sits within her chamber high,
Her cousin's by her side;
Yet sweir is she to don the dress
That's fitting for a bride.

"O haste! Lord Dacre's on his way,
Ye hae na time to spare;
Come let me clasp that jimp girdle,
And braid your glossy hair.

"Of a' the ladies in the land,
Yese be surpassed by nane;
The lace that's on your velvet robe,
Wi' goud 'ill stand its lane.

"This jewelled chaplet ye'll put on,
That broidered necklace gay;
For we maun ha' ye buskit well
On this your bridal day."

"O Ellen, you would think it hard
To wed against your will;
I never loved Lord Dacre yet,
I dinna like him still.

"He kens, tho' oft he sued for love
Upon his bended knee;
Ae tender word, ae kindly look,
He never gat frae me.

"And he has gained my mother's ear,
My father's stern command;
Yet this fond heart can ne'er be his,
Although he claim my hand.

"O Ellen, softly list to me,
I still may scape the snare;
This morn I sent to Otterbourne,
The tidings would be there.

"And hurrying on, comes Umphreville,
His spur is sharp at need;
There's nane in a' Northumberland
Can boast a fleeter steed.

"Ah, well I ken his heart is true,
He will, he must be here;
Aboon the garden wa' he'll wave
The pennon o' his spear."

"Far is the way, the burns are deep,
The broken muirs are wide;
Fair lady, ere your true love comes
You'll be Lord Dacre's bride.

"Wi' stately, solemn step, the priest
Climbs up the chapel stair;
Alas! alas! for Umphreville,
His heart may well be sair.

"Keep back, keep back, Lord Dacre's steed,
Ye mauna trot or gang;
And haste ye, haste ye, Umphreville,
Your lady thinks you lang."

In velvet sheen she wadna dress,
Nae pearlins oure her shone,
Nor broidered necklace sparkling bright,
Would Lady Jean put on.

Up rose she frae her cushioned seat,
And tottered like to fa';
Her cheek grew like the rose, and then
Turned whiter than the wa'.

"O Ellen, thraw the casement up,
Let in the air to me;
Look down within the castle yard,
And tell me what you see."

"Your fayther's stan'nin on the steps,
Your mother's at the door;
Out thro' the postern comes the train,
Lord Dacre comes before.

"Fu' yauld and gracefu' lichts he doun,
Sae does his gallant band;
And low he doffs his bonnett plume,
And shakes your father's hand.

"List, lady, list! a bugle note,
It soundeth faintly clear;
Up, up! I see abune the wa'
Your true love's pennon'd spear."

And up fu' quick gat Lady Jean,
Nae ailment had she mair;
Blyth was her look, and firm her step,
As she ran down the stair.

As thro' amang the apple trees,
An' up the walk she flew,
Untill she reached her true love's side,
Her breath she scarcely drew.

Lord Dacre fain would see the bride
He sought her bower alone;
And dowf and blunket grew his looks,
When Lady Jean was gone.

Sair did her father stamp and rage,
Sair did her mother mourn;
She's up and aff with Umphreville
To bonny Otterbourne.

Sir Richard Whittington's Advancement.

THERE is something so fabulous, or at least, that has such a romantic appearance in the history of Whittington, that we shall not relate it; but refer our readers to common tradition, or to the histories which are without any difficulty to be met with. Certain it is, that there was such a man; a citizen of London, by trade a mercer; and one who has left public edifices, and charitable works enough behind him, to transmit his name to posterity. Amongst others, he founded a house of prayer; with an allowance for a master, fellows, choristers, clerks, &c., and an almshouse for thirteen poor men, called Whittington College. He entirely rebuilt the loathsome prison, which then was standing at the west gate of the city, and called it Newgate. He built the better half of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in West-Smithfield; and the fine library in Gray-Fryars, now called Christ's Hospital: as also a great part of the east end of Guildhall, with a chapel and a library; in which the records of the city might be kept. He was chosen sheriff in the seventeenth year of the reign of king Richard the Second, and of the Christian æra 1393; William Stondon, by trade a grocer, being then mayor of London. After which he was knighted; and in the one and twentieth year of the same reign he was chosen mayor. Which honour was again conferred on him in the eighth year of king Henry the Fourth, and the seventh of king Henry the Fifth. It is said of him, that he advanced a very considerable sum of money towards carrying on the war in France, under the last monarch. He married Alice, the daughter of Hugh and Molde Fitzwarren: at whose house, traditions say, Whittington lived a servant, when he got his immense riches by venturing his cat in one of his master's ships. However, if we may give credit to his own will, he was a knight's son; and more obliged to an English king, and prince, than to any African monarch, for his riches. For when he founded Whittington College, and left a maintenance for so many people, as above related, they were, as Stow records it (for this maintenance), bound to pray for the good estate of Richard Whittington, and Alice his wife, their founders; and for Sir

William Whittington, and dame Joan his wife; and for Hugh Fitzwarren, and dame Molde his wife, the fathers and mothers of the said Richard Whittington and Alice his wife: For king Richard the Second, and Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloucester, special lords and promoters of the said Richard Whittington, &c.

Here must I tell the praise
Of worthy Whittington,
Known to be in his days
Thrice lord-mayor of London.

But of poor parentage
Born was he, as we hear,
And in his tender age
Bred up in Lancashire.

Poorly to London then
Came up this simple lad;
Where, with a merchant-man,
Soon he a dwelling had;

And in a kitchen plac'd,
A scullion for to be;
Where a long time he pass'd
In labour drudgingly.

His daily service was
Turning at the fire;
And to scour pots of brass,
For a poor scullion's hire:

Meat and drink all his pay,
Of coin he had no store;
Therefore to run away,
In secret thought he bore.

So from the merchant-man,
Whittington secretly
Towards his country ran,
To purchase liberty.

But as he went along,
In a fair summer's morn,
London's bells sweetly rung
Whittington's back return;

Evermore sounding so,
Turn again, Whittington;
For thou, in time, shalt grow
Lord-mayor of London.

Whereupon, back again,
Whittington came with speed,
A servant to remain,
As the Lord had decreed.

Still blessed be the bells,
This was his daily song;
This my good fortune tells,
Most sweetly have they rung.

If God so favour me,
I will not prove unkind;
London my love shall see,
And my large bounties find.

But, see his happy chance!
This scullion had a cat,
Which did his state advance,
And by it wealth he gat.

His master ventur'd forth,
To a land far unknown,
With merchandize of worth,
As is in stories shown:

Whittington had no more
But this poor cat as then,
Which to the ship he bore,
Like a brave valiant man.

Vent'ring the same, quoth he,
I may get store of gold,
And mayor of London be,
As the bells have me told.

Whittington's merchandise,
Carried to a land
Troubled with rats and mice,
As they did understand;

The king of the country there,
As he at dinner sat,
Daily remain'd in fear
Of many mouse and rat.

Meat that on trenchers lay,
No way they could keep safe;
But by rats bore away,
Fearing no wand or staff;

Whereupon, soon they brought
Whittington's nimble cat;
Which by the king was bought,
Heaps of gold giv'n for that.

Home again came these men,
With their ship laden so,
Whittington's wealth began
By this cat thus to grow;

Scullion's life he forsook,
To be a merchant good,
And soon began to look
How well his credit stood.

After that, he was chose
Sheriff of the city here,
And then full quickly rose
Higher as did appear:

For to the city's praise,
Sir Richard Whittington
Came to be in his days
Thrice mayor of London.

More his fame to advance,
Thousands he lent the king,
To maintain war in France,
Glory from thence to bring.

And after, at a feast
Which he the king did make,
He burnt the bonds all in jest,
And would no money take.

Ten thousand pounds he gave
To his prince willingly;
And would no penny have
For this kind courtesy.

As god thus made him great,
So he would daily see
Poor people fed with meat,
To shew his charity:

Prisoners poor cherish'd were,
Widows sweet comfort found;
Good deeds, both far and near,
Of him do still resound.

Whittington's college is
One of his charities;
Record reporteth this,
To lasting memories.

Newgate he builded fair,
For prisoners to lye in;
Christ-Church he did repair,
Christian love for to win.

Many more such like deeds
Were done by Whittington;
Which joy and comfort breeds,
To such as look thereon.

Life and Death of Richard the Third.

A song of the life and death of king Richard III., who, after many murthers by him committed upon the princes and nobles of this land, was slain at the battle of Bosworth, in Leicestershire, by Henry VII. king of England.

In England once there reigned a king,
A tyrant fierce and fell,
Who for to gain himself a crown,
Gave sure his soul to hell:
Third Richard was this tyrant's name,
The worst of all the three;
That wrought such deeds of deadly dole,
That worser could not be.

For his desires were still (by blood)
To be made England's king,
Which he to gain that golden prize,
Did many a wondrous thing:
He slaughter'd up our noble peers,
And chiefest in this land,
With every one that likely was
His title to withstand.

Four bloody fields the tyrant fought,
E're he could bring to pass,
What he made lawless claim unto,
As his best liking was;
Sixth Henry's princely son he slew,
Before his father's face,
And weeded from our English throne
All his renowned race.

This king likewise in London tower,
He murthering made away:
His brother duke of Clarence life,
He also did betray,
With those right noble princes twain,
King Edward's Children dear,
Because to England's royal crown
He thought them both too near.

His own dear wife also he slew,
Incestuously to wed
His own dear daughter, which for fear,
Away from him was fled:
And made such havock in this land,
Of all the royal blood,
That only one was left unslain,
To have his claims withstood.

Earl Richmond he by heaven preserv'd,
To right his country's wrong,
From France prepar'd full well to fight,
Brought o'er an army strong:
To whom lord Stanley nobly came,
With many an English peer,
And join'd their forces all in one,
Earl Richmond's heart to chear.

Which news when as the tyrant heard,
How they were come on shore,
And how his forces day by day
Increased more and more:
He frets, he fumes, and ragingly
A madding fury shows,
And thought it but in vain to stay,
And so to battel goes.

Earl Richmond he in order brave,
His fearless army led,
In midst of whom these noble words,
Their valiant leader said,
Now is the time and place, sweet friends,
And we the soldiers be,
That must bring England's peace again,
Or lose our lives must we.

Be valiant then, we fight for fame,
And for our country's good,
Against a tyrant mark'd with shame,
For shedding English blood:
I am right heir of Lancaster,
Entitl'd to the crown,
Against this bloody *boar of York,
Then let us win renown.

Meanwhile had furious Richard set
His army in array,
And with a ghastly look of fear,
Desparingly did say,
Shall Henry Richmond with his troops
O'er-match us thus by might,
That comes with fearful cowardice,
With us this day to fight?

Shall Tudor from Plantagenet
Win thus the crown away?
No, Richard's noble mind foretels,
That ours will be the day:
For golden crowns we bravely fight,
And gold shall be their gain,
In great abundance giv'n to them,
That live this day unslain.

These words being spoke, the battels join'd,
Where blows they bravely change,
And Richmond, like a lion bold,
Performed wonders strange;
And make such slaughter through the camp,
Till he king Richard 'spie
Who fighting long together there,
At last the tyrant dies.

Thus ended England's woful war,
Usurping Richard dead,
King Henry fair Elizabeth
In princely sort did wed:
For he was then made England's king,
And she his crowned queen:
So 'twixt these houses long at strife,
A unity was seen.

*Richard was usually called the Boar of York, by reason of the boar he had in his coat of arms.

The Doleful Death of Queen Jane,

WIFE TO KING HENRY VIII., AND THE MANNER OF PRINCE EDWARD'S BEING CUT OUT OF HER WOMB.

One would think it almost impossible that there should be the least doubt amongst writers, in any point so modern as the fact on which this ballad is founded, and yet if we search our historians, we shall hardly find any of them agreeing in the story of queen Jane. We shall not therefore pretend to advance anything concerning the manner of her death, but shall quote the opinions of some of our writers, that every one may be at liberty to judge for themselves.

Anne of Bullen, Henry VIIIth's second queen, being beheaded in the tower for adultery, king Henry was married the very next day to lady Jane; who, on the 12th of October (according to the opinion of a vast majority), was delivered of a son at Hampton-court. But notwithstanding this, Sir John Hayward asserts, that prince Edward was not born until the 17th; and adds, "All reports do constantly run, that he was not by natural passage delivered into the world, but that his mother's belly was opened for his birth; and that she died of the incision the fourth day following." Echard, in his history of England, is of a very different opinion; where talking of prince Edward's birth, he tells us, "That the joy of it was much allayed by the departure of the admirable queen, who, contrary to the opinion of many writers, died twelve days after the birth of this prince, having been well delivered, and without any incision, as others have maliciously reported." Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in his history of Henry VIII., asserts, "That the queen died two days after her delivery." And indeed he has the authorities of Hollingshead and Stow to support the assertion. Du Chesne, a native of France, who in his history of England has undertaken to clear up this point, does but perplex us the more: talking of these times, he goes on thus: "La royne Jeanne estoit alors enceinte & preste a enfanter, mais quand ce vint au terme de l'accouchement elle eut tant de tourment & de peine, qu' il luit fallut fendre le Costé par lequel on tira son fruit le douzieme Jour d' Octobre a Windesore———Elle mourut douze jours aprés et fut enterré au Chateau de Windsore."

When as king Henry rul'd this land,
He had a queen I understand;
Lord Seymour's daughter fair and bright,
King Henry's comfort and delight:
Yet death, by his remorseless pow'r,
Did blast the bloom of this sweet Flow'r;
O mourn, mourn, mourn, fair ladies;
Jane your queen, the flower of England's dead.

His former queen being wrapt in lead,
This gallant dame possess'd his bed;
Where rightly from her womb did spring
A joyful comfort to her king,
A welcome blessing to the land,
Preserv'd by God's most holy hand.
O mourn, &c.

The queen in travail, pained sore
Full thirty woful days and more,
And no ways could deliver'd be,
As every lady wish'd to see:
Wherefore the king made greater moan,
Than ever yet his grace had shown.
O mourn, &c.

Then being something eas'd in mind,
His eyes a slumbering sleep did find;
Where dreaming he had lost a rose,
But which he could not well suppose;
A ship he had, a rose by name;
Oh, no! It was his royal Jane.
O mourn, &c.

Being thus perplex'd with grief and care,
A lady to him did repair,
And said, O king! show us thy will;
The queen's sweet life to save or spill.
If she cannot deliver'd be,
Yet save the flow'r, tho' not the tree.
O mourn, &c.

Then down upon his tender knee,
For help from heaven prayed he,
Mean while into a sleep they cast
His queen, which evermore did last;
And op'ning then her tender womb,
Alive they took this budding bloom.
O mourn, &c.

This babe so born much comfort brought,
And chear'd his father's drooping thought,
Prince Edward he was call'd by name,
Graced with virtue, wit and fame;
And when his father left this earth,
He rul'd this land by lawful birth.
O mourn, &c.

But mark the pow'rful will of heav'n;
We from this joy were soon bereav'n:
Six years he reigned in this land,
And then obeyed God's command,
And left his crown to Mary here,
Whose five years reign cost England dear.
O mourn, &c.

Elizabeth reign'd next to her,
Fair Europe's pride, and England's star;
The world's wonder; for such a queen
Under heaven was never seen:
A maid, a saint, an angel bright,
In whom all princes took delight.
O mourn, mourn, mourn, fair ladies;
Elizabeth, the flower of England's dead.

The Honour of a London 'Prentice.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF HIS MATCHLESS MANHOOD AND BRAVE ADVENTURES DONE IN TURKEY, AND BY WHAT MEANS HE MARRIED THE KING'S DAUGHTER, ETC.

THE following song relates to a noble piece of chivalry performed in Queen Elizabeth's days, and therefore claims a place here; though it must be acknowledged we have not been able to discover who the hero was, nor any account of the facts on which the ballad is founded.

OF a worthy London 'prentice,
My purpose is to speak,
And tell his brave adventures
Done for his country's sake:
Seek all the world about,
And you shall hardly find,
A man in valour to exceed
A 'prentice gallant mind.

He was born in Cheshire,
The chief of men was he,
From thence brought up to London,
A 'prentice for to be.
A merchant on the bridge,
Did like his service so,
That for three years his factor,
To Turkey he should go.

And in that famous country
One year he had not been,
E'er he by tilt maintained
The honour of his queen,
Elizabeth his princess,
He nobly did make known,
To be the phœnix of the world,
And none but she alone.

In armour richly gilded,
Well mounted on a steed,
One score of knights most hardy
One day he made to bleed;
And brought them all unto the ground
Who proudly did deny,
Elizabeth to be the pearl
Of princely majesty.

The king of that same country
Thereat began to frown,
And will'd his son, there present,
To pull this youngster down;
Who at his father's words
These boasting speeches said,
Thou art a traytor English boy,
And hast the traytor play'd.

I am no boy, nor traytor,
Thy speeches I defy,
For which I'll be revenged
Upon thee by and by.
A London 'prentice still
Shall prove as good a man,
As any of your Turkish knights,
Do all the best you can.

And therewithal he gave him
A box upon the ear,
Which broke his neck asunder,
As plainly doth appear.
Now know, proud Turk, quoth he,
I am no English boy,
That can with one small box o'th' ear
The prince of Turks destroy.

When as the king perceived
His son so strangely slain,
His soul was sore afflicted
With more than mortal pain:
And in revenge thereof,
He swore that he should dye
The cruellest death that ever man
Beheld with mortal eye.

Two lyons were prepared
This 'prentice to devour,
Near famished up with hunger,
Ten days within the tower,
To make them far more fierce,
And eager of their prey,
To glut themselves with human gore,
Upon this dreadful day.

The appointed time of torment,
At length grew nigh at hand,
When all the noble ladies
And barons of the land,
Attended on the king,
To see this 'prentice slain,
And bury'd in the hungry maws
Of those fierce lyons twain.

Then in his shirt of cambrick,
With silks most richly wrought,
This worthy London 'prentice
Was from the prison brought,
And to the lyons given
To stanch their hunger great,
Which had not eat in ten days space
Not one small bit of meat.

But God that knows all secrets,
The matter so contriv'd,
That by this young man's valour
They were of life depriv'd;
For being faint for food,
They scarcely could withstand
The noble force, and fortitude,
And courage of his hand;

For when the hungry lyons
Had cast on him their eyes,
The elements did thunder
With the echo of their cryes:
And running all amain
His body to devour,
Into their throats he thrust his arms,
With all his might and power:

From thence by manly valour,
Their hearts he tore in sunder,
And at the king he threw them,
To all the peoples wonder.
This I have done, quoth he,
For lovely England's sake,
And for my country's maiden queen,
Much more will undertake.

But when the king perceived
His wrathful lyons hearts,
Afflicted with great terror,
His rigour soon reverts,
And turned all his hate
Into remorse and love,
And said it is some angel,
Sent down from heav'n above.

No, no, I am no angel,
The courteous young man said,
But born in famous England,
Where God's word is obey'd;
Assisted by the heavens,
Who did me thus befriend,
Or else they had most cruelly
Brought here my life to end.

The king in heart amazed,
Lift up his eyes to heaven,
And for his foul offences
Did crave to be forgiven;
Believing that no land
Like England may be seen,
No people better govern'd
By virtue of a queen.

So taking up this young man,
He pardon'd him his life,
And gave his daughter to him,
To be his wedded wife:

Where then they did remain,
And live in quiet peace,
In spending of their happy days
In joy and love's increase.

The Story of Ill May-day,

IN THE TIME OF KING HENRY VIII., AND WHY IT WAS SO CALLED; AND HOW QUEEN CATHERINE BEGGED THE LIVES OF TWO THOUSAND LONDON APPRENTICES.

The following song is founded upon a fact; nor has the writer taken many liberties in altering it, having only magnified and illustrated the story. The thing happened on the May-eve, of the year 1517, the eighth of Henry VIIIth's reign. Numbers of foreigners were at that time settled in England, with particular privileges; and our author observes, ran away with the greatest part of the trade, whilst several of the natives wanted. Exasperated at this, several were for encouraging a tumult, but particularly one Lincolne, a broker, who hired a certain preacher, called Dr. Bele, to inflame the people by his sermons. The court perceived what the citizens would fain be at, but to prevent them, an order was sent by the king and his privy-council to the lord-mayor and aldermen, that they required every housekeeper, under very severe penalties, to take care that all his servants and his whole family should be within-doors by nine at night; and this the magistrates were to see punctually performed. This order was for some time very well observed, but still they wanted only an opportunity of rising, which an accident gave them. Two apprentices playing in the streets about eleven o-clock on the May-eve, the alderman of the ward came to arrest them; but they thinking they had more privilege on that night than any other, began to call out to their fellows for assistance, and so many came running out of doors from the neighbourhood, that the alderman was forced to fly. Encouraged by this, and seeing their numbers increase as the rumour of their being up spread, they hastened to the prisons where some had been committed for abusing strangers, and these they first delivered. The lord-mayor and sheriffs, and Sir Thomas Moore, who had been their recorder, and was very much beloved by them, could not with all their persuasions restrain them, and force they had not sufficient to oppose them; but furiously rushing on to the house of a very rich foreigner, whom, as he was a great trader, they particularly hated, they broke open his doors, killed every one they met with there, and rifled all the goods; and in other places they committed divers other outrages. At length the news of this disorder reached the ears of the earls of Shrewsbury and Surrey: they rose, and taking with them all the inns-of-court men, they cleared the streets of the rioters, and took numbers of them prisoners. Shortly after, the duke of Norfolk, and the earl of Surrey, with 1300 soldiers, came into the city, and joining the lord-mayor and aldermen, proceeded against the criminals. Two hundred and seventy-eight were found guilty, but whether through the intercession of queen Catherine, or through a merciful disposition of king Henry, not above twelve or fifteen suffered; Lincolne, with three or four more of the most guilty were hanged, drawn and quartered; about ten more were hanged on gibbets in the streets, and the lord-mayor, aldermen and recorder appearing on the behalf of the rest at court, they received a check, as if some of the magistracy had connived at the riot; and the rest of the criminals were ordered to appear before the king at Westminster in white shirts, and halters about their necks; and with them mixed a great number of people, who were not before suspected, that they might be entitled to a pardon; which the king having granted, he also ordered the gibbets which had been erected, to be taken down, and the citizens were again restored to favour.

Peruse the stories of this land,
And with advisement mark the same,
And you shall justly understand
How ill May-day first got the name.
For when king Henry th' eighth did reign,
And ruled our famous kingdom here,
His royal Queen he had from Spain,
With whom he lived full many a year.

Queen Catherine nam'd, as stories tell,
Sometime his elder brother's wife:
By which unlawful marriage fell
An endless trouble during life:
But such kind love he still conceiv'd
Of his fair queen, and of her friends,
Which being by Spain and France perceiv'd,
Their journeys fast for England bends.

And with good leave were suffered
Within our kingdom here to stay:
Which multitude made victuals dear,
And all things else from day to day:
For strangers then did so increase,
By reason of king Henry's queen,
And privileg'd in many a place
To dwell, as was in London seen.

Poor tradesmen had small dealing then,
And who but strangers bore the bell?
Which was a grief to Englishmen,
To see them here in London dwell:
Wherefore (God wot) upon May-eve,
As prentices on Maying went,
Who made the magistrates believe,
At all to have no other intent.

But such a may-game it was known,
As like in London never were;
For by the same full many a one,
With loss of life did pay full dear:
For thousands came with bilbo blade,
As with an army they could meet,
And such a bloody slaughter made
Of foreign strangers in the street,

That all the channels ran down with blood,
In every street where they remain'd;
Yea, every one in danger stood,
That any of their part maintain'd;
The rich, the poor, the old, the young,
Beyond the seas tho' born and bred,
By prentices they suffer'd wrong,
When armed thus they gather'd head.

Such multitudes together went,
No warlike troops could them withstand,
Nor yet by policy them prevent,
What they by force thus took in hand:
Till at the last king Henry's power,
This multitude encompass'd round,
Where with the strength of London's tower,
They were by force suppress'd and bound,

And hundreds hang'd by martial law,
On sign-posts at their masters doors,
By which the rest were kept in awe,
And frighted from such loud uproars:
And others which the fact repented,
(Two thousand prentices at least)
Were all unto the king presented,
As mayor and magistrates thought best.

With two and two together tied,
Through Temple bar and Strand they go,
To Westminster there to be tried,
With ropes about their necks also:
But such a cry in every street,
Till then was never heard or known,
By mothers for their children sweet,
Unhappily thus overthrown.

Whose bitter moans and sad laments
Possess'd the court with trembling fear,
Whereat the queen herself relents,
Tho' it concern'd her country dear:
What if (quoth she) by Spanish blood,
Have London's stately streets been wet,
Yet will I seek this country's good,
And pardon for these young men get.

Or else the world will speak of me,
And say queen Catherine was unkind,
And judge me still the cause to be,
These young men did these fortunes find:
And so disrob'd from rich attires,
With hairs hang'd down, she sadly hies,
And of her gracious lord requires
A boon, which hardly he denies.

The lives (quoth she) of all the blooms
Yet budding green, these youths I crave;
O let them not have timeless tombs,
For nature longer limits gave:
In saying so, the pearled tears
Fell trickling from her princely eyes;
Whereat his gentle queen he chears,
And says, Stand up, sweet lady rise.

The lives of them I freely give,
No means this kindness shall debar,
Thou hast thy boon, and they may live,
To serve me in my Bullen war.
No sooner was this pardon given,
But peals of joy rung through the hall
As tho' it thunder'd down from heaven,
The queen's renown amongst them all.

For which (kind queen) with joyful heart,
She gave to them both thanks and praise,
And so from them did gently part,
And liv'd beloved all her days:
And when king Henry stood in need
Of trusty soldiers at command,
These prentices prov'd men indeed,
And fear'd no force of warlike band.

For at the siege of Tours in France,
They shew'd themselves brave Englishmen;
At Bullen too they did advance,
St. George's lusty standard then;
Let Tourine, Tournay, and those towns
That good king Henry nobly won,
Tell London's prentices renowns,
And of their deeds by them there done.

For ill May-day, and ill May-games,
Perform'd in young and tender days,
Can be no hindrance to their fames,
Or stains of manhood any ways:
But now it is ordain'd by law,
We see on May-day's eve at night,
To keep unruly youths in awe,
By London's watch in armour bright.

Still to prevent the like misdeed,
Which once thro' headstrong young men came;
And that's the cause that I do read,
May-day doth get so ill a name.

Johnie of Breadislee.

This is styled by Sir Walter Scott "an ancient Nithsdale Ballad," the hero of which appears to have been an outlaw and deer-stealer; probably one of the broken men residing upon the border. It is sometimes said that he possessed the old castle of Morton, in Dumfries-shire, now ruinous:—"Near to this castle there was a park, built by Sir Thomas Randolph, on the face of a very great and high hill; so artificially, that, by the advantage of the hill, all wild beasts, such as deers, harts, and roes, and hares, did easily leap in, but could not get out again; and if any other cattle, such as cows, sheep, or goats, did voluntarily leap in, or were forced to do it, *it is doubted* if their owners were permitted to get them out again." But the date of Johnie's history must be very remote, for the scene of his exploits has been reduced from the condition of a deer-forest to that of a cultivated domain from a time "beyond the memory of tradition."* There are several versions of the ballad; the one we have selected is that printed by Sir Walter Scott—"from the different copies." Mr. Motherwell reprints it, but gives also these fragments of a more ancient composition, entitled "Johnie of Braidisbank:"—

Johnie rose up on a May morning,
Called for water to wash his hands;
And he's awa to Braidisbanks,
To ding the dun deer down.

Johnie lookit east, and Johnie lookit west,
And it's lang before the sun;
And there did he spy the dun deer lie,
Beneath a bush of brume.

Johnie shot, and the dun deer lap,
And he's wounded her in the side;
Out then spake his sister's son,
"And the neist will lay her pride."

* Another tradition, according to Motherwell, assigns Braid, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, to have been the scene of the "woful hunting;"—"and," writes Mr. Cunningham, "Breadeslee, near Lochmaben, has been pointed out as the more probable residence of the hero of the song; and the scenery in the neighbourhood, and the traditions of the country, countenance the supposition."

They've eaten sae mickle o' the gude venison,
And they've drunken sae muckle o' the blude;
That they've fallen into as sound a sleep,
As gif that they were dead.

It's doun, and it's doun, and it's doun, doun,
And it's doun amang the scroggs;
And there ye 'll espy twa bonny boys lie,
Asleep amang their dogs.

They've waukened Johnie out o' his sleep,
And he's drawn to him his coat;
"My fingers five, save me alive,
And a stout heart fail me not!"

And Mr. Motherwell suggests the introduction of the following beautiful stanza (preserved by Mr. Finlay), after the nineteenth stanza in the printed copy. It is, as he justly remarks, "so descriptive of the languor of approaching death," that it is surprising Sir Walter Scott should have omitted to adopt it:—

"There's no a bird in a' this forest
Will do as mickle for me,
As dip its wing in the wan water,
And straik it on my e'e bree."

Another copy has been printed by Robert Chambers—Scottish Ballads—partly taken from the ballads of Scott and Motherwell, and partly from the "recitation of a lady resident at Peebles, and from a MS. copy submitted to him by Mr. Kinloch." He publishes, for the first time, no fewer than ten additional stanzas; we select three, as indicating that the hero held a higher station than that of a mere deer-stealer:—

His cheeks were like the roses red,
His neck was like the snaw;
He was the bonniest gentleman,
My eyes they ever saw.

His coat was o' the scarlet red,
His vest was o' the same;
His stockings were o' the worset lace,
And buckles tied to the same.

The shirt that was upon his back,
Was o' the holland fine;
The doublet that was over that,
Was o' the Lincoln twine.

These stanzas, however, may have been a modern interpolation. Mr. Cunningham, also, prints a version, into which he has evidently introduced some improvements of his own. We copy the concluding verse:—

"O lay my brown sword by my side,
And my bent bow at my feet;
And stay the howling o' my gray dogs
That sound may be my sleep."
His dogs are dead, his bent bow broke,
And his shafts that flew sae free;
And he lies dead near Durisdeer,
Fair John of Breadislee.

The daring exploits of border outlaws are the themes of many ancient ballads; the reckless character of their lives, their indomitable courage, and continual escapes from their enemies and the law, suggested favourable topics to the old minstrels; several of them are singular for the adventures they describe, although few advance very high claims to poetic merit. One of the most striking is published by Ritson ("Ancient Songs"), and re-published, with "better readings," by Scott. It is entitled by Ritson "The Life and Death of Sir Hugh of the Grime;" and by Scott, "Hughie the Græme." The following are the introductory verses:—

Gude Lord Scroope's to the hunting gane,
He has ridden o'er moss and muir;
And he has grippit Hughie the Græme,
For stealing o' the bishop's mare.

"Now, good Lord Scroope, this may not be?
Here hangs a broadsword by my side;
And if that thou canst conquer me,
The matter it may soon be tryed."

"I ne'er was afraid of a traitor thief;
Although thy name be Hughie the Græme,
I'll make thee repent thee of thy deeds,
If God but grant me but life and time."

Johnnie rose up in a May morning,
Called for water to wash his hands—
"Gar loose to me the gude graie dogs
That are bound wi' iron bands."

When Johnie's mother gat word o' that,
Her hands for dule she wrang—
"O Johnie! for my benison,
To the greenwood dinna gang!

"Eneugh ye hae o' gude wheat bread,
And eneugh o' the blude-red wine;
And, therefore, for nae venison, Johnie,
I pray ye, stir frae hame."

But Johnie's busk't up his gude bend bow,
His arrows, ane by ane;
And he has gane to Durrisdeer,
To hunt the dun deer down.

As he came down by Merriemas,
And in by the benty line,
There has he espied a deer lying
Aneath a bush of ling.

Johnie he shot, and the dun deer lap,
And he wounded her on the side;
But, atween the water and the brae,
His hounds they laid her pride.

And Johnie has bryttled the deer sae weel,
That he's had out her liver and lungs;
And wi' these he has feasted his bluidy hounds,
As if they had been earl's sons.

They eat sae much o' the venison,
And drank sae much o' the blude,
That Johnie and a' his bluidy hounds,
Fell asleep as they had been dead.

And by there came a silly auld carle,
An ill death mote he die!
For he's awa' to Hislinton,
Where the seven foresters did lie.

"What news, what news, ye grayheaded carle,
What news bring ye to me?"
"I bring nae news," said the grayheaded carle,
"Save what these eyes did see.

"As I came down by Merriemas,
And down among the scroggs,
The bonniest childe that ever I saw
Lay sleeping among his dogs.

The shirt that was upon his back
Was o' the holland fine;
The doublet which was over that
Was o' the lincome twine.

The buttons that were on his sleeve
Were o' the goud sae gude:
The gude graie hounds he lay amang,
Their mouths were dyed wi' blude.

Then out and spak the first forester,
The heid man ower them a'—
"If this be Johnie o' Breadislee,
Nae nearer will we draw."

But up and spak the sixth forester
(His sister's son was he),
"If this be Johnie o' Breadislee,
We soon shall gar him die!"

The first flight of arrows the foresters shot,
They wounded him on the knee:
And out and spak the seventh forester,
"The next will gar him die."

Johnie's set his back against an aik,
His fute against a stane;
And he has slain the seven foresters,
He has slain them a' but ane.

He has broke three ribs in that ane's side,
But and his collar bane;
He's laid him twa-fald over his steed,
Bade him carry the tidings hame.

"O is there nae a bonny bird,
Can sing as I can say?—
Could flee away to my mother's bower,
And tell to fetch Johnie away?"

The starling flew to his mother's window stane,
It whistled and it sang;
And aye the ower word o' the tune
Was—"Johnie tarries lang!"

They made a rod o' the hazel bush,
Another o' the slae-thorn tree,
And mony, mony were the men
At fetching o'er Johnie.

Then out and spak his auld mother,
And fast her tears did fa'—
"Ye wad nae be warned, my son Johnie,
Frae the hunting to bide awa'.

"Aft hae I brought to Breadislee,
The less gear and the mair;
But I ne'er brought to Breadislee,
What grieved my heart sae sair.

But wae betyde that silly auld carle,
An ill death shall he die!
For the highest tree in Merriemas,
Shall be his morning's fee."

Now Johnie's gude bend bow is broke,
And his gude graie dogs are slain;
And his body lies dead in Durrisdeer,
And his hunting it is done.

The Dowie Dens of Yarrow.

This ballad was first published in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border;" but other versions of it were, previously, in circulation, and it is stated by Sir Walter Scott to have been "a very great favourite among the inhabitants of Ettrick Forest," where it is universally believed to be founded on fact. Sir Walter, indeed, "found it easy to collect a variety of copies;" and from them he collated the present edition—avowedly for the purpose of "suiting the tastes of these more light and giddy-paced times." A copy is contained in Motherwell's "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern;" another, in Buchan's "Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland:" it, no doubt, originated the popular composition beginning—

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,

by Hamilton, of Bangour, first published in Ramsey's "Tea Table Miscellany;" and suggested the ballad "The Braes of Yarrow," by the Rev. John Logan. In Herd's collection, in Ritson's "Scottish Songs," and in the "Tea Table Miscellany," are to be found fragments of another ballad, entitled "Willie's drowned in Yarrow," of which this is the concluding stanza:—

She sought him east, she sought him west,
She sought him braid and narrow;
Syne in the cleaving of a craig,
She found him drowned in Yarrow.

Indeed, "Yarrow stream" has been a fertile source of poetry, and seems to have inspired the poets; the very sound is seductive: and, as Mr. Buchan remarks, "all who have attempted to sing its praise, or celebrate the actions of those who have been its visiters, have almost universally succeeded in their attempts." The ballad he publishes is entitled "The Braes of Yarrow;" it bears a close resemblance, in its more prominent features, to that collated by Sir Walter Scott, but is far more rugged and less poetic; take for example the opening verse:—

Ten lords sat drinking at the wine,
Intill a morning early;
There fell a combat them amang,
It must be fought—nae parly.

The version preserved by Mr. Motherwell was taken down "from the recitation of an old woman in Kilbarcan," and is chiefly valuable as showing the state in which the song is preserved in the west of Scotland. It is entitled "The Dowie Downs of Yarrow." The main incidents are similar to those contained in the ballad of Scott; but the style is, as may be expected, much inferior. The two introductory verses may suffice as a sample of the whole:—

There were three lords birling at the wine,
On the Dowie Downs o' Yarrow;
They made a compact them between,
They would go fecht to-morrow.

"Thou took our sister to be thy wife,
And thou ne'er thocht her thy marrow;
Thou stealed her frae her daddie's back,
When she was the rose o' Yarrow."

Another version was published by Robert Chambers, in his "Scottish Ballads,"—"chiefly taken from a fragment in Herd's collection (which we have introduced in a note), a few stanzas and lines from Buchan's copy, and part of a ballad printed by Jamie-

son, entitled 'Lizie Lindsay,'" which Jamieson gives in an imperfect, and Buchan in an entire, shape. Mr. Chambers, however, has been "under the necessity of altering several lines and verses, and re-writing others." Mr. Allan Cunningham, also, prints yet another version, principally copied from that of Sir Walter Scott, but omitting the three first verses, and reforming the remainder. Mr. Cunningham states, that "he had seen a fragment of the same song in the handwriting of Burns,"—of which he has given three verses; the first is as follows:—

"Where shall I gang, my ain true love,
Where shall I gang to hide me?
For weel I ken, i' yere father's bower,
It wad be death to find me."
"O go you to yon tavern house,
And there count o'er your lawin;
And if I be a woman true,
I'll meet you in the dawin."

That the several versions of the story, scattered among the people, and preserved by them in some form or other, had one common origin, there can be little doubt. "Tradition," according to Sir Walter Scott, "places the event recorded in the song very early, and it is probable the ballad was composed soon afterwards, although the language has been modernized in the course of its transmission to us, through the inaccurate channel of oral tradition." "The hero of the ballad," he adds, "was a knight of great bravery, called Scott;" and he believes it refers to a duel fought at Deucharswyre, of which Annan's Treat is a part, betwixt John Scott, of Tushielaw, and his brother-in-law, Walter Scott, third son of Robert of Thirlstane, in which the latter was slain. Annan's Treat is a low muir, on the banks of the Yarrow, lying to the west of Yarrow kirk. Two tall unhewn masses of stone are erected about eighty yards distant from each other, and the least child, that can herd a cow, will tell the passenger, that there lie "the two lords who were slain in single combat." Sir Walter also informs us that, according to tradition, the murderer was the brother of either the wife or the betrothed bride of the murdered; and that the alleged cause of quarrel was, the lady's father having proposed to endow her with half of his property upon her marriage with a warrior of such renown. The name of the murderer is said to have been Annan, hence the place of combat is still called Annan's Treat.

Late at e'en, drinking the wine
And ere they paid the lawing,
They set a combat them between,
To fight it in the dawing.

"O stay at hame, my noble lord!
O stay at hame, my marrow!
My cruel brother will you betray
On the dowie houms of Yarrow."—

"O fare ye weel, my ladye gaye!
O fare ye weel, my Sarah!
For I maun gae, though I ne'er return
Frae the dowie banks o' Yarrow."

She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair,
As oft she had done before, O;
She belted him with his noble brand,
And he's away to Yarrow.

As he gaed up the Tennies bank,
I wot he gaed wi' sorrow,
Till down in a den, he spied nine armed men,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

"O! come ye here to part your land,
The bonny forest thorough?
Or come ye here to wield your brand,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow?"—

"I come not here to part my land,
And neither to beg nor borrow;
I come to wield my noble brand,
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow.

"If I see all, ye're nine to ane
And that's an unequal marrow;
Yet will I fight while lasts my brand,
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow."

Four has he hurt, and five has slain,
On the bonnie braes of Yarrow;
Till that stubborn knight came him behind,
And ran his body thorough.

"Gae hame, gae hame, good brother John,
And tell your sister Sarah
To come and lift her leafu' lord;
He's sleeping sound on Yarrow."—

"Yest'reen I dreamed a dolefu' dream;*
I fear there will be sorrow!
I dreamed I pu'd the heather green,
Wi' my true love, on Yarrow.

"O gentle wind, that bloweth south,
From where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth!

"But in the glen strive armèd men;
They've wrought me dole and sorrow;
They've slain—the comeliest knight they've slain,
He bleeding lies on Yarrow."

As she sped down yon high high hill,
She gaed wi' dole and sorrow;
And in the den spied ten slain men,
On the dowie banks of Yarrow.

She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair
She searched his wounds all thorough,
She kissed them till her lips grew red,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

"Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear!
For a' this breeds but sorrow;
I'll wed ye to a better lord
Than him ye lost on Yarrow."

"O haud your tongue, my father dear;
Ye mind me but of sorrow;
A fairer rose did never bloom
Than now lies cropped on Yarrow."

Belted Will.

This Ballad is founded on a legend appertaining to Thirlwall, whose proprietors in remote times were called Barons, and held under the Kings of Scotland as Lords of Tindale. The township and manor derives its name from the Roman *thralling* or barrier wall running through it. To "thirll," in the old Northumbrian dialect, means to bind or enthral.

Thirlwall Castle stands on a rocky precipice above the river Tiffalt; there is no mention of it before 1369, in which year John de Thirlwall is called lord of it, and the manor of Thirlwall.

The legend on which part of the Ballad is founded is as follows. One of the Barons of Thirlwall returned from the foreign wars, laden with abundance of treasure, amongst which was a table of solid gold; his wealth was much spoken of, and often excited the cupidity of the numerous band of freebooters with which the Border abounded; but the well known bravery of the Baron and the strength of his followers prevented them from making an open attack. The gold table, it was affirmed, was guarded day and night by a hideous dwarf; some said it was the foul fiend himself. In a predatory excursion, the Baron was pursued home by the incensed Warden of the March, who stormed his castle, and slew the Baron and most part of his retainers. The castle was ransacked for the treasure; but the gold table, dwarf, and money bags had disappeared. Dungeons and vaults were searched, but nothing could be found; and after setting fire to the castle, the victors retired. The dwarf (according to tradition) during the heat of the engagement, removed the treasure, and throwing it into a deep well jumped in after it, when by his infernal art he closed the well over himself and his charge: and it is said that he still remains under the influence of a spell, only to be broken by the virtuous son of a widow. About fifty years

* The following is the fragment given by Mr. Herd, "to the tune of Leaderhaughs and Yarrow:"—

"I dream'd a dreary dream last night;
God keep us a' frae sorrow;
I dream'd I pu'd the birk sae green,
Wi' my true luve on Yarrow."

"I'll read your dream, my sister dear,
I'll tell you a' your sorrow;
You pu'd the birk wi' your true luve;
He's kill'd, he's kill'd, on Yarrow."

"O gentle wind, that bloweth south,
To where my luve repaireth,
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth.

"But o'er yon glen run armèd men,
Have wrought me dule and sorrow
They've slain, they've slain, ta comeliest swain,
He bleeding lies on Yarrow"

ago, a man who was ploughing in an adjoining field imagined that a certain part of the ground sounded hollow when the plough passed over it. This having excited his curiosity, he struck the earth violently, when he distinctly heard a stone drop, and strike the side wall repeatedly, and end in a hollow murmur at the bottom of some deep well or pit. Impressed with the belief that this was the dwarf's well, and that he was on the point of possessing unbounded wealth, he resolved, like Goldsmith's Miller, to proceed cautiously, and returning at the dead of night, to explore the subterraneous cavity. But, alas, for the instability of earthly hopes; on his return he was unable to discover the place: day after day he recrossed and searched the field, and night after night he struck the ground in vain; the hollow sound was heard no more, and the dwarf's well remains undiscovered to this very day.

Naworth Castle, the abode of that famous warrior Belted Will, stood near Brampton in Cumberland. It was burnt down in 1844. Lord Morpeth is erecting a stately edifice on its ashes. For a description of this Border soldier and his dwelling, see Scott's notes to his Lay of the Last Minstrel. In the Memoirs of Sir Robert Carey, then deputy for his father, Lord Hunsden, Warden of the Eastern Marches (and afterwards Earl of Monmouth), a singular picture will be found of the rude and lawless state of society, at the period when the scene of the Ballad is laid.

> They went along a close passage,
> Built in the Castle wall.

Discoveries made during the removal of the ruins, corroborate this and other allusions made in the Ballad.

The Baron of Thirlwall came from the wars,
  Laden with treasure bold;
Among the which a fayre tabel,
  All of the beaten gold.

And men will speak of the Baron's wealth,
  Whatever he may say,
And how a grisly dwarf does guard
  His treasure night and day.

Mony a Border freebooter
  Eyed Thirlwall's gude castell,
Thinking to win the bags of gold,
  And eke the fayre tabel.

But the Baron hath retainers bold,
  And swatchers mony ane,
And the castle walls are high to win,
  Howe'er they fidge and fain.

The boldest ane o' a' his men
  Was Jockey of the Sheugh;
The Baron loved him like a brither,
  And that was fair enoo.

Jock could warsle, run or lap
  Wi' ever a living man;
Never a wight in Cumbernauld
  Could beat him at the span.

But Thirlwall's Baron heeded not
  The word o' Belted Will,
Who dwells within the dark Naworth,
  The Border March to still.

He can rule all the Border roun',
  Wi' a peeled willey wan;
But Thirlwall's Baron gecks at him,
  And a' the laws o' the lan'.

So fast come tidings of ravin wrong
  To Belted Willy's ear;
Quo' he, "By my belt I'll trap this man,
  If I catch him in effeir.

"But he is like a wily tod,
  That taketh to his hole,
An I can catch him on the turn,
  Ise smoke him frae his bole.

"He reaves and harries ilka ane,
  Tho' he has goups o' gold;
Ise lay a trap for him bedeen,
  By which he shall be sold."

Thirlwall's Baron heard his speech,
  Wi' scorn amaist he burst;
"His anger it is like a haggis,
  That's hettest at the first."

Sore smiled the wily Belted Will,
  But in so dark a way;
Better that smile were wanting there,
  Than on his lip to lay.

Jock o' the Sheugh tirled at the string
  Of the Baron of Thirlwall's yett;
"Up, up, and rise, my noble lord,
  Some plunder for to get.

"There are a swatch o' Englishers
Coming frae Carlisle toun,
Well laden wi' the yellow goud,
For Annan are they boun."

"Gae tak a dozen o' my men,
And brattle o'er the lea,
Lay wait and watch untill they pass
The Bowness witches tree.

"A dozen o' ye well may lick
Three score o' English tykes,
Tak a' they have, and leave them sae
To tell o' this wha likes."

Then Jock banged o'er the broomy knowe,
And reached the witches tree,
And wi' his dozen freebooters,
Lay doun on thir bellie.

Fytte Second.

Jock heard a sound, and looked up,
"Ye fule," says one, "lig doun,
It's but a patrick on the wing,
Or a reaving tod in the broome."

Quo' Jack, "Gude Willie ye say wrang,
And so I'll prove to you;
Its no ane tod, its a baker's dozen,
That's low in the broome the noo."

There cam on twenty Englishers,
Wi' cloaks and saddle bags;
There cam on twenty travellers,
Mounted on goodly naigs.

"A shame upon yon sorning crew,"
Quo' Jock, "the deil me flay,
Ise have half dozen o' yon yauds
Before that home I gae.

"That they suld ride so cantily,
The deil pike out thar e'en,
And the muckle fiend their baggies gnaw,
For well stuffed hae they been."

Cam on those twenty travellers,
With lang cloaks flowing doun,
Cam on these twenty travellers,
All thro' the yellow broome.

Then started up Jock and his men
Wi' sic an awfu yell,
Ye might have heard it at the top
Of Skiddaw or Criffell.

"Come off your naigs ye sorning crew,
Of southron pock-puddings,
Or ye sall hae the gude cauld steel,
So gie us a' your things."

"Wese gie ye that," said ane o' them,
"Yese no forget I wisse,
This mony a day gude Jock o' the Sheugh,
And that my Billie's this."

They threw the cloaks from off their hides,
And back and breastplate shone;
They grippit their swords, the first blow struck
Was echoed with a groan.

Gude faith, but Jock had fund his match,
For the Southrons hacked about;
The Thirlwall boys were fain to fight,
But soon put to the route.

Of twelve o' Jock's gude freebooters
But three fled owre the lea,
The other nine lay still eneuch
Beside the witches' tree.

Poor Jock is doun upon his back,
Wi' a sair clour on the head;
His billies all are stiffening,
And three o' them are fled.

Out spoke the twenty travellers,
"Why Jock, how's this of a',
Ye bid us to a meal gude faith,
And then ye rin awa?"

Quo' Jack, as they bund fast his arms,
And raised him frae the lea,
"Gif I had kenned ye were Belted Will's men,
The devil might stopped ye for me."

Fytte Third.

The Baron o' Thirlwall looked abroad,
From out his strong castell,
And he saw three men come posting on,
Out owre the fern and fell.

"I wad," said he, "they run a race,
A thousand merks I lay
Upon the wight in the red jerkin,
He wins the race this day."

The three men burst in on his room,
"My lord," then each one said,
"Jock o' the Sheugh is wounded sair,
And nine gude fallows dead."

The dark spot flew to the Baron's cheek,
"Ye cowards one and a'
Gae join your bluidy billie's then,
Whatever may befa'."

He struck each man the neck intill,
And they fell on the floor;
"To fly without a single blow,
Shows valour to be poor.

"Gif Belted Will suld harm a hair
O' Jock o' the Sheugh his head,
I'll put the Border in siccan a bleeze,
Shall mak him flee with dread.

"Gif Jock o' the Sheugh hangs for this ploy,
The hail o' the March sall weep,
Nae man sall wauken in the morn,
That gangs alive to sleep.

"Mony a mither sall weep her lane,
With outen woe and alack;
Many a red cock craw betimes,
In a farmer's garth or stack."

They brought these words to Belted Will,
As at racket ball he played;
But the only answer he loot fall,
"Wese sune see that," he said.

He went up to his own chamber
Wi' ane stout serving man;
He stript him o' his earlie's claethes,
And naked there did stan.

He pat aff silk and sendal too,
And plume, and belt, and a',
And drew on druggett and hodden grey;
But he didna look sae braw.

He went in that room a belted yerl,
And a serving man cam out;
He took a lamp frae the window neuk,
And lookèd sharp aboot.

He lifted up the painted arras,
And a little door he spied;
The lad and him went in the wall,
Wi' quick and hasty stride.

They went along a close passage,
Built in the Castle wall;
Sometimes up heights, then over baulks,
Syne forced to stoop and crawl

Down steep steps they lower went,
Till they reached the founding rock;
At length the Earlie came to a door,
And he shot back the lock.

They went into a dungeon high,
And Jock o' the Sheugh lay there;
He raisit himself upon his crook,
To look upon the pair.

"Good e'en to ye," said Belted Will,
"I am a serving man
Unto the Warden o' the March,
For as simple as I stan.

"My name is Thomas Featherstone,
As I now tell to thee,
Come of as good a kith and kin
As any the north countrie."

"I downa question ye, my man,"
Quo' Jock wi' gruesome mood;
"But ye must mak me wun thro' walls,
Or else do me nae good."

"Haith lad, here's wine and gude pasty,
Sae never fash your thoomb;
Ye've been in siccan a state before,
For a' ye look sae gloom."

"And that is true," quo' Thirlwall's Jock,
"Sae gies the gude red wine;"
They sat them doun upon the floor,
As in a chamber fine.

"Then here's to thee!" quo Belted Will,
The very words he spak;
"The same to you," roared Jock o' the Sheugh,
And slapped him on the back.

Jock told him o' his wickedness,
From now since he could stand;
The frolics of his wantonness,
In England and Scotland.

Nine Englishmen he had murderet,
Beside some orra thing:
"No much to crack about," quo Jock,
"Nor worth the mentioning."

How he had robbed and plundered a',
On Sabbath and wor-day;
"Are ye no sorry for these things?"
Then Belted Will did say.

"Gude faith, my lad, I'm no that saft,
For were I free the morn,
I wad be off upon the auld score,
As sure as ye were born."

Up rose his comrade frae the floor
"At morning ye sall die;
It were a shame to let ye scape,
Living so wickedly.

"Had'st thou but said, Good lord, me save,
I am a sinful man,
There were some hopes o' thy convert,
To lengthen out life's span.

"Thou hast rejoiced in all thou'st done,
In guiltyness content;
And thou shalt die:" so saying this,
He from the dungeon went.

Puir Jock leuked with a serious face,
Frae's hand there dropped the gill;
"Now save my soul, what have I said?
That sure was Belted Will!"

Fytte Fourth.

By Brampton's town there stands an oak,
Upon a hill so high;
And Jock was broughten there betimes,
Upon the tree to die.

They strapped him to the highest branch,
Of all that goodly tree,
And there the righteous chaplain prayed
For Jock's soul solemnlie.

Thirlwall's Baron saw the sight,
And swore revenge to have;
For better part o' a summer's day
He nothing did but rave.

He sent a messenger sae bold
To Will, wha cried in scorn,
"Better he looks intill his nest,
I'se burn it ere the morn."

The Baron fled to his castell,
And guarded it sae grim;
"The fiend tak Belted Will," he cried,
"'Tis word and blow wi' him."

But scarcely had the midnight fell,
When spite o' a' his care,
Belted Will his castell stormed,
For a' he fought so sair.

A tar barrel and reeking peat,
They laid unto his nest,
Threw open gates and wide windows,
And the night wind did the rest.

The Baron fled frae room to room,
By the flames o' his own ha',
"He's gien me light to go to bed,
Whatever may befa'."

He rushed into his inner room,
Where his golden table lay;
The devil in likeness o' a dwarf
Kept watch there night and day.

Belted Will pursued him hard,
Amid the flame and stour,
For he cut the skirt frae the Baron's cloak,
As he whisked thro' the door.

"Save me now thou gruesome elf,
And my saul and body's thine;"
The dwarf he jabbered hideously,
But never made a sign.

Belted Will called for a ram,
To bash the doorway doun,
The red flames thro' the keyhole flashed,
And filled wi' reek the room.

"My soul and bodie," the Baron said,
Abjuring Chryst his sign;
The devil he grippit him in his arms,
"Now, Baron, art thou mine."

The door gaed splint'ring frae the posts,
In rushed the enemie;
But Baron, dwarf, and goud table,
I wat they could na see.

And legends say the ugsome dwarf
Threw all into a well,
And by the glamour o' his art,
Cast over all a spell:

Which never may be rendered vayn
But by a widow's son;
And he shall find the gold table,
When years away have run.

Belted Will looked up at the tower,
Where flashed the flames so red,
"The Baron's soul maun be in hell,"
The Border Warden said.

"Now by my word, I rather had
Met him upon the field;"
Then Thirlwall's freebooters cried out,
"Ho! Belted Will, we yield."

Of horse and foot five hundred strong
Were mustered on that morn,
To keep the castle o' gude Thirlwall,
Wi' sword, and spear, and horn.

They drove them untill Cumbernauld,
All that were prisoners taen;
But many by the Warden's men
In the blazing towers were slain.

And better they were, who on that night
Had fallen in the strife,
Than thus to live of hope bereft,
A captive's weary life.

To count the sad return o' day,
For many a lonely hour,
All thro' the night thro' the cold daylight,
In Naworth's dungeon tower.

Glossary.

The Scottish words are denoted by s., French by f., Latin by l., Anglo-Saxon by a. s., Icelandic by isl., &c. For the etymology of the words in this volume, the reader is referred to Junii Etymologicum Anglicanum, Edidit Ed. Lye. Oxon. 1743, folio.

A.

A' Au, s. all.
Abacke, back.
Abone, aboon, s. above.
Aboven ous, above us.
Abowght, about.
Abraide, abroad.
Abye, suffer, to pay for.
Acton, a kind of armour made of taffeta, or leather quilted, &c., worn under the habergeon, to save the body from bruises, f., *Hocqueton*.
A deid of nicht, s. in dead of night.
Adrad, afraid.
Advoutry, Advouterous, adultery, adulterous.
Aff, s. off.
Afore, before.
Aft, s. oft.
Agayne, against.
Agoe, gone.
Ahte, ought.
Aik, s. oak.
Ain, Awin, s. own.
Aith, s. oath.
Alate, of late.
Al, albeit, although.
Alemaigne, f. Germany.
Al gife, although.
Algatys, by all means.
Alyes, probably corrupted for *algates*, always.
Amonge, at the same time.
An, and.
Ancient, a flag, banner.
Ancyent, standard.
And, if.
Ane, s. one, an, a.
Angel, a gold coin worth 10s.
Ann, if.
Ant, and.
Apayde, satisfied, contented.
Apliht, Al aplyht, quite complete.
Aquoy, coy, shy.
Are, Goddys are, God's heir or son, i. e., Jesus Christ, who is also God himself.
Array, dress, clothing.
Arrayed, freighted, furnished.
Aras, Arros, arrows.
Arcir, archer.
Argabushe, harquebusse, an old fashioned kind of musket.
Ase, as.
Assinde, assigned.
Assoyl'd, Assoyled, absolved.
Astate, estate, also a great person.
Astonied, astonished, stunned.
Astound, Astonyed, stunned, astonished, confounded.
Ath, Athe, o' th', of the.
Attowre, s. out, over, over and abov.
A Twyde; of Tweed.
Auowe, a vow, an oath.
Auld, s. old.
Aureat, golden.
Austerne, stern, austere.
Avowe, vow.
Avoyd, void, vacate.
Awa', s. away.
Axed, asked.
Ayance, against.
Ayenst, against.
Aye, ever, also, ah, alas.
Azein, Agein, against.
Azont, s. beyond.
Azont the ingle, s. beyond the fire. The fire was in the middle of the room.

In the west of Scotland, at this present time, in many cottages they pile their peats and turfs upon stones in the middle of the room. There is a hole above the fire in the ridge of the house to let the smoke out at. In some places are cottage-houses, from the front of which a very wide chimney projects like a bow window; the fire is in a grate like a malt-kiln grate, round which the people sit: sometimes they draw this grate into the middle of the room.—*Mr. Lambe.*

B.

Ba', s. ball.
Bacheleere, knight.
Baile, bale, evil, hurt, mischief, misery.
Bairne, s. child.
Bairn, s. child.
Bairded, s. bearded.
Baith, s. *Bathe*, both.
Bale, evil, mischief, misery.
Balow, s. a nursery term, hush, lullaby, &c.
Balysbete, Better our bales, remedy our evils.
Bane, bone.
Ban, curse, *Banning*, cursing.
Banderolles, streamers, little flags.
Band, bond, covenant.
Bar, bare.
Bargan, business, commission.
Bar-hed, bare-head, or perhaps bared.
Barne, Berne, man, person.
Base court, the lower court of a castle.
Basnete, Basnite, Basnyte, Basonet, Bassonnette, helmet.
Battes, heavy sticks, clubs.
Baud, s. bold.
Bauzen, s. *Skinne*, perhaps sheep's leather dressed and coloured red, f. *Barane*, sheep's leasher. In Scotland, sheepskin mittens, with the wool on the inside, are called bauson mittens. Bauson also signifies a badger, in old English, it may therefore signify perhaps badger's skin.
Bayard, a noted blind horse in the old romances. The horse on which the four sons of Ay-

mon rode is called Bayard Montalbon, by Skelton, in his "Phillip Sparrow."

Bearing arrow, an arrow that carries well. Or perhaps bearing or birring, i. e., whirling or whirring arrow, from isl. Bir. ventus, or a. s.

Bene, fremitus.

Bearn, Bairn, s. a child, also human creature.

Be, s. by, *Be that*, by that time.

Bed, bade.

Bede, offer, engage.

Bedeene, immediately.

Bedight, bedecked.

Bedone, wrought, made up.

Bedyls, beadles.

Bedys, beads.

Befall, befallen.

Befoir, s. before.

Beforn, before.

Begylde, beguiled, deceived.

Beheurd, heard.

Behests, commands, injunctions.

Behove, behoof.

Belive, immediately, presently.

Belyfe, p. *Belive*, immediately, by and by, shortly.

Bende-bow, a bent bow, qu.

Bene, Bean, an expression of contempt.

Ben, be, are.

Ben, Bene, been.

Ben, s. within the inner-room.

"But o' house," means the outer part of the house, outer room, viz. that part of the house into which you first enter, suppose from the street. "Ben o' house," is the inner room, or more retired part of the house. The daughter did not lie out of doors. The cottagers often desire their landlords to build them a But and a Ben. (Vid. Gloss.)—*Mr. Lambe.*

Ben, s. within doors.

Of the Scottish words BEN and BUT, BEN is from the Dutch BINNEN, Lat. *intra, intus*, which is compounded of the preposition BY or BE (the same as BY in English), and of IN.

Benison, blessing.

Bent, s. long grass, also wild fields, where bents, &c., grow.

Bent, bents, (where bents, long coarse grass, &c., grow), the field, fields.

Benyngne, Benigne, benign, kind.

Beoth, be, are.

Bernes, barns.

Beere, s. bier.

Bereth, (Introd.) beareth.

Ber the prys, bare the prize.

Berys, beareth.

Beseeme, become.

Besett, laid out, bestowed.

Beshrew me, a lesser form of imprecation.

Beshradde, cut into shreds.

Besmirche, to soil, discolour.

Besprent, besprinkled.

Bestadde, situated, placed.

Beste, beest, art.

Bested, abode.

Bestis, beests.

Bestrawghted, distracted.

Beth, be, are.

Be that, by that time.

Beete, did beat.

Bet, better, *bett*, did beat. *Ware hytt bett*, lay it out to more advantage.

Bewraies, discovers, betrays.

Bickarte, bickered, skirmished.

(It is also used sometimes in the sense of, "swiftly coursed," which seems to be the sense, p. 53, col. 1.—Mr. Lambe).

Mr. Lambe also interprets "BICKERING," by rattling, e. g.

And on that slee Ulysses head,
Sad curses down does BICKER.
Translat. of Ovid.

Bill, &c., I have delivered a promise in writing, confirmed by an oath.

Bi mi leautè, by my loyalty, honesty.

Birk, s. birch tree.

Blan, Blanne, did blin, i. e. linger, stop.

Blane, Blanne, did blin, i. e. linger, stop.

Blare, to emblazon, display.

Blaw, s. blow.

Blee, colour, complexion.

Bleid, s. *Blede*, bleed.

Blent, blended.

Blent, ceased.

Blinne, cease, give over.

Blinkan, Blinkand, s. twinkling.

Blinking, squinting.

Blink, s. a glimpse of light, the sudden light of a candle seen in the night at a distance.

Blinks, s. twinkles, sparkles.

Blist, blessed.

Blive, Belive, s. immediately.

Bloomed, beset with bloom.

Blude, Bluid red, blood, s. blood red.

Bluid, Bluidy, s. blood, bloody.

Blynne, stop, cease, give over.

Blyth, Blithe, s. sprightly, joyous.

Blyth, s. joy, sprightliness.

Blythe, Blyue, blithe, with spirit.

Blyve, Belive, s. instantly.

Boare, bare.

Bode, abode, stayed.

Boist, Boisteris, s. boast, boasters.

Bookesman, clerk, secretary.

Bollys, bowls.

Boltes, shafts, arrows.

Bomen, bowman.

Boon, favour, request, petition.

Boone, a favour, request, petition.

Bonny, Bonnie, s. comely.

Bore, born.

Borrowed, warranted, pledged, was exchanged for.

Borrowe, Borowe, pledge, surety.

Borowe, to redeem by a pledge.

Bote, boot, advantage.

Boot, Boote, advantage, help, assistance.

Boote, gain, advantage.

Bot, s. but, sometimes it seems used for both, or, besides, moreover.

Bot and, (it should probably be *both and*), and also

Bot, s. without, *Bot dreid*, without dread, certainly.

Bougill, s. bugle-horn, hunting horn.

Bougills, s. bugle horns.

Bounde, Bowynd, Bowned, prepared, got ready, the word is also used in the north in the sense of went or was going.

Bowne, to dine, going to dine.

Bowne, is a common word in the North for going, e. g. Where are you bowne to, where are you going.

Bower, Bowre, any bowed or arched room, a parlour, chamber, also a dwelling in general.

Bowre, bower, habitation, chamber, parlour, perhaps from isl. *Bowan*, to dwell.

Bowre-woman, s. chamber-maid.

Bowre-window, chamber-window.

Bowendes, bounds.

Bowne, ready.

Bowne, ready, *Bowned*, prepared.

Bowne ye, prepare ye, get ready.

Bowys, bows.

Brade, Braid, s. broad.

Brae, s. the brow or side of a hill, a declivity.

Braes of Yarrow, s. the hilly banks of the river Yarrow.

Braid, s. broad, large.

Brakes, tufts of fern.

Brand, sword.

Brandes, swords.

Brast, burst.

Braste, burst.

Braw, s. brave.

Braifly, s. bravely.

Brayd, s. arose, hastened.

Brayd attowre the bent, s. hasted over the field.

Brayde, drew out, unsheathed.

Breech, breeches.

Breeden bale, breed mischief.

Brede, breadth. So Chaucer.

Brede, bread.
Bred banner, broad banner.
Brenand-drake, p. may perhaps be the same as a fire-drake, or fiery serpent, a meteor or fire-work so called. Here it seems to signify burning embers, or fire brands.
Breng, Bryng, bring.
Brenn, s. burn.
Breere, Brere, briar.
Brest, burst, broke.
Brether, brethren.
Bridal, (properly bride-all), the nuptial feast.
Brigue, Brigg, bridge.
Brimme, public, universally known, a. s. *Bryme*, idem.
Britled, carved, vid. *Bryttlynge*. Gloss. vol. 1.
Broad-arrow, s. a broad forked headed arrow.
Brooche, Brouche, 1st, a spit. 2dly, a bodkin. 3dly, any ornamental trinket. Stone buckles of silver or gold, with which gentlemen and ladies clasp their shirt-bosoms and handkerchiefs, are called in the north, brooches, from the f. broche, a spit.
Brouch, an ornamental trinket, a stone buckle for a woman's breast, &c., vid. Brooche. Glos. vol. 3.
Brocht, s. brought.
Brochys, ornamental pins, or buckles, like the Roman *fibulæ*, (with a single prong) for the breast or head-dress.
Brodinge, pricking.
Brooke, bear, endure.
Brooke, enjoy.
Brouk her with winne, enjoy her with pleasure, a. s. *brok*.
Browd, broad.
Brozt, brought.
Bryttlynge, Brytling, cutting up, quartering, carving.
Buen, Bueth, been, be, are.
Bugle, bugle-horn, a hunting-horn, being the horn of a bugle, or wild bull.
Buik, s. book.
Burgens buds, young shoots.
Burn, Bourn, brook.
Bushment, ambushment, ambush, a snare to bring them into trouble.
Busket, Buskt, dressed.
Busk ye, s. dress ye.
Busk, dress, deck.
Busk and boun, i. e. make yourselves ready and go; *Boun*, to go. (north country.)
Buskt them, prepared themselves, made themselves ready.
Bute, s. boot, advantage, good.
But if, unless.
But without, But let, without hindrance.
But, s. without, out of doors.

BUT, or BUTT, is from the Dutch BUYTEN. Lat. *extra, præter, præterquam*, which is compounded of the same preposition, BY or BE, and of UYT, the same as OUT in English.

Butt, s. out, the outer room,
Buttes, butts to shoot at.
Bydys, Bides, abides.
Byears, Beeres, biers.
Bye, buy, pay for, also, *Abey*, suffer for.
Byll, Bill, an ancient kind of halbert, or battle axe.
Byn, Bine, Bin, been, be, are.
Byrche, birch-trees, birch-wood.
Byre, s. cow-house.
Byste, beest, art.
By thre, of three.

C.

Cadgily, s. merrily, cheerfully.
Caitiff, a slave.
Calde, callyd, called.
Callver, a kind of musket.
Camscho, s. stern, grim.
Cannа, s. cannot.
Can cane, Gan, began to cry.
Can curtesye, know, understand good manners.
Can, Gan, began.
Cannes, wooden-cups, bowls.
Cantabanqui, ital. ballad-singers, singers on benches.
Cantles, pieces, corners.
Canty, s. cheerful, chatty.
Capul, a poor horse.
Capull hyde, horse-hide.
Care-bed, bed of care.
Carle, churl, clown. It is also used in the north for a strong hale old man.
Carline, s. the feminine of carle.
Carpe, to speak, recite, also to censure.
Carping, reciting.
Carpe of care, complain through care.
Carlish, churlish, discourteous.
Cast, mean, intend.
Cau, s. call.
Cauld, s. cold.
Cawte, vid. *Kawte*.
Caytiffe, caitiff, slave, despicable wretch.
Certes, certainly.
Cetywall, Setiwall, the herb valerian; also, mountain spikenard. See Gerard's Herbal.
Chanteclere, the cock.
Chap, knock.
Chaste, chastise, correct.
Chayme, chain.
Chays, chase.
Check, to stop.
Check, to rate at.
Che, (Somerset dialect), I.
Cheefe, the upper part of the scutcheon in heraldry.
Cheis, s. choose.
Cheke, choaked.
Chevaliers, f. knights.
Chill, (Som. dial.) I will.
Child, knight, children, knights.
Chield, s. is a slight or familiar way of speaking of a person, like our English word fellow. *The Chield*, i. e. the fellow.
Chould, (ditto) I would.
Christentie, Christendom.
Christentye, Chrystiante, Christendom.
Church-ale, a wake, a feast in commemoration of the dedication of a church.
Churl, clown, a person of low birth, a villain.
Chyf, Chyfe, chief.
Chylder, children, children's.
Chylded, brought forth, was delivered.
Claiths, s. clothes.
Clattered, beat so as to rattle.
Clawde, clawed, tore, scratched; figuratively beat.
Clead, s. clothed.
Cleading, s. clothing.
Cled, s. clad, clothed.
Clenking, clinking, jingling.
Clennesse, cleanness, chastity.
Clepe, call.
Cleaped, Cleped, called, named.
Clerke, scholar.
Clerks, clergymen, literati, scholars.
Cliding, s. clothing.
Clim, the contraction of Clement.
Clough, a north-country word for a broken cliff.
Clowch, clutch, grasp.
Clyppyng, embracing.
Coate, cot, cottage.
Cockers, a sort of buskins or short boots fastened with laces or buttons, and often worn by farmers or shepherds. In Scotland they are called Cutikins, from Cute, the ankle. "*Cokers*, fishermen's boots."—(Littleton's Diction.)
Cohorted, incited, exhorted.
Cokeney, seems to be a diminutive for cook, from the Latin coquinator, or coquinarius. The meaning seems to be that "every five and five had a cook

or scullion to attend them."—*Chaucer's Cant. Tales*, 8vo. vol. iv. p. 253.

Collayne, Cologne steel.

Cold rost, (a phrase), nothing to the purpose.

Cold, could, knew.

Coleyne, Cologne steel.

Com, came.

Combre, encumber, be too many for.

Comen, Commyn, come.

Confetered, confederated, entered into a confederacy.

Con, can, gan, began. Item. *Conspringe*, (a phrase), sprung, *Con fare*, went, passed.

Con thanks, give thanks.

Cop head, the top of anything, sax.

Corage, heart, spirit, inclination, disposition.

Cordiwin, cordwayne, properly Spanish or Cordovan leather; here it signifies a more vulgar sort.

Corsiare, courser, steed.

Cost, coast side.

Coote, coat.

Cote, cot, cottage. Item, coat.

Cotydyallye, daily, every day.

Coulde, cold. Item, could.

Could be, was. *Could dye*, died (a phrase).

Could bear, a phrase for bare.

Could creip, s. crept. *Could say*, said.

Could weip, s. wept.

Could his good, knew what was good for him. Or perhaps could live upon his own.

Countie, count, earle.

Coupe, a pen for poultry.

Couthen, knew.

Couth, could.

Covetise, covetousness.

Coyntrie, Coventry.

Cramasie, s. crimson.

Crancky, merry, sprightly, exulting.

Cranion, skull.

Credence, belief.

Crevis, crevice, chink.

Cricke, s. properly an ant, but means probably any small insect.

Crinkle, run in and out, run into flexures, wrinkle.

Cristes cors, Christ's curse.

Croft, an enclosure near a house.

Croiz, cross.

Crook my knee, make lame my knee. They say in the north, "The horse is crookit," i. e. lame. "The horse crooks," i. e. goes lame.

Crook, twist, wrinkle, distort.

Crowch, crutch.

Crouneth, crown ye.

Crowt, to pucker up.

Crumpling, crooked; or perhaps with crooked knotty horns.

Cryance, belief, f. *Creance*, [whence recreant]. But in p. 12, col. 1, &c., it seems to signify fear, f. *Crainte*.

Cule, cool.

Cum, s. come, came.

Cummer, s. gossip, friend, f. *Commire, Compere*.

Cure, care, heed, regard.

Curtes, courteous.

D.

Dale, s. deal, *Bot give I dale*, unless I deal.

Dame, mistress. *Oure dameys peny*, Our mistress's penny.

Dampned, damned.

Dampned, condemned.

Dan, an ancient title of respect, from Lat. Dominus.

Dank, moist, damp.

Danske, Denmark, query.

Darr'd, s. hit.

Darh, perhaps for *Thar*, there.

Dart the trie, s. hit the tree.

Daukin, diminutive of David.

Daunger hault, coyness holdeth.

Dawes, (introd.), days.

Dealan, deland, s. dealing.

Deare day, charming pleasant day.

Deas, Deis, the high table in a hall, from f. *Dais*, a canopy.

Dee, s. die.

De, dey, dy, die.

Dede is do, deed is done.

Deed (introd.) dead.

Deid, s. *Dede*, deed. Item, dead.

Deid-bell, s. passing-bell.

Dell, deal, part. *Every dell*, every part.

Dell, narrow valley.

Dele, deal.

Delt, dealt.

Deelye dight, richly fitted out.

Demains, demesnes, estate in lands.

Deme, deemed, judge, doomed.

Deemed, doomed, judged, &c.; thus, in the Isle of Man, judges are called deemsters.

Den, grave.

Denay, deny (rhythmi gratia).

Dent, a dint, blow.

Deimt, s. deemed, esteemed.

Deip, s. *Depe*, deep.

Deir, s. *Deere, Dere*, dear.

Deir, s. dear. Item, hurt, trouble, disturb.

Deol, dole, grief.

Deepe-fette, deep-fetched.

Depured, purified, run clear.

Deere, hurt, mischief.

Deerly, preciously, richly.

Dere, Deye, die.

Dere, Deere, dear, also hurt.

Derked, darkened.

Dern, s. secret, I dern in secret.

Descreeve, describe.

Descrye, Descrive, describe.

Devyz, devise, the act of bequeathing by will.

Dight, decked, put on.

Dight-dicht, s. decked, dressed, prepared, fitted out, done.

Dill, dole, grief, pain. *Dill I drye*, pain I suffer. *Dill was dight*, grief was upon him.

Dill, still, calm, mitigate.

Din, Dinne, noise, bustle.

Ding, knock, beat.

Dint, stroke, blow.

Discust, discussed.

Disna, s. does not.

Dis, this.

Distrere, the horse rode by a knight in the tournament.

Dites, ditties.

Dochter, s. daughter.

Do gladly, eat heartily.

Dois, s. *Doys*, does.

Dole, grief.

Dol. See *Deol, Dule.*

Dolours, dolorous, mournful.

Dolefuldumps, sorrowful gloom, or heaviness of heart.

Dolwyn, delved, buried.

Don, down.

Dosend, s. dosing, drowsy, torpid, benumbed, &c.

Doth, Dothe, doeth, do.

Doubt, fear.

Doublet, a man's inner garment, waistcoat.

Doubteous, doubtful.

Doughetie, i. e. doughty man.

Doughte, Doughete, Doughetie, Dowghtye, doughty, formidable.

Doughtiness of dent, sturdiness of blows.

Dounae, s. am not able; properly, cannot take the trouble.

Doute, doubt. Item, fear.

Doutted, doubted, feared.

Douzty, doughty.

Dozter, daughter.

Doz-trogh, a dough-trough, a kneading-trough.

Dradde, dreaded, feared.

Drake. See *Brenand Drake.*

Drap, s. drop.

Drapping, s. dropping.

Dre, suffer.
Drede, fear, doubt.
Dreid, s. *Dreede*, *Drede*, dread.
Dreips, s. drips, drops.
Dreiry, s. dreary.
Drewrè. The word properly signified love, courtship, &c., and hence a love-token, or love-gift; in which sense it is used by Bp. Douglas.
Drie, s. suffer.
Drough, drew.
Drouyers, drovers, such as drive herds of cattle, deer, &c.
Drowe, drew.
Drye, suffer.
Dryghnes, dryness.
Dryng, drink.
Drywars, drovers.
Duble dyse, double (false) dice.
Dude, did. *Dudest*, didst.
Dughtie, doughty.
Dule, s. *Duel*, *Dol*, *dole*, grief.
Dwellan, *Dwelland*, s. dwelling.
Dyan, *Dyand*, s. dying.
Dyce, s. dice, chequer-work.
Dyd, *Dyde*, did.
Dyght, *dight*, dressed, put on, put.
Dyht, to dispose, order.
Dyne, s. dinner.
Dynte, dint, blow, stroke.
Dysgysynge, disguising, masking.
Dyrt, vid. *Dight*.

E.

Eame, *Eme*, uncle.
Eard, s. earth.
Earn, s. to curdle, make cheese.
Eathe, easy.
Eather, s. either.
Ech, *Eche*, *Eiche*, *Elke*, each.
Ee, s. *Eie*, eye. *Een*, *Eyne*, eyes.
Ee, even, evening.
Effund, pour forth.
Eftsoon, in a short time.
Eiked, s. added, enlarged.
Ein, s. even.
Eir, *Evir*, s. e'er, ever.
Eke, also; *Eike*, each.
Eldern, s. elder.
Eldridge, *Scotice*, *Elriche*, *Elritch*, *Elriche;* wild, hideous, ghostly. Item, lonesome, uninhabited, except by spectres, &c. Gloss. to A. Ramsey, *Elritcht*, laugh. Gen. Shep. a. 5.

In the ballad of Sir Cawline, we have "Eldridge Hill," pt. 1, ver. 59, Eldridge Knight, pt. 1, v. 63, pt. 2, v. 86. Eldridge Sword, pt. 1, v. 145. So Gawin Douglas calls the Cyclops, the "Elriche Brethir," i. e. brethren; and in his Prologue, he thus describes the night-owl,

"Laithely of forme, with crukit camscho beik,
Ugsome to here was his wyld Elriche skriek."

In Bannatyne's MS. Poems (fol. 135, in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh) is a whimsical rhapsody of a deceased old woman, travelling in the other world, in which,

"Scho wanderit, and zeid, by to an Elrich well."

In the Glossary to G. Douglas, Elriche, &c., is explained by "wild, hideous, Lat. Trux. immanis;" but it seems to imply somewhat more, as in Allan Ramsay's Glossary.

Elke, each.
Ellumynge, embellishing. To illumine a book was to ornament it with paintings in miniature.
Ellyconys, s. Helicons.
Elvish, peevish, fantastical.
Eme, kinsman, uncle.
Endyed, dyed.
Eny, s. *Eyn*, eyes, *Ene*, s. even.
Enharpid, hooked or edged with mortal dread.
Enkankered, cankered.
Enouch, s. enough.
Ensue, follow.
Entendement, f. understanding.
Ententifly, to the intent, purposely.
Envie, *Envye*, malice, ill-will, injury.
Er, *Ere*, before, are, *Ere*, ear.
Erst, s. heretofore.
Eterminable, interminable, unlimited.
Ettled, aimed.
Evanished, s. vanished.
Everiche, every, each.
Everychone, every one.
Everych, one, every one.
Ewbughts, or *Ewe-boughts*, s. are small enclosures, or pens, into which the farmers drive (Scotice, weir) their milch ewes morning and evening, in order to milk them. They are commonly made with fall-dykes, i. e. earthen dykes.
Eyre, heir.
Eysell, vinegar.
Ezar, azure.

F.

Fach, *Feche*, fetch.
Fader, *Fatheris*, s. *Fadur*, father, fathers. *His fadur eyre*, his father's heir.
Fadge, s. a thick loaf of bread, figuratively, any coarse heap of stuff.
Fa, s. fall.
Fa's, s. thou fallest.
Fain, *Fayne*, glad, fond.
Faine, *Fayne*, feign.
Faine of fighte, fond of fighting.
Fair of feir, s. of a fair and healthful look. (Ramsay) perhaps, far off (free from) fear.
Fallan, *Falland*, s. falling.
Falds, s. thou foldest.
Fals, false. Item, falleth.
Falser, a deceiver, hypocrite.
Falsing, dealing in falsehood.
Fannes, instruments for winnowing corn.
Fang, seize, carry off.
Farden, fared, flashed.
Fare, go, pass, travel.
Fare, the price of a passage, shot, reckoning.
Farley, wonder.
Fauell, deceit. See Skelton's *Bowge of Courte*. The meaning of the text is nevertheless still obscure, though it should seem to be the origin of our modern phrase *to curry favour*.
Faulcone, faulcon.
Fauzt, faucht, s. fought. It., fight.
Fawn, s. fallen.
Fay, *Faye*, faith.
Fayere, fair.
Fayne, fain, glad.
Faytors, deceivers, dissemblers, cheats.
Feare, *Fere*, *Feire*, mate.
Feat, nice, neat.
Featously, neatly, dexterously.
Feble, *Febull*, *Febyll*, poor, wretched, miserable.
Fe, fee, reward; also bribe. But properly fee is applied to lands and tenements which are held by perpetual right, and by acknowledgment of superiority to a higher lord. Thus, *in fee*, i. e. in feudal service, l. feudum, &c.—*Blount*.
Feffe, enfeoff.
Feil, s. *Fele*, many. So Hardinge has Lords *fele*, i. e. many Lords.
Feir, s. *Fere*, fear.
Felay, *Feloy*, fellow.
Fele, *Fell*, furious, skin.
Fend, defend.
Fendys pray, &c., from being the prey of the fiends.
Fee, reward, recompense; it also signifies land when it is connected with the tenure by which it is held, as knight's fee, &c.
Fere, fear. Item, companion, wife, husband, lover, friend.
Ferliet, s. wondered.
Ferly, wonder, also wonderful.
Fersly, fiercely.
Feztyng, fighting.
Fesante, pheasant.
Fette, fetched.

Fetteled, prepared, addressed, made ready.
Fet, fetched.
Feys, s. predestinated to death, or some misfortune; under a fatality.
Feyt, faith.
Fie, beasts, cattle.
Fillan, *Filland*, s. filling.
Filde, field.
Finaunce, fine, forfeiture.
Find frost, find mischance or disaster. A phrase still in use.
Firth, *Frith*, s. a wood. It., an arm of the sea, l. fretum.
Fitt, division, part.

Fitts, i. e. "divisions or parts in music" are alluded to in Troilus and Cressida, A. iii. sc. 1. See Mr. Steevens's note. So in Shakspeare's King Henry V. (A. 3, sc. 8), the king says

"My army's but a weak and sickly guard,
Yet God before, tell him we will come on."

Fit, *Fyt*, *Fytte*, part or division of a song. Hence *Fytt*, is a strain of music.
Fit, s. foot.
Fit, s. feet.
Fiveteen, fifteen.
Flayne, flayed.
Fles, p. fleece.
Fleyke, a large kind of hurdle. Cows are frequently milked in hovels made of fleykes.
Flindars, s. pieces, splinters.
Flowan, s. flowing.
Flyt, shift.
Flyte, to contend with words, scold.
Folys, fools.
Fom, *Fome*, sea.
Foo, foes.
Forebode, commandment, *God forbode*, *Ouer Gods forbode*, [Præter Dei preceptum sit.] q. d. God forbid.
Fond, contrive, also endeavour, fly, try.
Fonde, found.
Fone, foes.
Force, no force, no matter.
Forced, regarded, heeded.
Fordo, undo, ruin, destroy.
Foregoe, quit, give up, resign.
Forewearied, much wearied.
Forfend, prevent, defend.
Forfend, avert, hinder.
For-fought, overfought.
Formare, former.
For, on account of.
Forsede, regarded, heeded.
Fors, *I do no fors*, I don't care.
Forst, heeded, regarded.
Forst, forced, compelled.
Forsters of the fe, foresters of the king's demesnes.
Fort, drunk.
Forthozt, thought of, remembered.
Forthy, therefore.
Forthynketh, repenteth, vexeth, troubleth.
Fou, *Fow*, s. full, also fuddled.
Fou, *Fow*, s. full. Item, drunk.
Fowarde, *Vawarde*, the van.
Forwatcht, overwatched, kept awake.
Frae, s. fro, from.
Frae they begin, from their beginning, from the time they begin.
Freake, *Freke*, *Freyke*, man, person, human creature, also a whim or maggot.
Freake, *Freke*, *Freyke*, man, human creature, fellow.
Fre-bore, free-born.
Freekys, persons.
Freits, s. ill-omens, ill-luck, any old superstitious saw, or impression.

An ingenious correspondent in the North thinks *Freit* is not an unlucky omen, but, "that thing which terrifies," viz. Terrors will pursue them that look after frightful things. Fright is pronounced by the common people in the North *Freet*.

Freere, *Fere*, mate, companion.
Freers, *Fryars*, friars, monks.
Freyke, humour, indulge, freakishly, capriciously.
Freyned, asked.
Frie, s. *Fre*, free.
Froo, from.
Fruward, forward.
Furth, forth.
Fuyson, *foyson*, plenty, also substance.
Fowkin, a cant word for a fart.
Fyers, (intro.) fierce.
Fykkill, fickle.
Fyll, fell.
Fyled, *fyling*, defiled, defiling.
Fyr, fire.
Fytt, fit, part, canto.
Fytte, strain.

G.

Gaberlunzie, *Gaberlunye*, s. a wallet.
Gaberlunzie-mun, s. a wallet-man, i. e. tinker, beggar.
Gadlings, gadders, idle fellows.
Gadryng, gathering.
Gae, s. gave.
Gae, *Goes*, s. go, goes.
Gaed, *Gade*, s. went.
Ga, *Gais*, s. go, goes.
Gair, s. geer, dress.
Galliard, a sprightly kind of dance.
Gamon, to make game, to sport, a. s. Damenian, jocari. Hence backgammon.
Gane, *Gan*, began.
Gane, s. gone.
Gang, s. go.
Ganyde, gained.
Garde, *Garred*, made.
Gare, *Gar*, s. make, cause, force, compel.
Gargeyld, from Gargouille, f. the spout of a gutter. The tower was adorned with spouts cut in the figures of greyhounds, lions, &c.
Gar, s. to make, cause, &c.
Garland, the ring within which the prick or mark was set to be shot at.
Gart, *Garred*, s. made.
Gayed, made gay (their clothes).
Gear, *Geire*, *Geir*, *Gair*, s. goods, effects, stuff.
Gederede ys host, gathered his host.
Gef, *Geve*, give.
Geid, s. gave.
Geere will sway, this matter will turn out, affair terminate.
Gerte, (intro.) pierced.
Gest, act, feat, story, history, (it is jest in MS.)
Getinge, what he had got, his plunder, booty.
Geve, *Gevend*, give, given.
Gibed, jeered.
Gie, *Gien*, s. give, given.
Giff, if.
Gife, *Giff*, if.
Gi, *Gie*, s. give.
Gillore, (Irish) plenty.
Gimp, *Jimp*, s. neat, slender.
Gin, s. an, if.
Gin, *Gyn*, engine, contrivance.
Gins, begins.
Gip, an interjection of contempt.
Girt, s. pierced, *Thorough-girt*, pierced through.
Give owre, s. surrender.
Give, *Gif*, *Giff*, if.
Glaive, f. sword.
Glede, a red-hot coal.
Glee, merriment, joy.
Glen, s. a narrow valley.
Glente, glanced, slipt.
Glie, s. glee, merriment, joy.
Glist, s. glistened.
Glose, set a false gloss or colour.
Glowr, s. stare, or frown.
Gloze, canting dissimulation, fair outside.
God, goods, merchandise.
Goddes, goddess.
Gode, (intro.) good.

Gode, goods, property.
Goo, gone.
Good, p. sc. a good deal.
Good-e'ens. good e'enings.
Goon, go.
Gode, Godness, good, goodness.
God-before, i. e. God be thy guide, a form of blessing.
Goggling eyen, goggle eyes.
Gone, (intro.) go.
Gorget, the dress of the neck.
Gowan, s. the common yellow crow-foot, or goldcup.
Gowd, s. *Gould*, gold.
Graine, scarlet.
Graithed gowden, s. was caparisoned with gold.
Gramarcy, thanks, *grand mercie*.
Gramercye, i. e. I thank you, f. Grand-mercie.
Graunge, granary, also a lone country house.
Graythed, s. decked, put on.
Grea-hondes, grey-hounds.
Greece, fat, (a fat hart) from f. graisse.
Grece, a step, a flight of steps, *Grees*.
Gree, s. a prize, a victory.
Greened, grew green.
Grennyng, grinning.
Greet, s. weep.
Gret, great, grieved, swoln, ready to burst.
Gret, Grat, great.
Greves, Groves, bushes.
Groomes, attendants, servants.
Groundwa, groundwall.
Growende, Growynd, ground.
Grownes, grounds, (rhythmi gratia. Vid. Sowne.)
Growte, in Northamptonshire is a kind of small beer extracted from the malt after the strength has been drawn off. In Devon it is a kind of sweet ale medicated with eggs, said to be a Danish liquor.

Growte is a kind of fare much used by Danish sailors, being boiled groats, (i. e. hulled oats) or else shelled barley, served up very thick, and butter added to it. (Mr. Lambe.)

Grippel, griping, tenacious, miserly.
Grype, a griffin.
Gryse, a species of fur.
Grysely groned, dreadfully groaned.
Gude, Guid, Geud, s. good.
Guerdon, reward.
Gule, red.
Gybe, jest, joke.
Gyle, guile.
Gyles, guiles.
Gyn, engine, contrivance.
Gyrd, girded, lashed.
Gyse, s. guise, form, fashion, way, manner, method.

H.

Habbe ase he brew, have as he brews.
Habergeon, f. a lesser coat of mail.
Hable, able.
Haggis, a sheep's stomach stuffed with a pudding made of mince-meat, &c.
Ha, Hae, s. have. Item, hall.
Ha, s. hall.
Ha, have. *Ha*, s. hall.
Hail, hale, s. whole, altogether.
Halched, Halsed, saluted, embraced, fell on his neck, from halse, the neck, throat.
Halesome, wholesome, healthy.
Halt, holdeth.
Hame, Hamward, home; homeward.
Handbow, the long-bow, or common bow, as distinguished from the cross-bow.
Han, have, 3 pers. plur.
Hare swerdes, their swordes.
Haried, harried, haryed, harowed, robbed, pillaged, plundered. "He harried a bird's nest."—Scott.
Harrowed, harassed, disturbed.
Harlocke, perhaps charlocke, or wild rape, which bears a yellow flower, and grows among corn, &c.
Harnisine, harness, armour.
Hartly lust, hearty desire.
Harwos, harrows.
Hastarddis, perhaps hasty rash fellows, or upstarts, qu.
Hatche, a low or half door.
Hauld, s. to hold. Item, hold, strong, bold.
Hauss-bane, s. the neck-bone, (halse-bone) a phrase for the neck.
Haves, (of) effects, substance, riches.
Hav, have.
Haviour, behaviour.
Hawberk, a coat of mail consisting of iron rings, &c.
Hawkin, synonymous to *Halkin*, dimin. of Harry.
Hayll, advantage, profit, (for the profit of all England,) a. s. Hæl, salus.
Heal, hail.
Heare, here, hair.
Hear, here.
Heathenness, the heathen part of the world.
Hech, hatch, small door.
Hecht to lay thee law, s. promised, engaged to lay thee low.
Hede, Hied, he'd, he would, heed.
Hed, Hede, head.
Hedur, hither.
Hee's, s. he shall, also he has.
He, Hee, Hye, high,
He, Hie, hasten.
He, Hye, to hie or hasten.
Heicht, s. height.
Heiding-hill, s. the 'heading (i. e. beheading) hill. The place of execution was anciently an artificial hillock.
Heil, s. hell, health.
Heir, s. here, hear.
Hele, health.
Helen, heal.
Helpeth, help ye.
Hem, Em, them.
Henne, hence.
Hend, kind, gentle.
Hende, civil, gentle.
Hente, (intro.) help, pulled.
Hent, Hente, held, laid hold of, also received, take.
Heo, (intro.) they.
Heere, hear.
Here, their, hear, hair.
Her, hare, their.
Herkneth, hearken ye.
Hert, Hertis, heart, hearts.
Hes, s. has.
Hest, hast.
Hest, command, injunction.
Hett, Hight, bid, call, command.
Het, hot.
Hether, hither.
Hether, s. heath, a low shrub that grows upon the moors, &c. so luxuriantly as to choak the grass, to prevent which the inhabitants set whole acres of it on fire, the rapidity of which gave the poet that apt and noble simile, in p. (Mr. Hutchinson.)
Heuch, s. a rock or steep hill.
Hevede, Hevedest, had, hast.
Heveriche, Hevenrich, heavenly.
Hewkes, heralds' coats.
Hewyne in to, hewn in two.
Hewyng, Hewinge, hewing, hacking.
Hey-day guise, frolic, sportive frolicsome manner.

This word is perhaps corruptly given, being apparently the same with HEYDEGUIES, or HEYDEGUIVES, which occurs in Spenser, and means a "wild frolic dance."—Johnson's Dictionary.

Heynd, Hend, gentle, obliging.
Heyre, high, *Heyd*, s. hied.

Hicht A-hicht, s. on height.
Hie dames to wail, s. high (or great) ladies to wail, or, hasten, ladies, to wail, &c.
Hie, go, run.
Hie, Hye, He, Hee, high.
High, hye, come, hasten, return speedily.
Hight, engage, engaged, promised, named, called.
Hi, Hie, he.
Hillys, hills.
Hilt, taken off, flayed, Sax. hylden.
Hinch-boys, Hench, properly haunch-men, pages of honour, pages attending on persons of office.
Hind, s. behind.
Hinde, Hend, gentle.
Hings, s. hangs.
Hinny, s. honey.
Hip, Hep, the berry which contains the stones or seeds of the dog-rose.
Hir, Hir lane, s. her, herself alone.
Hirsel, s. herself.
Hit, it, *Hit be write*, it be written.
Hode, hood, cap.
Hoo, ho, an interjection stopping or desisting, hence stoppage.
Hollen, probably a corruption for holly.
Holden, hold.
Hole, whole. *Holl*, idem.
Hooly, s. slowly.
Holtes, woods, groves, in Norfolk a plantation of cherry-trees, is called a "cherry holt," also sometimes "hills."

Holtes seems evidently to signify hills in the following passage from Tuberville's "Songs and Sonnets," 12mo. 1567, fol. 56.
"Yee that frequent the hilles,
And highest HOLTES of all,
Assist me with your skilful quilles,
And listen when I call."
As also in this other verse of an ancient poet,
"Underneath the HOLTES so hoar."

Holtis hair, s. hoar hills.
Holy-roode, holy cross.
Holy, wholly, or perhaps hole, whole.
Hom, Hem, them.
Honden wrynge, hands wring.
Hondridth, Hondred, hundred.
Hone, hand.
Honge, hang, hung.
Hontyng, hunting.
Hop-halt, limping, hopping, and halting.
Hose, stockings.
Hount, hunt.
Houzle, give the sacrament.
Hoved, heaved, or perhaps hovered, hung moving, (Gl. Chauc.)

Hoved or hoven means in the North swelled. But Mr. Lambe thinks it is the same as *houd*, still used in the North, and applied to any light substance heaving to and from an undulating surface. The vowel u is often used there for the consonant v.

Howeres, Howers, hours.
Huerte, heart.
Huggle, hug, clasp.
Hye, Hyest, high, highest.
Hyght, promised.
Hyghte, on high, aloud.
Hyne, a *hind* is a servant.
Hyp-halt, lame in the hip.
Hyndattowre, s. behind, over, or about.
Hys, his, also is.
Hyt, (intro.) it.
Hyznes, highness.

I.

Ich, I, *Ich biqueth*, I bequeath.
Iclipped, called.
Iff, if.
I fere, to gather.
Ifeth, in faith.
Ilfardly, s. ill-favoured, uglily.
Ild, I'd, I would.
Ile, I'll, I will.
Ilka, s. each, every one.
Ilke, every Ilk, every one.
Ilk, This Ilk, s. this same.
Ilk one, each one.
I-lore, lost, *I-strike*, stricken.
Im, him.
Impe, a little demon.
In fere, I fere, to gather.
Ingle, s. fire.
Inowe, enough.
Into, s. in.
Intres, entrance, admittance.
Io forth, corruptly printed so, should probably be *loo*, i. e. halloo.
Ireful, angry, furious.
Ise, I shall.
Is, is, his.
I trowe, (I believe) verily.
Its neir, s. it shall ne'er.
I-tuned, tuned.
I-ween, (I think) verily.
I wisse, (I know) verily.
I wot, (I know) verily.
I wys, I *wis*, (I know) verily.
Iye, eye.
Janglers, talkative persons, tell-tales, also wranglers.
Jenkin, diminutive of John.
Jimp, s. slender.
Jogelers, jugglers.
Jo, s. sweet-heart, friend. Jo is properly the contraction of joy, so rejoice is written rejoce in old Scottish MSS. particularly Banatyne's—*passim*.
Jow, s. joll or jowl.
Jupe, an upper garment, fr. a petticoat.

K.

Kall, call.
Kame, s. comb.
Kameing, s. combing.
Kan, can.
Kantle-piece, corner.
Karls, carls, churls, *Karlis of kynd*, churls by nature.
Kauk, s. chalk.
Kauled, called.
Kawte and keene, cautious and active, l. cautus.
Keipand, s. keeping.
Keel, s. raddle.
Kele, cool.
Kempes, soldiers, warriors.
Kemperye-man, soldier, warrior, fighting-man.

"Germanis *camp.* exercitum, aut locum ubi exercitus castrametatur, significat: inde ipsis vir Castrensis, et militaris *kemffer*, et *kempher* et *kemper*, et *kimber, et kamper*, pro varietate dialectorum vocatur. Vocabulum hoc nostro sermone nondum penitus exolevit: Norfolcienses enim plebio, et proletario sermone dicunt." *He is a kemper old man*, i. e. "Senex vegetus est." "Hinc *Cimbris* suum nomen; *Kimber* enum homo bellicosus pugil, robustus miles, &c., significat." Sheringham de Anglor. nentis orig. pag. 57. Rectius au tem Lazius [apud eundum, p. 49]. "*Cimbros*, a bello quod *kamff*, et Saxonice *kamp*, nuncupatos credideri, unde bellatores, viri *die kempffer, die kemper*."

Kempt, combed.
Kems, s. combs.
Kend, s. knew.
Ken, Kenst, know, knowest.
Kene, keen.
Keepe, care, heed. So in the old play of Hick Scorner (in the last leaf but one), "I keepe not to clymbe so hye," i. e. I study not, care not, &c.
Kepers, &c., those that watch by the corpse shall tie up my winding-sheet.
Kever-chefes, handkerchiefs, (vid. intro.)
Kid, Kyd, Kithe, made known, shown.
Kilted, s. tucked up.
Kind, Kinde, nature, p. *to carp is our kind*, it is natural for us to talk of.
Kirk, s. church.
Kirk-wa, s. church-wall, or perhaps church-yard-wall.

Kirm, s. churn.
Kirtle, a petticoat, woman's gown.
Kists, s. chests.
Kit, cut.
Kith and kin, acquaintance and kindred.
Kithe or *Kin*, acquaintance nor kindred.
Knave, servant.
Kneen, knees.
Knellan, *Knelland*, s. knelling, ringing the knell.
Knicht, s. knight.
Knights fee, such a portion of land as required the possessor to serve with man and horse.
Knowles, *Knolls*, little hills.
Knyled, knelt.
Kowarde, coward.
Kowe, cow.
Kurteis, courteous.
Kuntrey, country.
Kynd, nature.
Kythe, appear, also make appear, show, declare.
Kythed, s. appeared.
Kyrtell, vid. *Kirtle*. In the intro. it signifies a man's under garment.

Bale, in his Actes of English Votaries, (2d part, fol. 53), uses the word KYRTLE to signify a Monk's Frock. He says Roger, Earl of Shrewsbury, when he was dying, sent "to Clunyake, in France, for the KYRTLE of Hugh the Abbot there," &c.

Kye, *Kine*, cows.

L.

Lacke, want.
Lagh, laugh.
Laghing, laughing.
Laide unto her, imputed to her.
Laith, s. loth.
Laithly, s. loathsome, hideous.
Lambs-wool, a cant phrase for ale and roasted apples.
Lane, *Lain*, s. lone. *Her lane*, alone by herself.
Lang, s. long.
Langsome, s. long, tedious.
Lante, lent.
Lap, s. leaped.
Largesse, f. gift, liberality.
Lasse, less.
Lauch, *lauched*, s. laugh, laughed.
Launde, lawn.
Layden, laid.
Laye, law.
Lay-land, land that is not ploughed, green-sward.
Lay-lands, lands in general.
Layne, lain, Vid. *Leane*.
Layne, lien, also laid.
Lea, lea, field, pasture.
Leal, *Leil*, s. loyal, honest, true, f. loyal.
Leane, conceal, hide, Item, lye, (query.)
Leanyde, leaned.
Learnd, learned, taught.
Lease, lying, falsehood. Withouten lease, verily.
Leasynge, lying, falsehood.
Lee, lea, the field, plain, open field.
Lee, s. lie.
Leeche, physician.
Leechinge, doctoring, medicinal care.
Leek, phrase of contempt.
Leffe, (Intro.) *Leefe*, dear.
Lefe, *Leeve*, dear. *That is the lefe*, that is so dear to thee; whom thou art so fond of; dear, or beloved. *Be hym lefe, or be hym loth*, let him like it or not; let him be agreeable or unwilling.
Leid, s. lyed.
Leiman, *Leman*, lover, mistress.
Leir, s. *Lere*, learn.
Leive, s. leave.
Leman, *Lemman*, mistress, concubine, lover, gallant, paramour.
Lene, lend.
Lenger, longer.
Lengeth in, resideth in.
Leer, look.
Lere, face, complexion, a. s. hleaþe, facies, vultus.
Lere, learn.
Lerned, learned, taught.
Leese, s. lose.
Lett, *Lutte*, hinder, slacken, leave off, *Late*, let.
Lette, delay. *Lette not for this*, be not hindered or prevented by what has happened from proceeding.
Lettest, hinderest, detainest.
Let, hinder, hindered.
Lettyng, hindrance, *i. e.* without delay.
Leuch, *Leugh*, s. laughed.
Leue, believe.
Leeve London, dear London, an old phrase.
Leeveth, believeth.
Lever, rather.
Leves and Bowes, leaves and boughs.
Lewd, ignorant, scandalous.
Lewde, foolish.
Leyke, *Like*, play.
Leyre, *lere*, learning, lore.
Libbards-bane, a herb so called.
Libbard, leopard.
Lichtly, s. lightly, easily, nimbly.
Lie, s. *Lee*, field, plain.
Liege-men, vassals, subjects.
Lig, s. lie.
Lightly, easily.
Lightsome, cheerful, sprightly.
Liked, pleased.
Limitours, friars licensed to beg within certain limits.
Limitacioune, a certain precinct allowed to a limitour.
Lingell, a thread of hemp rubbed with rosin, &c., used by rustics for mending their shoes.
Lire, flesh, complexion.
Lith, *Lithe*, *Lythe*, attend, hearken, listen.
Lither, idle, worthless, naughty, froward.
Liver, deliver.
Liverance, deliverance, (money, or a pledge for delivering you up.)
Lodlye, loathsome. Vid. *Lothly*.
Lo'e, *Loed*, s. love, loved.
Lought, *Lowe*, *Lugh*, laughed.
Loo, halloo!
Loke, lock of wool.
Longes, belongs.
Lope, leaped.
Lorrel, *Losel*, a sorry worthless person.
Lordyngys, &c., sirs, masters, gentlemen.
Lore, lesson, doctrine, learning.
Lore, lost.
Lore, doctrine.
Loset, losed, loosed.
Lothly, (vide *Lodlye*) loathsome.

The adverbial terminations SOME and LY were applied indifferently by our old writers: thus as we have Lothly for loathsome, so we have UGSOME in a sense not very remote from *Ugly*, in LORD SURREY'S Version of Æneid, 11. viz. "In every place the *ugsome* sights I saw."

Loud and still, phrase, at all times.
Lough, laugh, laughed.
Louked, looked.
Lounge, (Intro.) lung.
Loun, s. *Lown*, *Loon*, rascal, from the Irish *Liun*, slothful, sluggish.
Lourd, *Lour*, s. *Lever*, had rather.
Louted, *Lowtede*, lowed, did obeisance.
Loves. Of all loves, an adjuration frequently used by Shakspeare and contemporary writers.
Loveth, love, plural number.
Lowe, a little hill.
Lowde and stylle, windy and calm.
Lowhe, laughed.
Lowns, s. blazes, rather opposed to windy, boisterous.
Lowte, *Lout*, bow, stoop.
Lude, *Luid*, *Luivt*, s. loved.

Luef, love.
Lues, *Luve*, s, loves, love
Luicks, s. looks.
Lurden, *Lurdeyne*, sluggard, drone.
Lyan, *Lyavd*, s. lying.
Lyard, gray, a name given to a horse from its gray colour, as *Bayard*, from bay.
Lynde, *Lyne*, the lime tree, or collectively lime trees, or trees in general.
Lys, lies.
Lystenyth, (Intro.) listen.
Lyth, *Lythe*, *Lythsome*, pliant, flexible, easy, gentle.
Lyven na More, live no more, no longer.
Lyzt, light.

M.

Maden, made.
Mahownd, *Mahowne*, Mahomet.
Mair, s. *Mare*, more.
Mait, s. might.
Majeste, *Maist*, *Mayeste*, may'st.
Making, sc. verses, versifying.
Makys, *Makes*, mates.

As the words make and mate were in some cases used promiscuously by ancient writers; so the words cake and cate seem to have been applied with the same indifferency: this will illustrate that common English Proverb, "to turn Cat (i. e. Cate) in pan." A Pan-cake is in Northamptonshire still called a Pan-cate.

Male, coat of mail.
Mane, man. Item, moan.
Mane, *Maining*, s. moan, moaning.
Mangonel, an engine used for discharging great stones, arrows, &c., before the invention of gunpowder.
March perti, in the parts lying upon the marches.
March-pine, *March-pane*, a kind of biscuit.
Margarite, a pearl, l.
Marrow, s. equal.
Mark, a coin, in value 13*s*. 4*d*.
Mart, s. marred, hurt, damaged.
Mast, *Maste*, may'st.
Masterye, *Mayestry*, a trial of skill, high proof of skill.
Maugre, spite of, ill will (I incur).
Maugre, in spite of.
Mauger, *Maugre*, spite of.
Maun, s. must.
Maun, s. *Mun*, must.
Mavis, s. a thrush.
Mawt, s. malt.
Mayd, *Mayde*, maid.
Maye, maid, (rhythmi gratia.)
Mayne, force, strength, horse's mane.
Maze, a labyrinth, anything entangled or intricate.

On the top of Catherine-Hill, Winchester, (the usual play-place of the school,) was a very perplexed and winding path running in a very small space over a great deal of ground, called a Miz-Maze. The senior boys obliged the juniors to tread it, to prevent the figure from being lost, as I am informed by an ingenious correspondent.

Mean, moderate, middle sized.
Meany, retinue, train, company.
Meed, *Meede*, reward.
Meid, s. mood.
Meise, s. soften, reduce, mitigate.
Meit, s. *Meet*, fit, proper.
Mell, honey; also, meddle, mingle.
Me, men, *Me con* (men 'gan).
Men of armes, gens d'armes.
Meniveere, a species of fur.
Mense the faught, s. p. measure the battle. To give to the mense, is to give above the measure. Twelve, and one to the mense, is common with children in their play.
Menzie, s. *Meaney*, retinue, company.
Merches, marches.
Messager, f. messenger.
Me-thunketh, methinks.
Met, *Meit*, s. *Mete*, meet, fit, proper.
Meynè. See *Meany*.
Mickle, much, great.
Micht, might.
Midge, a small insect, a kind of gnat.
Mightte, mighty.
Minged, mentioned.
Minny, s. mother.
Minstral, s. minstrel, musician, &c.
Minstrelsie, music.
Mirke, s. dark, black.
Mirkie, dark, black.
Mirry, s. *Meri*, merry.
Misdoubt, suspect, doubt.
Miscreants, unbelievers.
Mishap, misfortune.
Miskaryed, miscarried.
Misken, mistake, also, in the Scottish idiom, "let a thing alone." (Mr. Lambe.)
Mister, s. to need.
Mither, s. mother.
Mode, mood.
Moiening, by means of, f.
Mold, mould, ground.
Mo, *Moe*, more.
Mome, a dull, stupid person.
Monand, moaning, bemoaning.
Mone, moon.
Mon, s. month.
Monynday, Monday.
More, originally and properly signifies a hill, (from a. s. mon, mons,) but the hills of the North being generally full of bogs, a *Moor* came to signify boggy, marshy ground, in general.
Mores, hills, wild downs.
Morrownynges, mornings.
Morne, *To morn*, to-morrow in the morning.
Morne, s. on the morrow.
Mornyng, mourning.
Mort, death of the deer.
Mosses, swampy grounds, covered with peat moss.
Most, must.
Mote I thee, might I thrive.
Mought, *mot*, *mote*, might.
Mowe, may, *Mou*, s. mouth.
Muchele bost, *Mickle boast*, great boast.
Mude, s. mood.
Mulne, mill.
Mun, *Maun*, s, must.
Mure, *Mures*, s. wild downs, heaths, &c.
Murne, *Murnt*, *Murning*, s. mourn, mourned, mourning.
Musis, muses.
Myllan, Milan steel.
Myne-ye-ple, perhaps, many plies, or folds. *Monyple* is still used in this sense in the North. (Mr. Lambe.)
Myrry, merry.
Mysuryd, misused, applied to a bad purpose.
Myzt, *Myzty*, might, mighty.

N.

Naithing, s. nothing.
Nams, names.
Na, *Nae*, s. no, none.
Nane, s. none.
Nar, nor. Item, than.
Natheless, nevertheless.
Nat, not.
Near, s. *Ner*, *Nere*, ne'er, never.
Neat, oxen, cows, large cattle.
Neatherd, a keeper of cattle.
Neatresse, a female keeper of cattle.
Neigh him neare, approach him near.
Nee, *Ne*, nigh.
Neir, s. *Nere*, ne'er, never.
Nere ne were, were it not for.
Neist, *Nyest*, next, nearest.
Newfangle, *Newfangled*, fond of novelty, of new fashions, &c.
Nicked him of naye, nicked him with a refusal.

Nicht, s. night.
Nipt, pinched.
Noble, a gold coin, in value 20 groats, or 6*s.* 8*d.*
Nobles, Noblesse, nobleness.
Nollys, noddles, heads.
Nom, took, *Nome*, name.
Nonce, purpose, *For the nonce*, for the occasion.
Non, none, *None*, noon.
Norland, s. northern.
Norse, s. Norway.
North-gales, North Wales.
Non, now.
Nourice, s. nurse.
Nout, Nocht, s. nought, also not, seems for 'ne mought.'
Nowght, nought.
Nowls, noddles, heads.
Noye, annoy, query.
Nozt, nought, not.
Nurtured, educated, bred up.
Nye, Ny, nigh.
Nyzt, night.

O.

Obraid, s. upbraid.
Ocht, s. ought.
Oferlyng, superior, paramount, opposed to underling.
O gin, s. *O if*, a phrase.
Onfoughten, Unfoughten, unfought.
On-loft, aloft.
On, one, an.
On, one, *On man*, one man.
One, on.
Ony, s. any.
Onys, once.
Or, Ere, before; OR seems to have the force of the Latin *vel* and to signify EVEN.
Or-ere, before.
Or-eir, before ever
Orisons, s. prayers, f. ORAISONS.
Ost, Oste, Oost, host.
Ou, Oure, you, your. Ibid., our.
Out alas! exclamation of grief.
Out-brayde, drew out, unsheathed.
Out-horn, the summoning to arms by the sound of a horn.
Out ower, s. quite over, over.
Outrake, an out-ride, or expedition. To raik, s. is to go fast. Outrake is a common term among shepherds. When their sheep have a free passage from enclosed pastures into open and airy grounds, they call it a good outrake. (Mr. Lambe.)
Oware of none, hour of noon.
Owches, bosses or buttons of gold.
Owene, Awen, Ain, s. own.
Owre, Owr, s. o'er.
Owre, s. over.
Owre word, s. the last word, the burthen of a song.
Owt, out.

P.

Pall, a cloak or mantle of state.
Palle, a robe of state. *Purple and pall*, i. e. a purple robe or cloak, a phrase.
Palmer, a pilgrim, who, having been at the Holy Land, carried a palm branch in his hand.
Paramour, lover. Item, a mistress.
Pardè, Perdie, verily, f. par dieu.
Paregall, equal.
Partake, participate, assign to.
Parti, party, a part.
Pattering, murmuring, mumbling, from the manner in which the Paternoster was anciently hurried over, in a low, inarticulate voice.
Pa, s. the river Po.
Pauky, s. shrewd, cunning, sly, or saucy, insolent.
Paves, a pavice, a large shield that covered the whole body, f. pauvois.
Pavilliane, pavillion, tent.
Pay, liking, satisfaction, hence well apaid, i. e. pleased, highly satisfied.
Paynim, pagan.
Pearlins, a coarse sort of bone-lace.
Pece, Piece, sc. of cannon.
Pele, a baker's peel.
Penon, a banner or streamer, borne at the top of a lance.
Pentarchye of tenses, five tenses.
Perchmine, f. parchment.
Perelous, parlous, perilous, dangerous.
Per fay, verily, f. par foy.
Peere, Pere, Peer, equal.
Peer, Peerless, equal, without equal.
Perfight, perfect.
Peering, peeping, looking narrowly.
Perill, danger.
Perkin, diminutive of Peter.
Perlese, peerless.
Pees, Pese, peace.
Persit, Pearced, pierced.
Perte, part.
Pertyd, parted.
Petye, pity.
Peyn, pain.
Philomene, Philomel, the nightingale.
Pibrochs, s. Highland war-tunes.
Piece, s. a little.
Pight, Pyght, pitched.
Pil'd, peeled, bald.
Pine, famish, starve.
Pious chanson, a godly song, or ballad.

Mr. Rowe's Edit. has "The first row of the Rubrick," which has been supposed by Dr. Warburton to refer to the red-lettered titles of old Ballads. In the large collection made by Mr. Pepys, I do not remember to have seen one single ballad with its title printed in red letters.

Pite, Pittye, Pyte, pity.
Plaine, complaint.
Plaining, complaining.
Playand, s. playing.
Play-feres, playfellows.
Pleasance, pleasure.
Plein, complain.
Plett, s. platted.
Plowmell, a small wooden hammer occasionally fixed to the plow, still used in the North; in the Midland counties in its stead is used a plow-hatchet.
Plyzt, plight.
Poll-cat, a cant word for a whore.
Pollys, Powlls, Polls, head.
Pompal, pompous.
Pondered, a term in Heraldry, for sprinkled over.
Popingay, a parrot.
Porcupig, porcupine, f. porcepig.
Porterner, perhaps pocket or pouch. Pautoniere in fr. is a shepherd's scrip (vide Colgrave.)
Portres, porteress.
Powlls, polls, heads.
Pownnes, pounds, (rhyth. gratia.)
Pow, Pou, Powed, s. pull, pulled.
Preas, Prese, press.
Preced, pressed, *Presed.*
Prest, f. ready.
Prestly, Prestlye, readily, quickly.
Pricked, spurred forward, travelled a good round pace.
Pricke-wand, a wand set up for a mark.
Prickes, the mark to shoot at.
Priefe, prove.
Priving, s. proving, tasting.
Prove, proof.
Prowess, bravery, valour, military gallantry.
Prowès, prowess.
Prude, pride. Item, proud.
Pryke, the mark, commonly a hazle wand.
Pryme, daybreak.
Puing, s. pulling.
Puissant, strong, powerful.
Pulde, pulled.
Purchased, procured.

Purfel, an ornament of embroidery.
Purfelled, embroidered.
Purvayed, provided.

Q.

Quadrant, four-square.
Quail, shrink, flinch, yield.
Quaint, cunning, nice, fantastical.
Quarry, in hunting or hawking is the slaughtered game, &c.
Quat, s. quitted.
Quay, *Quhey*, s. a young heifer, called a WHIE in Yorkshire.
Quean, sorry, base woman.
Quell, subdue, also kill.
Quel, cruel, murderous.
Quelch, a blow or bang.
Quere, quire, choir.
Quest, inquest.
Quha, s. who.
Quhair, s. where.
Quhar, s. where.
Quhan, *Whan*, s. when.
Quhaneer, s. whene'er.
Quhatten, s. what.
Quhat, s. what.
Quhen, s. when.
Quhy, s. why.
Quick, alive, living.
Quillets, quibbles, l. quidlibet.
Quitt, requite.
Quo, quoth.
Quyle, s. while.
Quyrry. See *Quarry*, above.
Quyte, requited.
Quyt, s. quite.
Qwyknit, s. quickened, restored to life.

R.

Rade, s. rode.
Rae, a roe.
Raik, s. to go a-pace, *Raik on raw*, go fast in a row.
Raine, reign.
Raise, s. rose.
Ranted, s. were merry. Vide Gloss. to Gentle Shepherd.
Rashing, seems to be the old hunting term for the stroke made by a wild boar with his fangs.
Raught, reached, gained, obtained.
Rayne, *reane*, rain.
Raysse, race.
Razt, *Raught*, or self-bereft.
Reachles, careless.
Reade, *Rede*, advise, hit off.
Read, advice.
Rea'me, *Reaume*, realm.
Reas, raise.
Reave, bereave.
Reckt, regarded.
Rede, *Read*, advise, advice.
Rede, *Redde*, read.
Redresse, care, labour.
Refe, bereave, or perhaps *Rive*, split.
Refe, *Reve*, *Reeve*, bailiff.
Reft, bereft.
Register, the officer who keeps the public register.
Reid, s. advise.
Reid, s. reed, *Rede*, red.
Reidroan, s. red-roan.
Reek, s. smoke.
Rekeles, *Recklesse*, regardless, void of care, rash.
Remeid, s. remedy.
Renneth, *Renning*, runneth, running.
Renn, run.
Renish, *Renisat*, perhaps a derivation from *Reniteo*, to shine.
Renyed, refused.
Rescous, rescues.
Reeve, bailiff.
Reve, bereave, deprive.
Revers, s. robbers, pirates, rovers.
Reweth, regrets, has reason to repent.
Rew, s. take pity.
Rewth, ruth, *Rewe*, pity.
Ryall, *Ryal*, royal.
Richt, s. right.
Riddle, seems to be a vulgar idiom for unriddle; or is perhaps a corruption of *reade*, i. e. advise.
Ride, make an inroad.
Rin, s. run. *Rin my errand*, a contracted way of speaking for "run on my errand." The pronoun is omitted. So the French say faire message.
Rise, shoot, bush, shrub.
Rive, rife, abounding.
Roche, rock.
Roode-cross, crucifix.
Rood-loft, the place in the church where the images were set up.
Rood, *Roode*, cross, crucifix.
Ronne, ran, *Roone*, run.
Roufe, roof.
Route, go about, travel.
Routhe, ruth, pity.
Rowned, *Rownyd*, whispered.
Row, *Rowd*, s. roll, rolled.
Rowyned, round.
Rowght, rout.
Rudd, ruddiness, complexion.
Rude, s. *Rood*, cross.
Ruell-bones, perhaps bones diversly coloured, f. *Riole*, or perhaps small bone rings from the f. *rouelle*, a small ring or hoop.—Cotgrave's Dict.
Rues, *Rwethe*, pitieth.
Rugged, pulled with violence.
Rushy, should be *Rashy gair*, rushy stuff, ground covered with rushes.
Ruthful, rueful, woful.
Ruth, pity.
Ruthe, pity, woe.
Rydere, ranger.
Ryde, i. e. make an inroad.
Rynde, rent.
Ryschys, rushes.
Rywe, rue.
Ryzt, right.

S.

Safer, sapphyre.
Saft, s. soft.
Saif, s. safe.
Sair, s. sore.
Saim, s. same.
Sall, s. shall.
Saif, s. save, *Savely*, safely.
Saisede, seized.
Sark, shirt, shift.
Sar, *Sair*, s. sore.
Sa, *Sae*, s. so.
Sat, *Sete*, set.
Saut, s. salt.
Savyde, saved.
Saw, *Say*, speech, discourse.
Say, *Assay*, attempt.
Say, saw.
Say us no harm, say no ill of us.
Sayne, say.
Scant, scarce. Item, scantiness.
Schall, shall.
Schapped, perhaps swapped. Vid. loc.
Schattered, shattered.
Schaw, s. show.
Schene, s. *Sheen*, shining, also brightness.
Schip, s. ship.
Schiples, s. shipless.
Scho, *Sche*, s. she.
Schone, shone.
Schoote, shot, let go.
Schowte, *Schowtte*, shout.
Schrill, s. shrill.
Schuke, s. shook.
Sclat, slate, little table-book of slates to write upon.
Scomfit, discomfit.
Scot, tax, revenue, a year's tax of the kingdom, also shot, reckoning.
Scathe, hurt, injury.
Sed, said.
Seik, s. *Seke*, s. seek.
Sek, sack.
Sel, *Sell*, self.
Selver, *Siller*, silver.
Seneschall, steward.

Sene, seen.
Sen, s. since.
Senvy, mustard seed, f. senvie.
Sertayne, Sertenlye, certain, certainly.
See, Sees, s. sea, seas.
Se, Sene, Seying, see, seen, seeing.
Seething, boiling.
Seetywall, see *Cetywall*.
Seve, seven.
Sey you, say to, tell you.
Sey, s. say, a kind of woollen stuff.
Seyd, s. saw.
Shave, Be shave, be shaven.
Shaws, little woods.
Shear, entirely, (penitus).
Sheele, She'll, she will.
Sheene, Shene, shining.
Sheits, Shetes, s. sheets.
Shee's, she shall.
Sheene, shining.
Shent, shamed, disgraced, abused.
Shepenes, Shipens, cow-houses, sheep-pens, a. s. *Scypen*.
Sheeve, Shive, a great slice or luncheon of bread.
Shield-bone, the blade bone, a common phrase in the north.
Shimmered, s. glittered.
Shimmering, shining by glances.
Shirt of male or mail, was a garment for defence, made all of rings of iron, worn under the coat. According to some the hauberk was so formed.
Shoen, s. *Shoone*, shoes.
Shoke, shookest.
Shold, Sholde, should.
Shope, shaped.
Shope, betook me.
Shorte, s. shorten.
Sho, Scho, s. she.
Shote, shot.
Shradds, Vid. locum.
Shread, cut into small pieces.
Shreeven, Shriven, confessed her sins.
Shrew, a bad, an ill-tempered person.
Shreward, a male shrew.
Shrift, confession.
Shrive, confess. Item, hear confession.
Shroggs, shrubs, thorns, briers. G. Doug. *Scroggis*.
Shullen, shall.
Shulde, should.
Shunted, shunned.
Shurting, recreation, diversion, pastime. Vid. Gawin Douglas's Gloss.
Shyars, shires.
Shynand, s. shining.
Sib, kin, akin, related.
Sich, Sic, s. such, *Sich*, s. sigh.
Sick-like, s. such-like.
Side, s. long.
Sied, s. saw.
Sigh-clout, (*Sythe-clout*), a clout to strain milk through, a straining clout.
Sighan, Sighand, s. sighing.
Sik, Sike, such.
Siker, surely, certainly.
Siller, s. silver.
Sindle, s. seldom.
Sitteth, sit ye.
Sith, since.
Skaith, Scath, harm, mischief.
Skalk, perhaps from the Germ. Schalck, malicious, perverse (Sic Dan. Skalek nequitia, malicia, &c. Sheringham de Ang. Orig. p. 318); or perhaps from the Germ. Schalchen, to squint. Hence our northern word *Skelly*, to squint.
Skinker, one that serves drink.
Skinkled, s. glittered.
Skomfit, discomfit.
Skott, shot, reckoning.
Slade, a breadth of greensward between plow-lands or woods, &c.
Slaited, s. whetted, or perhaps wiped.
Slattered, slit, broke into splinters.
Slaw, slew, (Sc. Abel).
Slean, Slone, slain.
Sleath, slayeth.
Slee, s. slay, also sly.
Sle, Slee, Sley, Slo, slay, *Sleest*, slayest.
Sleip, s. *Slepe*, sleep.
Slode, slit, split.
Slone, slain.
Slo, Sloe, slay.
Sloughe, slew.
Smithers, s. smothers.
Sna', Snaw, s. snow.
Soll, Saulle, Sowle, soul.
Soldain, Soldan, Sowden, sultan.
Sonn, s. *Son*, sun.
Sond, a present, a sending.
Sone, soon.
Sort, company.
Soothly, truly.
Sooth, truth, true.
Soth, Sothe, South, Southe, Soath, truth.
Soth-Ynglonde, South England.
Soudan, Soudain, sultan.
Souldan, Soldan, Sowdan, sultan.
Sould, s. *Suld*, should.
Souling, victualling. *Sowle* is still used in the north for any thing eaten with bread; a. s. suple, supple, Joh. xxi. 5, (or to *sowle*, may be from the French word saouler, "to stuff and cram, to glut." Vid. Cotgrave).
Sowden, Sowdain, sultan.
Sowne, sound, (rhyt. gr.)
Sowre, sour.
Sowre, Soare, sore.
Sowter, shoemaker.
Soy, f. silk.
Spak, Spaik, s. spake.
Speere. Vide locum.
Spec, Spak, Spack, s. spake.
Sped, speeded, succeeded.
Speik, s. speak.
Speir, s. *Spere, Speare, Speere, Spire*, ask, inquire.

So Chaucer, in his Rhyme of Sir Thopas,
"——— He soughte north and south,
And oft he spired with his mouth."
i. e. inquired,—not spied, as in the new edition of Canterbury Tales, vol. ii. p. 234.

Spence, Spens, expense.
Spendyd, probably the same as spanned, grasped.
Speered, Sparred, i. e. fastened, shut.

So in an old "Treatyse agaynst Pestilence, &c., 4to. Emprinted by Wynkyn de Worde," we are exhorted to "spere (i. e. shut or bar) the wyndowes agenst the south," fol. 5.

Spillan, Spilland, s. spilling.
Spill, Spille, spoil, come to harm.
Spill, spoil, destroy, kill.
Spindles and whorles, the instruments used for spinning in Scotland, instead of spinning wheels.

The rock, spindles, and whorles are very much used in Scotland and the northern parts of Northumberland, at this time. The thread for shoemakers, and even linen webs, and all the twine of which the Tweed salmon nets are made, are spun upon spindles. They are said to make a more even and smooth thread than spinning wheels. Mr. Lambe.

Sporeles, spurless, without spurs.
Spole, shoulder; f. espaule. It seems to mean, "arm-pit."
Sprente, spurted, sprung out.
Spurging, froth that purges out.
Spurn, Spurne, a kick. See *Tear*.
Spyde, spied.
Spylt, spoiled, destroyed.
Spyt, Spyte, spite.
Squelsh, a blow, or bang.
Stabille, perhaps 'stablish.
Stalwart, Stalworth, stout.
Stalworthlye, stoutly.
Stane, s. *Stean*, stone.
Stark, stiff, entirely.
Startopes, buskins, or half boots worn by rustics, laced down before.

Stead, Stede, place.
Stean, s. stone.
Steedye, steady.
Stel, steel, *Steilly,* s. steely.
Stele, steel.
Steid, s. *Stede,* steed.
Steir, s. stir.
Sterrie, stars.
Sterne, stern, or perhaps, stars.
Stert, start, started.
Sterte, Sterted, started.
Steven, time.
Steven, voice.
Still, quiet, silent.
Stint, stop, stopped.
Stirande stage, a friend interpreted this, "many a stirring travelling journey."
Stonderes, standers by.
Stoup of weir, pillar of war.
Stound, Stonde, (Intro.) space, moment, hour, time.
Stoand, time, *A-stound,* a-while.
Stour, Stower, Stoure, fight, disturbance, &c. This word is applied in the north to signify dust agitated and put into motion, as by the sweeping of a room.
Stower, Stowre, stir, disturbance, fight.
Stown, stolen.
Stowre, strong, robust, fierce.
Stra, Strae, s. straw.
Streight, straight.
Strekene, Stricken, struck.
Stret, street.
Strick, strict.
Strike, stricken.
Stroke, struck.
Stude, Stuid, s. stood.
Styntyde, stinted, stayed, stopped.
Styrt, start.
Suar, sure.
Summere, a sumpter horse.
Sum, s. some.
Sumpters, horses that carry clothes, furniture, &c.
Sune, s. soon.
Suore by ys chin, sworn by his chin.
Surcease, cease.
Suthe, Swith, soon, quickly.
Swapte, Swapped, Swopede, struck violently, Scot. *Sweap,* to scourge, (vid. Gl. Gaw. Dougl.) or perhaps exchanged; sc. blows, so "*Swap or Swopp*" signifies.
Swaird, the grassy surface of the ground.
Swarvde, Swarved, climbed, or, as it is now expressed in the midland counties, *Swarm,* To *swarm,* is to draw oneself up a tree, or any other thing, clinging to it with the legs and arms, as hath been suggested by an ingenious correspondent.
Swa, Sa, so.
Swat, Swatte, Swotte, did sweat.
Swear, sware.
Swearde, Sword, sword.
Sweare, swearing, oath.
Sweaven, a dream.
Sweit, s. *Swete,* sweet.
Sweere, Swire, neck.
Sweypyls. A *Sweypyl* is that staff of the flail, with which corn is beaten out, vulg. a *Supple,* called in the midland counties, a *Swindgell,* where the other part is termed the *hand-staff.*
Swinkers, labourers.
Swith, quickly, instantly.
Swyke, sigh.
Swyoing, whoring.
Swypyng, striking fast, (Cimb. *Suipan,* cito agere, or rather "scourging" from volvere, raptare).—Scot. *Sweap,* to scourge. Vide. Glossary to Gawin Douglas.
Sych, such.
Syde-shear, Sydis-shear, on all sides.
Syd, side.
Syne, s. then, afterwards.
Syshemell, Ishmael.
Syth, since.
Syzt, sight.

T.

Taiken, s. token, sign.
Taine, s. *Tane,* token.
Take, taken.
Talents, perhaps golden ornaments, hung from her head to the value of talents of gold.
Targe, target, shield.
Tear, this seems to be a proverb, "That tearing, or pulling, occasioned his spurn or kick."
Teene, Tene, sorrow, indignation, wrath, properly injury affront.
Teenefu, s. full of iudignation, wrathful, furious.
Te he ! interjection of laughing.
Teir, s. *Tere,* tear.
Tent, s. heed.
Termagaunt, the god of the Saracens. See a memoir on this subject in page 75.

The old French romancers, who had corrupted termagant into tervagant, couple it with the name of Mahomet, as constantly as ours: thus, in the old Roman de Blanchardin,

"Oy guer pisou tuit Apolin,
Et Mahomet et Tergavant."

Hence Fontaine, with great humour, in his tale entitled "La Fianeée du Roy de Garbe," says,

"Et reviant Mahom. Jupin, et Tervagant,
Avec maint autre die unon moins extravagant."

Mem. de l'Acad. des Inscript. tom. 20, 4to, p. 352.

As termagant is evidently of Anglo-Saxon derivation, and can only be explained from the elements of that language; its being corrupted by the old French romancers proves that they borrowed some things from ours.

Terry, diminutive of Thierry, Theodoricus, Didericus. Lat. also of Terence.
Te, to, *Te make,* to make.
Tha, them, *Thah,* though.
Thair, their, *Thair, Thare,* there.
Thame, s. them.
Than, s. then.
Thare, Theire, Ther, Thore, there.
Thear, Ther, there.
Thee, thrive, *Mote he thee,* may he thrive.
The God, seems contracted for *The he,* i. e. high God.
The, Thee, thrive. *So mote I thee,* so may I thrive.

So in Chaucer, *passim,* Canterbury Tales, vol. i. p. 308.

"God let him never the."

The, they, *The wear,* they were.
The, thee, *Thend,* the end.
Ther-for, therefore.
Therto, thereto, *Thes,* these.
Ther, their.
Thii, they.
Thie, thy, *Thowe,* thou.
Thi sone, thy son.
Thilke, this.
Thir towmonds, s. these twelve months.
Thir, s. this, these.
Thirtti thousent, thirty thousand.
Thocht, thought.
Thole, Tholed, suffer, suffered.
Tho, then, those, the.
Thouse, s. thou art.
Thoust, thou shalt, or shouldest.
Thrall, captive, *Thraldom,* captivity.
Thrang, s. throng, close.
Thrawis, s. throes.
Threape, to argue, to affirm or assert, in a positive overbearing manner.
Thre, Thrie, s. three.
Thrie, Thre, three.
Thrif, thrive.
Thrilled, twirled, turned round.
Thritte, thirty.
Throng, hastened.
Thropes, villages.
Throw, s. through.
Thruch, Throuch, s. through.
Thud, noise of a fall.

Thewes, manners, limbs.
Theyther-ward, thitherward, towards that place.
Tibbe. In Scotland, *Tibbe* is the diminutive of Isabel.
Tift, s. puff of wind.
Till, s. to, when, query.
Till, unto, entice.
Tild down, pitched, qt.
Timkin, diminutive of Timothy.
Tine, lose.
Tint, s. lost.
Tirled, twirled, turned round.
Too-fall, s. twilight.
Too-fall of the night, "seems to be an image drawn from a suspended canopy, so let fall as to cover what is below."—Mr. Lambe.
To, too. Item, two.
Tone, T'one, the one.
Ton, Tone, the one.
Tor, a tower; also a high pointed rock, or hill.
Tow, Towe, two, *Twa*, s. two.
Tow, s. to let down with a rope, &c.
Towyn, town.
Traiterye, treason.
Trenchant, f. cutting.
Tres-hardie, f. thrice hardy.
Treytory, Traitory, treachery.
Trichard, treacherous, fr. tricheur.
Tricthen, trick, deceive.
Tride, tried.
Trie, s. *Tre*, tree.
Triest furth, s. draw forth to an assignation.
Trifulcate, three forked, three pointed.
Trim, exact.
Troth, truth, faith, fidelity.
Trough, Trouth, troth.
Trowthe, Troth, Tru, true.
Trow, believe, trust, also verity.
Trumped, boasted, told bragging lies, lying stories. So in the north they say, "that's a trump," i. e. a lie; "she goes about trumping," i. e. telling lies.
Trumps, made of a tree, perhaps, "wooden trumpets," musical instruments fit enough for a mock tournament.
Tuik, s. took.
Tuke gude keip, s. kept a close eye upon her.
Tul, s. till, to.
Turn, such turn, such an occasion.
Turnes a crab, sc. at the fire roasts a crab.
Tush, an interjection of contempt, or impatience.
Twa, s. two.
Twayne, two.
Twin'd, s. parted, separated. Vid. G. Douglas.
Twirtle, twist, s. thoroughly twisted, "twisted," "twirled twist," f. tortille.

U.

Uch, each.
Ugsome, s. shocking, horrible.
Unbethought, for bethought. So *Unlosse*, for loose.
Unctuous, fat, clammy, oily.
Undermerles, afternoons.
Undight, undecked, undressed.
Unkempt, uncombed.
Unmacklye, mis-shapen.
Unmufit, s. undisturbed, unconfounded, perhaps *Unmuvit*.
Unseeled, opened; a term in falcn.
Unsett steven, unappointed time, unexpectedly.
Unsonsie, s. unlucky, unfortunate.
Untyll, unto, against.
Ure, use.
Uthers, s. others.

V.

Vair, (Somersetsh. Dialect,) fair.
Valzient, s. valiant.
Vazen, (Som.) probably for *Faithen*, i. e. faiths; as *Housen, Closen*, &c.
Venu, (Intro.) approach, coming.
Vices, (probably contracted for devices) screws, or perhaps, turning pins, swivels. An ingenious friend thinks a vice is rather "a spindle of a press," that goeth by a vice, that seemeth to move of itself.
Vilane, rascally.
Vive, (Somerset.) five.
Voyded, quitted, left the place.
Vriers, (Som.) friars.

W.

Wa, s. wa, wall.
Wadded, perhaps from *Woad*, i. e. of a light blue colour.
Taylor, in his History of Gavel-kind, p. 49, says, "*Bright*, from the British word *brith*, which signifies their *wadde-colour*; this was a light blue."—Minshew's Dictionary.
Wad, s. *Wold, Wolde*, would.
Wae, Waefo', woe, woful.
Waeworth, s. woe betide.
Waine, wagon.
Wallowit, s. faded, withered.
Walker, a fuller of cloth.
Waltered, Weltered, rolled along, also wallowed.
Waltering, weltering.
Waly, an interjection of grief.
Wame, s. womb.
Wame, Wem, s. belly.
Wane, the same as *Ane*, one. So *Wone*, is one.
In fol. 355 of Bannatyne's MS. is a short fragment in which *Wane* is used for *Ane*; or, one: viz.
"Amongst the monsters that we find,
There's wane belovved of womankind,
Renowned for antiquity,
From Adame drivs his pedigree."
Wan neir, s. draw near.
Wanrufe, s. uneasy.
War, aware.
Warde, s. advise, forewarn.
Ward, s. watch, sentinel.
Warke, s. work.
Warld, s. world.
Warldis, s. worlds.
Waryson, reward.
Waryd, s. accursed.
Wassel, drinking, good cheer.
Wate, s. *Weete, Wete, Witte, Wot, Wote, Wotte*, know.
Wate, s. blamed, Præt. of *Wyte*, to blame.
Wat, Wot, know, am aware.
Wat, s. wet, also knew.
Wax, to grow, become.
Wayward, froward, peevish.
Wayde, waved.
Weal, wail.
Weale, happiness, prosperity, &c.
Weare in, s. drive in gently.
Wearifu', wearisome, tiresome, disturbing.
Weede, clothing, dress.
Weedes, clothes.
Wee, s. little.
Weel, well, also we'll.
Ween, Ween'd, think, thought.
Weet, s. wet.
Wedous, widows.
Weil, s. *Weepe*, weep.
Weinde, s. *Wende, Went, Weende, Weened*, thought.
Weid, s. *Wede, Weed*, clothes, clothing.
Weird, wizzard, witch, properly fate, destiny.
Well away, exclamation of pity.
Weldynge, ruling.
Wel of pite, source of pity.
Welkin, the sky.
Weme, womb, belly, hollow.
Wem, (Intro.) hurt.
Wende, went, *Wendeth*, goeth.
Wende, Weene, thought.
Wend, Wends, go, goes.
Wene, Weenest, ween, weenest.
Werre, Weir, s. war. *Warris*, s. wars.
Werryed, worried.
Wereth, defendeth.
Werke, work.
Wer, were.
Wes, was.

Westlin, s. western.
Westlings, western, or whistling.
Wha, s. who.
Whair, s. where.
Whan, s. when.
Whang, s. a large slice.
Wheelyng, wheeling.
Wheder, whither.
Whig, sour whey, or butter-milk.
While, until.
Whilk, s. which.
Whittles, knives.
Whit, jot.
Whoard, hoard.
Whorles. Vide *Spindles*.
Whos, whoso.
Whyllys, whilst.
Wi', s. with.
Wight, person, strong, lusty.
Wight, human creature, man or woman.
Wighty, strong, lusty, active, nimble.
Wightlye, vigorously.
Will, s. shall.
Wild, worm, serpent.
Wildings, wild apples.
Wilfull, wandering, perverse, erring.
Winnae, will not.
Windar, perhaps the contraction of *Windhover*, a kind of hawk.
Windling, s. winding.
Win, s. get, gain.
Winsome, agreeable, engaging.
Wirke wislier, work more wisely.
Wisse, direct, govern, take care of, a. s. ꝑɼɼian.
Wiss, know, wist, knew.
Wit, *Weet*, know, understand.
Withouten, *Withoughten*, without.
Wobster, s. *Webster*, weaver.
Wood-wroth, s. furiously enraged.
Woodweele, or *Wodewale*, the golden ourle, a bird of the thrush kind. Gloss. Chauc. The original MS. has *Woodweete*.
Wode, *Wod*, wood, also mad.
Wode-ward, towards the wood.
Woe-begone, lost in woe, overwhelmed with grief.
Woe-man, a sorrowful man.
Woe-worth, woe be to [you], a. s. northan (fieri) to be, to become.
Woe, woful, sorrowful.
Wolde, would.
Wonne, dwell.
Wonders, wondrous.
Wonde, (Intro.) wound, winded.
Won'd, *Wonn'd*, dwelt.
Wondersly, *Wonderly*, wondrously.
Won, wont, usage.
Wone, one.
Worshipfully friended, of worshipful friends.
Worthè, worthy.
Wot, know, think.
Wote, *Wot*, know, *I wote*, verily.
Wonche, mischief, evil, a. s. pohȝ, i. e. Wogh. Malum.
Wo, *Woo*, woe.
Wow, an exclamation of wonder, also *Vow*, London dialect.
Wracke, ruin, destruction.
Wrang, s. wrung.
Wreake, pursue revengefully.
Wrench, wretchedness.
Wright, write.
Wringe, contended with violence.
Writhe, writhed, twisted.
Wronge, wrong.
Wrougt, wrought.
Wroken, revenged.
Wull, s. will.
Wyght, strong, lusty.
Wyghtye, the same.
Wyld, wild deer.
Wynne, *Win*, joy.
Wynnen, win, gain.
Wynde, *Wende*, go.
Wyste, knew.
Wyte, blame.
Wyt, *Wit*, *Weet*, know.

Y.

Y, I, *Y synge*, I sing.
Yae, s. each.
Yalping, s. yelping.
Yaned, yawned.
Yave, gave.
Yate, gate.
Y-beare, *Y-boren*, bear, borne. So *Y-founde*, found, *Y-mad*, made, *Y-wonne*, won.
Y-built, built.
Ych, *Yche*, each.
Ycholde yef, I should if.
Ychone, each one.
Ychon, each one.
Ychulle, (Intro.) I shall.
Ychyseled, cut with the chisel.
Y-cleped, named, called.
Y-con'd, taught, instructed.
Y-core, chosen.
Ydle, idle.
Yee, eye.
Yearded, buried.
Ye bent, *Y-bent*, bent.
Yede, *Yode*, went.
Ye seth, *Y-seth*, in faith.
Ycha, *Ilka*, each, every.
Yeldyde, yielded.
Yenoughe, *ynoughe*, enough.
Yerrarchy, hierarchy.
Yere, *Yeere*, year, years.
Yerle, *Yerlle*, earl.
Yerly, early.
Yese, s. ye shall.
Yestreen, s. yester evening.
Yf, if.
Yfere, together.
Y-founde, found.
Ygnoraunce, ignorance.
Yll, ill.
Ylke, *Ilk*, same, *That ylk*, that same.
Ylythe, (Intro.) listen.
Yn, in.
Yn house, home.
Ynglonde, England.
Ynglishe, *Ynglysshe*, English.
Yode, went.
Youe, you.
Y-picking, picking, culling, gathering.
Ys, is, his, in his.
Y-slaw, slain.
Ystonge, (Intro.) stung.
Yt, it.
Yth, in the.
Y-were, were.
Y-wis, *I wis*, verily.
Y-wrought, wrought.
Y-wys, truly, verily.
Y-yote, molten, melted.

Z.

Zacring-bell, Som. *Sacring bell*, a little bell rung to give notice of the elevation of the host.
Zee, *Zeene*, Som. see, seen.
Zees, ye shall.
Ze, s. ye, *Zee're*, ye are.
Zede, *Yede*, went.
Zef, *Yef*, if.
Zeirs, s. years.
Zellow, s. yellow.
Zeme, take care of, a. s. *seman*.
Zent, through, a. s. zeonð.
Zestrene, s. yester e'en.
Zit, s. *Zet*, yet.
Zonder, s. yonder.
Zong, s. young.
Zou, s. you, *Zour*, s. your.
Zoud, s. you'd, you would.
Zour-lane, *Yourlane*, alone, by yourself.
Zouth, s. youth.
Zule, s. *Yule*, christmas.
Zung, s. young.

*** The printer has usually substituted the letter z, to express the character ȝ, which occurs in old MSS., but we are not to suppose that this ȝ was ever pronounced as our modern z; it had rather the force of y (and perhaps of gh), being no other than the Saxon letter ȝ, which the Scots and English have, in many instances, changed into y, as ȝeaɼð, yard, ȝeaɼ, year, ȝeonȝ, young, &c.

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